

THE EVENING NEWS.

Wednesday,

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THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

[CONTINUED.]

Worcestershire is a difficult word, and to pronounce it Worcestershire may be excusable; but to say Pell Mell for Pall Mall is an injustice to the letter A which may not be crossed. Some words are blousy, boisterous, noisy, brassy, are much employed, and strike the American ear as coarse. For example to say to a horse, "Get up, you nasty brute, out of that beastly walk, or I'll knock your bloody head off," is a common form of speech, and indicates fairly the heavy, blunt nature of the Briton. On the other hand, his leaning to Saxon words makes him change stronger than our language; for instance, a strong simple word like "lift," which we dilute it into the Latin "elevation." With us the disposition to show induces us to select a word like "command" and to reject a good one like "begin." American prudence also has its influence, using limb for leg.

In America the orator is dying, but in England he is dead. In the country of Columbus and South Africa we still furnish the burning, diffusive blather-skits on the stump and in the national councils. In the British Parliament to-day the magnificent, glowing sentences of Chatham would be received with a general smile. Parliamentary speeches are now directness-talks, in which allusion to the rear of the British Army is only avoided. Gladstone is a small man—wise, argumentative, and free from bombast. If an ameliorated boor gets into the House and attempts to light a pale reflection of traditional fire, he is silenced with ridicule. Disraeli of highfalutin is one of the strongest antagonists in the kingdom.

There are differences of dress as well as of speech. Two marks of American nationality are the goat beard, and the Great American Frock Coat, worn open with the corners dangling down in front an inch or two longer than behind. In the provinces, when the American citizen wishes to adorn himself, he does this garment, and he is correctly dressed. If there is too much of the American coat, there is too little of the English, which is generally a little, cut-away garment, looking as if it had been fallen out of stuff. In the Briton there is also a tendency to tight-trousers, which aesthetics aside, probably arises from his being a horse-rider. The extremites in this respect are the grooms, from whom it travels upward. The great steogey, thick, solid, nailed shoes serve as models of the Briton's peculiar features—a necessity of his climate. In this rig, with a stout stick and a few miles of open country before him to walk in, he is content—not chirrupy and buoyant like a Gaul, but self-contained and satisfied.

The Englishman moves in a wider groove than his Transalpine kinsman. His more complete animal life makes his coat less full and heavier. A valiant soul in a sensitive body, he is a shadow over existence. The English mind has a faithful ally in the sturdy body which carries it safely—successfully enduring its jerks, depressions, and over-work—into the evening of age. The American mind imposes greater burdens on a body less able to carry, and it frequently breaks down. The Englishman's food is hygienic, adapted to his climate and recreation; his rowing, yachting, and shooting, are his sports. The hike is the safety-valve against excessive feeding. His organs, thus strengthened, are kept in healthy action. There is less disposition to shine in England than America. With us there is a national panting after notoriety or celebrity, as seen in the newspaper publicity given to social entertainments, fairs, and other trivial descriptions figure, in the interior of houses overloaded with decoration, in the public life at hotels, in the love of orations and speeches, in the eagerness of politicians to "put themselves on record." It is living in a house of glass. In England, barriers are thrown around life. Something of the old feudal privacy remains, and the house, to some extent, is a castle, where the master of all the world. Money is spent freely for comfort, but not for lavish display. A writer of average essays does not claim the laurels of Macaulay, an ordinary member of Parliament those of Pitt; no manning about the highways and byways to proclaim self-excellence.

The Englishman is more natural, more refined than the Englelmann, more tact, adaptability, originality, quickness, and adroitness. The Englishman is noble in simplicity and faith, affection and justice; accompanied with brutal instincts which break out at times into drunkenness, cintony, and wife-beating. Natural politeness is uncommon, and impertinent and incongruous things are often said unconsciously. Nothing, however, of the gross, no capering and grimacing, but a stern manhood which, however unapt for social commerce, is clothed with a certain dignity.

The Parisian is the refined Athenian, the Londoner is the Roman still in the rough. Between them there is the difference of butterfly and bumblebee; one flutters from flower to flower for nectar, the other buzzes from one to the other, on winging, one sign for the day—his motto, "Pursue virtue and vivacity"—the other works for the future as well as the present; one moves in airy curves, the other in straight lines; one soars softly as a snow-flake, the other with a bump, one dallies in the sun to enjoy the taste, the other is always hurrying on his errand of duty, seeing in flowers nothing but their honey.

The Briton is never home-sick, as the man of the Latin race is. The latter, transplanted, never takes root on foreign soil, but pines through a sickly existence or dies, he has thought dwelling on that dear land he is never to see again. The Englishman never dies of nostalgia. He creates another England wherever he goes. Obstacles that would discourage a Latin incite him to the combat. His individuality is so great, he abhors other nationalities like a serpent. He is a tyrant on others who may struggle for a time under his domination, but they finally succumb. He does not rest content in the enjoyment of his own civilization, but must thrust it down the throats of his neighbors. His food, raiment, language, mode of doing, according to him, are superior to all others, and should be universally adopted. If he were left on an island with a dozen other nationalities, the probabilities are that in a few years the language would be English, the meat roast beef, the drink malt liquor. Give him time, and he will turn an Arab into an Englishman, and a desert into a garden of plenty; out of anarchy he will build a solid government and force wild people to methodic work. He will not be put down; he will not be a foreigner in strange lands. Within a certain radius of the man there is England. If, among other nationalities, he is obliged to take a lower seat at the table, he believes, with Macbeth, that no matter where he sits, that is the head of the table.

To be continued.

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