

grave his 'coming incorporation with the glorious future of his race,' i.e. with ourselves and our posterity, may we not infer that there is something in ourselves i.e. in human society as it now exists, which was worthy of his vision—something in which we need not think it 'selfish' to participate, even though our personal 'sensations' do form a part of it? Where then does the selfishness of desiring to share in a glorious future even through personal 'sensations' begin? The only reasonable or even intelligible answer, as far as I can see, is this;—as soon as that personal 'sensation' for ourselves excludes a larger and wider growth for others, but no sooner. But then no Christian ever supposed for a moment that his personal immortality could or would interfere with any other being's growth. And if so, where is the selfishness? What a Christian desires is a higher, truer, deeper union with God for all, himself included. If his own life drop out of that future, he supposes that there will be so much less that really does glorify the true righteousness, and no compensating equivalent. If it be Mr. Harrison's mission to disclose to us that any perpetuity of sensation on our own parts will positively exclude something much higher which *would* exist if we consented to disappear, he may, I think, prove his case. But in the absence of any attempt to do so, his conception that it is noble and unselfish to be more than content—grateful—for ceasing to live any but a posthumous life, seems to me simply irrational.

But, further, the equivalent which Mr. Harrison offers me for becoming, as I had hoped to become, in another world, an altogether better member of a better society, does not seem to me more than a very doubtful good. My posthumous activity will be of all kinds, some of which I am glad to anticipate, most of which I am very sorry to anticipate, and much of which I anticipate with absolute indifference. Even our best actions have bad effects as well as good. Macaulay and most other historians held that the Puritan earnestness expended a good deal of posthumous activity in producing the license of the world of the Restoration. Our activity, indeed, is strictly posthumous in kind, even before our death, from the very moment in which it leaves our living mind and has begun to work beyond ourselves. What I did as a child is, in this sense, as much producing posthumous effects, i.e. effects over which I can no longer exert any control, now, as what I do before death will be producing posthumous effects after my death. Now a considerable proportion of these posthumous activities of ours, even when we can justify the original activity as all that it ought to have been, are unfortunate. Mr. Harrison's papers, for instance, have already exerted a very vivid and very repulsive effect on my mind—an activity which I am sure he will not look upon with gratification, and I do not doubt that what I am now writing will produce the same effect on him, and in that effect I shall take no delight at all. A certain proportion, therefore, of my posthumous activity is activity for evil, even when the activity itself is on the whole good. But when we come to throw in the posthumous activity for evil exerted by our evil actions and the occasional posthumous activity for good which evil also fortunately exerts, but for the good results of which we can take no credit to ourselves, the whole constitutes a *mélange* to which, as far as I am concerned, I look with exceedingly mixed feelings, the chief element being humiliation, though there are faint lights mingled with it here and there. But as for any rapture of satisfaction in contemplating my 'coming incorporation with the glorious future of our race,' I must wholly and entirely disclaim it. What I see in that incorporation of mine with the future of our race—glorious or the reverse, and I do not quite see why the Positivist thinks it so glorious, since he probably holds that an absolute term must be put to it, if by no other cause, by the gradual cooling of the sun—is a very patchwork sort of affair indeed, a mere miscellany of bad, good, and indifferent without organisation and without unity. What I shall be, for instance, when incorporated, in Mr. Harrison's phrase, with the future of our race, I have very little satisfaction in contemplating, except so far, perhaps, as my 'posthumous activity' may retard the acceptance of Mr. Harrison's glorious anticipations for the human race. One great reason for my personal wish for a perpetuity of volition and personal energy is, that I may have a better opportunity, as far as may lie in me, to undo the mischief I shall have done before death comes to my aid. The vision of 'posthumous activity' ought indeed, I fancy, to give even the best of us very little satisfaction. It may not be, and perhaps is not, so mischievous as the vision of 'posthumous fame,' but yet it is not the kind of vision which, to my mind, can properly occupy very much of our attention in this life. Surely the right thing for us to do is to concentrate attention on the life of the living moment—to make that the best we can—and then to leave its posthumous effects, after the life of the present has gone out of it, to that Power which, far more than anything in it, transmutes at times even our evil into good, though sometimes, too, to superficial appearance at all events, even our good into evil. The desire for an immortal life—that is, for a perpetuation of the personal affections and of the will—seems to me a far nobler thing than any sort of anticipation as to our posthumous activity; for high affections and a right will are good in *themselves*, and constitute, indeed, the only elements in Mr. Harrison's 'glorious future of our race' to which I can attach much value—while posthumous activity may be either good or evil, and depends on conditions over which he who first puts the activity in motion, often has no adequate control.

And this reminds me of a phrase in Mr. Harrison's paper which I have studied over and over again without making out his meaning. I mean his statement that on his own hypothesis 'there is ample scope for the spiritual life, for moral responsibility, for the world beyond the grave, *its hopes and its duties*, which remain to us perfectly real without the unintelligible hypothesis.' (June, p. 632.) Now I suppose, by 'the hopes' of 'the world beyond the grave,' Mr. Harrison means the hopes we form for the 'future of our race,' and that I understand. But what does he mean by its 'duties'? Not, surely, our duties beyond the grave, but the duties of those who survive us; for he expressly tells us that our mental and moral powers do not increase and grow, develop or vary within themselves—do not, in fact, survive at all except in their effects—and hence duties for *us* in the world beyond the grave are, I suppose, in his creed impossible. But if he only means that there will be duties for those who survive us after we are gone, I cannot see how that is in any respect a theme on which it is either profitable or consolatory for us to dwell by anticipation. One remark more: when Mr. Harrison says (July, p. 842) that it is quite as easy to learn long for the moment when you shall become 'the immaterial principle of a comet,' or that you 'really were the ether, and were about to take your place in space,' as to

long for personal immortality—he is merely talking at random on a subject on which it is hardly seemly to talk at random. He knows that what we mean by the soul is that which lies at the bottom of the sense of personal identity—the thread of the continuity running through all our chequered life; and how it can be equally unmeaning to believe that this hitherto unbroken continuity will continue unbroken, and to believe that it is to be transformed into something else of a totally different kind, I am not only unable to understand, but even to understand how he could seriously so conceive us. My notion of myself never had the least connection with the principle of any part of any comet, but it has the closest possible connection with thoughts, affections, and volitions, which, as far as I know, are not likely to perish with my body. I am sorry that Mr. Harrison should have disfigured his paper by sarcasms so inapplicable and apparently so bitter as these.

R. H. HUTTON.

## NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

In Ireland the domestic murder is an uncommon variety. A tourist, not gifted with tact, took occasion to comment to his hostess, at a Dublin dinner-party, upon the lawlessness of the country through which he had just travelled in perfect safety, and the prevalence of homicide. "Yes," replied the lady, "I daresay it does strike the English mind, because there's such a difference, you see. Irish murderers kill their enemies; English murderers kill their wives and children, their sweethearts and their friends." She was justified by the general facts. And, of all the species of domestic murder in Ireland, killing by poison is the rarest. The present was a case which combined all the elements of uncommonness, and popular excitement was at a white heat.

Where was Katharine Farrell? No one knew. She had left Narraghmore before the memorable day which brought the news of Mrs. Daly's death. Immediate inquiry was made for her by Mr. Bellew, but he ascertained only that she had been at Mrs. Mangan's house at Athboyle when the news of the crime and the first stages of the inquest reached that neighbourhood, causing almost as much excitement there, where Daly was well known and remembered, as at Narraghmore itself. She had left them, Mr. Mangan wrote to Mr. Bellew—"slipped away," he expressed it, no doubt because she knew they would hear what they had heard since; but she need not have left them for that; they were not people to turn against a poor girl whom they had known so long because she was mentioned by ill tongues in a black business, which might not prove to be so black after all. No doubt they would hear from her soon, and then he would let Mr. Bellew know. Thus did the cheery nature of Tom Mangan come out under adverse circumstances. "Divil a bit of poison there's in it at all, in my opinion, Sam," said he, in confidence, to his assistant, "only they're new-fangled over it; and I hope they won't new-fangle Daly till he's on the gallows, with their science. Haven't we had them in the surgery and everywhere else as stiff with fits as ever anybody was with anything." But Sam Sullivan had his own reasons for believing that this was a bad business, and the full results of the inquiry were too much even for Tom Mangan's determination to take the most favourable view of everything.

While Daly was on bail, pending the inquest, he did not leave his rooms, but received there a visit from Mr. Bellew, who found him engaged in sorting and destroying certain private papers. He was quite calm, but looked ill and deeply sorrowful, and his demeanour had a singular hopelessness about it which strangely impressed his friends.

The county jail at Portmurrrough was a prison of the good old sort, as ugly outside as it was cheerless and severe within. Dominick Daly was an "odd sort of a prisoner," the gaolers said to one another, though they were used to a great variety, and could not be expected to feel much interest in the specimens of criminality with whom they had to do in the way of business. He was singularly absent-minded, and exhibited none of the restlessness and curiosity which generally characterize prisoners, before trial, at all events. "Like a man dazed," one described him; "like as if he was looking at something so fixed, he could see nothing else," said another, and he was generally admitted to "take it quieter" than any accused person remembered in the prison annals. Daly was not unbefriended; Mr. Bellew, as has been already said, took active steps for his defence, and Father John O'Connor wrote to him, saying that he would get and see him on a certain day. Daly had a long interview with the solicitor whose services Mr. Bellew had engaged, and with Mr. Bellew himself; but in reply to Father John O'Connor's letter, he wrote, very respectfully, but firmly, declining to see him. When this became known at Narraghmore, the gentry, who were on Daly's side, felt that it was a bad sign; it staggered them; and the lower classes read in it a confirmation of their belief in his guilt and its motive. Of course he didn't want to see Father John, they said. Why would he? His Reverence was too knowledgeable for him all along, and as he'd minded him, he wouldn't be "there" now.

Dominick Daly had been a week in the jail at Portmurrrough; and with the exception of Mr. Bellew and the solicitor, Mr. Cormac, nobody had visited him. He enjoyed the privileges, or the rights, of an untried prisoner; books and writing materials were supplied to him, and interviews with his friends, should such present themselves, would be undisturbed by the presence of officials. But Daly neither read nor wrote. His letter to Father John O'Connor was the only one which he addressed to any of his friends; and when Mr. Bellew left him, he repeated more than once that he had absolutely nothing more to say than whatever it was that he had said during their one interview. The books lay unopened on the deal table, painted black, which stood beneath the high-placed barred window of his prison room. He would sit for hours, profoundly still, his hands folded, his head down, his eyes fixed on the floor; then he would rise and pace the narrow bounds which shut him from the outer world, also for hours, not wildly or fitfully, but mechanically, like one whose limbs obeyed an impulse given to them without thought or purpose. He rarely spoke aloud, or gave way to any external sign of emotion, but sometimes, in the depth of the night, he would toss restlessly on his narrow couch, and emit that terrible sound, which is worse to hear than the wildest utterance of a woman's despair, the low, long groan, in which the anguish of a man's heart finds its voice.

One day, after he had been walking to and fro until he was weary, Daly seated himself at the table and began to write, muttering to himself as he did so:—

"Can I exactly recall the words? Am I quite sure of them? Quite sure that there is no loophole for escape, or for suspicion? I wasn't thinking much of what I was about when I was writing it, and yet it seems to come back clearly enough now."

Then he wrote:—

"I am sorry for the news you send me in your letter, and what I hear from Mrs. Cronin. Have you been rightly minding the doctor? You must remember the cure I got for you at Athboyle had nothing at all to do with what the doctor gives you, and you must just go on as if you were not taking it. Perhaps, as you say it has not done you any good at all, it would be the best way for you to drop it altogether, and try the powder I send in this. It is an entirely new cure, and I am in hopes it will succeed. But there is no use in letting on about it to anyone, they will only laugh at you for wanting other people's cures when you have the doctor attending you regularly. So take the powder in a little cold water, just a spoonful at a time whenever you feel bad, and say nothing about it to anybody. Above all, be particular that Dr. Dunne does not find it out, for he would be very angry at you wanting any physic but his, and with me for interfering. Mind this, Mary, it would be a bad thing for me to be found out in sending you this cure, and, maybe, Dr. Dunne would not attend you any more if he discovered you quacking yourself, for no regular doctor likes it. Mrs. Cronin must say nothing about it either, for she would be in the scrape as well as ourselves."

"I don't think there's a word left out, or put in," mused Daly. "There it is, all there was about it, and what *could* there be more? I never sent her any warning before; I never told her to keep any of the cures—real medicine too—that Sam made up for me, from anybody. If she never mentioned them to the doctor, it was because she was sensible enough