

This plain dressing of theirs may, perhaps, read the world a lesson, the same kind of lesson that the modest woman's apparel is to the extravagance of the harlot. When Benjamin Franklin in his suit of drab appeared among the brilliant costumes of the Court of Louis, any one, without much foresight, might have conjectured that the beginning of the end was at hand; and even John Bull himself, that superb flunkey, were he to meet the plain American minister, immediately after an unpleasant interview on the 5th of April, might be led to ponder.—

It is this contrast with what they have been accustomed to, that fills Americans with surprise when they visit foreign countries. Letters from Europe, published in their papers, speak in this way:—

“The life of these people is in display—liveries everywhere, wherever they can be seen—coaches with escutcheons emblazoned on their panels so large they might serve for the signs of country inns.”

Many intelligent men have told me they considered the European system to be about breaking up; that the extravagance of the privileged orders has brought most of them to the verge of bankruptcy, and thus rendered it impossible to go to war. But war is essential to the very existence of monarchy, for it rests upon the two bad passions of man, his vanity and ferocity.

The first great robber, or pirate, or conspirator, whoever began the game, has bribed the lesser fighting men to his side by the promise of spoils and privileges. And so the game has gone on from age to age. Take away the excitement, the glory, the music, the ribands,