of expediency, it is not confined in its operation to separate portions of the human family; but wherever the darkness of perpetual night has been removed from the mind and a single ray of civilization has entered, in every condition of society where man is one remove from the beast, that surround him in a rude and unpolished state of nature, with the forests for his home through which he roams by day and with only the starry campy of heaven above him by night, no less than amid the glorious blessings of civilized life, do we find the sense of honor which binds him to the spirit of the seasons and lifts him above all other created beings. The deep forests of America—in the wilds of the far-distant Australia—amid the mountain glaciers of the north and in the balmy isle of the south—on the plains of Asia—wherever society of any sort exists—the sentiment of honor glanded with a holy care. While it often urges men to violence and desperation in return for insults offered and injuries received, it is supreme for the age and for the time and is wrought upon them by the existing standards of virtue. Poverty and danger, sickness and death—eye more, ten thousand deaths would they endure rather than a violation of honor. None then are those institutions of this principle; beings who are, perhaps, worthy of contempt can never resist the temptation of a bribe, whose opinions are those of the last person they have conversed with, and whose