

## OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

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“ Our wrongs and rights,  
 Our shades and lights,  
 Our meals, and those who dress them ;  
 Our Representatives o' nights,  
 God bless 'em ! ”

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THE plan, so frequently and successfully adopted by Voltaire, Swift, and a few other great writers, of viewing the morals, religion, literature, and politics at home, through the medium of some foreign intellect, whether of India or Fairy-land, and thus obtaining a high ground of abstraction wherefrom to take a clear view of men and things, might again be brought into operation with a very startling effect. The *exposé* would certainly produce a considerable sensation under any condition of social circumstances, but the benefit obtained might be more essentially important at the present time than in any previous period. The world has never before been so open to comprehensive principles. Discoveries in mental and physical sciences have been hitherto made to no enlarged and all-embracing practical purpose. The kings and priests turned the discoveries to their own advantage, and hung the philosophers. But now, if a principle of general good be discovered and generally understood, the people insist upon its adoption; and as the main difficulty lies in producing this general understanding, so it would do great service if any original process were developed for the purpose of showing the internal deficiencies of those individuals whose exterior pretensions induce the people to elect them as Representatives of their grievances and requisitions. And one principal want of the people they certainly do most admirably represent;—the want of *knowledge*, for were not this the case, the people would know better than either to elect, or suffer to be elected, such men as the majority of the Representatives have hitherto proved themselves to be. There they sit, and there they talk! Session after session, talk they and sit. Taxes and tithes are collected; bishops and other bible-and-unicorn sinecurists are paid; new churches are built up like walls against National Education; sailors are still the subjects of Impressment, with a sailor-King upon the throne; soldiers are beaten like dogs,

and to a degree, as O'Connell remarked, that no dogs of proper spirit would put up with; knowledge is still taxed to make it scarce, and prevent the people from knowing "what's what," and "who's who;" the primogenitary John-bull incubus,—the irresponsible House that Jack built,—still diffuses its baleful and obstinate ignorance as the pure aroma of wisdom, far and wide over the country; while the elective franchise is set up in a corner like a patent *rat-trap*, from which the owners of the land and granaries can let out their subjects, which constitute the majority, in whatever direction they please, and to be used accordingly; the Protestant church of Ireland, bereft of all religious support, yet erects its head, propped up on bayonets and in blood, as the Venetian palaces stand on their corroding piles; corn-laws still grind down industry,—our bones are baked to make them bread; and the Secretary for the Home Department gazing on the *parchment* of Reform, smiles with self-complacent hopes of glory in posterity, while the Duke of Wellington, advancing with a noble air, thrusts his cocked-hat under the treasury spout, and drains a golden draught to the standing army of hereditary legislators!

The production of a work of the class mentioned at the outset, and by a competent hand, would do incalculable service to the cause of genuine reform. It would not be easy to find the exact compound of wit and understanding required for the finest development of the plan, but we could point out one or two living writers who would not come far short of enough of both, to answer all the purpose. Many good folks would be a little confounded at first, by the sudden discovery of previous errors in perception, but it would soon be evident that the advantage of tearing off the veil would be very great, and that the naked figure of involuntary Truth, rising up from amidst the analyzed ruins of these our mortal Members, must enable us to become better judges in future. The separation, by such a process, of the mental man from the conventional; of the general principles from the local; of the patriotic from the mere personal; of the thoughts, acts, and results, from the false colours wherewith the real purposes and effects are saturated by early habits, customs, prejudices, and private interests, would do much towards the creation of "another and a better world" of social philosophy, and its proper corollaries of increased and elevating means of happiness. Present images would "give off" their gaseous fallacies; a volume of thick mist and scum would roll from before our eyes; when it cleared away we should discover, as in a hall of sculpture, the positive substantiation of the pure and impure facts, refined through a fictitious medium, and, being mastered

in their own way, on the *ignis-fatuus expellitur igni* principle, presenting themselves without any of the fictitious coverings whereby they now stand up, aping luminous realities. Apply this to the House of Commons, and what a characteristic Collection would it present! How should we be ashamed, humiliated, and provoked, to find the great majority of our Representatives—the chosen sponsors of ourselves—the concentrated images of our moral, religious, and political existence,—no better than the fool who seeth not at all, or the knave whose eye is always on his own or his neighbour's pocket.

Let us suppose, for instance, as a mere illustrative sketch of our meaning, that the conventional curtain of *Our Representatives* was withdrawn, and a tableau presented of some hundred figures, fixed by enchantment, having the resemblance of harlequins, clowns, and *court-card* knaves, as the case might be. That by the application of a talismanic glass to the eye, we should find the chequers of their motley forms were of coloured glass, each reflecting a map of the mind, motives, and family arms of their affinities, patron saints, and presiding deities in an upper Sphere, near the moon. That the touch of a wand should set them all in motion, till they jostled and rubbed and mixed with each other, the friction increasing with the velocity, till they gradually became a huge paste, or heap of honey, and the few survivors were then joined by the above-mentioned deities, who helped them to devour it, cooked in various ways over bonfires made of the dry bodies of bees and the flowers of the country. Or, to suggest another: That the tableau should present a gravely-seated concourse of parrots, jays, mackaws, buzzards, magpies, and harpies. On a sudden they all began to talk in an equally wise, generous, and self-sufficient manner, when presently it was seen that they were nearly all of them stuffed birds, having each a pipe running up through its back-bone into the beak, which was thus supplied with *sound*-arguments from a great bellows at a little distance behind the scene, whereon sat perched a huge vulture with an owl under one wing and a raven under the other, standing on a roll of parchment, and with a Lie, in shape of a gold coin, stuck on its forehead just between the eyes. A few natural birds of a different species were discovered among them, but when they endeavoured to use their proper lungs, they were either pecked to pieces, or what they said was screamed down, and then blown abroad with a mixture of false echoes. To offer a third tableau, as the suggestion of a first scene or chapter of such a kind of work as we have mentioned, let us suppose an enchanted Island made of a vast looking-glass, in the centre of which was reflected from above, an Olympian band of music. That on this harmonious Flat Island, we should

perceive all the people walking about round the band and discussing its combined merits, and the talent of the chief performers, who all manifested the utmost excitement of expression and action in blowing, beating, sawing, and winding, but without producing a single tone. Meantime all the Flats waited anxiously looking up at the Olympian band, and then at their native performers, in expectation of sounds that would set them all upon their legs again in substantial harmony! When, after a most exhausting delay, down fell a great stone by accident, from the mouth of Mars, as he was about to utter a signal from his crimson-flagged trumpet, and smashing a great hole in the middle of the band of Flat Island, there instantly arose, through the vent, the true sound of all their instruments, amounting to a deafening clamour of tongs, brass kettles, marrow-bones and cleavers.

But probably the present period is too matter-of-fact to relish allegories of this kind, even by re-action and for the sake of relief from cutting realities in their natural shape. It is indeed quite time that we looked every fact directly in the face—be it as ugly as Sin—and wasted no thought upon double meanings. — Yet, if an intermediate plan of attack can find favour in the public eye,—a plan which shall unite the most extensive knowledge of details with great powers of generalization and a logical application of analogies to practical questions of the deepest present interest, then we shall not have to search far or wide for a master-hand to accomplish the task, at least as far as measures are concerned. With reference to the subject of free-trade, for instance, we beg our readers to remark in what a level, *home-sliding* style the following argument is propelled from the North Pole:

“I engaged to show that the agriculturists have no real interest in suppressing our foreign trade. Let us take a case, then, in those countries which have been much before the minds of all our friends in consequence of late events. If it should turn out that *Boothia Felix*, or any other part of the coast of the Polar seas, was all made of alternate layers of coal and iron (and I am not sure that there are not appearances of both these substances being abundant in those regions),—such a country would be very likely to be at some time the seat of extensive manufactures, population, and wealth. And if it should also happen,—which is not impossible,—that coal and iron should fail in the rest of the world, the consequence would be inevitable, that our Manchesters, Sheffields, and Glasgows, would all have to migrate Northward, and there would be as great a change as when wealth and political power removed themselves from Rome to bleak and savage Britain, a prophecy of which would have been just as incredible to an ancient Roman, as a similar one with respect to the Polar regions might be to some English of our day. Towns would be built with covered roads warmed by steam; and railways would in time be tunnellled under the ice, from one great cotton-factory to another

all the way to the North Pole. But what are the people to live on? Manifestly, foreign corn. The country might produce 'small salad' in August; or new potatoes and green peas might be got under glass, and gooseberries be made about as plentiful as pine-apples are here. But the great staple of food must be brought from other countries, as certainly as the cotton which they span. Suppose then, that after some progress had been made, Sir Felix Booth, if he be the happy land-owner, should be persuaded to say he would have a corn-law;—that he would confine the people of the country to such corn or other vegetables as could be grown in chinks and crannies with a South aspect, or in other ways be created at a greater expense than importing from abroad;—with the idea that he should get more rent from the miserable in-dwellers. And first, what would the Parliament of Boothia say to such a plan? Would there be any persuading them that the great gains to the lord of Boothia were to be shed abroad upon them in fertilising showers, and the last state of their country was to be better than the first? Or, if the process of restriction had begun, would they allow Sir Felix to produce himself as the great suffering interest, and recommend himself in a King's speech for relief by tightening the laws, or diminishing his contributions to the public purse? And next, is there any probability that the lord of Boothia himself should not perceive that to execute such a law would be to cut down his rents to what they are at present—*nothing*? He would never be gulled by the notion that all the foreign corn brought into the country was so much taken away from what he would grow himself; because he would know with a perfect knowledge that, make corn-laws as he pleased, he would never grow it at all. He would know that he should not grow, not only the corn, but the rein-deer mutton that would have been eaten along with it. He would be fully aware, like a sensible owner of icebergs as he is, that though in the new state of things he might receive higher rents for some nooks and corners which under famine prices might be made to produce what men could eat, he would lose enormously upon the whole, by the absence of what he used to make of his lands in various ways arising out of the country's being covered with a flourishing commercial and manufacturing population. In short, he would beg and pray that the country might not be carried back to what it is at present. He would be the very last man,—unless, what nobody believes, he is demented and incapable of taking care of his own affairs,—that either now or at any conceivable period would go to the trouble of hatching a corn-law."—Pp. 33, 34.

The writer shows that the above argument applies, more or less, to every land-owner. The farmers would not know what employment to choose for their sons, if manufactures and foreign trade were thus handcuffed and blockaded by a law against sufficient corn. If his elder son succeed to his land, what is to become of the other sons, unless they enter into a ruinous competition with the elder, as we do at home. To limit, balance, and legally cut down the home trade and manufactures, to the home produce of corn, though the country might be naturally rich in the former and poor in the latter,

would be a mad prank of the Boothian Parliament; nor is it much better here.

“ You will say, this is an extreme case ; and so it is. But will anybody show me, how the same effects shall not arise in due proportion, in a situation where the circumstances shall be less extreme ? Do the landlords about Hull, for instance, really think that it is for their interest that Hull should be cut off from all the trade and commerce that would arise out of a free trade in corn ? Suppose they grew less corn ;—would not gardening do for them as well ; and does not this change always take place in the neighbourhood of large and flourishing towns, and nobody complain ? Sift this ; try to work it out. Some of your farmers told me at the last election, that their state was really so bad, that they had a mind to try whether the removal of the corn-laws might not make it better. Invite them to consider, whether the Boothian farmers would not come to exactly the same conclusion.”—P. 35.

Abolish the corn-laws, that is, reduce the price of food, and all manufactures become cheaper, and the comforts of life proportionately increased to the community. Granting that a whole nation was benefitted at the expense, or partial ruin, of a fraction of its capitalists, would it not be justice as well as wisdom, to let that exception take its course ? Moreover, let us ask if the agriculturists are so very nice and delicate about ruining, partially or wholly, any section of the commercial interests, when they can put the cause of such ruin into their own coffers ? Witness the cool way in which the Self-Representatives proposed on the 18th of last March to increase the duty on Foreign Tallow from 3*l.* 10*s.* per ton to 10*l.*—“ and by this they were to put 300,000*l.* into the pockets of the agriculturists, or, as was farther explained, a sheep was to be increased in value by 2*s.* 8*d.*, and an ox by 19*s.* ;” thus deliberately stranding a large portion of the shipping interest, and pitching overboard a corresponding quantity of British Merchandise, to be got up and sold by auction with the wrecks, for the benefit of the coast whereon the disaster occurred. But no such thing as ruin would accrue. Good land would still be good for other produce, (and very fine land still good for corn on the reduced scale,) and would gradually come to be worked with more honest, if not *equal* advantage to the owners ; since the land-holders, according to M’Culloch, only get, after all, less than one fifth of the nineteen or twenty millions lost to the nation each year by the present system of corn-laws. In brief, as the matter stands now, and as it has stood these last two-and-twenty years, the case between the agriculturists and the manufacturers may be concisely stated in the following request of the former to the latter—“ Give us sixty shillings-worth of manufactures for our corn per quarter (instead of thirty or forty, which would be the price if the tax on foreign

corn were removed) and we will give you thirty or forty shillings-worth of corn in exchange." This is *exactly* what is done, but few will listen to the fact, chiefly because it seems too plain, and they cannot imagine how successive Legislatures and Representatives could possibly have been so stupid, so dishonest, or both. Nor will people listen even at present to the able writer from whose work we are taking these extracts.

"When a corn-law was first laid on, either in Boothia or here, it is likely enough that a spirit of encouragement might be given to the farming trade, by the rise of prices which at the time ensued. But the farmers would soon multiply, and the demand come down, till the two ends met, and the farmers were in exactly the same condition as before, except that there were four of them bidding against one another for farms instead of three, and that there was moreover this new feature in their case, that they were cut off from employment for their children in other directions, in consequence of the check put upon the general industry of the country. Their only way of getting with any comfort out of the scrape, would be simply this;—they must ask to have foreign corn admitted into Boothia again, *not all at once*, but by such *gradations* as shall allow the good they will derive from the openings made for the employment of their children in industry of other kinds than farming, and from the general prosperity of the country, to something like keep pace with the temporary depression which may arise to the farming trade during the process of returning to an honest system,—such depression being in fact the converse or counterpart to that spirit of improvement to their trade, which was stated as the temporary consequence of laying on the prohibition. And when they have got out of the bog, the next thing they have to do is to take care never to come there again, and to eat off their own fingers sooner than think of employing them in trying to take money out of their friends', the manufacturers' pockets, by a corn-law. This is what they must come to at last; and there is no occasion for any quarrelling, any ill-will. The process is going on fast enough. The harpoon is in their backs, and they know it. They may thrash for some time with their tail, and spout a little yet through their blow-holes in Parliament; but they must turn the white up before long, and then they will come alongside and be ours."—Pp. 35, 36.

The white of their bellies, we presume, or perhaps of those eyes, which were "bigger." It is thus that greediness works its own punishment in disease and disappointment. The foregoing extracts are taken from the 'Letters of a Representative to his Constituents,' during the session of 1836. In our CRITICAL NOTICES of last month, we said what we thought of the book: we say again, it should be studied by all thorough-going reformers. The account given by any *true* 'Representative' of the understanding and honesty, or total deficiency of both, in that body of 'Representatives,' as they are called, in whom the nation's alternating hopes, doubts, and despair, are centred, must necessarily possess great interest in itself. But when

combined with the knowledge, acute insight, and close practical reasoning manifested throughout these letters, we are almost at a loss to discover the cause of the volume not having yet passed into a second edition. Should this never occur, the disgrace will rest upon the apathy of reformers. The liberal press has done its part; the work is known to be of immediate value to the public.

We cannot conclude our notice of this work of one of the few real 'Representatives' the reformers possess, without another quotation. Let our readers work out the problem of the wood-cutters with elaborate care. It comprises the whole mystery of the free-trade question. The ramifications are innumerable, but the solution of the principle is easy enough. Alluding to the agriculturists, and their sheep's-eye views respecting "tallow," he says to his constituents:—

"How far this may be just;—what right the agriculturists were born with, to take *your* honest trade out of your mouths and put it into their own by Act of Parliament;—is what I leave to yourselves to settle. But I do not see why it should not be equally just, that *you* should put a tax on *English* tallow, for the sake of increasing the quantity which would be bought with the manufactures of Manchester, Wigan, and Blackburn, and transported out and home in your ships. I say I cannot see why one should be a bit more unjust than the other; and therefore I advise you to apply to Parliament to have it at least turn and turn about.

"But this is not all—nor half of it. This accounts only for the old price; but it is no part of the intention of the agriculturists that tallow should continue at the old price. Their avowed object is to raise the price of tallow, say from 2*l.* to 3*l.* for a given quantity. We have accounted for the 2*l.*; it is to be taken out of the pockets of the people of Manchester, Wigan, Blackburn, and Hull, and put into the pockets of the agriculturists instead. And this perhaps you will say,—according to the Negro proverb I learned on the decks of a Hull ship,—is 'only *changee* for *changee*.' But where is the additional 1*l.*, which is to be the increase of price, to come from? I will tell you. It is to be taken once from the people who burn tallow candles, and once over again from the shop-keepers or others, with whom the tallow-burners would have spent the money if they had been let alone. So that 1*l.* is to go into the pockets of the agriculturists, and the value of 2*l.* is to be taken out of the pockets of other people to get it for them; the difference, or second 1*l.*, being utterly wasted and thrown into the fire, in the same way as if a man should allow himself to be persuaded to have his *fire-wood* cut with a blunt axe instead of a sharp one, on the pretence of the benefit it was to be to wood-cutters. Indulge me with going through this simple case; for it is the simplest of all, and exactly analogous to the other. You are advised to hire *two wood-cutters*, at a shilling a-day each, with blunt axes, to do the work that would be done for you by *one wood-cutter* with a sharp axe for a shilling. And you are told that if *you* lose a shilling by the process, the wood-cutters gain one. But I ask you, whether this is all? Suppose you had

been in the habit of spending these daily shillings on a gardener to grow you cabbages. Is or is not the loss of trade to this gardener quite equal to the increase of trade to the wood-cutters? And if it is, then do not this loss and gain balance each other exactly, and is not the necessary consequence that *your* loss,—your loss of the shilling or of the cabbages,—is a *second* loss, and that there are on the whole *two* shillings-worth of loss, for one that is to be gained by the fraternity of wood-cutters? Apply this rigidly to the question of the Tallow; and then say whether I was or was not right, in telling you the agriculturists were to gain 1*l.* by taking 2*l.* from other people.”—Pp. 24, 25.

This is an admirable specimen of the application of mathematics to the rules of the Utilitarian philosophy. It is very different to the Tory mathematics, which is the art of finding conclusions suited to hereditary assumptions. To blunt the edge of commerce, and puzzle the reason of the community with equally knotty and superficial theories, thus injuring its interests with its understanding; to make us pay twice for grinding down to our own discomfort, instead of once for grinding sharp to our advantage; as though in a heavy wager between a hurdygurdy and a flour-mill which were the better workman, the odds were greatly in favour of the former; this is the policy of our legislative wisdom,—our Peers and Representatives!

While on the subject of ‘Representatives,’ we can but express our regret at the Whig views taken by several valuable friends of the people, both in the public press and in the House of Commons, who advocate the reform of the “Lords” as a necessary preliminary to obtaining the Ballot. This is not only a most serious point in itself, but rendered doubly so by the divided action among radical reformers which it will induce. Whether correct or in error, as a matter of opinion, it was in accordance with the custom of the ‘Monthly Repository’ to express itself clearly, and at once, without waiting to see what support it was likely to have. Our position was taken in the January Number of last year, and the subject was renewed in December. We repeat, the Ballot is the first thing needful. This will probably be the unpopular side of the question; but we cannot help that. In our last number, a writer, whose uniform sincerity and far-sightedness are not without their due weight in the political world, has said:—“It has become requisite that, in the advocacy of their own principles and measures, the Radicals should face the peril of a Tory restoration to office. Had the Whigs dealt fairly with the country in Parliamentary Reform, no such peril could have existed. There can never be any security against it in future, but in those further organic changes to which the Whigs have hitherto opposed themselves.” And by what more certain standard can we judge of the Whigs’ *future* conduct than by their uniform conduct from the earliest periods of their equivocating existence?

### *Our Representatives.*

“The only hope,” pursues the same writer, “the only chance, which the people have left to them, is in an election, under circumstances of such strong excitement as to insure the return of a House of Commons that will accomplish some or other of those changes, either the Ballot, a large extension of the Suffrage, or short Parliaments.” It becomes us, therefore, neither to procrastinate nor fear the advent of the last daring ascent of the Tories into office, seeing that such an event, if it occur, will expedite that irretrievable downfall of their faction, which, by some means or other, must certainly arrive. The people do not know their own strength, or all this unnecessary alarm and disunion of opinion could not exist. It is for children to cry, “The Tories are coming!” it is for men to say, “Let them come!” Samson knew how to deal with the Philistines, and so ought the people of England.

What the Whigs mean by a Reformed House of Lords, is merely that the House of Lords should be re-formed of a Whig majority. Then, with a Whig House of Commons playing on the same circular saw as the Tories of Old, the country will have to “down with its dust,” and fill the treasury pit for the benefit of the legislative sawyers. All real reform will be at an end: all political progress stopped, until a convulsion occur. The Whigs must not, therefore, be allowed to have it all their own way in this manner. Were there no other reason (there are many reasons) for proposing the Ballot as a more important measure than that of the immediate “reform” of the Lords, we would advocate the former to keep the Whigs upon their mettle—the little they possess—and convince them that all reformers will not *rest* satisfied with their sedative mediocrities. The *People* passed the Reform Bill—not the Whigs; and the People can pass the Ballot if they will.

The legislation of the Lords is of course as bad as may be expected of a body constituted and diseased as is that House of Proud Flesh, by birth and circumstances. Their principle is that of “the greatest mischief to the greatest number,” for the benefit of a few. What the “Lords” do, we must take (at present) from whence it comes; but the House of Commons, elected by the people as their ‘Representatives,’ what is to be said of the choice? Simply this: it is not that the people are in intellect and principle a mere drove of geese and foxes, who elect according to their natural sympathies; it is that the Members are elected by only a *fraction* of the people. The total population of the United Kingdom, according to the statistical census, is 24,029,702;\* the number of males of

\* It is more than this according to M'Culloch's ‘Statistical Account of England.’ The population of Great Britain and Ireland, in May 1836, he estimates at about 26,371,000.

twenty years of age and upwards, is 5,812,276 : the entire number of electors, about 800,000. Thus, less than one seventh part of the adult male population is represented ; and even of these the greater portion act directly or indirectly under intimidation ! Is it any wonder that the Many should be continually excited and disgusted, and the Ministry in a series of disgraceful dilemmas and scrapes, now that this fact has become generally known ? We must have a House of Real Representatives ; nothing else can save us from the Lords. Until we have the Ballot and a great extension of the Suffrage, these Houses will ever have an hereditary disease and “ a plague upon them both ! ” There can be “ no health in them, ” nor in the moral and political state of the people.

When we behold the slow progression made in substantiating those organic changes which are known to be the only chance of permanent welfare to the community ; when session after session we feel the wheels that are passing over our hearts, and striving to crush them, become clogged in the passage, and neither liberate or destroy the life within ; while we see the helmsmen dismayed, and fixed with pallid inaction between their private desires and public station, their duties and their fears, the claims of their fellow-men, and the claims of their own perplexed selfishness ; while we see the want of united strength among the leaders of the people, with the frequent and shameful apathy of the people when great occasions call ; and while we descry the insidious manœuvres and lurking faces of the sword-and-psalter faction, peering beneath the underwood, and from behind dark corners and dangerous passes, ready either to slink in among us with glosses and disguises of all kinds, or to crowd down upon us with all the ignorance of brute-force, if circumstances should ever favour their sanguinary and remorseless covetousness,—deaf, blind, and destructive, when their victims, claiming justice, are in their power ; but eyed like the cat by night and by day, and keen of hearing as the hare, when the aroused millions are prepared to trample on their “ savage-state, ” and fill their coronets with dust ; is it not enough to make the soul sick, when seeing these things so plainly as we all do, that still our course of regeneration should be thus painfully retarded, and the happiness of a great nation still held suspended in the unwholesome atmosphere that rises from two houses of bad fame, worse conduct, and general treason against humanity ? But is this a reason why we should pause or relax in our efforts ? Is this a good ground wherein to bury our hopes ? Is it not rather a ground wherein to sow our thoughts, that the buried seeds of good may spring up and flourish whenever the due season arrives ? We should constantly persevere in the old and sacred cause of nature. Were

the prospect ever so distant, future generations claim it at our hands. Nor, when we measure back the long train of evil years, can the present progress be called slow; it is only slow and sickening when compared with the ardent hopes we have been taught to entertain, and with the brevity of our individual lives. We who live, wish to see mankind righted before we die. On every fresh appearance of the improbability of such a rapid consummation of our deep desires, it is only natural that we should mistake particulars for generalities, and declare the disappointment to be continuous, now and hereafter. But complete success *must* be slow; its date must begin after ours is concluded. Exerting all our energies towards the accomplishment of those organic changes previously mentioned; as the precursors of far more profound and ennobling changes in our entire social condition; we must yet be satisfied with beholding partial results, with loftier prospects through the panoramic vista of coming years, whose lights will be those of "divine philosophy," whose shadows, in the back-ground, those of the gloomy splendour of the Past. Much is to be done, for much indeed is needed; but if we can only see human nature placed in a secure road, with the worst of its evils ameliorated, this generation has done its work, and we may go to our graves "contented and grateful."

R. H. H.

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## The Wedding King.

A BALLAD.

*By the Author of 'Mundi et Cordis Carmina.'*

A LADY fair, fair Atheline,  
 Did love—as love's a gentle thing :  
 And she was wed; and morn and eve  
 She bless'd her wedding-ring.

She kiss'd Sir Ethred's noble brow,  
 And fondled with his snaky hair ;  
 And lay upon his bosom broad—  
 A blessed creature there !

And of the past she nothing reck'd,  
 And of the future nothing dream'd :  
 The present was All Time to her,  
 And all-eternal seem'd.

But not a year had Atheline  
    Been fondly to Sir Ethred wed,  
When at a feast, where loveliness  
    Was starrily outspread,

Dark-eyed Calymna meteor'd o'er  
    The constellated beauty there ;  
And stole Sir Ethred's fickle heart  
    From Atheline the fair !

And conscious the Plant Sensitive  
    Is of the lightest finger-kiss,  
Less instantly than Atheline  
    Felt shadows o'er her bliss.

At every glance Calymna sent  
    Deep thro' Sir Ethred's answering eyes,  
Fast fled the peace of Atheline—  
    As calm from tempest flies.

And when Calymna's perfect hand  
    Lay in Sir Ethred's loitering,  
The gentle Atheline grew pale,  
    And press'd her wedding-ring.

And when Sir Ethred's arm enzoned  
    Calymna's form in whirling dance,  
Down sank the widow'd Atheline  
    In a death-silent trance.

And from that hour Sir Ethred ne'er  
    Look'd kindly on sweet Atheline ;  
And left her off in solitude  
    To weep and sigh and pine.

And one black night of wind and rain,  
    Sir Ethred to her chamber flew ;  
From her true finger forced the ring,  
    And, without speech, withdrew.

“ The ring thy wedded lady wears,  
    That ring thy hand shall zone on mine,  
Ere I will trust Sir Ethred's love,  
    Or yeild one charm of mine !”

And ere one hour fled to the Past,  
    After those words of cruel art,  
The ring was on Calymna's hand,  
    Sir Ethred on her heart !

*The Wedding-Ring.*

The wind blew loud, the rain fell fast,  
 The billows thunder'd on the strand,  
 The billowy thunder shook the air,  
 And flamed the lightning's brand:

Far out to sea the cluster'd rocks  
 Broke gloomily the foaming brine;  
 And on the farthest, lorn and pale  
 And mad, stood Atheline.

Upon its dark and fatal peak  
 She stood, a doom'd and piteous thing!  
 But these sad words were all she said—  
 “I've lost my wedding-ring.”

Over that rock the fast waves grew,  
 Till fathoms under them it lay;  
 And no frail human thing could live  
 Within their weltering way:

But still, amid the roaring winds  
 And thunder-rain, a voice did sing,  
 In tones too sweet for mortal throat,  
 “I've lost my wedding-ring.”

And oft—as say the legends old  
 Which Time to fond Belief endears—  
 As the sad night renew'd its date  
 In the revolving years,

The mariners and wanderers  
 Who sail'd that sea, or faced that strand,  
 Heard those lorn words sung round the rocks;  
 And sigh'd from wave and land.

And thus those legendaries old  
 Pursue their theme of misery:  
 Years after, on that night of woe,  
 When stars shone in the sky,

Sir Ethred and Calymna trod  
 The beach in passion's twining mood;  
 And from each other's gazing drew  
 A full beatitude:

Till, on the very brink of bliss,  
 Their hearts stoop'd to the quivering stream,  
 To slake that thirst unquenchable  
 Which haunts this wondrous dream:

When, a sweet voice Sir Ethred heard,  
Too sacred for Calymna's ear :  
" I've lost my wedding-ring"—the words  
Did in his face appear !

" Ah, God ! a thought of Atheline  
Hath cross'd thy heart, hath cross'd thy brain!—  
Calymna is thy life no more ;  
And her great love is vain !"

Thus spake Calymna ; and no glance  
Denial to her plaint did bring—  
For still he heard those airy words  
O'er rocks and ocean ring :

And down he dash'd upon the sand ;  
And cried—" O, God ; my Atheline !"  
And o'er him slain Calymna stood—  
An Agony Divine !

And cursed him where he lay ; and in  
Her fever-struck and throbbing palm  
She crush'd the ring of Atheline,  
And broke its circled charm :

And cast it far into the sea ;  
And follow'd it, with reckless leap,  
With all her youth and grace and love,  
Into the drowning Deep !

And then a blessed music rose ;  
A blessed music, far and near !  
From wave and rock and strand and cliff,  
That fill'd the atmosphere.

The very spray of the calm ocean,  
Each small sea-weed the rocks that clad,  
Each cliff-grass blade, each grain of sand,  
Its part of music had !

The music of a mortal voice,  
Sublimed at its immortal spring,  
Which sang to all the stars of heaven—  
" I've found my wedding-ring."

## MEMORANDA OF BENTHAM.

THE frontispiece of this number of the 'Monthly Repository,' presents the likeness of a philosopher whose long life was incessantly and laboriously devoted to the good of his species; in pursuance of which he ever felt that incessant labour a happy task, that long life but too short for his benevolent object. The preservation of his remains by his physician and friend, to whose care they were confided, was in exact accordance with his own desire. He had early in life determined to leave his body for dissection. By a document dated as far back as the year 1769, he being then only twenty-two years of age, he bequeathed it for that purpose to his friend Dr Fordyce. The document is in the following remarkable words:—

"This my will and special request I make, not out of affectation of singularity, but to the intent and with the desire that mankind may reap some small benefit in and by my decease, having hitherto had small opportunities to contribute thereto while living."

A memorandum affixed to this document, shows that it had undergone his revision two months before his death, and that this part of it had been solemnly ratified and confirmed.\* The Anatomy Bill, which has been passed since his death, for which a foundation had been laid in the 'Use of the Dead to the Living' (first published in the 'Westminster Review,' and afterwards separately, and a copy given to every Member of Parliament), and which Mr Warburton succeeded in carrying through the House of Commons, has removed the main obstructions in the way of obtaining anatomical knowledge; but the state of the law previous to the adoption of the Anatomy Act was such as to foster the popular prejudices against dissection, and the effort to remove those prejudices was well worthy of a philanthropist. It requires some reflection to perceive how indispensable it is to the well-being of the community that the practice of dissection should be made imperative upon every medical man. The organs of the body, on the integrity of which life depends, are for the most part concealed from sight. Any considerable alteration or modification of their action constitutes disease. No rational efforts can be made towards the cure of disease without a knowledge of the internal structure and functions of organs, the disorder of which constitutes disease: such knowledge can be obtained solely by dissection. In like manner, the success of the surgeon in performing every operation from the simplest to the most complex, must depend on his intimate acquaintance with the structure, the function,

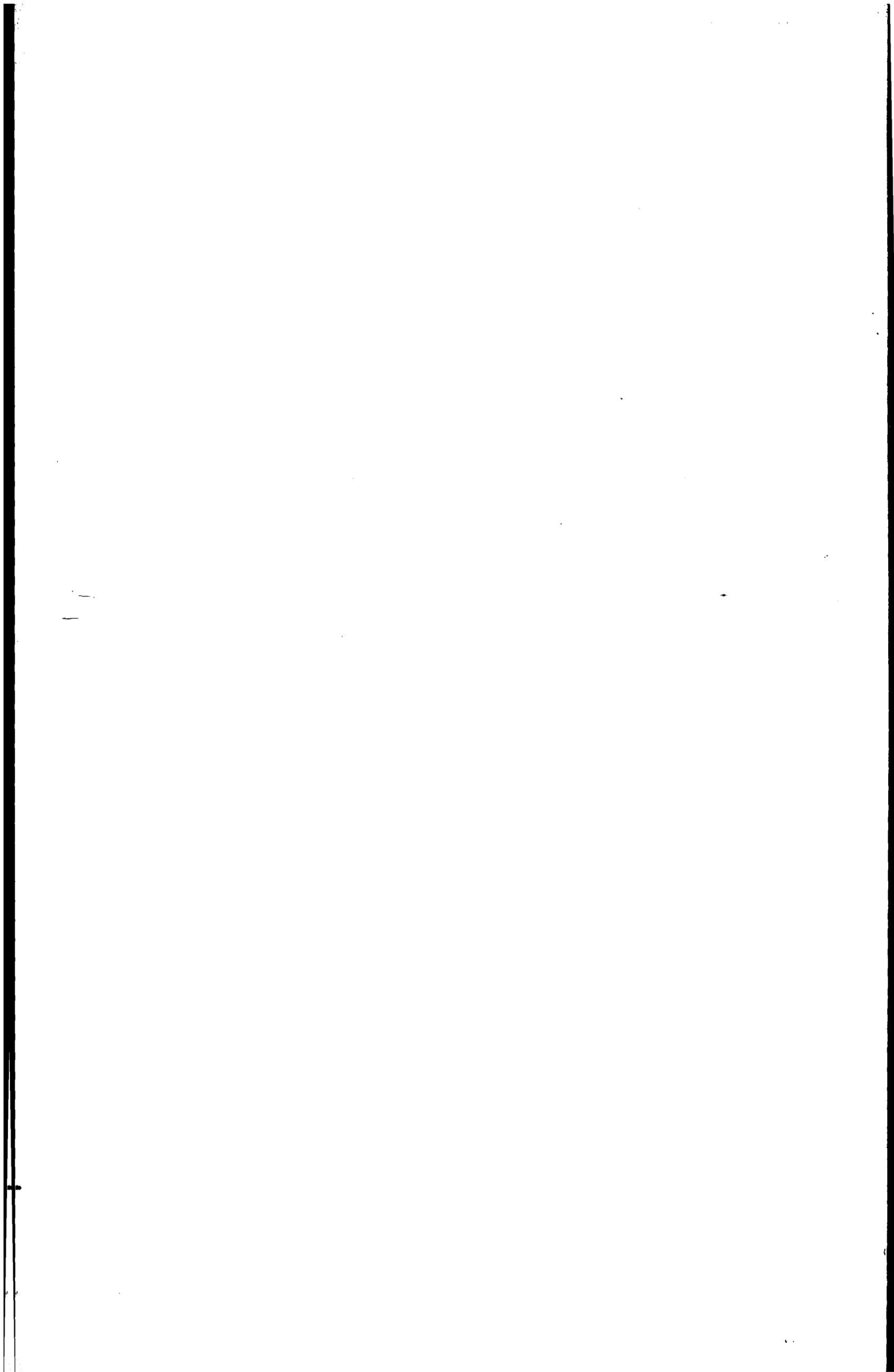
\* The name of the friend to whom he confided the trust, being necessarily changed.



*Jeremy Bentham*

*Drawn from the preserved Bust, and set to the size of the original with*

*Monthly Magazine, Vol. 1, p. 10, 1792.*



the situation and the relations of the part on which he operates. The alternative between life, health, or instant death, constantly rests on the exactness of that knowledge. What else can guide his hand with steadiness, safety, skill, success? If he be prevented from obtaining this knowledge by practising on the bodies of the dead, there is but one other mode in which it can be acquired, and that mode will be pursued, namely, by practising on the bodies of the living; *on the living bodies of the poor.* The rich can always command the services of those who have signalized themselves by success; success gained, if not by the dissection of the dead, by suffering and death inflicted upon the poor. Such is the certain, such must be the inevitable result of obstructing the study of anatomy. The clear and strong mind of Bentham saw all this distinctly, and his benevolent heart felt it profoundly; the consequence was, that he made such a disposal of his own body as he thought the interests of humanity required should be made of a great number of bodies. After all the lessons which science and humanity might learn from the dissection of his body had been taught, Bentham further directed, that the skeleton should be put together and kept entire; that the head and face should be preserved; and that the whole figure, arranged as naturally as possible, should be attired in the clothes he ordinarily wore, seated in his own chair, and maintaining the aspect and attitude most familiar to him. In this there mingled nothing of vain glory nor ‘affectation of singularity.’ He believed that, to the friends whom he left behind, it would be a source of pleasure thus to retain him still among them; and that future generations would joy to see the real appearance of the man to whom he could not but know that they were so largely indebted. A calm and pervading sense of the services he had rendered to mankind, the amount of which it was the labour of every hour of his life to increase, was at once the stimulus to exertion, and partly also the reward of it. This exalted consciousness, which belongs only to the highest order of human minds, whose powerful energies are successfully directed to the advancement of the highest interests of human beings, is thus simply and finely expressed in relation to one of his most finished works, the ‘*Rationale of Judicial Evidence.*’

“The species of readers for whose use it was really designed, and whose thanks will not be wanting to the author’s ashes, is the legislator; the species of legislator who as yet remains to be formed, the legislator who neither is under the dominion of an interest hostile to that of the public, nor is in league with those who are.”—Vol. i, p. 23.

There are relations, and associations arising out of them, which might render the sight of the cold, rigid, unmoving, passionless semblance of the being who had been the subject of

them, too intense, too painful to be endured. But the emotions of veneration, and even of tender affection, are not incompatible with the power of beholding, with a sensation allied to pleasure, a faithful and vivid likeness of life. Those who had the deepest personal regard for Mr Bentham, after the subsidence of the first painful feeling, have witnessed the present embodiment of his person, features, and expression, with the most entire satisfaction; as a work of art it is admirable; as an idiosyncratic likeness it has been seldom equalled.

Mr Bentham was perfectly aware that difficulty and even obloquy might attend a compliance with the directions he gave concerning the disposal of his body. He therefore chose three friends, whose firmness he believed to be equal to the task, and asked them if their affection for him would enable them to brave such consequences. They engaged to follow his directions to the letter, and they have been faithful to their pledge.

We do not know how better to describe the manner in which the first part of this duty was performed by the medical friend to whom the care of his body after death was specially confided, than by transcribing the account of it given in the number of the 'Repository' for July 1832, by an eye-witness (W. J. Fox):—

“None who were present can ever forget that impressive scene. The room \* is small and circular, with no window but a central skylight, and capable of containing about three hundred persons. It was filled, with the exception of a class of medical students and some eminent members of that profession, by friends, disciples, and admirers of the deceased philosopher, comprising many men celebrated for literary talent, scientific research, and political activity. The corpse was on the table in the middle of the room, directly under the light, clothed in a night dress, with only the head and hands exposed. There was no rigidity in the features, but an expression of placid dignity and benevolence. This was at times rendered almost vital by the reflection of the lightning playing over them; for a storm arose just as the lecturer commenced, and the profound silence in which he was listened to, was broken, and only broken, by loud peals of thunder, which continued to roll at intervals throughout the delivery of his most appropriate and often affecting address. With the feelings which touch the heart in the contemplation of departed greatness, and in the presence of death, there mingled a sense of the power which that lifeless body seemed to be exercising in the conquest of prejudice for the public good, thus co-operating with the triumphs of the spirit by which it had been animated. It was a worthy close of the personal career of the great philanthropist and philosopher. Never did corpse of hero on the battle field ‘with his martial cloak around him,’ or funeral obsequies chanted by stoled and mitred priests in gothic aisles, excite such emotions as the stern simplicity of that hour in which the principle of utility triumphed over the imagination and the heart.”

\* The Lecture-room of the Webb street School of Anatomy.

A review of the life of Bentham exercises the same influence over the mind as that which is here so finely described as attending on its close. There is throughout the same "stern simplicity," imparting to the "principle of utility" by the unity and consistency of its influence over all his actions, a power of touching the feelings, while it addresses itself to the intellect. It is impossible, without emotion, to contemplate him devoting, for upwards of half a century eight hours a day, and sometimes twelve, to intense study—having in that study no view whatever to his own interest or advancement, but solely the benefit of mankind, and contented to wait for a result till future generations should be able to perceive, what he did not expect from his contemporaries, the nature and extent of the work he had achieved. For this work he very early quitted the practice of the law, the imperfections and absurdities of which disgusted him. His own account of his reasons is given with his characteristic simplicity:—

"These things (instances of chicanery and falsehood), and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so; I found it more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them, than to profit by them."

The object of his labours was to apply the principle of utility, or more properly of felicity, to the science of legislation; making the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" the sole aim of that science, and the basis of every one of its enactments. "Had the human mind applied itself with all its faculties, with all the energy which those faculties are capable of putting forth, with sincerity of purpose, and with perseverance, to the adoption of institutions, laws, procedures, rules, and sanctions, having such, and only such, ends in view; had it devoted itself to this pursuit, from that point of civilization in the history of our race, which is compatible with labour of this sort, up to the present hour, what would now have been the condition of human society!—what would now have been the amount of obtainable felicity, felicity actually and hourly enjoyed by the millions of human beings that make up that vast aggregate!"—*Lecture delivered over the remains of Jeremy Bentham, by Dr Southwood Smith.*

He advanced very considerably towards the completion of an all-comprehensive system or code of internal law, divided into four minor codes; the constitutional, the civil, the penal, and the administrative.

"For the constitutional code he has done enough to render its completion comparatively easy; while the all-important branches of offences, of reward and punishment, of procedure, of evidence, have been worked out by him with a comprehensiveness and minuteness which may be said to have exhausted these subjects."—*Lecture, pp. 22—24.*

He had matured a system of prison discipline, with a view to make punishment corrective, an exposition of which was given in his work called 'Panopticon.' In 1792 he presented his plan of management to Mr Pitt, and it was adopted by him with enthusiasm. Notwithstanding, after years spent in delay, it was abandoned. A secret influence, at that time inexplicable, but now well known to have been the hostility of George III, defeated the object. The writer of the able article on Bentham, in the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' states, that this prison, for regularly containing 1,000 prisoners, would have cost the public between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.* : while the present wretched Millbank Penitentiary, arranged for 600, has already cost at least ten times that sum. In his work called 'Deontology,' he applied his principle to the science of morals.

Mr Bentham was among the rare instances of vigour of intellect following a precocious childhood. We are told that he read Rapin's 'History of England' for his amusement when he was three years old ; as a child he commenced the study of music, and at five years of age had attained some proficiency on that difficult instrument, the violin ; singularly enough, at the same age, he had acquired the name of 'the Philosopher' among the members of his family, from his gravity of manner and accurate powers of observation. He distinguished himself both at Westminster School and at Oxford, and took his Master's degree at the age of twenty. He suffered great scruples about signing the 39 Articles, necessary to be done before taking the degree. He eventually yielded to authority, solely from considerations of his father. The record he has left of this passage of his life is deeply affecting ; it ends with the following memorable words : " I signed ;—but by the view I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made as will never depart from me but with life."

On becoming possessed of a competency at the death of his father, he fixed his residence in Queen's Square Place, London, and his mode of living continued to be uniform until the period of his death. He carefully avoided engaging in any personal controversy, and never read any of the attacks made upon himself ; at the same time he surrounded himself only with persons whose sympathies were like his own. Some excellent remarks on the probable influence of such a course on the character of his mind, are contained in the article of the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' which we have quoted above. Some of his peculiarities, which to a certain degree lessened his usefulness, may be traced to this source ; amongst others, the singularity of his style, which grew upon him as he advanced in life. His manners were playful and childlike. He was fond of en-

tertaining one or two guests, never more than two at a time; and, after dinner, of discussing some particular point with them on which they were most competent to speak. He was a great economist of time, and all his occupations were systematically arranged. Though of delicate constitution in his youth, he gradually increased in vigour as he approached manhood, and for 60 years he scarcely suffered from even slight indisposition. At the age of 84 he was not constitutionally older than most men are at 60, and the clearness and power of his intellect remained nearly unimpaired to the last.

“ The serenity and cheerfulness of his mind, when he became satisfied that his work was done, and that he was about to lie down to his final rest, was truly affecting. On that work he looked back with a feeling which would have been a feeling of triumph, had not the consciousness of how much still remained to be done, changed it to that of sorrow, that he was allowed to do no more: but this feeling again gave place to a calm but deep emotion of exultation, as he recollected that he left behind him able, zealous, and faithful minds, that would enter into his labours and complete them.

“ The last subject on which he conversed with me, and the last office in which he employed me, related to the permanent improvement of the circumstances of a family, the junior member of which had contributed, in some degree, to his personal comfort; and I was deeply impressed and affected by the contrast thus brought to my view, between the selfishness and apathy so often the companions of age, and the generous care for the welfare of others, of which his heart was full.

“ Among the very last things which his hand penned, in a book of memoranda, in which he was accustomed to note down any thought or feeling that passed through his mind, for future revision and use, if susceptible of use, was found the following passage:—

“ ‘ I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence. No other man is there upon earth, the sight of whose sufferings would not to me be a more or less painful one: no man upon earth is there, the sight of whose enjoyments, unless believed by me to be derived from a more than equivalent suffering endured by some other man, would not be of a pleasurable nature rather than of a painful one. Such in me is the force of sympathy !’

“ And this force of sympathy governed his very last hour of consciousness. Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples who was watching over him:—‘ I now feel that I am dying. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths; it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone; *you* will remain with me, and *you* only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount.’ ”—Lecture, p. 68—60.

He died on the 6th of June 1832, in the 85th year of his age.

## SONNET TO SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

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Help us to save Free Conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves whose Gospel is their maw.—MILTON.

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INTO the lucid atmosphere of heaven  
The palm-tree rises from the sun-gilt mount,  
Its spacious branches by no tempest riven ;  
Yet if some storm discharge its black account,  
The lofty tree endures it all unmoved,  
Or, falling, dies on the old spot it loved !  
Patriot and Man !—man, noble by high birth  
In nature's variable grades of heart,  
Well hast thou done to stand above the earth  
Midst stormy bickerings from the Church's mart,  
Where moon-light wolves with Christian's hopes are fed ;  
Well hast thou done to bruise the Serpent's head  
By firm-express'd resolve thy creed to lock  
Like a pure fount which God hath plac'd in rock !

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## MEXICAN SKETCHES.—No. III.

THE wild lightning among the West India Islands, is sometimes awfully beautiful. We had also some heavy rains, and a terrible black water-spout presented itself one day directly in our course, which we thought it most expedient to avoid. Two or three whales shortly after appeared in the distance, and with their blowing and founting made no bad imitation of the danger we had just escaped. We had not long passed Anagada, a high land principally inhabited by fishermen, ere we discovered a sail at no great distance, which was evidently a Spanish merchantman. Some confusion again ensued, and a great many of the men, and others equally headstrong, were for bearing down upon her. The chief officers of course knew we were not yet authorized to do anything of the kind. Meantime she made Porto Rico, and crowded sail to get into port, having evidently taken alarm at us. The men, and several inconsiderate young officers, now grew doubly anxious to bear down upon her and make a prize; either by running alongside and taking her at once, or sending off boats for that purpose; and many of them shouted out to this effect; when finding the officers would not listen to it, the main deck presented a scene little short of mutiny. Had the officers consented, the Ambassador would have negatived it; first, for political reasons, and next, because the ship he was bringing out

was of such vital importance to the Republic that he would never have run the risk of any accident happening to her. Again, they did not seem to consider that what they proposed must be done in the very face of several men-of-war who were lying only a league or so off in the harbour, and who would have given us chase directly; not to mention how badly we were manned. We kept our course, and the vessel entered the harbour.

After passing the battery until a high country, thick with trees, and sprinkled with many low huts, and a small fort, lay on our larboard beam, the Captain proposed going a-shore. Now, to pass even within sight of Porto Rico was surely imprudent; and to hoist our green pendant, something more; but to go ashore for a jaunt in an enemy's country, with several large ships absolutely in sight, not to omit our having scared a vessel into port, was rather too audacious. However, as there was something agreeably ticklish in the adventure, I applied to Captain S—— to be one of the party. This he told me he could not well grant, as the Ambassador had desired that no more than three should go, who were to appear as passengers on board a British man-o'-war; and that P—— had been beforehand with me. Accordingly, Captain S——, P——, and to my surprise, the Baron, got into a boat, all being dressed in plain clothes except the officer of the boat, who wore an English uniform, furnished by the Captain for the occasion. They took a few fowling-pieces with them, and put off. We then hoisted the British ensign (after letting the *other* fly about a moderate time!) and wished them sport. The boat's crew were all Portuguese; this also was rather a bad arrangement, but we were afraid to let any of our rebellious countrymen go ashore, lest they should either betray the affair, or make off into the country. The Mexican eagle and serpent at the boat's bows was painted over with fresh paint, at the mercy of the waves, and not a little exposed to the chance of being laid bare if the boat was hauled up the beach. They presently returned, however, calling out that they had forgotten the English jack for the boat. The signal-man ran to the colour-box and began fumbling about, saying it was not in readiness. "Oh," said Mr South, who had been averse to the excursion from the first, "stick a needle and thread to it, and fling it down to them; it will serve to amuse the Captain on the way." This was said close to my elbow, and it naturally occurred to me that I must either admire him for his independent spirit, or thank him for the compliment of supposing me above tale-bearing. The man did as he was ordered, and away they went to get pines, bannanas, and cigars, shoot parrots, and stretch their legs. And now, before proceeding any further, let me take the

opportunity of this interval in my Narrative, to do some justice, however inadequate it may be, to the talents of a distinguished individual, who, for the extent and versatility of his abilities, both in the tangible merits of practice and the abstruser depths of theoretic speculation; the fiery ardour of his roused spirit and the gentle urbanity and humour of his quiescent manners, has for ever laid the survivors of the ship's company of the *Libertad* under obligations of the most indelible nature. The General's cook was a *ne plus ultra* in the finest sense of the term. A better cook, or a more impudent dog, never lived. He might have been Emperor of Morocco if he had not been a cook; but fate willed it otherwise, and a most accomplished potentate was lost to a province that the world at large might be benefitted by his fricassees. He ate, drank, and boasted enough for any *four* men, pick them where you will; but as he cooked better than any body else in the universe—let no *one* be offended. He had been a soldier some years before, and would talk extemporaneously of the battles he had seen, till all his admiring hearers applauded him for their extreme delight, earnestly entreating that he would “roar again.” With this, however, he seldom complied, contenting himself with giving a great thump upon his broad fat breast while he struck one foot upon the deck, saying, “Ah hoo! la France!” He was a philosopher too, like the generality of his countrymen, and after he had finished his second bottle, used to argue several questions connected with free-will and necessity, in a very able kind of way. But cooking was his forte. He was also, as may be supposed, a sensualist, and would take much pleasure in decrying the fair frailties of Engleterre, whom he called *des ignorantes*, in comparison with the painted licentiates of scientific Paris, complimenting the latter with the titles of *des anges! illuminati! cognoscenti!* while he surveyed himself from top to toe most complacently. But with all his vain boasting of successes and conquest, he was a very unlikely fellow; for though the weather grew hotter and hotter, the horrid monster would rub his naked feet all over with butter, and slide them into his boots for the day! As to cooking, however, no man was his equal. His external appearance may be easily imagined from the above internal qualities. He was a large man of small bone; very fat and continuous from face to foot, with a red, bloated cheek, and an air and carriage between the drum-major and the nabob. When he stood still in philosophic abstraction, he was not unlike a porpoise set upright on its tail with the jowl rouged. There was as much expression in his stomach as in his countenance, both showing his high, pursy grossness, and measureless vain glory. But what else could be expected from a fellow who wore Hessian boots in the West Indies?

The disturbance this professor of gastronomy made in the ship was unceasing, and the mirth he created unequalled. When he was wrought up to his highest pitch of rage, the best scene in a pantomime was nothing to it; and certainly no description of mine can convey an adequate idea of the fury of his actions, or the exquisite sputtered riddles of his broken English. Though the above sketch seems high-coloured, it is no caricature, and barely does justice to the character, as a few forthcoming circumstances will prove. Yet, with all his irascibility, none of the men in the vicinity of his "cuisine" feared him: that pale, soddened, fat, was not muscle; he could not fight after the English fashion, and he generally spent his fury in vain, to the infinite mirth of the crowds assembled. Upon one occasion, indeed, the ship's baker, a much smaller man, would have beaten him to dough and batter, if they had not been separated. Nevertheless, I believe, if they had taken a sword a-piece the "chief baker" would very speedily have gone to his fathers. It was the occurrence of one of these riots, during the absence of the party ashore, that induced me to mention the said personage in this place. I was called away from the scene by a sudden message from the First Lieutenant, requiring my immediate presence on the quarter-deck.

On arriving there I found something was wrong by the faces around me, and going aft I there saw the Ambassador and Mr South very busy with their glasses. "I want you, Mr ——," said the latter, "to interpret between the General and me, for they've got into some scrape ashore, as I expected, and he wishes me to do something, though I can't make out what." "I should not wonder if the Portuguese crew have cut and run;" I remarked. "Why do you think so?" said he, quickly. "Because they have all taken their money with them girt round the waist." "Humph!—are you sure—where did you learn that—well, nevermind, ask the General what his pleasure is that I should do, and then tell me what he says." I found this no very easy matter, for his Excellency's French had so extraordinary an accent, and his Spanish, which was by no means pure Castilian, was always spoken with such rapidity and elision, that it was hardly possible to catch any of his words. Neither did the expression of his countenance serve as any definite clue to his ideas, even now that it was momentous to make himself understood as soon as possible. I have mentioned the immovable nature of his features before; and now in this moment of excitement his habitual rigidity of muscle was so operated upon as to produce one of the oddest puzzles imaginable. His eyes opened and shut, his cheek-bones seemed to rise and fall, and his mouth was twisted into as many shapes

as a skate when crimping. I didn't know what in the world to do with him.

The case was this. Directly the party had landed they were surrounded by a great crowd, among whom some soldiers had been clearly distinguished. The boat had then been hauled out of the water a long way up the beach, and none of our people were now seen in or near her; and this having been the case some time, the Ambassador and the rest on deck began to grow uneasy, particularly the former (whose alarm I fancy was principally about the Baron), who desired me tell the First Lieutenant to approach nearer the fort, in order to let them see that we noticed what was going forward and were prepared to resent any insult offered to the *British* flag! "Good," said the First Lieutenant: "a good *joke*," thought I. He immediately set about putting this request in execution, and I continued in difficult conversation with the General. His French, with the Spanish accent and idiom, bore about as close a resemblance to the language he meant it for, as broad Scotch does to English. He understood me, however, well enough, when I hinted how bad a chance the fresh paint on the bows of the boat would have against the pebbles on the beach; and his alarm was increased five-fold by the idea.

At length we saw them returning, and the ship was hove to. They entered the boat and shoved off. They had scarcely got twenty fathoms from the beach when they were hailed, as we conjectured, from the fort, and a small gun being fired a-head of them, they were obliged to pull back. They left the boat again, in company with several persons, and were conducted up towards the fort, which they entered, I now began to be really alarmed at their situation, and anxious for the result. Mr South came down into the state-cabin, where the General, Sen. Castillio, and myself, were standing, the former with a telescope in his hand, the other with a cigar, and proposed laying the frigate right in front of the fort, as though they purposed resenting any offence offered to our party, by a good broadside. The Ambassador signified his assent to this; and, by the bye, South was just the man who would have fired one in earnest, if, after taking the above position, we had not soon descried our party returning again to their boat. They jumped in, pulled off, and were soon alongside, to our great satisfaction. They brought with them some huge black pines, eggs, cigars, straw-hats, &c. Captain S—— had also bought a flat-iron of some old Indian washerwoman, and P—— no sooner came on deck than he set down a great, ugly, staring land-crab, which, from the length of its legs, he must have been at no trifling pains to catch, who instantly scrambled off towards the fore-castle, and fell crump down the fore hatchway.

I dined that day with the General, Captain S——, &c. and found that they all gave a different account of the adventure, as regarded the suspicions they had excited. The Portuguese crew, who of course were instantly discovered not to be British sailors, had first created mistrust, especially as there were arms in the boat. Added to this, somebody (it was Mr Nobody) had asked one of the by-standers a very alarming question; namely, what forces were contained in the Island? The news quickly got wind, and reached the ears of the Commandant of the Fort, who sent down some soldiers to the beach to bring them up to his house, that he might question them. He must have been rather incompetent for that, and a bad judge of appearances besides, or he would not so easily have been satisfied. The plausible volubility of the Baron (though P——, as usual, endeavoured to take all the credit to himself), backed by a few well placed allusions to the Jack of old England, the terror of every nation, was, I believe, the chief cause of their liberation. Captain S——'s usual hammering, hesitant mode of speech, was alone enough to have ruined them, had not the Baron taken upon himself to be spokesman, who, as Captain S—— observed at table, "would not let him put in a word edgeways." Upon this occasion, the French Gastronomer (who had received the further title of General Cook, conferred upon him by the ship's company, in consequence of his frequently striking his breast when irritated, and claiming respect as being *dee générale cooke*!) had exerted all his wondrous art—and certainly there was no knowing what any dish was made of. As to distinguishing such vulgar things as beef, veal, or mutton, it was out of the question: his ragouts, curries, and fricassees were entirely his own idea; they were like nothing else upon this cooking earth. Independent, however, of all these luxuries (some of which were brought to that acmé of perfection as to be truly disgusting), the local circumstances of dining in the Captain's cabin were most delightful. Dinner was usually laid in the fore cabin, which, though not so beautifully furnished as the state one, was considerably larger; and with the wide ports all open, the guns being slewed fore-and-aft to be out of the way, and the fine salt breezes coming fresh from the sea as it sped by us in its glistening course, and wafting over the luxuriant dessert-table, beat all the "salons à manger" in the world. I liked it still better when we had the wind upon the beam, and were going seven or eight knots through the glittering sea; and the keen slant of our large table, with the swinging tables overhead, hanging askance, with all their fruit-plates and decanters balancing themselves so admirably, was highly piquant, while the continual flow of the Baron's gentlemanly, well-informed conversation, gave a zest to the whole. I think I never tasted

pines of so richly vinous and masculine a flavour as those we had to-day from Porto Rico, though I have found others that were more luscious. It was the large black pine of the West Indies, and in its thick, bronzed, massy rind, with ebony thorns rising from the top of every cone or joint in the shelly mail of the entire pyramid, built like a Temple of the Sun, would have been as great a treasure to any painter of still life as it was to the enjoyers of the gastric one. During the dessert, the question was started as to the particular "hobbies" of each individual at table. I forget what the Ambassador said. Castillio named "wine, horses, and politics," as his favourite objects of amusement. De Zandt said, that "through the whole course of his life he had always desired two things—a high reputation, resulting from honourable actions, and plenty of money." The rest are not worth mentioning. By way of doing penance for so dangerous an indulgence as that of eating rather freely of pine on first entering a hot climate, I made an abstract the same evening of Dr J. Johnson's 'Tropical Hygiène,' which a friend in Edinburgh had sent me previous to my departure, and I gave a copy of it to the Baron. Not that he needed the admonitions more than the others; on the contrary, he was the most abstemious of them all, and from this I knew he would be the most likely to benefit himself by the physician's advice. I also was sufficiently abstemious, always drinking water in common, and light wines occasionally: scarcely ever any spirits. For this I was laughed at by Captain S——, P——, Bryden, and in fact by most of the officers. We shall see the result.

M. I. D.

*(To be continued.)*

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### IS THERE A STANDARD OF TASTE?

**TASTE** is the collective name for the opinions which we form of the power of natural objects, or works of art, to excite the pleasures of imagination; and opinions upon this subject, as on any other, are of course correct or incorrect, true or false, accordingly as they agree, or are at variance with the actual state of facts. An opinion, or sentence of taste, that an object is beautiful, is correct if it correspond with the actual power of the object to excite the emotion of beauty. An opinion, or sentence of taste, that an object is sublime, is correct if the object actually have the power of exciting the emotion of sublimity thus ascribed to it. The standard, or test of the correctness of taste, is thus the state of facts which it refers to; and a comparison with these constitutes an application of the

standard. But in proceeding to such application we are met by a startling difficulty, nothing less than an appearance that the standard is variable; or in other words, that it is no standard at all.

The diversity of effect which the same object produces upon the imaginations of different men at the same time, or even of the same man at different times, has indeed passed into a proverb. The poem which excites in one man feelings of exquisite beauty; to another is simply pretty; to a third, perhaps, vapid, dull, common-place. A face, which to one man is expressive of all the sublimity of heroic enterprise, affects his companion only with a sentiment of preposterous absurdity, of simple ridiculousness. But if an object excite the feeling of beauty, it is beautiful. The same object, however, also excites the emotions of sublimity, and of ludicrousness, in other instances. The same object, it is therefore concluded by one party, being at the same time beautiful, sublime, and ridiculous, there is no Standard of Taste.

We cannot predicate beauty, or sublimity, absolutely of any object; these qualities or powers vary in every instance; the comparative values of several objects of imagination, to each individual, are to be determined solely by the degrees of pleasure with which they affect him! The tastes of all are equally casual; and of no one, therefore, has the taste any claim to be set up as a rule or standard for others. That is to say, if a picture of a cabbage, a candlestick, or a brass saucepan, please a Dutchman, as well as the Raising of Lazarus, in the National Gallery, his taste is as good as any other—his picture is for him the more beautiful of the two, and let none affect a superiority for which they have no grounds! Or, to reduce the opinion to a still more glaring absurdity, we are enjoined by it to consider that—if a committee of taste discern beauty or sublimity in a monumental group, which represents—I refer to St Paul's Cathedral—a Lifeguardsman in full regimentals, falling back into the arms of Hercules, and receiving a laurel crown from what is apparently an Angel—their taste is as correct as any other would be, and equally desirable! Amidst this chaos, is there any law of order discoverable? Or must we sit down contented to admit our inability to reduce a most interesting and extensive class of mental phenomena to any general laws?

There are many circumstances which provoke us, as well as many which encourage us, to reject this course, and still to persevere. Our predilection for our own opinions, and the consequent eagerness with which we search for arguments and instances by which we may recommend them to others—our eagerness for the sympathy of others in our feelings—the un-

pleasingness of finding ourselves disappointed of this, and of losing confidence in our power of gratifying others—all these influences combine to indispose us to allow the completely fortuitous origin of the values of the objects of imagination.

It is thus that, whatever opinion a person might give on the subject of a Standard of Taste abstractly proposed, every one may be detected assuming one in particular instances; everybody may be found—carrying the language of precise science into what he may have the moment before declared to be the region of ever-fluctuating uncertainty—condemning one style of acting, or one style of painting, of novels, or of dress, as inferior to others, and declaring, in all authority, that whoever disagrees with him is wrong, makes a mistake, and ought to coincide with him. Yet his opponent might answer in this particular case what has been allowed as a general principle. He might profess that the ranting style of acting excited in him feelings of more intense sublimity than the more concentrated and calm; and that therefore, on the critic's own principle, the ranting style must be the most sublime, and his taste in this particular must be quite as desirable for him as any other, which would perhaps not be so pleasurable.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. Beauty and sublimity, like weight and distance, are relative. The same object which is beautiful to one man, is very ugliness to another, as a marble is heavy compared with, or referred to, a pea, and light when our standard is a cannon-ball; and so with position.

“ Ask where's the North—at York 'tis on the Tweed—  
In Scotland at the Orcades—and there—  
At Iceland—Greenland, and the Lord knows where.”

The question is therefore a question of the *choice* of a standard—every particular man's feelings may be taken as a standard of beauty—but if the selection be ill made, the results will be as unfortunate as if, for guidance in the construction of door-ways, we were to take the heights of a giant or a dwarf, for our standard of stature. The most advantageous standard must be that which will secure us most of the advantages for which we are led to adopt any standard at all; must be that which will afford us correct guidance in the greatest number of instances; and *this it is* which must have a paramount title to be called 'The Standard.'

Cases have occurred of persons, from peculiarity of organs, seeing colours different from the generality of mankind—green to others appearing blue to them, and so on. Cases have occurred of persons finding their sense of the beauty of a grove enhanced by the trunks being painted, as in Holland, with

alternate bands of black and white! Nothing but confusion would arise from our adoption of the opinions of these persons to guide us in selecting furniture, or in conducting landscape gardening, intended to please many and please long.

The question, therefore, whether there be a standard of taste, is, in effect, the question, whether the beauty or sublimity of objects of imagination; that is produced by them; depend upon such fixed laws, in relation to general humanity, as may justify us in assigning to them a determinate, ultimate character with reference to this,—which may afford us sufficient grounds for ranking one work of art above another, or one class of such works above another class, by a paramount and transcendental title, elevated above and distinguished from their casual—the irregular, partial, and transitory—influence?

The power of a work of art to gratify the imagination of an individual, or of a time, may be influenced and altered by all the accidents by which circumstances of education, taking the word in its widest sense, check the free growth of the mind, and the most advantageous development of our sympathies; but the continuance of this power through a lapse of ages, the homage, decided and unanimous, of the most cultivated minds, and of all minds as they advance in cultivation—the power of pleasing many, and of pleasing permanently, which we find possessed by some objects so pre-eminently above others; these examples might convince us that the human race has one common heart, that their sympathies are regulated by one general harmony, and that whoever addresses successfully, and touches this general nature, is secure of audience and admiration to the end of the world. Critics have said and have written, that there is *no* permanent and general and paramount Standard of Taste; but if this be so, wherefore do they continue to criticise!—and to criticise with such absolute and authoritative assurance; for what is criticism but an estimate of the value of a work of art, a comparison of its powers and tendency to a standard which must be tacitly assumed to be generally applicable, or the criticism could have no title to general interest, and would not be written?

The principles—that the character of a work of art, of its tendency to affect minds of the highest cultivation, is one and determinate; that as the progress of minds proceeds, they will approach nearer, and more nearly to unanimity of thought and feeling with respect to principles; and that this ultimate relation is the standard of taste for any work of art or object of nature addressing the imagination; (according to the agreement or disagreement of our opinions with which standard they are to be characterised, as right or wrong, good or bad, correct or incorrect) might perhaps be thought sufficiently established by the

proof that they are habitually and practically assumed and calculated on, and referred to by those who most vehemently deny them when distinctly and abstractedly enunciated. But it will be as well to attempt to vindicate them by arguments more logically conclusive, since proof that a principle has been inconsistently attacked by no means implies, though it is too often assumed to do so, that there are no grounds on which it might be successfully challenged. I will therefore briefly present a view of those facts in the natural history of human imagination, from which the principle of a universal standard of taste results, and which operate that common law, for which I contend.

The existence of fixed principles of taste, then, results from the fixedness and universality of the laws which govern the manifestations, in kind and degree, of those emotions that originate in the imagination. Accordingly, as it is established or not, that all the diversities of these manifestations depend upon fixed laws, and that all variations are subordinate to one determinate tendency, the proposition—That the power of an object of imagination to produce these manifestations is susceptible of determinate estimate, and referable to a general Standard of Taste?—must stand or fall,—and with it the whole fabric of philosophical criticism.

The emotions of imagination constitute one of three classes, in which the pleasures and pains of mankind may be on a broad principle arranged. In the first of these are the pleasures and pains of sensation—organic gratification and suffering—the emotions resulting immediately from the excitement of our bodily frame, either by surrounding external objects, or by one portion of our system affecting another, as in the cases of a broken limb or the tooth-ache. The second class may be called emotions of anticipation, arising immediately from the thought or contemplation of circumstances as the causes of future pleasure or pain. The emotions of imagination, constituting a third, are distinguished by the circumstance of arising independently of any anticipation—of being suggested by objects and ideas not recognized as causes of future enjoyment or distress.\*

The pleasures of imagination, the feelings of beauty, of sublimity, and of all their delightful varieties and inflections, are not distinguished from our anticipative joys—our desires, loves, and hopes—by any peculiarity in the objects by which they are suggested, and in connection with which they arise. These circumstances, or objects, are of the greatest variety and diver-

\* We acknowledge the fine distinction between the act of anticipation, and the origin; but must not *all* anticipations originate in imagination? If so, the latter should have been placed second in the above classification?—ED.

sity; they are co-extensive with the whole range of our intelligence, and include every mode of cognizable existences. They are animate and inanimate; mental and material. Beauty and sublimity are excited equally by the cloud-capped tower and the lily of the valley, a rainbow or a rock, a sentiment, a horse, a machine, a face, a sound, a mountain, a syllogism, a poem, or a surgical operation. Any one of these, according to the state or disposition of the mind by which it is encountered, may give rise to a feeling of beauty or of terror, the pleasures of hope, the enjoyment of sublimity, or the fury of hatred and despair.

Nor does a pleasure of imagination differ in itself from a pleasure of desire or love. Either of them being considered apart from the circumstances respectively connected with their development; from the ideas which accompany or suggest them; considered and compared merely as emotions, they differ but in intensity and vividness. It is the difference in the antecedents which originate and authorise the difference of name conferred on them, just as there may be no distinguishable difference between three lots of money received by a man at the year's end. Nevertheless, regarding and with the intention to denote the differences in the circumstances which put him in possession of them, he calls one lot rent, another profits, the third wages.

By keeping in view the principle that it is the absence of anticipation, general or particular, which characterises the emotions of imagination, it will easily be seen how the pleasure of beauty, by degrees, melts into and merges in that of desire, as by the concurrence of new associations, our admiration of the beauty of an engraving gives way to, or becomes, a desire to possess it. And so in the case of sublimity. Let us suppose ourselves gazing in admiration at the Alpine scenery of Switzerland; the ideas of power, of grandeur, and steadfastness, produce a pleasurable excitement, which, as it involves no anticipation, is an enjoyment of the imagination. But let us discover that an avalanche is descending from those sublime heights, that the foaming cataract is gradually undermining our footing, and we must have strong nerves if our feeling be not changed into one of fear.

I am the more particular in insisting upon this as the distinguishing point of the emotions of imagination, because I have not found it observed in those Essays which I have consulted for instruction on the subject of this paper. The definitions of Alison, Jeffray, and Mill, appear to me all defective in this point. Engaged in the reduction of the emotions of beauty and sublimity to cases of association, they seem to me

to have neglected to display the peculiarities of the cases ; their accounts of them do not satisfy my mind, inasmuch as they do not separate them from other cases of association.\* The pleasures excited by the sight of one's grandfather, of the postman with a letter for us, or of a soup tureen, doubtless are the results of the association of ideas ; and therefore, adopting Mr Alison's definition in all strictness, these persons and things ought also to be either beautiful or at least pretty, instead of which they may all be very incontestibly ill-favoured. Mr Mill, a name which no student of this, or of many other subjects, can mention without a tribute of respect, however humble the homage, though he has not completed the analysis of beauty in this respect, has at least done the next best thing, by recognizing the deficiency and recommending it to attention. The following is the passage :—

“ That there should be a remarkable difference between a train composed of the indifferent class, and a train composed of ideas of the pleasurable class, can easily be supposed. It is necessary further to observe, that between two trains, both of the pleasurable class, there are such important differences as to have suggested the use of marking them by different names. Thus, even in the class which we have been now considering, one train is composed of pleasurable ideas of such a kind that we call it sublime ; another of pleasurable ideas of such a kind that we call it beautiful. From the train of ideas associated with the form of the statue called the Venus de Medicis, we call it beautiful. We have a train of ideas also pleasurable, associated with the bust of Socrates. But this is a train not reckoned to belong to the class either of the beautiful or the sublime ; it is a train including all the grand associations connected with the ideas of intellectual and moral worth.

“ A particular description of the sort of ideas which constitute each of the more remarkable cases of our pleasurable trains (that they are of one kind in one train—of one kind, for example, in the trains called sublimity ; another in the trains called beauty ; another in the trains for which we have no better name than moral approbation—no one can doubt) would be highly necessary in a detailed account of human nature. It is not necessary for the analysis which is the object of this work, and would engage us in too tedious an exposition.”—*Mill's Analysis*, chap. 21.

For the case of the bust of Socrates, the pleasure we experience on seeing it, is met by associations of ugliness—that is, by unpleasant associations—the contrast of which prevents the suggestion of the pleasures with that degree of immediate connection with the bust, which could alone warrant our calling it the object of those pleasures. The pleasure arises not so much from the bust, as from the ideas of the life of Socrates,

\* In speaking of ' Beauty ' it has been argued by Mr Hazlitt, that it sometimes exists inherently in the object, independent of association of ideas ; and that “ if custom is a *second* nature, there is another nature which ranks before it.” Of this position he gives many striking illustrations in the ' Round Table,' vol. ii, 1817.

his conduct, and opinions, and it may be one of moral approval, of sublimity, or of beauty, according to the precise circumstances suggested. An engraved card half cut through, may suggest a flow of pleasure, and an ugly Italian may suggest a flow of pleasure, but we do not call either the one or the other beautiful, because they do not excite the feeling of beauty immediately. Between the thought of the card and the feeling of beauty, there intervenes the idea of an opera we heard last night, and this thought, as the immediate antecedent or cause of the beauty, is entitled to the name of beautiful. The black-browed foreigner is not beautiful: this title is due to the immediate cause of our pleasure, which is the remembrance of the Italian statue, of which the Italian reminds us.

For the other difficulty proposed by Mr Mill, the discovery of the peculiarity which distinguishes such a train of pleasure as we call beauty, from that which we call moral approbation, I think the principle I have laid down will be found to afford an easy and sufficient explanation.

The anticipative pleasures and pains are divisible into two classes, one of which, having the peculiarity which marks it anticipative, far less vivid and prominent than the other, is especially liable to be mistaken for a class of the emotions of imagination. This I think is the ambiguity of the case under consideration.

Our anticipations of benefit or injury to accrue from an object, are either general or particular, either immediate or remote. An object being presented to our contemplation, we recognise it as instrumental or conducive to a particular advantage, as useful for a particular purpose on a specific occasion. The pleasure excited by another object of thought, or by the same on another occasion, results from a recognition of its general utility; we do not contemplate any particular case of its application, but we anticipate its beneficial qualities, as it were, in the mass. The emotions of such general anticipation, accordingly as they are pleasurable or painful, are love and hatred, names noting pleasure and pain, and connoting the general anticipation I have described, as the names desire and fear note pleasures and pains, and connote, or signify in addition, their origin from particular anticipation. Hope and apprehension are names again noting pleasure and pain, and connoting their association with anticipation of *uncertain* events; while the pleasures and pains of imagination are names connoting an origin independent of any anticipation general or particular, near or remote. Thus any beautiful object, let us say a vase, may excite desire when we anticipate the particular pleasure of decorating a room with it. Again, it may excite that general affection which I have called love, a pleasure

derived from a general impression of its power of producing pleasure; or, finally, it may excite the feeling of beauty. So with the pleasures connected with knowledge, the solution of a difficult problem associated with a particular beneficial result, the applause of our instructor, &c., is hope or desire. The love of knowledge is enjoyment, arising from a general and liberal impression of its advantage; while the beauty of knowledge, as a theory or argument, is a still more abstract feeling.

The tendency which the modification of feeling called love, has in these cases to pass into, and become a feeling of beauty, must easily be seen; a familiar example of it is the change in our sentiments with regard to the features of our familiar acquaintance, in which, by constant association of pleasure with their appearance, we lose our consciousness of their plainness. And so it is with actions: the sentiment of moral approbation is pleasure, arising from a recognition of the general utility of the action; while the beauty of an action is pleasure, associated with it independently of any such anticipation; and this is the sole difference in the two trains of association of ideas. There can be no occasion for a detailed exposition of the obvious difference between the emotions of imagination, proper, and what are sometimes called imaginary terrors, imaginary hopes, &c., that is, unfounded—unauthorised. Whether the grounds of the anticipation be true or false, the emotion is anticipative.

The emotions of imagination then, arising under these conditions, are still subject among themselves to a great variety of inflections. Of these, of course the most important is their division into pleasurable and painful; but this we have not now any need to discuss. Taste has but little to do in estimating the power of objects to excite the pains of imagination; its proper exercise is to appreciate degrees of excellence, and happily for man, however intense the pains of imagination sometimes become, as in the cases of hypochondriacism, inducing strange terrors and anticipations, the faculty is most assiduous as a minister of pleasure.

The pleasures of the imagination are indeed a perennial spring of mental refreshment; in them we are endowed with a rich fund of enjoyment to cheer us on our way, as in the passions an attraction is provided to allure us onward in strenuous and consistent exertion.

The attention of man can never be long entirely withdrawn from the consideration of his position with respect to the surrounding powers, which influence his future condition. The mind, if it do not spontaneously return, must, in the progress of things, be forced back from the flights of fancy, and disenchanted from the romance of imagination, by the importunate pressure from without. The grand current of every one's being

is made up of a series of surveys of his position in relation to pleasure or pain-inducing circumstances ; of observations of the quarter and degree in which he is exposed to the operation of those, which the knowledge he has acquired suggest to him as injurious, and of the degree in which he is within reach of the desirable. Such surveys, the passions of hope or fear which they excite, the courses of action suggested by these, and the actions in which the motives thus generated result and determine, are the staple of existence. By these urgent influences, which cannot long be avoided, man is kept in his place in society ; is forced into co-operation, and is moved forwards in a direction something approaching to decidedness and constancy.

To these master-influences those of imagination are supplementary. They are the reflected lights which glance over the landscape, the colours of the prospect which give an additional charm, but without which we should still have been able to trace outlines and distinguish distances by the variations of light and shade.\*

From our previous view of the origin and peculiarities of the emotions of imagination, we may easily account for the diversities of taste which arise. In the case of the passions, there is a constant reference to the order of causes and effects ; our feelings are here regulated according to the extent of our knowledge, or the firmness of our conviction of the tendencies for good or evil, as passion prompts, of the objects of our desires and fears. From the restlessness of this activity, there is a constant correction of our anticipations with the progress of our discovery of positive utility, which tends to a uniformity ; for the prevalence of which in matters of imagination there is by no means the same cause. Here pleasures and pains may be and are associated by different persons, with all sorts of things, in all sorts of ways. The most intense emotions will be excited in one person's mind by an object which to another will convey but trivial associations, accordingly as the current of personal experience has brought each into contact with it at a different angle ; with different combinations of circumstances. The village which to one recalls all the enjoyments of his childhood, appears to another but a congregation of sordid hovels. But through disagreements still more glaring, the principle of the Stability of Taste will ride triumphant. There is sufficient evidence of particular example, as well as of abstract theory, to prove a limit to these cases of divergence. L. D.

\* No doubt its influences are supplementary, according to the ordinary definition of "Imagination." Our author seems to use it with that limitation. But, metaphysically speaking, how do we hope or fear, or live in the future,—whither all action tends,—except by the faculty called imagination? Without it, where would be the distances, outlines, lights and shades, except beneath our feet (the mere objects of sense) or else in retrospect?—ED.

*The Dream of the Golden City.*

THE DREAM OF THE GOLDEN CITY.

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I SAW a City in my sleep, of mould  
Surpassing all in Story celebrate.  
The buildings all were palaces of gold,  
The spacious streets stood all at angles straight ;  
There forms of beauty walked naked quite,  
Reflected true as in a looking-glass,  
On pavement all of shining chrysolite.  
O ! those fair forms ! What pencil may relate  
The perfect harmony of moulded light ?  
Their port Imperial ; noble, lofty gait ;  
Their looks of awful loveliness ; their high  
And settled air, conception quite surpass.  
The well of rapture full in every eye,  
ONE only fount unfailing might supply.

I saw domes, temples, lull'd in purple light,  
Of pure and shining gold, and clear as glass ;  
Broad terraces that lengthened from the sight,  
Where ransom'd nations clad in white did pass.  
I saw much more than mortal may endict ;  
Heard luscious sounds from hidden instrument,  
Many, and strange, and new ; as only Prophet might  
Divine in trance. I saw those waters bright,  
And wide, and deep, and clear, of crystal pure,  
In ducts that cross'd and girt the city round,  
Where vessels on its ample breast secure,  
Rode silently along the still profound ;  
Barges of gold, of ships an armament,  
That ever to the beckon came, and went !

This Glorious City had no moon for light,  
Nor sun to dazzle with oppressive ray ;  
No interruptive par of day and night,  
But calm, serene, and lovely changeless day.  
Those ether-throngs moved on without a sound ;  
Each face bore impress of Unfading Youth ;  
On every brow was stamp'd Immortal Truth ;  
And each was on some glorious errand bound.  
The city rose amid bright waters round,  
And over all a self-sent splendour lay.  
O ! Golden City ! O ! thrice Holy Place !  
That I should wake from that sweet trance profound  
To sigh, " whene'er below is run the race,  
In such bright company may I be found !"

CHIARO' SCURO.

## ANALYTICAL DISQUISITION

## On Punch and Judy.

*Found among the Papers of the late Charles Lamb.*

THE Human Mind—words which have commenced such innumerable essays—being manifestly the prototype of every super-human, infra-human, and fanciful character, in all its variations and shades of thought and action which the imagination may call into being, either through the medium of literature or mechanics; I shall proceed to the consideration of the subject before us, as one expressly appertaining to the development of existing principles and feelings of our common humanity.

It is *not* my intention to enter into the early traditions, or trace the history of characters from their first presentment before the eyes of an enthusiastic public, through their various gradations down to the present time. Passing over, therefore, all elaborate and apochryphal accounts, I shall merely observe that I have no doubt but this most constantly popular drama had its origin in Italy. A hump-backed, pugnacious, comical old country fellow, with a long red nose and a high cracked voice, is said to have come regularly to market, crying "*polchinelli*"—a sort of fowl or capon—and the eccentricities of his appearance and conduct being represented, and probably caricatured, if possible, by some clever wag during one of the Carnivals, the joke succeeded so admirably that certain 'trading' wags soon came to represent the same with additional characters by means of a puppet-show. Be this as it may, the original prime character no doubt owes its extraordinary inexhaustibility of "flowing spirits" to a continental source, very unlike the phlegmatic, heavy, double-X of England. Notwithstanding this, however, there has been so many striking features added to the hero of the piece, which are thoroughly English, that I consider a "great moral lesson" may be administered to our nation through the present analysis, the which I accordingly submit for general study, and almost for universal self-application.

The character of Punch is that of a being totally devoid of every moral principle. Everybody is pleased with him. He is not only thus totally devoid of moral principles, but exults and crows to the top of his bent in a public manifestation of the fact. Everybody is delighted with him;—men, women, and children. The nobility, the clergy, and the King, are also delighted with him, as well as their natural subjects. From the

level of human society up to the hereditary spheres, all—all are his unqualified admirers and open applauders. Never in this world, upon any one occasion, even of the most abominable depravity, did such a thing happen as for Punch to be hissed ! Any solitary individual in the surrounding crowd who should venture to utter such a token of disapprobation, must combine in himself all the qualities of the ethical philosopher, the philanthropist, the martyr, and the fool. Punch is only to be *written* down, as the great moralist of Apsley House justly observed to me the other day, thereby reminding us of the parable of the "Mote and the Beam." National education, and the entire abolition of the tax upon Knowledge, (reminding us of the parable of the "Sower,") are the only means by which a right feeling about sound morality can be generally inculcated. But enough of this ; let us proceed to a brief examination of the different characters of this very original, and all-amusing tragic-comedy.

Each character in this play represents a class. They are, of course, more or less genuine and pronounced, according to the individual talent of the respective Managers under, or rather *above*, whose auspices they are produced. Still, amidst all circumstances there is no mistaking each for each ; and this is a fine proof of the innate dramatic mastership of their origin. Judy, the wife of Mr Punch, and mother of his child, is soon dispatched. She represents a good-natured, domestic, motherly, housewife, as perfect a contrast to her husband as ever was seen in married life. The average number of marriages are made expressly on that principle, which sometimes answers very well, and sometimes the contrary. She is a thoroughly common-place woman, but driven beyond the limit of her ordinary nature by the loss of her child, added to the preposterous reason adduced by her husband for the act, she is roused to fury, and has recourse to a summary vengeance, which presently terminates in her destruction. As to the child, it represents all children who cry vociferously when nursed and fondled with wanton roughness ; for Punch, under pretence of lulling the infant, who is evidently suffering, from teething, wind, or the stomach-ache, rolls it like a long pudding upon the sill of the window or stage front. As to the personal appearance of the child, it represents those of the Esquimaux, or perhaps has a more remote origin in the cat-mummies of ancient Egypt. The personage—name unknown—who appears in the ornate outlandish dress, with a bushy beard, mustachioes, and fur cap, pompously singing a song about the "Grand Coronah," ending with the full-mouthed burden of "Salla'ballah !" seems to be an embodied satire upon the pretensions of vain-glorious travellers, heroes, and also upon the great bass and baritone buffos of

the Oriental operas. The Doctor is admirably defined. He is a combination of all the gold-headed canes of Hogarth, with the general principles of all practitioners who are behind their age. He is the most moderate-measured grey-wig administrator that old women could desire. He is, in fact, the eminent old-woman physician of all time—the class which say, as per diploma, “We would recommend;” “If we may advise;” and, in cases of life and death, “Had we not better try?” He is all formality, ancient practice, tenderness of touch, white-handed ring-displaying, and gentle patting of patronage and soothing system. Some of our vulgar brutes of Managers here, put such words into his mouth as, “Hillo! Punch!” or, “I say, Punch! what’s the matter?—get up!” But these are stage interpolations; nothing of the kind is to be found in the original; nor was it ever rendered so when I was young. His character, nevertheless, remains manifest through all versions, erroneous changes and disguises. Of the Constable and the Executioner little need be said. They speak for themselves, though to no legal purpose in *this* play. Their usefulness in the prevention of vice, however, as well as their fate, has furnished the first hint for the establishment of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishments in this country. The Undertakers, (who are *one* undertaker, and that one representing all the tribe) are admirably true to their black craft, in external gloom and inward re-action of hilarity. The careful way in which they first bring forward the coffin, as though they felt a deep interest in it, and the jocose style in which they presently dance about with it in their arms, or set it a-swinging like a cradle, is just like the fellows when they think nobody is looking at them. And very natural too, I think; for if they could not do this, what a dead-and-alive existence would be their lot. The subject of their trade and game would be far better off, and enviable in the comparison. The abomination and immorality is in Mr Punch eventually taking part in the lark, he having so richly deserved to be seriously put to rest therein. Mistress Po, or Miss Poll, or whatever her name may be, is a tawdry, dancing Courtezan, exactly of the middle class of Courtezans. She is the only character in the play whom the hero does not ill-treat, at least in public. He, however, seems to have no real affection for her, and no admiration. During their celebrated dance, he is evidently as pleased when his hump is turned towards her, as when he faces her; and from this fact, added to the delighted conceit he displays, you see that he is only thinking of himself, and chuckling at his own ludicrous performance. He sometimes takes it into his head to be indecent, on the occasion, but apparently with no motive but vanity and impudence. There are various other characters, but we

do not recollect any of importance, except the Devil and the dog Toby. Concerning this Toby, I find it difficult to make up my mind, but I rather lean at present towards a coincidence with the opinion of Dr Parr, that he represents the remains of the ancient "Chorus." In comparison with most of the other persons, especially the hero, he is certainly a very grave, moral, and respectable character. As to the other personage, it presents the original idea—one, which is not without some foundation in history—of the Devil being a female. I have, however, no private reasons for thinking so, though it is manifestly the fact in this play, however uncommon the consequences.

*To be concluded next month.*

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### LINES.

I STRIVE to forget thee, and think of the past  
 As a vision too bright and ecstatic to last ;  
 I struggle to banish from memory's store  
 The unfading remembrance of joys that are o'er.

Oh, could I but drink from some Lethean wave,  
 Whose dark rolling stream in oblivion would lave  
 All thought of the pleasures that once I enjoy'd,  
 When no mixture of sorrow their sweetness alloy'd.

When the sun's gorgeous splendours are gilding the west,  
 And he sinks from his labours in glory to rest,  
 I mark the bright scene in the thought that thy gaze  
 Is directed, like mine, to the sun's fading rays.

When night flings her mantle of darkness around,  
 And in calm soothing slumber my senses are bound,  
 In my dreams do I hear the sweet sound of thy voice,  
 Which gently steals o'er me and bids me rejoice ;

And again am I cheer'd by the glance of thine eye  
 Beaming lustrously bright as a star of the sky ;  
 But soon as the sun melts the vapours of night,  
 The vision fantastic is borne from my sight.

OMEGA.

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## LIBERAL MATHEMATICS.

BEING A REPLY TO AN ARTICLE IN THE BRITISH MEDICAL ALMANACK FOR 1837.

THE article, concerning which we are about to make a few remarks, is entitled 'National Statistics; or, the Incapacity of the Statistical Officers employed by the English Government.' That Government continually employs *many* officers who are gifted with extraordinary incapacity for the situations they hold, we do not need to be informed by the 'Medical Almanack;' but in the present instance we propound that the *incapacity* is on the side of the would-be reformer, and as we love truth we mean to prove it. Whether the attack of the 'Medical Almanack,' does or does not contain a serious libel upon the professional characters of Mr Rickman and Mr Finlaison, is left for others to determine; all we propose is to show the injustice that has been done. We cannot deal with Mr. Rickman's case this month, as it would occupy too much time; we shall therefore begin with the attack made on Mr Finlaison.

In September, 1808, Mr Percival first introduced the practice of granting Government Life Annuities. The Act set forth the Tables by which they were to be sold. At this time there was no Government Actuary, so that the Treasury were guided by the opinion of Mr Morgan of the Equitable, who advised them to value the annuities by the Northampton Tables, being the very same measure by which the Equitable is guided in effecting Assurances. Now every body, who is at all conversant with these subjects, knows that those Tables undervalued the duration of human life exceedingly, and therefore the premiums of Insurance at the Equitable were and are so excessive, that that office has amassed a surplus of many millions. And Life Annuities being the converse of Insurance, in the same degree that those Tables caused a gain to the Insurance Office, they caused a ruinous loss to the Government, but which was never once suspected, until in 1819, Mr Finlaison then holding an important office in the Admiralty, pointed it out to Mr. Vansittart. This minister immediately employed him to investigate the true duration of life by the only unerring method, namely, the actual experience of the lives of annuitants as shown on the Government Records.

This observation he completed in 1822, as appears by the late Sir Gilbert Blanes's Medical Essays, published in that year, where the results are shown, and two very remarkable facts are brought to light,—1st. That the duration of human life is very

considerably greater now than it was a century previously. 2nd. That females of the richer classes enjoy a duration vastly superior to that of males in the same station. It had been long known and proved by the Swedish Tables, that there is a difference in favour of the female among mankind in general; but this knowledge was of no practical utility until the precise value of that difference among the class of annuitants was determined in England—a service for which we are indebted to Mr Finlaison. Although, in 1822, they appointed him Actuary of the National Debt, the Government could not, however, be induced, by all his endeavours, to change the old system of the Northampton Tables, until his remonstrances, showing that the *loss of public money* was advancing at the rate of 4,000*l.* a week, and had already amounted to more than *three millions*, happened to fall into the hands of the Committee of Finance which sat in 1828, under the Presidency of Sir H. Parnell. That Committee immediately made a Report, containing only one or two sentences, which induced the House of Commons to change the system forthwith, and to adopt his new Tables for the respective sexes. (See a very able article on this subject in the ‘Westminster Review,’ of that period.) But previously to the adoption of the new Tables, the House required a demonstration of their accuracy, which was accordingly supplied in Mr Finlaison’s Report, which was printed the 31st of March, 1829, Parliamentary Papers, No. 122. This Report soon attracted the attention of scientific men, as the following quotation from Mr Babbage in ‘Brewster’s Journal of Science, for May, 1829, may serve us as instance :—

“ Facts and accurate enumerations are the great and only bases on which such (meaning Life Annuity) transactions can securely rest, and in this point of view I cannot but congratulate the public on a most invaluable collection recently prepared by the command of the Lords of his Majesty’s Treasury, under the superintendence of Mr Finlaison. The circumstances under which the lives enumerated were placed, and the number of individuals whose period of existence has been precisely traced, give to this collection a great importance.”

Again, let us refer to Mr Lubbock, the new Vice-Chancellor of the London University. (See the Transactions of the Cambridge Phil. Society for 1830 :)—

“ Mr Finlaison has very recently published extensive Tables of Mortality, formed from the Government Tontines and Annuitants, which are rendered equally valuable by the accuracy of the materials from which they have been deduced, and the very great care and attention which has been bestowed on them by the author.”

Those two eminent men were expressly commenting on the Tables in question, and if there had been any imperfection in

them, we hold it for certain that it would not have escaped their notice.

But do they hint at the least imperfection? No such thing. From that day to this the Tables have been silently acquiesced in by all Europe, until they are now, for the first time, attacked by the anonymous traducer in the 'British Medical Almanack.' He accuses Mr Finlaison of giving results, but not facts. Why, there never was a collection of facts in this country that contained the tenth part of what he has furnished in this very Report! Every fact within his reach is given with the utmost minuteness, and yet his antagonist states that Mr Finlaison has not even specified what were the ages of the lives on which he reasons; as, for instance, if a set of them be set down at 30 years of age, whether that means that they will be 30 years old next birth-day, as is reckoned in an insurance office, or whether they were 30 years old the last birth-day, as is counted in a life annuity office; or whether, one with another, they are 30 years and a half exactly? Now this is a wilful falsehood, which the writer perfectly well knew when he penned it. In page 12 of Mr Finlaison's Report we have found the following sentence:—

“Taking the lives one with another they are, in every case, half a year older than the age stated. Wherefore, in the three last columns, there are 55 at  $10\frac{1}{2}$  years old, out of whom 4 die in a year; 172 at  $11\frac{1}{2}$  years old, out of whom 4 also die in a year. While the mortality which happens from the age of 10 exactly to that of 11 is thus apparently unknown. But it is too evident to require any argument that it must be a mean proportional between the two quantities which are given.”

The writer says that Mr Finlaison made it a boast that he was at work on those Tables nine years, with the aid of six calculators, and says something about any body being able to do them in nine weeks. We observe, at page 64 of the Report, that the names, ages, &c. extracted from the Government Records, in individual detail, are, of females, 13,005; males, 9,347;—both, 22,352. We should think no further answer necessary than this statement, were it not that far abler men than this writer (see the article on Mortality in one of the new Encyclopædias, by Mr Milne) have fallen into the mistake that Mr Finlaison has computed no more than the Government have thought fit to publish. It should be remembered, that he has never published any treatise whatsoever as a work on Annuities, nor do we think he has ever appeared before the public as an author in any shape. At different times he has given evidence before various Committees of the House of Commons, and on one occasion, as we have mentioned, a Report on a very limited part of the subject of Life Annuities, with a view to exhibit the

value of human life, and with no other end whatever. But we do know that the Government grant annuities on lives of every age and sex, at twenty-five different rates of interest, which we presume must have been previously computed by him and his assistants, and we also know that the Government grant annuities on the longest of any two proposed lives at every combination of age and sex. Thus, let two persons be aged 61 and 31, they may be father and son, mother and son, father and daughter, mother and daughter; in each of those cases, although the ages be the same, the annuity has a different value, and science is indebted to Mr Finlaison for being the first who ever showed this difference; every preceding calculator, including Mr Milne, has considered the distinction of sex of no value in the price of annuities on joint lives; but that there is a very considerable difference is now a matter of demonstration. If the editors of the 'British Medical Almanack' do not know what is the meaning of a table of joint lives, we will beg leave to inform them, that where one sex and one rate of interest only is concerned, there must be 90 tables for the combinations of age. Where the sexes are in a quadruple series as above, there must be four times as many, or 360 tables, and where there are five rates of interest, there must be five times this product, or 1,800 tables, which we really incline to think a very considerable labour. That Government has not thought fit to incur the expense of publishing them, but is content with the use and benefit of them, is scarcely a reason for inferring that such tables are not in being, and we cannot help wondering that such a man as Mr Milne should assume, upon no better authority, that no such tables were computed. This remark applies particularly to another part of the perverse article before us. The writer states, that Dr Southwood Smith furnished Mr Finlaison with many facts on the statistics of fever, but that the latter, as usual, only gave the results, and not the facts! Now it so happens that we have seen, in another quarter, this unpublished work on the Statistics of Fever, which contains not only all the facts, but many luminous views of a most important medical question. It is true that Dr Smith, for his immediate purpose only, published a short *extract* from that paper, containing, however, a new and most important discovery, viz. that the mortality in fever follows a law increasing in intensity according to the age of the person attacked. For the discovery we are indebted to Mr Finlaison, and it is not a little curious, that in this very 'British Medical Almanak,' at page 137, there is *another* paper on Medical Statistics, which pronounces this *extract*, copying it verbatim, to contain "the most important contributions which have yet been made to Medical Statistics."

Moreover, is it to be inferred, because Dr Smith did not think it necessary to his purpose to publish all the facts, that Mr Finlaison did not exhibit them in his document?

We now approach a subject which is most undoubtedly a defamatory attack, because it declares Mr Finlaison to be incompetent and unfit to hold the situation which he fills, or any other situation of the kind. It directly accuses him of having occasioned a specific public loss of 300,000*l.* The writer also deplures that the object of his denunciation is not in a situation to be tried by a Court-Martial, like an officer who loses his ship. It appears that, some three or four years ago, a speculation took place on the Stock Exchange, for the purchase of Life Annuities on a great number of aged lives nominated by the speculators at very high ages, from a supposition that they would live longer than the rest of mankind at similar ages. He of the 'Almanack' admits, indeed, that *Mr Finlaison did his utmost to prevail on the Government to refuse dealings in such a speculation, unless the ages were below 65.* But he argues that this would only have affected the question in quantity, not in principle. Now the quantity is, in fact, every thing to the matter. Octogenarians do not themselves purchase Annuities on their own lives. And if no speculation were made by others on their lives, there never would be any sale of such Annuities. The writer affirms that three millions of money were invested in the above speculation, and there certainly is a very substantial difference between that sum and nothing. But how does it appear that there has been a loss of 300,000*l.*? This is first strongly asserted as an absolute fact, as if it were known to be such to the writer, and is again and again affirmed as a most positive truth. But at the end of the article it slips out that this assertion rests on the mere inference of the writer; because he thinks that a total annuity of 300,000*l.* was purchased, he deduces that a class of highly selected lives will live so much longer than the average of men at high ages, that any annuity purchased on the lives of those selected ones must needs be one year's purchase more in value than the value in ordinary cases. But why of necessity *one* year's purchase precisely? Only because it pleases the writer to say so. He cannot prove it, nor can any other man. We answer, that if there be, or be not any loss at all, or how much, in consequence of this transaction, it is a fact that can never be known until the whole of the lives are dead. But still the question recurs, why is Mr Finlaison accused of a loss, which, if demonstrable, arose out of a transaction entered into, as is admitted, in spite of his most strenuous *opposition*? Why, truly, because it is alleged that he did not furnish the Government with the

proper value of annuities on highly selected lives in the extremity of old age. Let our readers be pleased to inquire where was he, or any one else, to find a record of such a thing, and in what era or country was it ever known before the present date, that three millions of money were hazarded on the frail tenure of human life at fourscore! It is no doubt very easy to say, that one year's purchase must be the difference; but an assertion of what *must be*, without even the shadow of proof in support of it, will never do as the basis of arithmetical reasoning. The writer refers to the publication of the experience of the Equitable Assurance Office, with a view to show the effect of selected lives,—a valuable document, doubtless, but which gives no selection of life at advanced age (for instance, they insure nobody after 60), nor makes any distinction of sex; and, lastly, which has only been published within these two years, and since the speculation alluded to, took place! Moreover, the values of annuities, as resulting from this last observation, will be found to coincide exactly with Mr Finlaison's Tables after the age of 40. In conclusion, we have only to observe, that any one who is really conversant with the science of Life Annuities must perceive that the principle on which Mr Finlaison's Tables are constructed, involves of necessity a full allowance for the values of selected lives among the higher classes, and certainly have carried the price of annuities to a greater extent than any preceding authority.

“Mr Rickman,” says the writer we have been answering, “has given proof of his ability to calculate correctly upon false principles; Mr Finlaison has never supplied evidence of being able to calculate correctly upon *any* principle.” Indeed: and nobody has been able during these last 20 years to find it out! Where has the present discoverer been all the time?

We are of opinion that if even the individual thus traduced were tried by a Court-Martial, as his antagonist says he deserves to be, he would have nothing to apprehend from the result but an honourable acquittal. We have tried the ‘Almanack’ correspondent by a different process, and really we fancy he does not cut the most respectable figure in the world. He has evidently been influenced by some personal pique or other, and his attack is as conspicuous for its malice as its want of ability.

W. K.

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