

is put on by inanimate things—or, for the smile and the verdure and the gracefulness of nature in her happier moods, tell also of her angry tempests, of her wasteful volcanoes, of her sweeping hurricanes and floods, or of that dread thunder wherewith she overawes a prostrate world. It is enough faithfully to record the moral perversities wherewith the social state of man is vexed and agitated—the distrust and the selfishness and the busy competitions of pride or interest, which are constantly infusing of their gall into the whole business of human intercourse. We advert not merely to those outcries of resentment which might so often be heard on the broad and general face of society—but to those secret heart-burnings which fester in the bosom of families—the sad alienations that obtain under the same roof between those whose tastes and whose tempers are wholly uncongenial—the gloom, the discontent, the bitterness, that so mar those pictures of enchantment on which the sentimentalist loves to dwell; and by which the domestic retreat, that he would fondly liken to one of the bowers of Elysium, may in fact be peopled by the demoniacal passions of hatred, malice and revenge. At all events, the representation which, when we attend but to one set of elements looks so flattering and so fair, is sadly shaded or alternated by another set of elements now in busy and actual operation—so as to make of human life either a very prosaic or a very chequered story—and to prove that if there be materials within our reach whereof one might build a lovely and inviting paradise; there are other materials actually poured