

ously regale themselves. It is a picturesque, and seems a powerful argument for some future day of retribution, when we look, on the one hand, to the prosperity of the lordly oppressor, wrung from the sufferings of a captive and subjugated people; and look, on the other, to the tears and the untold agony of the hundreds beneath him, whose lives of dreariness and hard labour are ten fold embittered, by the imagery of that dear and distant land, from which they have been irrecoverably torn. But, even within the confines of civilized society, there do exist materials for our argument. There are cruelties and wrongs innumerable, in the conduct of business; there are even cruelties and wrongs, in the bosom of families. There are the triumphs of injustice; the success of deep-laid and malignant policy on the one side, on the other the ruin and the overthrow of unprotected weakness. Apart from the violence of the midnight assault, or the violence of the highway—there is, even under the forms of law, and amid the blandness of social courtesies, a moral violence that carries as grievous and substantial iniquity in its train; by which friendless and confiding simplicity may at once be bereft of its rights, and the artful oppressor be enriched by the spoliation. Have we never seen the bankrupt rise again with undiminished splendour, from amid the desolation and despair of the families that have been ruined by him? Or, more secret though not less severe, have we not seen the inmates of a wretched home doomed to a hopeless and unhappy existence, under the sullen brow of the tyrant who lorded over them? There are