

attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had, has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then he never tells other men so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so, in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a correspondent indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash and sensitive; he has not a higher opinion of his country than the Englishman has of his; but then he is less discreet, more talkative, and more presumptuous; less assured of the superiority which he claims for his country; more watchful and jealous, and of course more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous, and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shows his high opinion of his country by silence; the American his by talking; the one by his conduct, the other by words; one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness. The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and a nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike, or rather, there are individuals of both countries so like each other, that I know many Americans who would pass every where for Englishmen, and many Englishmen who would pass any where for Americans. In heart and head they are much more alike than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and when frank, hardly ever talkative; not very hasty, but a little quarrelsome, nevertheless: turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation. But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad he is talkative, noisy, imperious; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve; not quarrelsome, but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home he is more reserved; and with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort; substitute finery and show.

An American is easily excited, and of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter; but once in motion it is harder to stop him. One has more strength and substance; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance; the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude; the latter more ardor. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources; the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so it is with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable; the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower, the latter a plant. One sheds perfume; the other sustenance. The English woman is better suited for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than counsel; child bearing soon destroys her. A few summers; and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one; but the female American would go there in a delirium; the English woman deliberately, like a martyr.

#### A CHAPTER OF KNOCKERS.

It is astonishing how much information may be conveyed to a sensitive ear, through the simple medium of a knock at the street door—of course this doctrine is not predicated of such obtuse appendages to the human head as can discern in the rat-tat-tat of a fashionable footman nothing more than the simple announcement. 'Here we are; make haste and open the door;' but to ears of mind, and nice discrimination. In London the art of knocking is reduced to a science—an elaborate system—and involves as many mysteries as a state negotiation or a theatrical engagement. There, as every body knows, a peculiar meaning is conveyed in every touch of the polished brass; and the Thomas within, provided he be reasonably acute and experienced, can read in the 'damnable iteration of the John without, according to the force and rapidity of his touches, almost as many significations as the capricious fancy of his lady can suggest: from the imperious clatter that says 'Her high mightiness the Duchess condescends to leave her patrician name with your insignificant mistress—fly wretch and receive the card, for we are in haste,' down to the more modest hammering that conveys 'we hope you will not deny yourself to an old friend, for we are come to chat away the morning.'—In short, as many bob-majors may be rung upon the knocker of a fashionable door as in the belfry of a country church; and the various peals are fully as expressive as the cracking of a French postilion's whip,

or the music of a well-bred hound to the ears of an experienced sportsman.

To bring this fact home at once to the understandings of our readers—the postman's knock! Who has not at some time or other thrilled to his very heart's core at its brief and authoritative summons.

Can any thing be more eloquent than its appeal to the heart and ear of an expecting correspondent? Does it not express 'on with your spectacles' as plain as knock can speak?

Then the knock imperative; the single knock, awful as the sound of the tolling bell to the sentenced criminal—Does it not say 'a person with a small account who waits for an answer?' Does it not foreshow a dun? Is not the eloquence of its one harsh heavy blow, sufficient to make one

burst all o'er

Into moist anguish never heard before?

Then the knock deprecatory—the gentle application of the mantua-maker, of the humble friend who comes once a week for his chance of an invitation to dinner, or of the druggist's apprentice—has it not a plausible gentleness in its tone that bespeaks forbearance?

Then the 'double, double, double, thundering beat of Mrs Alonzo Montmorency Figgins; whose saucy footman is well aware that she wishes every body to think she is somebody, and is afraid that somebody will fancy she is nobody—does it not proclaim 'I desired Lawrence to spare no expence in my carriage—it is lined with purple velvet, my horses are thorough-bred and the mountings are solid silver—it is wonderful how much we all cost!'

The knock domestic on the other hand, is as amiable as a verse from Mrs Sigourney, or a tortoise-shell cat purring in the sunshine. It connects itself by association with the husband returning from his counting-room—with the smell of roast mutton—the conjugal work-box half closed, with the needle hastily thrust into the unfinished cambric, and the nursery maid's, 'Be quiet, Miss Julia, here's your papa!'

The knock-cordial proceeds from a friend from the country, or a cousin just returned from a long sea voyage.

The knock-jocose or familiar—the operation of a good fellow of a bachelor friend, sounds a pun-like alarm for a series of horse-laugh.

The knock-amatory has a gentle hesitating, sort of a murmur, as if intercepted by the delicate kid glove of the enacter; at the sound Laura flies in an attitude to her harp, and Sophia to the mirror to see that her ringlets are in order.

The knock-in-portunate says 'oh yes, I'll walk in—he's always at home to me.'

The protracted lazy knock of the loungeur draws out a prayer for admittance—forasmuch as it is a better diversion to yawn in company than alone.

The knock-agitated announces the figetty retailer of morning gossip; flying from house to house in that busiest of duty, idleness, gathering news and keeping up an acquaintance.

The knock-solemn proclaims the inveterate proser, with a 'few thoughts of his own on the Bank question.' The knock-pert, the dapper young scribbler—a prodigious man in the Annuals, and in the ballad and sonnet line. The knock supplicational is fraught with the maudlin benevolence of some general beggar, who has always 'a trifle to ask for an unfortunate family of six small children dying of hunger,' or 'the least contribution in the world to the society for the relief of decayed widows,' who are too proud to work for their living.

From the New York Star.

MRS. HEMANS.

If any thing were wanting to convince mankind of the exultation and power of the mind of women, the productions of finely talented females, now breathing the fine strains of pure and elevated poetry, and now pouring forth the ennobling sentiments of philosophy, both in this country and Europe, would be sufficient. —The towering genius of Madame de Staël, walking in cloudless majesty like the moon among the planets—the pure lustre of Mrs Hemans shining with the clear radiance of the morning star—the softer scintillations of Miss Landon, like the first sweet ray of evening—the departing glory of Hannah Moore, like an orb just shining behind the horizon—are specimens of what woman is in the Father-land—while the rose-like beauty of Mrs Sigourney—the evergreen foliage of Mrs Hale—the summer savoury fragrance Mrs Child—the lily loveliness of Hannah Gould—and the wild flower sweetness of Mrs Sedgwick—are selections from the flowers of this western wilderness, and evidences of what the 'daughters of Columbia' may become.

The true home of women is in her house; it is there that she shines with peculiar loveliness—there is the proper sphere of her usefulness—and there are the objects which have the strongest claims upon her regard. We wish never to see her climbing the rugged acclivi-

ties of public life, with Boadicea at the head of her army, or with Catharine upon the throne of state—nor would we have her, like Charlotte Corday or the Maid of Orleans, periling her reputation and life in popular insurrections and political feuds. Her abode is in the valley among the flowers of the garden and amid the sweets of domestic life—not on the hill top, and surrounded by strife, and debate, and the clashing of armour. She can never, with consistency appear in the forum or the pulpit—in the senate or at the polls—still without disparagement of her sexual character, or infringement upon those hallowed feelings, which the delicacy and loveliness of her nature have cast around her, she may devote her leisure to the pallet and the pen, and send forth the emanations of her soul, to enlighten and to bless.

We take up the writings of no female, whose sentiments come to us with a holier freshness or a more classic purity, than the poetry of Mrs Hemans. She is endeared to our recollections, by some of the finest strains of sentimental poetry in the language—effusions which must ever continue to please, as long as fine feeling and correct taste shall be found. She has won to herself a name and a praise in the whole earth, wherever the waters of the mighty deep shall waft an English heart, there will the songs of 'England's Dead, the sound of the Sea, and the Voice of Spring,' be heard.

But her fame is not alone the property of her native land—it belongs equally to the woods of America, whose wilds will long continue to echo the lay of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' a lyric which has seldom been surpassed, either in the adaptation of its ideas, or the spirit of its construction. The production of this piece, with the delicacy, dignity and moral beauty of her whole poems, have secured her a place in every patriotic and virtuous heart which can only be obliterated with its last throb. There is a loftiness of sentiment, and a pure tone of morality, pervading all her productions, and their frequent perusal must inevitably tend to nerve the heart to deeds of nobility and virtue, and to soften it with feelings of sweetness and tenderness. Her genius is lyric, and her poetry that of sentiment. There is a melancholy sweetness hovering over the scene which she pictures to the heart—a softened radiance, like that of mellow moonlight falling upon groves and majestic ruins. All the better and richer feelings of the mind and of the imagination are brought into play—we are soothed, delighted, elevated, enraptured. The images of the beautiful pictures which she presents, dwell upon the mind—the words and tones of music, which her sweet harp has awakened, rest upon the ear—we continue to see, and to hear, and to feel till our senses are called away to the enjoyment of new beauties, and our hearts delighted with fresh images.

From the New York Constellation.

#### THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE eloquent extract we annex is from the discourse of the Hon. Gulian C. Verplank, delivered before the Mechanic's Institute in this city, and will command the admiration of our readers:—

The incidental mention of the ultimate advantages derived by the art of navigation from the labors of Dolland, suggests to my mind another illustration, and recalls the name of John Smeaton. He was by regular trade a philosophical instrument maker; but his active mind had taken a broad range of rational curiosity and employment, embracing almost every thing in science or art that could throw light on mechanical contrivance. His inventions of this sort were very numerous and ingenious, but his solid fame rests chiefly upon the erection of the Eddystone Light-house. Its sight was one of the utmost consequence to the naval and commercial marine of Great Britain, and indeed of the world. As it was to be placed on a reef of rocks, far from the main land, and exposed to the whole force of the waves of the Atlantic, the building of a durable edifice there had baffled the skill of the ablest architects. At that period, about the middle of the last century, that branch of marine construction which relates to piers, moles, artificial harbours, breakwaters, &c., was far from that scientific development it has since received, and which it in no small degree owes to Smeaton himself. The commissioners for rebuilding the lighthouse, aware of the difficulties they had to encounter, reported that this was not an undertaking for a mere architect, however skillful, but required the talent of some one eminent for general mechanical skill and contrivance. Smeaton was selected. His plan was wholly original, having been suggested immediately by the consideration of the means used by nature to give durability to her works, and taking the model of strength and resistance to the elements which she had given in the trunk of the oak. The execution corresponded with the boldness and perfection of the first conception. There are few narratives of more intense interest or varied instruc-