

*A Contrast.*—John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, is the son of the second President that ever ruled over America, the well known and peaceful successor of Washington—the Numa of the United States; and if we may judge from the principles which he has taken the first occasion of testifying, he is well worthy of the honor which such an elevation confers. The manly plainness and simplicity of the form of his inauguration deserves notice. Think of the childish ceremonies, the idle pageantry, the ridiculous mummeries, the holy oil, the feathers, furs, and frippery of a coronation in Europe, as contrasted with this dignified scene! At Washington, in the capitol, Mr. Adams, in a plain suit of black, ascends the Speaker's chair, pronounces his address to his fellow citizens, walks to the table of the Judges, and on a volume of the laws of the United States reads his oath of office, and thus the magistrate of a mighty state is installed.—Look on this picture and then on that.”—If, as Englishmen, we blush at the comparison in one respect, we feel a glow of exultation in another, at the thought of the superior wisdom and truer greatness of that country, which owes, at any rate, its birth to ours. America is the child of England, and is, perhaps, destined to perpetuate the memory of its parent, who should feel nothing like envy and jealousy at the endowments of its illustrious offspring, and still less exhibit any thing like derision at the imperfections of her incipient constitution and policy. whilst here we are submitting to such things as the *six acts*, the *tithe system*, a *standing army*, and an *enormous taxation*, and our neighbors, the Irish, to *military law* and *religious persecution*. We even ought to beg of the Americans to forgive our haughty airs of superiority, to forget, while they contemplate with just pride their well organized navy, that Mr. Canning ever talked of their “few air frigates and bits of striped bunting;” he has more occasion than they to regret this piece of flippancy; it was one of those unlucky jokes of his which so often fly back into his face, till he has been ready, we dare say, a hundred times, almost to bite off his tongue for having uttered it. It is high time for that Right Hon Gentleman to lay aside his ancient situation of jester, and think more of cultivating the statesman like qualities which he certainly possesses in no ordinary degree.

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The habit and decorations of the Order of the Garter, which the Duke of Northumberland is charged to deliver to the King upon his coronation, are now in the hands of embroiderers at Lyons, who are charged to place the diamonds. They are said to be worth 1,800,000 francs.