

“there, my blessing with you, and these few precepts in thy memory.”

Beware of foreign alliances—of partiality for any particular foreign nation—lest interests purely imaginary lead you into wars, terribly practical—lest sympathies merely sentimental, involve you in complications by no means romantic—lest for instance, admiration for France and French character—contempt and hatred for England and English character, entangle you in a foreign war.

The advice for that day and time, though induced by contemporaneous circumstances, is good for our day and all time. The cry has been and perhaps still is—no danger from England—France stands in her way—France hates England, and loves America—England, therefore, if she should declare war against this country, would be immediately assailed by France. Fear of France then, and not fear of us, is the basis of our security against England. A specious, unmanly and utterly baseless security. Does not the Crimean alliance still exist between England and France? Did not the first proposition to raise the blockade come from him, who in the forgotten days of his exile, found shelter and subsistence in New York?

But if the alliance is a hollow pretence—and Louis never made such a proposition, let us, nevertheless, throw ourselves, as Washington advises, upon our own carefully insulated and individual resources, not upon the fears, or the hopes, or the sympathies of foreign nations—but upon the strength of stout American hearts and stout American arms—and upon them alone. The teaching of Washington, we take to be self-reliance—and that is the very first duty, that a nation, as well as an individual, ought to learn. It is a teaching at this time peculiarly appropriate.

The South, early in the struggle which now convulses the country, let us into the secret of her expected success. England, suffering in her manufacturing districts for her usual supply of cotton, would, in case the North accepted the challenge of war, be forced into an armed mediation between the belligerents, by the sheer necessity of self-preservation. While the South, unassisted, could not resist the North, it was clear that the North could not successfully combat the South and England combined. Baser, more disgraceful, or huckstering calculation, never was made. And accordingly, when Mason and Slidell were arrested, and the long talked of collision with England seemed to have reached its culmination, the most intense and complacent satisfaction spread through the South. It was too good news to be talked of; speak of it only in whispers and with bated breath. And when this worthless booty, as the London Times terms it, by a few graceful strokes of diplomacy, was extracted from our