

V.—NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS PURE MALEVOLENCE?

I beg to offer a few observations on Mr. Bradley's Note, in the last number of *MIND*, relating to the ultimate analysis of our malevolent dispositions. It would be as agreeable to me, as it is to him, to be able to believe that there is no such feeling in the human mind as the delight in pure malevolence.

I should have been saved the necessity of some repetition, if Mr. Bradley had disposed, *seriatim*, of what I consider the least ambiguous cases of pure malevolent pleasure; as, for example, in Mr. Stephen's critic of a sensitive poet. Or to take a still wider-ranging class—the delights of teasing, so well developed in our earliest years: he does so far recognise these as to call them by other names, but it remains to be seen how far the case is improved thereby. Certainly nothing could well be more diabolical than the conduct of boys at school to the new entrants; similar conduct being reproduced on the entry into trades and professions, as the army. That our most highly-bred youth can behave as we hear they do in such circumstances, sufficiently proves the deep-seated depravity of human nature, and the fact is not made either better or worse, whether we refer it to a natural feeling of malevolence or to certain other roots capable of yielding the same fruit. Still, it is interesting psychologically, and not unimportant in an ethical point of view, to trace out the real foundations of the bad side of our nature. The suitable modes of remedial treatment may perhaps depend upon the correct analysis of the evil.

My strong cases, in addition to those just quoted, were,—temper or angry passion generally; the delight in seeing punishments; laughter, comedy and humour; sensational crimes as recorded in history, or worked up in romance, including the pleasures of tragedy. I should add the prominence given in our newspapers to disasters and horrors of every kind. I may also have to remark on the gratifications of sport.

Let us first state to ourselves the bearings of malevolence in its widest compass: as including the infliction of suffering, the destruction of life, and the deprivation of active power more or less, as in reducing to bondage or subjection. In every one of these forms of injuring others, we can take a strong positive delight; greatest of all when done by our own hands, but yet great when merely viewed as done by any other agent.

Of the various explanations given as substitutes for the hypothesis of a pure pleasure of malevolence, I have to remark generally that they are all affected with vagueness or ambiguity; so that we have first to reduce them to definite statements.

Perhaps the most plausible of the alternatives is the feeling of retaliation for wrong inflicted, in other words, genuine and legitimate Anger. This takes us back to the early struggle for existence, where, if anywhere, we ought to find the sources of our malevolent dispositions such as they are. That life-long struggle could not be carried on without baffling, disabling, and maltreating other creatures. One section of the animated beings around had to be attacked as prey, another section as standing between us and our wants. That, in such a situation, pleasurable associations should be formed with all the signs of discomfort in sentient creatures, seems quite inevitable. But we are not in a position to estimate the probable strength of those associations, nor their persistence, as a large pleasurable susceptibility, in the altered circumstances of civilisation. We must endeavour to analyse the case as now presented to us.

To be pained and wronged is the common source of angry feeling. The ordinary operation of the will would be to rid us of the pain, to prevent its recurrence, and also to obtain such reparation as to place us as nearly as possible in our original condition. One form of reparation is the undoubted satisfaction of inflicting an equal, perhaps a greater, amount of pain on the offender. As Mr. Bradley expresses it, we identify our loss or suffering with the happiness of another, and are therefore urged to remove that happiness. All this is the common course of the will, in using known means to accomplish an end, namely, the conservation of our own happiness. Our action in the matter should exactly correspond to the requirements of the case, and no more; indeed, it ought to be wholly devoid of passion. If we do not at once succeed in regaining the *status quo*, we record a debt against the party, and determine to recover it on the earliest opportunity.

Such, however, is not the course of anger, in our actual experience of it. There is usually an amount of passionate excitement, with the accompanying exaggerations of strong feeling. There is a tendency to gloat over the occasion, to feast upon it, by virtue of some source of luxurious susceptibility that lies within us.

I can partly account for the mere exaggeration of the irascible feeling, by invoking the element of Fear. When we are unexpectedly wronged or injured, we consider not only the present but the future. When our house is for the first time attempted by burglars, we lose our sense of immunity, and are filled with alarm; the effect being to induce exaggerated precautions of every sort. So in rectifying ourselves against a deliberately inflicted harm, we are not satisfied with a moderate and calculated retaliation: our tendency is to go considerably beyond the limits of sobriety and rationality, especially with the view to future prevention.

As yet, however, we get no special insight into the origin of our pleasure in the suffering that we cause by our retaliation; nor does even the exaggeration of preventive effort account for the peculiar sweetness of the revengeful feeling. To study this in its

purity, we must refer to the instances where the harm done is but small, easily rectified, and involving no serious apprehensions. Now, the irascible temperament is shown in taking offence at mere trifles; in resenting out of all proportion to the offence and the danger. A slight affront, a small money-loss, involving no ulterior consequences, a slight trespass, will induce in some minds a fierce retaliation, and perhaps a lasting and incurable resentment.

There are two ways of representing the pleasure of revengeful feeling. The mode that seems to me to square best with the whole of the facts, is to regard it as the genuine pleasure of malevolence drawn upon by way of *solatium* for the original pain and injury. The other mode is to regard it as the simple and proper outcome of the sense of wrong, with precaution for the future; the pleasure lying in the security achieved by the suffering, the subjection, or the death of the wrong-doer.

It is not easy to obtain an *experimentum crucis*, as between the two views. The second, however, is open to an obvious remark. The outgoings of revenge have, in all ages, greatly exceeded the reasonable protection of the injured party; so much so, that the sufferings inflicted in the name of revenge would not have been greater, even on the supposition of an independent delight in suffering. So long as revenge is excessive and cruel, what does it matter whether it be due to pure malevolence or to a grossly exaggerated view of the necessities of our protection? If mankind can habitually give way to such exaggerations, we have all the evil that the disinterested pleasure in suffering could inflict.

But the case of revengeful passion is not the best for trying the question at issue. There being always present a reason or pretext for the misery caused, we are not sure that the mind delights in misery as such. Let us take then the examples where we are witnesses to suffering inflicted by others, and where we ourselves are noways concerned, or at all events very remotely. Why do multitudes delight in being spectators of punishments, including the gallows? In former days, when executions were public, when whippings, the pillory, and the stocks were open to everybody's gaze, what was the source of the fascination attending the spectacles? They were remotely connected with the security of people generally, but they were most frequented by those that thought least of public security. I have no doubt that if military floggings had been exposed to the public gaze, they would have been very largely attended; while the attraction could, on no pretext, be said to consist in the satisfaction of preserving military discipline, and securing the nation against foreign attacks. There is a fascination in witnessing school-punishments, even when everyone feels liable to be a victim in turn. The pleasure of a mere spectator here can have no bearing upon any future protection, unless the offence happen to consist in annoying the pupils generally.

We can go a step farther. There are abundance of examples

of delight in mischief of the most absolutely gratuitous kind; beginning in tender years, and continuing more or less until maturity. The love of teasing, of practical joking, of giving trouble and annoyance, without any cause whatever, is too manifest to be denied; while to bring it under retaliation requires an enormous stretch of assumption. The midnight revels of youthful spirits have been known in all ages; they have no bearing upon the security of the actors, except to put that in peril, by an example that is to recoil upon themselves some time later.

When this last class of cases is brought up, the opponents of the theory of pure malevolence take other ground. Retaliation is plainly inapplicable. The explanation next resorted to, is Love of Power: on which, the remark may be repeated, that if love of power conducts us to such extremities of unprovoked cruelty, it is to all intents and purposes a principle of malevolence. We must, however, trace the workings of Power more minutely. It is by no means a simple motive. Power is sought very largely for its fruits and consequences. It brings us many of the ordinary gratifications of life, and saves us from numerous evils. So far well; but what has the gratuitous infliction of suffering to do with Power? The answer is somewhat complex.

For one thing, it is a test or evidence of the possession of power. We cannot put another being to pain, without having in some way the advantage or superiority. In point of fact, however, the operation is almost always unnecessary for the end in view. In nearly every case, we know perfectly well what is the extent of our power; and, indeed, without that assurance to begin with, we seldom venture upon tormenting anyone. The process of teasing and annoying others is, therefore, not to give a proof of our power, but to turn that power to account in furnishing us with a gratification distinct from power. What could a Roman Emperor gain, in the way of confirming his sense of power, by having an animal tortured to amuse his evening-meal?

But, in the second place, the operation of inflicting suffering is one of the ways of losing power. By setting loose the desire of retaliation in the injured person, we make an enemy; and even if we can disable our victim, we are not out of danger; there may still be friends and sympathisers, whose resentment we have henceforth to endure. Unless the received principle—that beneficent action tends to multiply itself—be a delusion, influence over other beings is more effectually gained by serving them than by hurting them. Those persons that delight most in giving pain, have often to confess that it has been a losing game in the end. Milton is near the truth in saying—

“Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils”.

Cases where power is gained by inflicting pain do indeed occur, but if the law of benevolent action holds, they are the exception

and not the rule. We cannot always put a check upon tyranny, but we are perpetually striving after a state of things where it shall not be profitable to inflict gratuitous suffering upon anyone. Even as things are now, there must always be a sense of danger attending cruel practices. Yet the freeing of ourselves from apprehensions and fears is one of the most relied-upon explanations of our malevolent propensity.

Another phrase introduced into the handling of the question is Self-assertion. We are said to assert ourselves with peculiar emphasis when we can put another person to pain. No doubt this is so. As already remarked, it is a very good proof of our being the stronger party. Nevertheless, it is not essential in order to give us that proof. We have many other ways of completely satisfying ourselves on that head, without inflicting any more suffering than is implied in the very fact of inferiority. If we choose this one way, out of all possible ways of self-assertion, it must be from set preference, arising out of the gratification attending it in particular. Self-assertion is a wide-ranging fact. In the one extreme, it implies claiming our own just rights, without a particle of encroachment on other persons' rights; in the other extreme, it goes the length of reckless grasping at everything within reach. He that proceeds on the first plan, is not in the mood for causing anyone to suffer needlessly; his only possible gratification would be to see the suffering of a thief, a burglar, or a swindler, in their disappointment at being thwarted. The self-assertor of the other type is of course pleased at any suffering that attests the success of his nefarious designs. He would not, as a matter of course, enjoy the suffering of parties entirely unconnected with his schemes. He would have, in the first instance, to take a very broad view of his position. Knowing that in asserting himself by injustice and crime, he becomes the enemy of the human kind, he might come to feel that no man was entirely indifferent to him; that the suffering of others, whoever they might be, was in the line of his advantage. Nay more, he might consider that his position required him to cherish the taste for suffering to the uttermost corners of sentient life; so that the torture of the most insignificant insect would come within the scope of his delight. In short, he must first become a devil, in order to attain the pure pleasure of malevolence through the medium of self-assertion. Mr. Bradley admits that self-assertion does not lead to the infliction of pain as such; and I quite agree with him. But I ask, why then does he adduce it by way of accounting for the facts? If I understand his argument, it seems to revolve in a circle. In order to account for the admitted facts, he brings forward such alternative explanations as love of power and self-assertion; but finding that these do not carry him far enough, he draws the inference that there cannot be such a thing as pure malevolence.

I must take particular notice of what he adduces by way of

confirming his explanation or no-explanation, founded on power and self-assertion. He says, correctly enough, that "torture inflicted by a third person, who is not our agent, lacks a certain element of pleasantness. No doubt we here may sympathise with the torturer, and so get pleasure; but a tyrant, speaking generally, would care little to see the cruelties of a neighbouring tyrant. The malevolence which would take delight in the quiet and passive starvation of the unoffending, would be an abnormal product." I agree in part with these remarks. It is quite certain, that the pleasure is at a maximum when we ourselves are the actors. The delight in exercising power or superiority in any shape is undoubtedly genuine and great; to produce any effect that, when produced, comes home to any of our agreeable susceptibilities, is intrinsically grateful. But here comes the pinch. The pleasure of the sight of suffering is so decided that it counts for an important standing item of enjoyment with the mere spectator. To take pleasure in the starvation of the unoffending is an abnormal product, in this sense, and this sense only:—certain modes of suffering, such as the starvation of the unoffending, grate upon our cultivated sympathies, and are objectionable on that ground. With nothing more abnormal than dulness of sympathy, which is so abundantly exemplified in the history of mankind, the starvation of any number of unoffending creatures, would be extremely enjoyable. The sight of physical torture is as bad as starvation, if not worse, and that has given ecstasy to millions. The reader of the ethical volume, in Samuel Bailey's *Letters on the Mind*, may remember an anecdote, quoted by him, of a man accidentally drowning in the presence of a multitude of lookers-on, who watched with exquisite satisfaction every turn of his writhings and struggles, and, when he sank, gave forth a shout of exultation. The man was a stranger, and had done them no sort of harm.

I read lately an extract from a book entitled *Siberian Pictures*, describing a scene still more revolting. It was prefaced by the general remark that the natives of Siberia have not risen to sympathy with the lower animals. The scene was this. A number of boys had suspended a dog by the hind legs over a fire to roast it slowly to death and enjoy the spectacle of its agonies. The traveller remonstrated. He was answered readily by the boys, that the dog did not belong to him. Some of the parents witnessing the interference soon came up, and told him in still more emphatic terms that the boys were doing what they had a perfect right to do and warned him to depart. The delight of the boys was genuine and intense; it could in no sense be referred to vindictiveness. It might be called love of power, but the direction taken by the sentiment would seem to show more than the pleasure of mere power. It was not necessary for self-assertion; the dog was wholly incapable of contesting any claims or privileges that the boys might be supposed to be vindicating. The traveller's

remark as to the undeveloped sympathies of the population towards animals, is the one in point. The delight in suffering is apparently natural and primitive. It comes into conflict with our sympathies such as they may happen to be ; so far as these reach, it undergoes restraint ; beyond their range it manifests itself in purity.

I must next advert to the love of Excitement as a possible means of accounting for the fact. There is considerable vagueness in the term "excitement". We may be pleased, or pained simply ; and we may be in a state, not describable as either pleasure or pain, called excitement. A surprise is a good example of excitement, with neutrality as regards pleasure or pain ; for although these may accompany surprises, they are incidental, and not essential, to the state. Another variety of excitement is seen when we are either pleased or pained, but not at all in proportion to the mental agitation or the intensity of our consciousness. Great pleasures are apt to subside before the agitation of mind subsides, hence the propriety of having such a term as "excitement," in addition to the terminology of pleasure and pain.

Now it is quite correct to say that we court excitement, as a relief from dullness or ennui, or as a diversion from low spirits. We may not see our way to pleasure pure and simple ; but if we can only get excited with something, we may thereby get into a pleasurable mood. To agitate the nerves anyhow (not painfully) may chance to bring some pleasure, if only of the organic sort. We quit a scene of depressing stillness, for the bustle of a street, a market, a crowd ; we call that excitement, to be within the mark ; we are not quite sure that it amounts to pleasure. There are conflicting currents, pleasant and painful : we scarcely know which is in the ascendant ; at all events, we are made more awake, or alive ; our nerves and muscles have got an accession of activity. Gambling is a good example of pleasure from excitement. It contains alternations of proper pleasure and pain ; but there is a high pitch of excitement throughout.

The demand for excitement of itself proves nothing. What we are to look at is the forms that it takes by preference ; inasmuch as these are probably something more than mere excitement ; they involve real and unambiguous pleasure. If the votaries of excitement are in the habit of seeking it by molesting, annoying, chaffing other people, the inference is that the excitement is a mere cover for a definite pleasure, the pleasure of malevolence. To sit on a road-fence, and pass insulting and jeering remarks upon the innocent passers-by, is not to be slurred over as mere love of excitement ; it rises from the deeper fountains of malignity. We may easily procure excitement in forms that hurt nobody ; we may even find excitement, and pleasure too, in bestowing benefits ; when we habitually seek it in the shape of inflicting pain, we must be credited with delighting in the pain.

I reserve to the last the special discussion of the Ludicrous, which, I believe, confirms my view, with the least scope for

evasion. I could not, for any amount of bribe, explain the pleasures of Comedy and the Ludicrous without assuming a disinterested pleasure of malevolence. I must examine Mr. Bradley's observations on this head, with some minuteness.

In the first place, Mr. Bradley will not admit that the Comic is everywhere reducible to a perceived degradation. In the next place, he holds that degradation is very far from establishing malevolence. Degradation must imply a degrading *power*, and our pleasure would lie in thus feeling our self-assertion increased. Moreover, Mr. Bradley thinks that I should "find it difficult to verify the presence of malevolence in every species of the ludicrous". No doubt I should, but that does not dispose of the question between us.

I will notice first the connexion between the ludicrous and degradation. Mr. Bradley does not go the length of denying this wholly; he merely says that it does not exist *everywhere*. I should like to know whether he admits it *anywhere*, and, if so, to what extent. Are the cases so few as to be mere chance coincidences, or so numerous as to go beyond chance, and yet not amount to a general or prevailing connexion? I think the history of Comedy is dead against him, if he means to say that degradation is no essential feature of it. The ancient critics judged differently. Quintilian had perused all the great productions of Greek and Roman Comedy; and from him, we have this observation: "A saying that causes laughter is generally based on false reasoning (some play upon words); has always something low in it; is often purposely sunk into buffoonery; *is never honourable to the subject of it*". This is pretty sweeping; indeed, a little too sweeping. I could undertake to produce considerable exceptions; some of them, however, would but prove the rule; and all of them taken together would fail to invalidate it as a general truth. The reason why such wide generalisations are not absolute and universal, is simply that they are occasionally crossed by other principles that turn aside their application in particular cases. Thus, a laughable saying may be even honourable, by being the occasion of a still greater compliment. Many people that are ridiculed in Comedy, are pleased by the importance of being publicly mentioned. Then, the causes of laughter are not exhausted by comic degradation. It often accompanies mere good spirits, and the cordiality of friendship. There will always be cases even of the genuine comic too subtle to analyse to everybody's satisfaction. But that Comedy from its first start in the Dionysiac processions, down to the present hour, is in its very essence the degradation of some person, or interest, or institution, is established by an overwhelming preponderance of examples beyond the possibility of cavil. Mr. Bradley thinks he refutes the position by remarking that degradation must imply a degrading *power*, and that in such a case any pleasure would lie in an increase of our self-assertion. I can scarcely make out from this whether he is admitting or

denying that degradation is the cause of laughter; the expression might mean that there is degradation, but the pleasure is the pleasure of our own power, or self-assertion, and not the pleasure of seeing another person degraded. The answer to this has been partly anticipated, but is not complete. An important consideration remains.

All through his argument Mr. Bradley keeps in the background, or, I may say, all but suppresses, the fact in connexion with the pleasure of the ludicrous that is most at variance with his conclusions. It is this. While, in a few instances, our pleasure is in part the self-consciousness of our own power, these instances are but a drop in the ocean of our enjoyment of ludicrous degradation. Aristophanes must have had an exquisite pleasure in the exercise of his gift of comic degradation. But how many have been delighted even to ecstasy with his comedies, whether as seen on the stage, or as read! Our pleasure in the ludicrous goes far beyond any power of our own; it is coincident with felicitous mockery however originating. We enjoy our own jokes with a special unction; but we enjoy also the jokes of the wits of all ages. The collective comic literature of the past counts for a large fraction of our happiness; it is, like music, one of the institutions that make up the salt of life. Yet the creators, who alone had the pleasure of power or self-assertion, are a mere sprinkling; they can be counted by tens. In fact, to put the phenomenon in its just light, we must leave these out altogether, and deal with the millions whose enjoyment of comic degradation is intense, and who are nothing more than spectators. Mr. Bradley says that torture inflicted by a third person lacks a great element of pleasantness. Very true, but a great element still remains; and that element, in the case of the ludicrous at least, is one of the substantial and enduring pleasures of mankind.

The bearings of this remark are not yet exhausted. I must apply it to Mr. Bradley's second position, namely, that although the comic were everywhere reduced to degradation, that is very far from establishing malevolence. I answer that degradation is undoubtedly pain to the subject of it; and to take pleasure in seeing (and not merely in bringing about) degradation would *primâ facie* indicate pleasure in putting others to pain. If we are not to admit this conclusion, we must find another way out of the puzzle. Power and self-assertion are of little avail, in the case of mere spectatorship; all that could be said is, that we sympathise with A's elation of power in putting B to pain; but such a mixture of sympathy and cruelty is not to be readily assumed. Then, again, we have the alternative of love of excitement, but with a difficulty, as already noticed, in showing why the desire for excitement should run so often and so largely in this particular channel. Take a familiar instance: the pleasure of children (and not of them alone) in the pantomime; which pleasure reaches its acme in the afterpiece. While looking up with admiration and

envy to the prowess of the clown, the youthful spectators have an intense enjoyment in seeing how he puts everybody to trouble, annoyance, and discomfort, while eluding detection, and escaping all the perils of his venturesome occupation. Even poetic justice is not allowed to overtake him at last; the idea would be most distasteful to his young admirers. Excitement might be given in other ways; but would any amount of mere glitter and stage movement possess the unction of the clown's successful career in diffusing petty vexation all around him?

The strongest point in the illustration from the ludicrous is the very large amount of the pleasure arising from a comparatively slight class of pains. No doubt a loss of dignity affects us considerably; yet, in the scale of inflictions it stands low: bodily injury, loss of means, an ill name, sorrow for bereavements, danger to life,—leave the suffering of a temporary loss of dignity at a great distance. Anything that gives an acute annoyance, without serious injury, is included among the incidents productive of laughter; such, for example, as a malodour, an unexpected check to one's progress, awkwardness and failure in some performance, or any small disappointment. These are pains that we can take delight in seeing any one suffer, even though we have no hand in causing them. If our delight in the greater pains were in proportion to their magnitude, the charm of seeing creatures in the extreme of bodily agony would be something enormous. And so it is, in certain circumstances. Our sympathies usually interfere with our enjoyment in the worst forms of suffering; but there are modes of getting over sympathy; the chief being resentment for injury, which suspends fellow-feeling for the time, and gives our malevolent gratification full swing. Why have punishments so often been accompanied with extreme barbarity and cruelty? Putting a man to death ought to be a full discharge of any ordinary criminality; yet civilised nations have added to it the utmost ingenuity of torture.

The illustration of the ludicrous is not complete without remarking that the collective pleasure is so great as far to outweigh the pains even of the passing sufferers. In order to provide ourselves with the enjoyment, we are willing to be victims in turn; a small amount of occasional suffering is rewarded by a large fruition of pleasure. Something of the same kind happens in the acuter forms of teasing; the schoolboy undergoes the torments of his initiation for the sake of becoming one day a tormentor himself. So that, with good management, even the malevolent pleasure has something of the diffusive tendency attributed to benevolent pleasure; it multiplies itself, and more than defrays the cost of the sacrifice. This of course is the last refinement of the passion. In the evolutionist millennium, when altruism will be developed to the point of destroying all the coarse and brutal forms of the pleasure of cruelty, the arts of comedy, as well as the play of humour in our social intercourse, will be saved.

At the risk of being tedious, I must dwell a little farther on an aspect of the ludicrous already implicated in our examples, namely, the efficacy of purely fictitious sufferings in awakening our interest. The children at the pantomime are aware that the clown's ingenious teasings are all unreal; yet the mere idea is delightful. So it is with the fictitious in comedy and romance. The charm in witnessed suffering (properly regulated) is so great as to dispense alike with our own self-assertion in causing it, and with the reality of the cases. Now, it must be a very powerful feeling that can be worked upon in this way. The love-passion, and the admiration of personal beauty, attest their strength by responding to the most far-fetched examples. Hamlet affects astonishment at the player's excitement over Hecuba; so he might ask, What is Helen of Troy to us in the present day? But if a picture of female beauty, immersed in stirring adventures, can be skilfully set forth, it will interest the human race to the end of time; the natural intensity of the sentiment of love being the sole explanation. And if we can take delight in the mere recital of gratuitous sufferings, with only an insignificant pretext, what inference can be drawn, but that suffering fascinates, that is, pleases us? All the other explanations—Power, Self-assertion, Love of Excitement—melt away in the presence of mere imaginary forms of infliction.

The love of Sport needs the delight in suffering to maintain it. In the sport of the gun we must have the pleasure of killing; otherwise, we might be equally amused by firing at bottles projected in the air at a proper distance. In hunting, we enjoy the torture of the fox, if only in the indirect form of sympathy with the hounds, whose blood-thirstiness is thoroughly unaffected and unconcealed.

I cannot enter into the farther question of the connexion of malevolence with our joy in the Sublime; that needs a discussion to itself. If the sentiment is once shown to exist as an independent fact of the mind, and not as a mere occasional incident of other feelings, it will crop out in many more ways than those we have now been considering.

Mr. Bradley ends with a sort of apology for our apparent malevolence, as he accounts it to be. He says—"We all cling to our wrongs, for they keep us in mind of our rights, and we hug our hatreds since without them how little would be left to some of us". But the most prosperous of human beings include, in the roll of their pleasures, a number of hatreds. For my own part, I would as soon be called malevolent after the purest type, as declared capable of hugging hatreds to make up for a joyless lot. The question ever recurs—Why is hatred such a source of consolatory feeling, if there be not a fountain of pleasure in connexion with the sufferings of others?

A. BAIN.