

CHAPTER XXXI.

Different Travellers have different Eyes—The Polish Exiles—Regrets on the Necessity of closing—"Tom Slowstarter's" Farewell.

How strongly was I struck, the other day, with the contrast between two foreigners, whom I met travelling in the United States: a Frenchman and a South American! The one recalled to my recollection Monsieur Levasseur, who, while in the train of General Lafayette, witnessed the labours of the New-York firemen one night at a conflagration. Having come from a physical people, a nation of materialists, he wished to handle one of the engines, in order to form an idea of those machines which he thought exhibited some of the great capacities of republicans. The South American was always admiring the results of some moral cause in our society; and the sagacity and just sentiments he displayed were not only gratifying, but instructive. And what a comment was here on the political systems of Europe and America! The old world is managed like an engine. Millions of her inhabitants are standing this day like machines, with their weapons presented, like the teeth of a bark-mill, or the cogs of a cider grinder, ready to do work by the exertion of brute force. What an immense capital stands from age to age invested in arsenals and foundries, fortresses, fleets, and powder-mills; yet the budget of war annually groans under new appropriations. Peace may sit balancing her pinions over them for a time; but something soon sets her on the wing; and what shall induce her again to alight? When a crop of humanity is to be gathered, when the flowers of a new season are to be plucked, the machinery moves again; its course is against mankind, its track is a stream of human gore. The Greeks cried for freedom, but they must pass through Missi-