

**ANGLOPHOBIA: AN  
ANALYSIS OF  
ANTI-BRITISH PREJUDICE  
IN THE UNITED STATES**

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Anglophobia: An Analysis of Anti-British Prejudice in the United States by J. G. Cook

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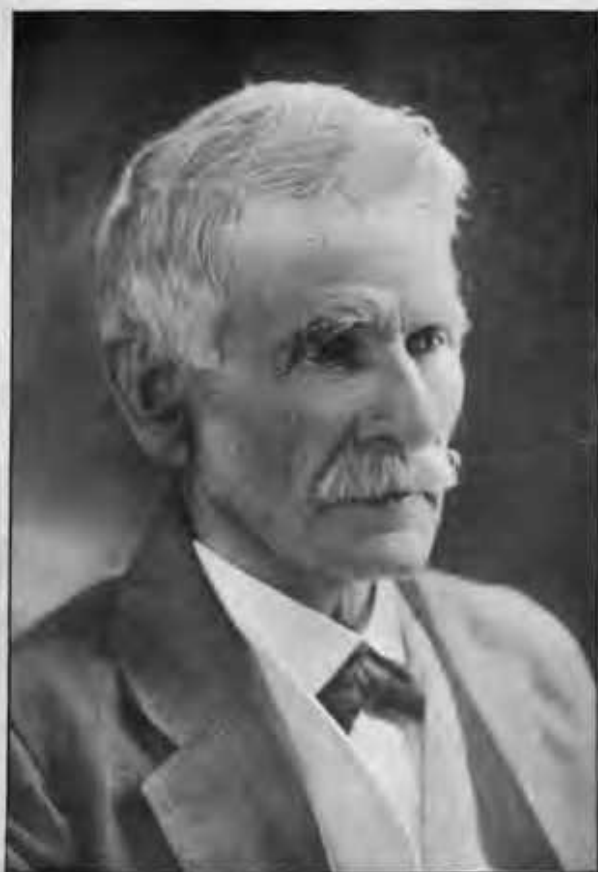
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# ANGLOPHOBIA

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PREJUDICE IN THE UNITED STATES

BY  
J. G. COOK



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## PREFACE

THE contents of this volume are the substance, and in some degree the arrangement of pieces, published originally in a county newspaper. The very flattering comments of personal friends who read them—some no doubt uttered to soothe my vanity—as well as the love and affection that I bear to this the mental child of my old age whose feeble life I desire to preserve, have combined to induce me to revise them, eliminate, add to, polish and collect them into this form. These considerations, with some, may not be a satisfactory answer to the question, “why this waste of time, labor and printer’s paper—the last thing at this time regarded as a big item in the high cost of living—adding one more volume to the immeasurable mass of unsaleable books now piled up in the warehouses, shelves and cellars of publishing houses awaiting a conflagration and insurance adjuster?” To these imaginary Missourians who insist on being shown, I will explain that the only available statistics on the subject that I have been able to gather prove that ninety-nine and one half per cent of all the subscribers



and borrowers of that newspaper, never read a word of any of those papers; but after glancing at the repulsive looking title—"Anglophobia"—would pass it up, thinking it was a discourse on some disreputable and unpalatable patent medicine, or something concerning mad dogs. Some of these people deserve another chance to add to their knowledge, hence this book.

*alms* [ I have not a solitary doubt that this book will be a complete failure, financially, instructively or in the capacity to survive one edition; but I trust my readers will not indulge in too much tearful sympathy for me on that account, for the number and character of the failures in my life has rendered me somewhat callous to the pain and mortification that once accompanied them. It may be instructive to my friends and gratifying to enemies to mention a few of them: ]

Among the earliest failures of my life was when at the age of 17 years, in the year 1862, I attempted with others to thrash "Uncle Sam," an effort that was not in the main a success, "but quite to the contrary," as was remarked by a passenger on a ship to a lady, when she asked him if he had breakfasted.

The civil and criminal dockets of the courts in *this and adjoining* counties for the past forty-

three years will disclose many failures to win verdicts that I knew my clients were entitled to. At first such adverse verdicts would distress and disappoint me more than they would my clients, even when the death penalty was included; but later in life I could listen to an adverse verdict with perfect immobility of countenance and without a quiver of an eye-lash, at the same time secretly blaspheming the jury and its verdict in a manner that was perfectly withering and unchristianlike.

It was in the year 1878 that I undertook the spiritual instruction in a Sunday school of eight or nine boys, aged from 10 to 14 years; my success in that undertaking was not good; in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, it was a dismal failure. My attention was painfully called to the fact of such a failure by being called upon some years later to assist in extricating one of those boys from a mine down in Mexico, whither he had been sent by the constituted authorities of that most unhappy country for helping to rob a train. A vivacious young lady suggested, when I told of that experience in her hearing, that I had exhibited my usual prescience by giving such instruction to those boys as would afterwards enable me to make a fee out of them; which re-

mark implied that I had given those youngsters practical instructions in regard to train robbing and how to commit other felonies.

While it is a fact that I was perfectly innocent of any such purpose, forethought or instruction, the circumstances tended to justify her remark to that degree that I was wholly unprepared to make any answer to her accusation, and it was more than a week before I was able to formulate a suitable rejoinder to her repartee.

A spark of satisfaction will remain to me regardless of the fate of this little book, and that is, that although it occupies but an infinitesimal space in the literary world it will be first to occupy this particular field of literary exploitation. For more than sixty years I have been an omniverous and reasonably intelligent reader, and with average memory, and I do not now recall any writer who has attempted to combat the prejudices that some Americans have against the English government and people, and show the groundlessness of such dislike. An Englishman is, and ought to be too proud and independent to combat a prejudice that he knows to be groundless—American writers seem to have regarded the subject as unimportant and not worth their serious thought.