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POETRY.

The Venal Sanctuary.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL D.

Where in our churches is the place for the poor? I ask this question with shame and sorrow. WHERE IS THE PLACE FOR THE POOR? **** Admit that here and there a poor person has a seat! WHERE IS IT? Is he invited to sit with us "in a good place," or do we say to him, "stand thou there; or sit here under my footstool?"—*Right Reverend Bishop Ives.*

"I WILL BRING YOUR SANCTUARIES UNTO DESOLATION."

[Leviticus, 26, 31.]

I trod the hallowed ground that bore
A Christian temple tall and proud;
When at each wide and lofty door
Went streaming in a gorgeous crowd:—
A welcome day did all rejoice—
A fair and ancient festival,
And the glad organs mighty voice
Shook the strong roof and Gothic wall.

Full many a token marked the feld,
Where rich and high believers meet,
The sacred volume clasped in gold,
The costly robe, and drowsy seat;—
Priest, people, altar, chancel, choir,
Arch, column, window, porch and gate—
That ample fane from vault to spire
Looked solemn all and calmly great.

But mark! An old and weary man—
A stranger clad "in raiment vile,"
With failing steps and features wan,
Went tottering up the fair broad aisle:—
They cast *him* out—Oh faithless race!
On a rude bench—unseen—remote,—
Found guilt, in *that* hour and place,
Of—*a lean purse and threadbare coat!*

Yes! and if He who sav'd the lost
Stood fainting on that haughty floor,
Arrayed in weeds of little cost,
Meek as he sought our world before;
In spite of words which none might blame,
And works of goodness freely done,
That sordid post of wrong and shame
Would greet—JEHOVAH'S ONLY SON.

O, for a prophet's tongue or pen
To warn the great in wealth and birth,
Who build their God a house, and then
Plant there—*the meanest pomps of earth*—
To brand that church which spurns the poor
From every vain and venal pew,
Where "clothed in purple" herd secure,
To kneel or sleep—the lordly few!

Give me the shed, low, bare and plain,
Where love and humble truth abide,
Rather than earth's most noble fane
Defiled by selfish pomp and pride:
Give me the damp and desert sod,
Walled in by dark old forest trees,
Roofed over by the skies of God;
But perish temples such as these!

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Odd Fellow.

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY J. W. AYER.

Edward Morris was fortune's favorite. He could not boast of a long and noble line of ancestors, nor of wealth and affluence. He had his origin in Virginia; his native village was near the Blue Ridge, and here he spent the days of his boyhood. He was an orphan from his infancy, and though destitute of parental advice and instruction, and obliged to labor hard to earn a livelihood, yet, by persevering industry and attention to business, he managed to amass a sum of money quite sufficient to defray his expenses, and allow him to acquire a collegiate education. At an uncommonly early age, he entered at William and Mary's. He graduated at the age of twenty-two. Morris was a man of fine feelings, much strength of mind and kindness of heart. In the Autumn of the year 181-, he commenced a tour of the Southern and Western States.—He had travelled much, and was familiar with the peculiarities of different people in various parts of the country. He reached St. Louis early in September. Here he purchased a horse, (a young and noble animal,) and continued his journey on horseback. He had been travelling all day through a country that was but thinly peopled. He occasionally passed a rudely erected log hut, and these appearances of civilization served to cheer him, as he passed on. Toward night, he approached one of these houses. It was sunset. The smoke from the stone chimney rose as lightly "as from the haughty palace," curling in spiral shapes, it rose to the clouds, and not a breath of wind was stirring. He was on a rising ground at no great distance from the house, and he paused to admire the charming romance of the scene. All nature seemed more lovely than ever. The sun had hid himself behind the western hills, and the last parting ray which skirted the western sky could now and then be distinctly observed through the opening vista. All was quiet, and no sound was heard save the voice of some far distant villager, calling their herds to shelter for the night. He drove forward to the rude gate, which hung on its leathern hinges, always open for the reception of the traveller. Edward alighted, and throwing the bridle over a "stump," which stood by the side of the little footpath, leading to the door. As he approached, he was surprised to observe several little flower-beds, which seem to have been nursed by a careful hand. The material of which the building was compored, was pine logs. Edward rapped at the door, and was admitted by an elderly looking farmer, who bade him welcome. He was the only occupant of the room, but in a few moments the old man called his daughter, and bade her prepare supper for the stranger. Stella made her appearance soon after, and informed them that tea was ready. As she entered, Edward was struck with her interesting appearance.—She was about seventeen. On seeing him, she became somewhat embarrassed. She bowed gracefully, and blushes suffused her face. As she turned to retire, he looked after her, wondering that so beautiful a flower could have sprung up amid the deep shade of the forest.

Edward was delighted with the family, and time passed away pleasantly. He felt a peculiar pleasure as *her* silvery voice fell on his ear. He had never believed in love at sight, nor did he now; but how to account for the effect she created was beyond his power. He retired at a late hour, to dream of the beautiful Stella. His slumbers were deep and unbroken. In dream he was carried back to the days of his childhood. He is caressed by all; he sees yon grove where so oft in infancy he had pursued his childish sports. Now was he arrested for murder, but saved from death by the timely, and earnest intercession of Stella Raymond. He woke at a late hour in the morning, for he had not been called with the family, but suffered to rest his weary limbs long after the sun had arisen. The family urged him to remain with them for a few days, and he determined to remain a day or two with them. After a hearty meal, Farmer Raymond and the boys, (sturdy sons of the forest,) shouldered their axes, and went forth to their work. Stella invited the stranger to go with her to the Trout-brook, which was near to the place where the boys were at work. He cheerfully complied, and taking her brother's fishing tackle and her own, they set out for the brook. They soon lost sight of the house, and wandered slowly along. Their conversation was lively, and was only interrupted by the discordant note of some lone bird, which ever and anon crowned the songs of the feathered warblers.

"There is pleasure in the pathless wood."—Nothing can be more agreeable to a person of contemplative mind, than to wander amid the forest. Here can be seen the young and tender sapling, and there the mighty oak, and the tall pine tree, whose giant head bids defiance to the tempests. They reached the brook, and were successful in the employment of fishing.

The day had gone before Edward was aware; the pleasant minutes, as they passed, dragged along with them the more tardy hours. They returned home. Night came on, and the young farmers once more congregate around the cheerful board of their father. In the evening the conversation turned on the subject of Odd Fellowship and other secret societies. Edward learned, that Mr. Raymond and his eldest son, (a stout, athletic young man of twenty-one,) were members of the Order of Odd Fellows.—They spoke in an eloquent manner of the merits of the Institution. Edward was not a member of the society, but felt a high regard for the Order.

The next morning he had his horse brought to the door at an early hour. He shook hands with the old man, and with all the family.—Stella was the last, and was it the novelty of shaking hands with a man, which caused those blushes? He turned to mount his horse; all were sorrowful, but none more so than the beautiful Stella. They parted; they looked after him till the branches obstructed their view and hid him from their sight. As Stella turned, she quickly dashed away a tear that had started unbidden to her pretty eyes. Edward went forward but a short distance, for he had mistaken the road, and had gone in a foot-path leading to the heart of the forest. He saw his error and turned back, but this labyrinthian path could hardly be distinguished from others. After much delay and difficulty, he found the road. It was now late in the afternoon, he therefore pushed forward in hopes to reach the next settlement before dark. He had not proceeded far before he heard a rustling among the dried leaves, and the crackling of the decayed branches. On looking back, in the direction of the sound, he thought he discovered an Indian, quickly crossing the path, low, crouching, skulking along. Edward merely obtained a glance of him, but that glance satisfied him of the painted face, and feathers worn in the hair of the savage. He thought, too, that he perceived the tomahawk, but was this not all the workings of his imagination? He had nearly forgotten the occurrence, and was thinking it time he had reached the settlement, when, on looking up, he observed that the clouds indicated a violent thunder tempest. It was a little after sundown, and in the dense forest it was nearly dark. Edward had probably travelled fifteen or twenty miles, but had gone so far in the path we have mentioned, that he was not probably more than five or six miles from farmer Raymond's, from whence he had started in the morning. He thought it best to dismount and build a little camp of boughs. He did so, and quickly kindled a fire. He tied his horse under the branches of a wide spreading tree, to shield him from the rain as much as possible, again examined his pistols, and wrapping his blanket closely around him, laid himself soldier-like upon the ground. It was now dark; nothing could be seen save a few trees on which fell the light of the fire. The thunder rolled heavily, anon the rivid flash of the playful lightning was seen.—It was only for an instant, and then all was black. The thunder had sounded at a distance, and he had hoped that the storm would not burst over him; but now it came nearer, the lightning flashed oftener, and was more protracted. Loud pealed the thunder, and each hill echoed with the sound.

"Far along from peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Ozark answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous hills, when call to her aloud."

Now the quick rain came dancing to the earth, pattering among the dried leaves—Down it came in torrents; the fire was extinguished, and all was dark,—the awful and long-continued blue glare of lightning "painting hell on the sky." Then came a peal which seemed to have rent Heaven asunder. Crash! all was still. The rain ceased, and nature seemed to rest from its last mighty effort. A noble oak had been twisted and torn from its bed, felling, as it came, numerous trees of a smaller kind which obstructed its way, and now lay prostrate. Morris was left to grope about in the wet, and vainly endeavored to kindle his fire: he was finally successful, then returned to his camp, and had been there but a few moments, when a tall figure entered. By the reflection of the dim fire-light, Edward could not make out who he was. He grasped his pistols, and was much startled by the apparition. The intruder addressed him in broken English, stating that he had been travelling, had been overtaken by the rain, and had not been so fortunate as to erect a hut, and asked the privilege of remaining there till morning. Morris gave his reluctant consent, for he felt suspicious of the stranger. They laid down, and soon his strange visitor was snoring, and had every appearance of being asleep. Edward could not sleep. Soon the unwelcome guest rose and stole softly out of the camp. Morris now nerved himself for something, he hardly knew what. He thought of his horse, but could see nothing of him, but soon heard the sound of his steps as he fled. He replenished his fire, and ventured to return to his camp, sadly reflecting on his loss. In came the stranger, who appeared much surprised to find Edward awake, and appeared as though he had been thwarted in some design. He talked very freely, and with unpardonable familiarity. Edward's answer's were short, and the tone indicated his displeasure. He grew impatient, and requested the stranger to be quiet, that he might sleep. At this the fellow drew a whistle from his dress, and instantly gave a signal. Edward seized him by the throat, and placing a pistol to his breast, demanded the meaning. The man returned no answer, but struggled to free himself from his grasp. He voluntarily relaxed his hold, but first cautioned the scoundrel not to stir from his position, or he would blow his brains out. In an instant, half a dozen men made their appearance in front of his camp, and by the fire-light were the appearance of so many devils. They sprang upon Morris, and before he had time to act, or hardly think, he was disarmed. They took from him his watch, and what money they could find about his person. It was in vain to resist against such fearful odds.—After satisfying themselves that they had taken every thing of any value to them, they set the camp on fire; and not satisfied with their diabolical acts, the one of whom we have spoken, seized him by the throat, confined as he was, and in cold blood plunged his knife into his bosom; again he stabbed him. Edward fell, covered with blood, and the vital tide flowing from every wound. The fiendish assassin, not yet satisfied, again struck him with his weapon, and left him for dead. They had now glutted their avarice and thirst for blood. They decamped, after setting up a loud halloo, as indicative of their triumph. Edward lay where he fell, alone and unconscious.—The blackness of the crime could only be equalled by the darkness of the night and the fury of the tempest. Daylight dawned, and as the early rays of the rising sun shone through the thick foliage, they fell upon the lifeless form of our hero.

The sun reached his meridian altitude, and was declining, yet there he lay on the cold, damp ground; his blood clothed and mingled with the dews of heaven. The day was fine; the air that was sultry the day before, was now cool and invigorating. All was still, save the cry of the carrion bird, and the howling of the hungry wolf.

About sunset, a wood-cutter, who had been busy all day in clearing wild land, was now returning homeward. As he drove along, thoughtfully whistling, his meditations were disturbed by the sudden start of his horse, which sprang from the road, throwing the driver from the wagon, and entangling the rope gearing of the harness. The man succeeded in reigning his horse into the road again. He stopped, and on looking around, saw stretched on the ground what he believed to be a bloody corpse. Mr. Brown was much shocked by the spectacle. He raised the body, and pressed his toil-hardened hands to the bosom of the murdered man. He thought that there was heat and a slight pulsation. He took the body carefully in his arms, and placed it in his cart, took off his own old frock and placed it beneath his head for a pillow, and drove forward. The road was rough, and the jolting caused the blood to flow again; this alarmed the good man, and he took the body in his arms, as though he had been but a child, and with slow and mournful pace, followed his cart. It was nearly dark when he came in sight of a house. It was Mr. Raymond's. He reached the dwelling, and they carried the body in. It was not recognized. Mr. Brown hastened for medical aid, while the family endeavored to restore the dying man. Stella was from home when he was brought in, but soon returned. She betrayed great emotion at sight of the body, but little thought that it was he with whom she had passed the hours so pleasantly a few days before. She approached the bed, loosed his neckdress, and with cold water freely bathed his temples. He breathed—he was alive. They stripped him of his blood-wet clothes, and his head now rested upon the pillow. Stella was left alone with the body. She placed her soft hand on his bosom, and found that the heart beat, and that the whole appearance of the man indicated returning life. She continued her efforts, and he opened his eyes, cast a vacant glance on her, and closed them again.—She had observed the expression of his eyes, and she recognized him. It was Edward! She sank into a chair, and burst into tears. He soon opened his eyes again, and wildly gazed around him; he seemed not to realize that he was wounded, or to know where he was; with great effort he feebly exclaimed:

"Why am I confined here by a band of thieving scoundrels? but unpinion my arms, and I am free. Where is my horse?" Exhausted he gently sank to sleep. In the evening the doctor arrived. "He is now in a fever, and will require constant care and watchfulness by a good nurse, or he will not survive forty-eight hours," said the doctor. Stella needed not the kind admonition of the doctor, but would have bestowed the most untiring attention.

She watched by his bedside many days before returning reason gladdened her efforts.—She endeavored to interest and amuse him, and thus sooth the bitterness of the wearisome days. When he was awake, she frequently read to him. He loved to hear her read, for her soft, musical voice fell on his ear, and lulled his troubled spirits.

Hail woman, hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,
Mid humming streams and fragrance breathing flowers;
Thou art 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Creator's glory, man's chief blessing still.
Thou calm'st our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress, when servile minions flee,
And oh! without thy sun-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe.

Stella was motherless, her parent having died in her infancy. There is a feeling of sympathy which leads two minds in the same channel, who have alike been bereaved by the loss of friends. Thus it was with Edward and Stella. "The human heart," says an eloquent French writer, "resembles certain medicinal trees, which yield not their healing balm till they themselves have been wounded."

He had been at Mr. Raymond's nearly two months, and was now so far recovered as to continue his journey. But the family would not allow him to depart until he had recovered his health and strength. Edward thought of his lonely situation, without money, without means for travelling, and hundreds of miles from home. But the bitterness of his thoughts was removed by the presence of his kind attendants. He was daily visited by kind-hearted men, but strangers to him, who appeared greatly interested in his health and happiness. They furnished him with every luxury, and were untiring in their attentions. All this was new and strange; why should those men bestow so many gifts, bestow so much attention, or visit him so often? It worried him, for he could not divine their motives. He noticed, what appeared to him a great peculiarity, that two men visited him every evening, and seldom the same individuals. Was there not some plot in all this? some intention on his life? It was even so. There was a mystery which shrouded their conduct, an impenetrable secret, a well-laid plan, and well matured. There was something odd in their appearance and behavior, but it was soon revealed.

One afternoon, after having been visited by those strange men, he called Mr. Raymond to his room, and asked an explanation of their visits.

"Ha! ha! my boy, those men are Odd Fellows. Did you not say a few weeks since that your father was an Odd Fellow?

"I did."

"Well, those are our principles. I suppose they do appear rather odd, and for aught I know that was the origin of the name."

Edward now felt more at ease, for the secret of their oddity was in doing good. Stella was his faithful nurse. Day after day the same smile played over her face, and she manifested the same watchful attention. Edward really began to love her for her affectionate disposition and kind heart. She would frequently sing to him the many favorite songs she had learned on the "sweet Kennebeck," that Hudson of the east.

But why does he continue here longer?—Probably he would have left, but for Stella Raymond. One afternoon, seated under the waving branches of a gigantic forest oak, Edward declared his love,—offered her his hand and his heart. The blushing wood-nymph accepted. But he must now leave there for a while and return to Virginia to arrange his pecuniary affairs. He was furnished with a horse and a small sum of money, by farmer Raymond, and after taking leave of his kind friends, he commenced his journey. On arriving in St. Louis, he found a letter for him from L, Virginia. It was from an administrator of his uncle's fortune. His uncle had left the greater part of his estate to Morris. He therefore continued his journey without any delay. It was late in October when he started. The scarlet folinge of the trees spoke of the approach of a colder season. He arrived in L. after a long and tiresome journey. He was there detained until spring, when, having arranged his business to his satisfaction, started again for the West. Instead of being a destitute orphan, he was now the possessor of a large fortune.—He was cordially greeted by friends and neighbors on his arrival. He was married soon after to the beautiful Stella. He built a splendid house for himself and his father-in-law, and is now a merchant in the beautiful village of B.

The dense forests had given way before the axe of the sturdy yeoman, and neat cottages have arisen. Edward, soon after his arrival, became connected with the Lodge of Odd Fellows, and by a large sum which he presented to the Lodge, they were enabled to build a splendid hall in the village. He is universally beloved, and is surrounded by several laxen-headed urchins, who call him father. If the plans and mysterious manners of the Odd Fellows were an impenetrable secret to him several years ago, it has now all been explained, and he is now one of those odd ones who visit the sick and minister to the wants of the destitute and wretched.

Extract of a Letter.

To the Editor of the "Democrat," dated

Brooklyn, L. I. Dec. 4, 1847.

——"Having left Susquehanna county, the county that gave me birth, and reared me to manhood, I cannot look back upon her hills and valleys, though it be but in imagination, without feelings of sadness and regret mingled somewhat with pride. Sad, when I think of the many happy days I have spent there in the company of near and dear relatives and friends, and regret that mine has been the lot to be separated from them at this early day of my life, and that too, perhaps, forever. Yet with these spirits hovering about me, and at times deeply wounding my feelings, I cannot but rejoice, when I think I hail from Susquehanna county, and am proud that I am one of her sons. Contrast her with whatever county you please, throughout the State, comparing carefully the advantages and disadvantages of each, and it will be seen that she has got hotly on, equalling any other county in point of prosperity, possessing like advantages, whilst she has left some a great distance behind her. For her wealth and prosperity, she is indebted entirely to the industry and enterprise of her citizens, she has not had the benefit of any public improvement. No rail-road or canal has heretofore touched even her borders, and yet we see her hills and valleys, many of which within *my* remembrance, were covered with dense forests, *now* checkered with roads, and not only dotted as it were with improvements made here and there, but there can be seen in connexion, miles of well improved and well stocked farms, with fine buildings thereon; Nor has this been brought about by the existence, within her borders, or near them, of large incorporated companies for manufacturing purposes, (with a whig tariff for protection) on which, some say, and perhaps believe, depends the prosperity of any place or country. None of these advantages has she had, but has risen to the stand she now occupies by the united efforts of industry and enterprise, (as I have before remarked) devoted principally to agricultural pursuits, which in my humble opinion, is the only *sure* and *safe* road to wealth and contentment Thus has Susquehanna risen from her infancy step by step, until she has not only her fine farms, but several little villages have sprung up within her limits, whilst her County Town (Montrose) is one of the most pleasant and enterprising inland villages to be found throughout the state, wherein is located a Bank, which, whilst managed by its present officers, must, and without doubt will, tend to advance the interests and benefit the citizens of the county. Then your Agricultural Society (which I believe to be *one of the best* societies ever formed in any county) will, if supported, and its advantages appreciated by the farming interests, be of lasting benefit to them, as it serves to stimulate each to out-do his neighbor, in the production of the finest and largest crops, as well as the raising of the best stock; and when each farmer is striving thus, whereby he expects to get a premium, or that which is of as much or *more* consequence to him, "the name of getting it," it needs no philosopher to guess at the great benefit of such a society to all interested, nor can too much praise be awarded to those who laid the foundation for it. I hope and trust, aye, I will venture to predict, that the wealth of Susquehanna county, in ten years, will be nearly double what it is now.—The location of the New York and Erie Rail Road, though it passes through only one corner of the county, will prove of great advantage to the citizens, and a great help to the enrichment of the county. The farmers need have no fear of producing too much of anything. The N. Y. and E. R. R. will annihilate both space and expense for them, or at least it will reduce them to that of a farmer living but a day's drive out of New York. Every thing they choose to raise will command cash at New York prices, less the charge of transportation, whilst it will seem to cheapen somewhat the price of the merchandize of which all classes have to purchase more or less. In a word, all they produce to sell, or have occasion to buy, will be equalized, producing, in my opinion, the result to the country and her citizens, that I have above predicted. Though I am no more a citizen of the county, I shall ever watch the movements of those that remain such, and trust that I may live to see Susquehanna county, and her people, more prosperous, and more happy, than any have yet anticipated, and be my lot what it may, I shall rejoice at the prosperity of my county, and of my friends, both of which I now most

Respectfully bid farewell.

V. A. W.

"What is your policy in reference to the Mexican war?" said one politician to another yesterday, whose character for honesty was not as Cæsar would wish his wife's to be. "Oh, I am decidedly for taking a line," was the reply. "Yes," said the other, "and I should not be surprised if the sheriff would supply you with it."

MEXICO.

The St. Louis Union contains the following extract of a letter addressed to a gentleman of that city, dated at the city of Mexico, on the 29th of October last. It was written by an officer in the army, from that State, and gives a graphic description of the Valley of Mexico, the condition of its inhabitants, their feelings, &c., beautifully instructive, and every way deserving the place we assign it:

Our long expected reinforcements, and the mail they are presumed to bring with them, have not yet arrived; both are anxiously looked for. It cannot be disguised that our position here, (an army of less than seven thousand troops,) in the capital of a foreign country, a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, is a critical one, the masses of the population hating us as much as fearing us. For our safety alone reinforcements are necessary, but absolutely required for further military operations, should such be the policy and orders of our home government.

I almost fear to touch upon things connected with this most unhappy, yet beautiful and fertile, country; your own papers have doubtless surfeited you with "Mexican news." Of the battles I shall surely say nothing, but of the manners, customs, &c., &c., a few words. To a soil rich with all the products of the most favored portion of the earth, is combined a delicious, yet I think an enervating, climate. A fire-place is absolutely unknown in Mexico.—Crop succeeds crop in rapid succession, seemingly without exhaustion of the soil, or without regard to times of planting; wheat has its most luxuriant growth upon the table lands, and if planted upon a hill side and near the summit as is frequently seen, with larger fields of barley, (the staple grain of the country,) or larger yet of corn adjoining the valley at its base, it lies smiling, rich, amid the fruits and products of the tropics.

It is a singular, yet beautiful sight to us northmen, to see the gradation of temperature and of climate clearly indicated by the growths of peculiar latitudes. The hot, the cold [even to the snow point,] the dry, the moist, are found upon the same estate and in close proximity.—Bananas, Coffee, the Palm, the Cocoa tree, the Sugar cane, and the Olive groves, and Pine Apples, Peaches, Pears, with frequent vineyards, abounding in good grapes, and fields of northern grains, the stunted oakes and stately pines, and last, the everlasting snow, all occupying the same hill, and all within the vision of a single glance. Rich in historic reminiscences and relics of a hardy, fearless and a conquering race, no answering emotion is excited in the breasts of their unworthy descendants. The fires of freedom lie smouldering in the hills, and pale before the broad glare of superstition in the populous valleys.

Enervated, they have yielded to the seductive influence of a delicious climate, abandoning to the hands of a few designing and madly ambitious men, the conduct of a government which, if properly administered, might have set foreign invasion at defiance and made the people prosperous, free and happy. Guided by a clergy reprobating the education of the masses, they have elevated an aristocracy of a most cruel, capricious, and tyrannical character. Wealth is confined to the few and to the churches; the poor are abject slaves, the rich, most imperious masters. The people (of all conditions) are sadly wanting in honesty; robberies are committed at noonday without apprehension and without shame. Female honor and virtue exist only in name; the marriage vow is the publication of freedom from all restraints, and the avowal of abandonment to all licentiousness.

To correct such a state of society, the axe must be laid to the root; the trunk, rotten to the core, has already fallen, but the up-springing shoots will receive their nourishment from the same corrupted source, and grow surrounded by the same malaria. Laws are made and annulled with every change of administration, each in direct opposition to the other, and with such rapidity, as to entangle the whole judicial system and render it an unintelligible mass, even to those of the learned profession. Enactments in favor of the poorer classes are never published, or if published, are seduously concealed. Decisions of courts of all kinds, from the highest to the most inferior jurisdictions, are publicly and shamelessly sold to the highest bidder.

Appointments by the Chief Magistrate of the nation to the most important and lucrative positions are bartered for in the same manner. In the agricultural districts, laws are made by every landed proprietor, applicable to, and enforced at his own hacienda, in most cases contained in manuscript, conformable to his peculiar views, and administered by a steward or "major domo" residing on the estate. The labor is performed by "peons" (nomen generalissimo for all laborers) who may be seen at sunset every evening, returning from the fields in large gangs, with their rude implements of labor and followed by an overseer on horseback with a heavy whip, (similar to, but larger than an Indian whip) in his hand.

On every estate is a prison house with all the appendages of bolts, bars and shackles; these are applied to, and crowded with persons, who, happening to think that Mexico was a republic, and her citizens entitled to change her residence, or to seek for better wages, left the estates on which they were perhaps born, have been hunted down as criminals, and are confined every night in dungeons for the security of further services. I write from observation, and have seen these poor people smart under the lash, and never failing when passing at night to the prison, to take off their hats to the wretch who stands by to count them. If Legislative enactments have guaranteed to them any appeal for redress of the most atrocious character, their weeping wail for justice is never heard beyond the prison walls, or reaching the tribunals without the never failing bribe, is unheeded or laughed to scorn.

The frequent political convulsions have given to the military an ascendancy, of which a resident of our own happy country can form no just conception; they form the great rob-