

TOM PHILLIPS

A HUMUMENT  
A TREATED VICTORIAN NOVEL

Fourth Edition

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#### AUTHOR'S PREFACE

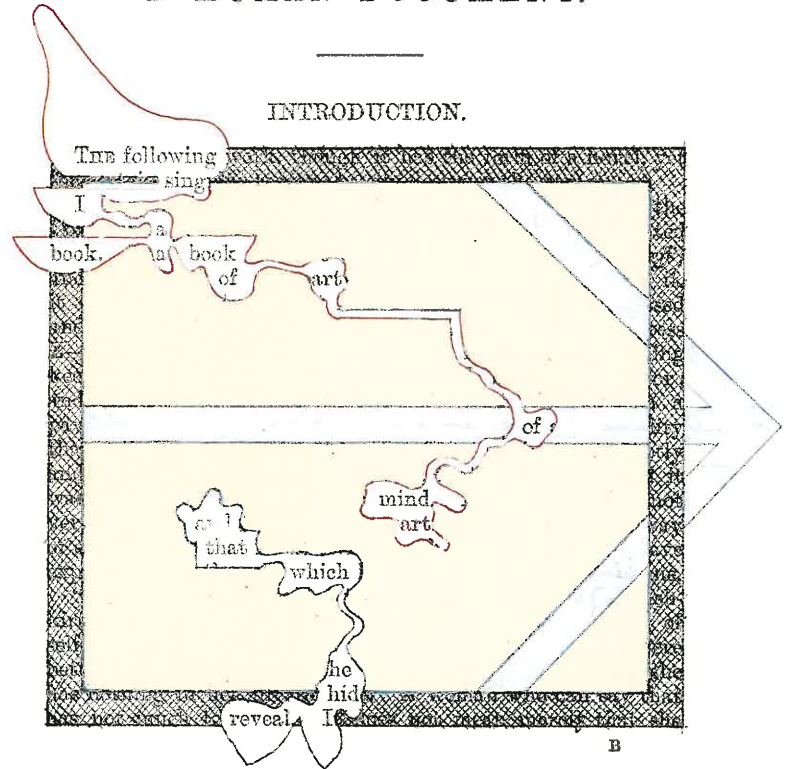
Hoping that the reader would want to meet  
the book head on I have put the introduction  
at the end.

volume And  
side I shall lie,  
bones my bones

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

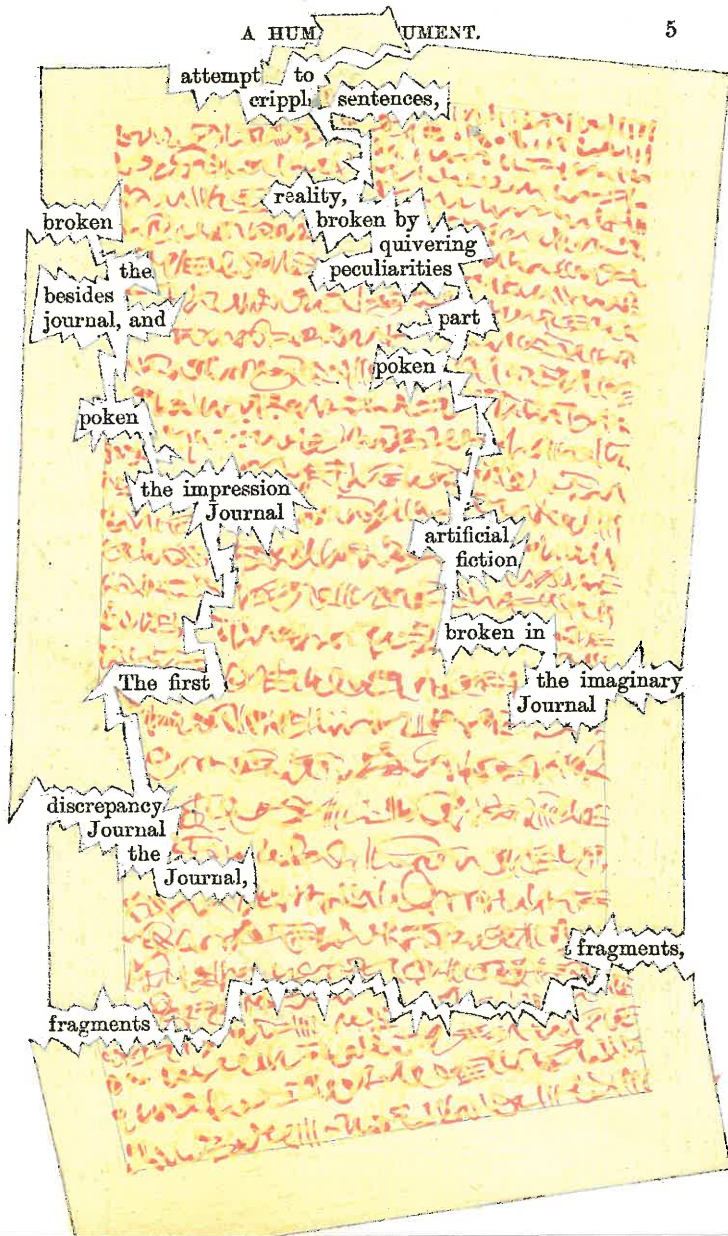
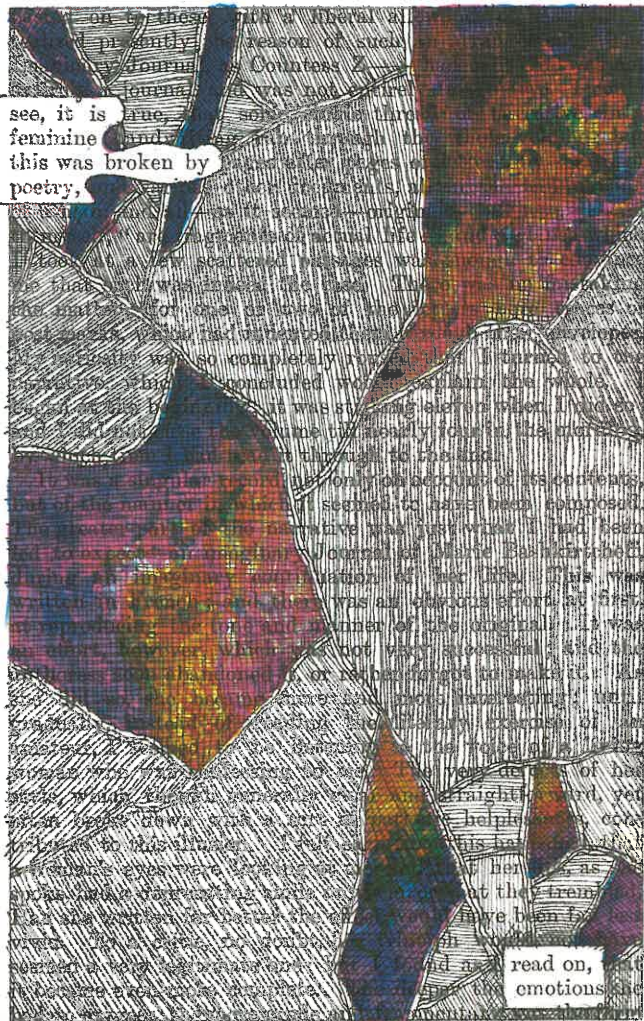
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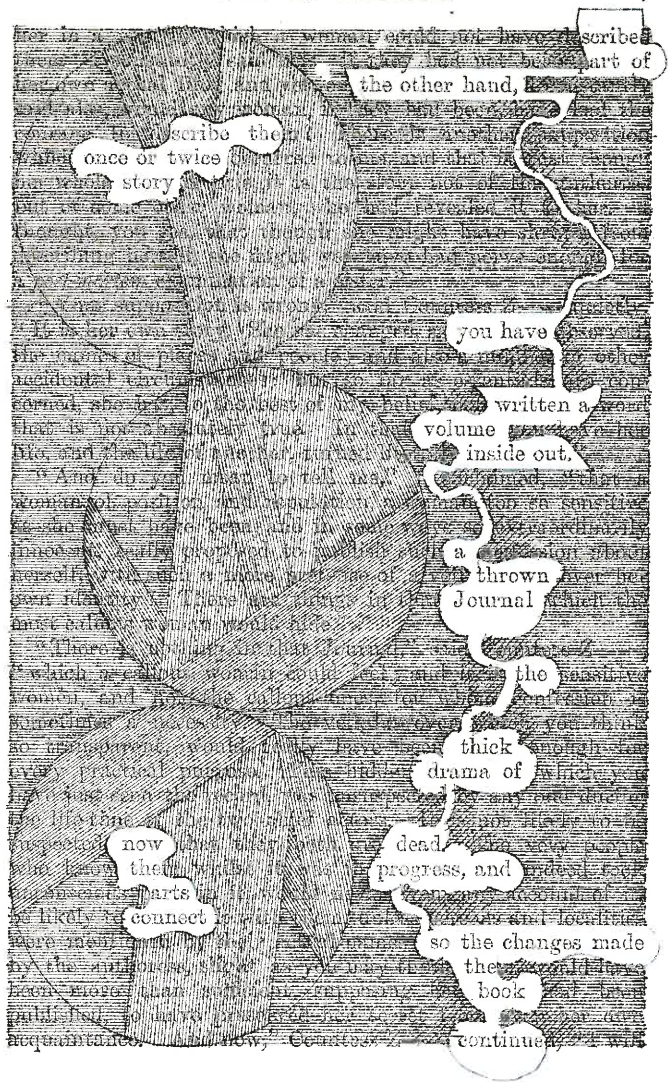
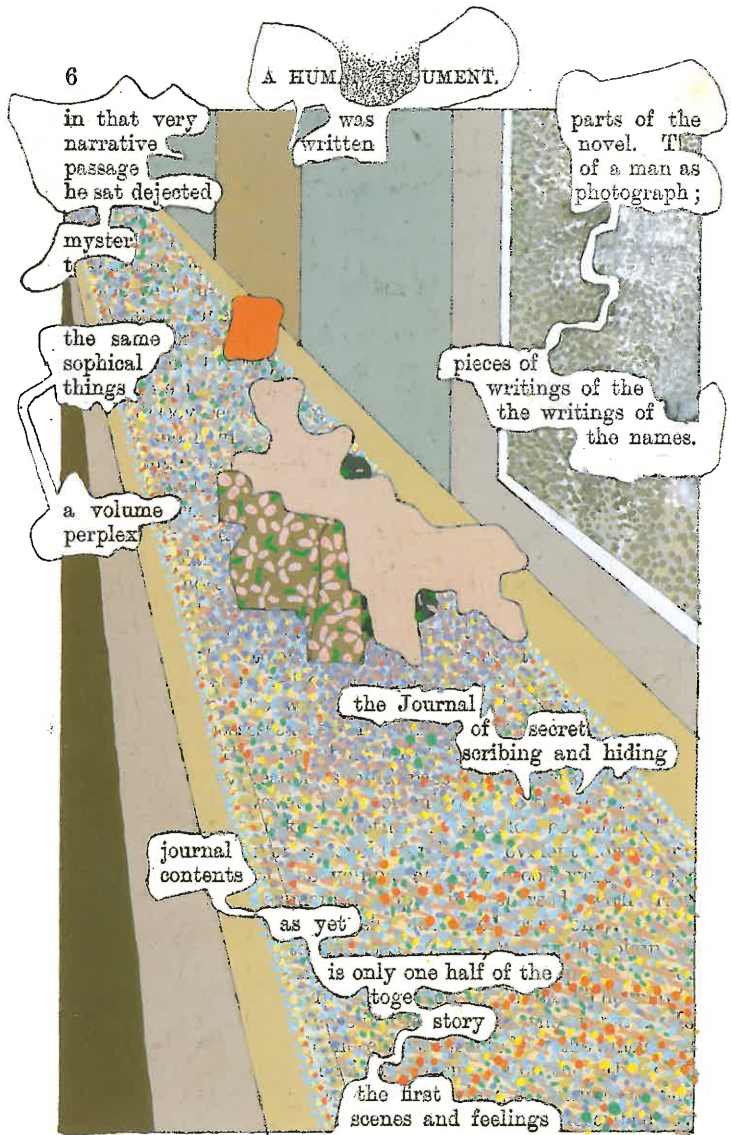
INTRODUCTION.

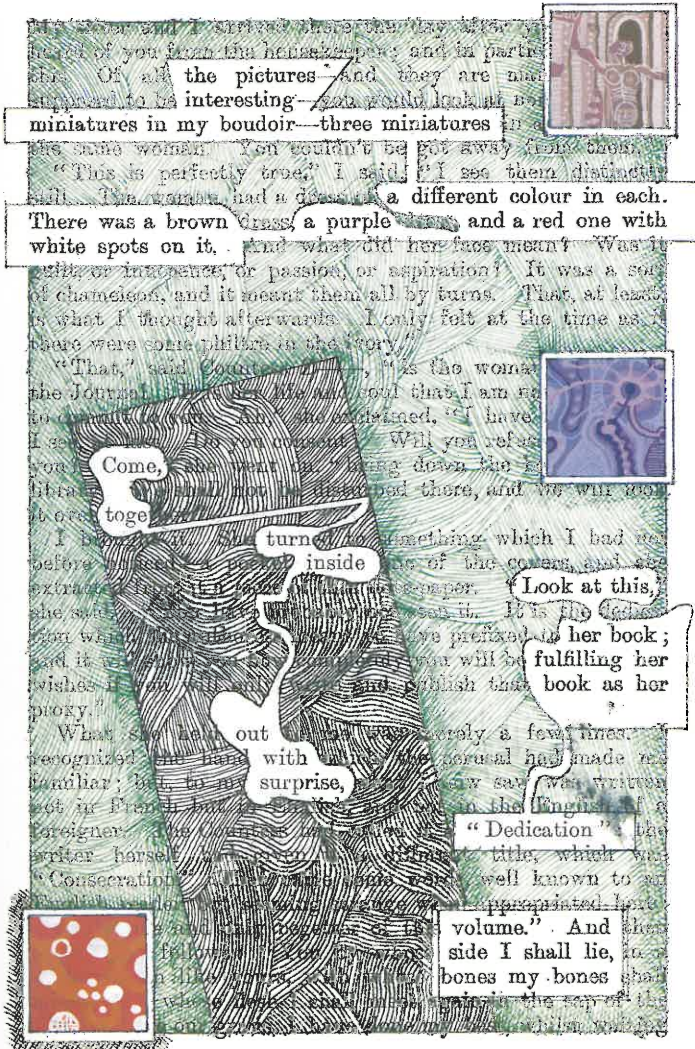
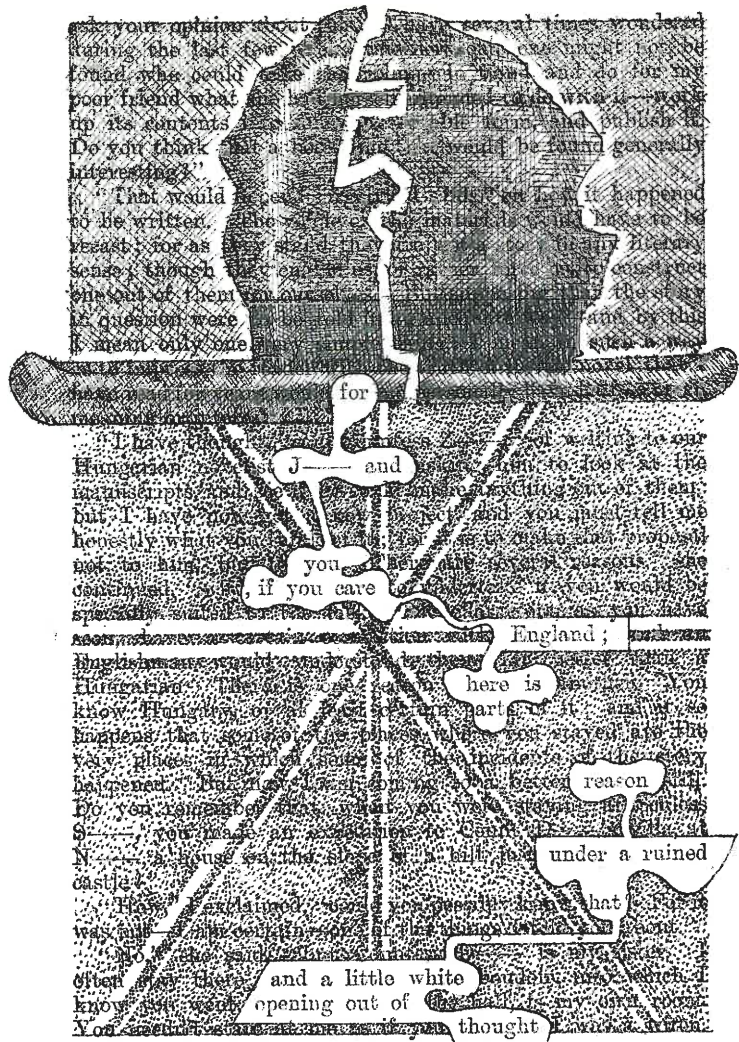


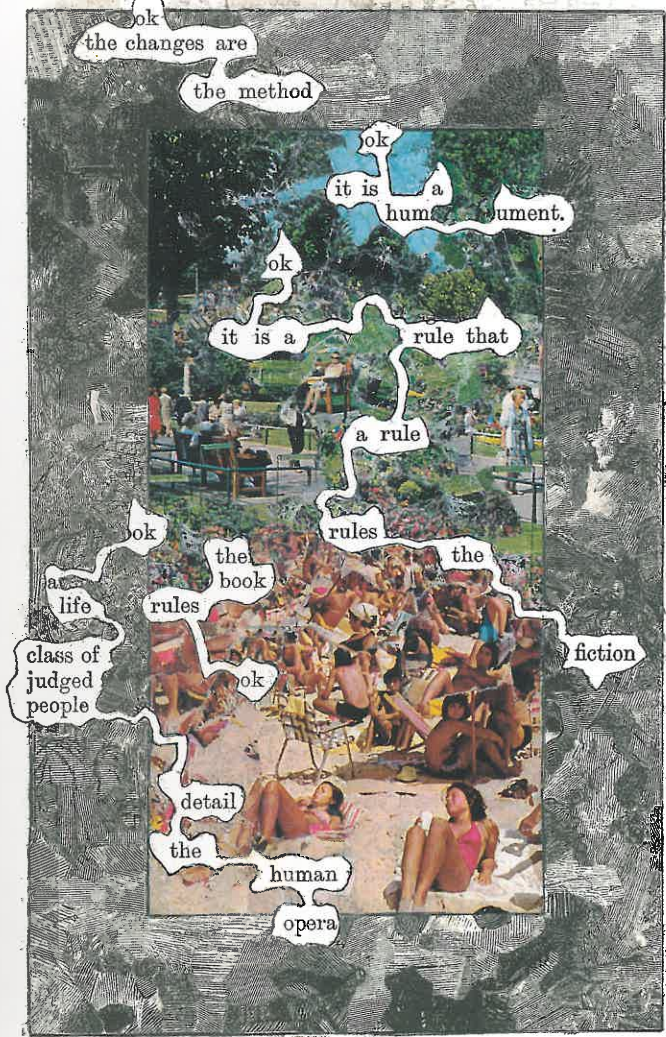
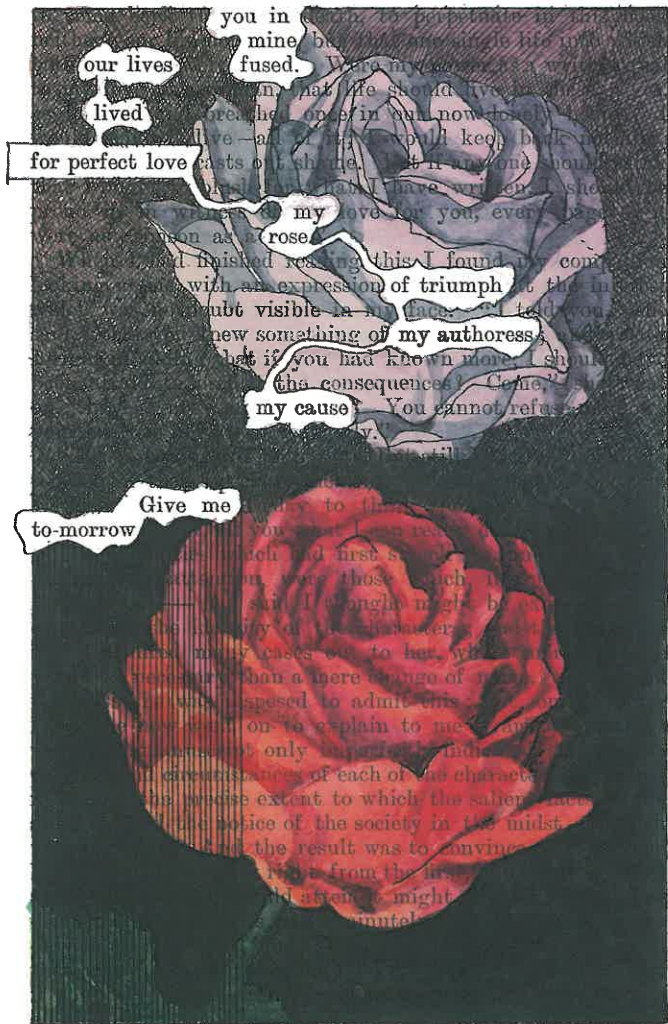
for Ruth and Marvin Sackner, patrons, friends  
who guard my work between them, like book-ends.



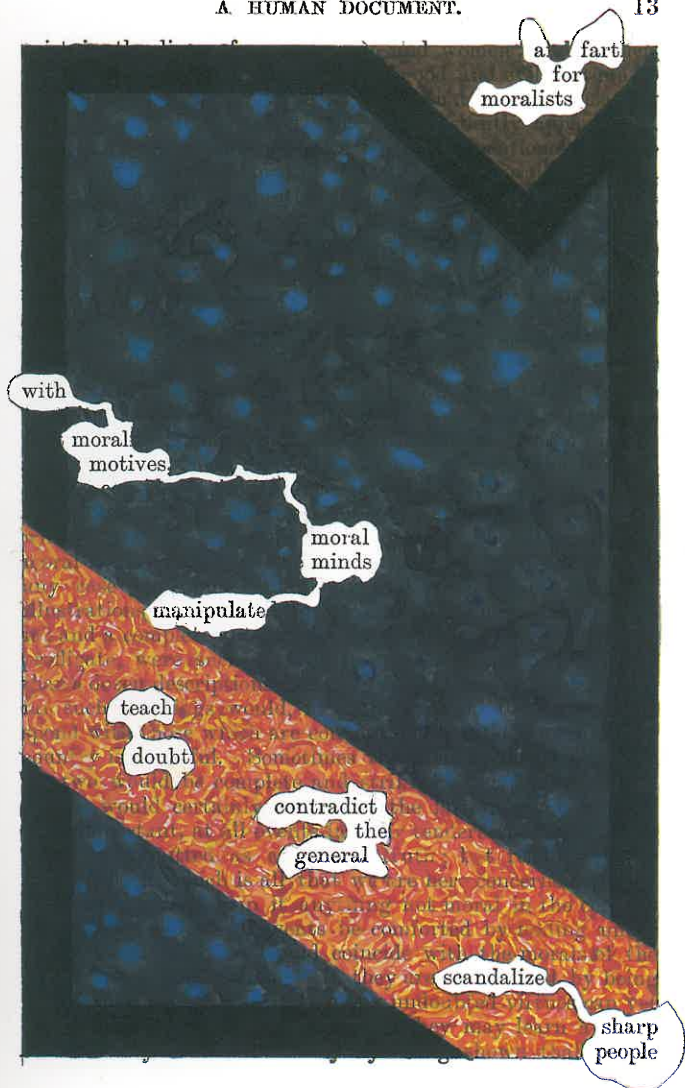














## CHAPTER I.

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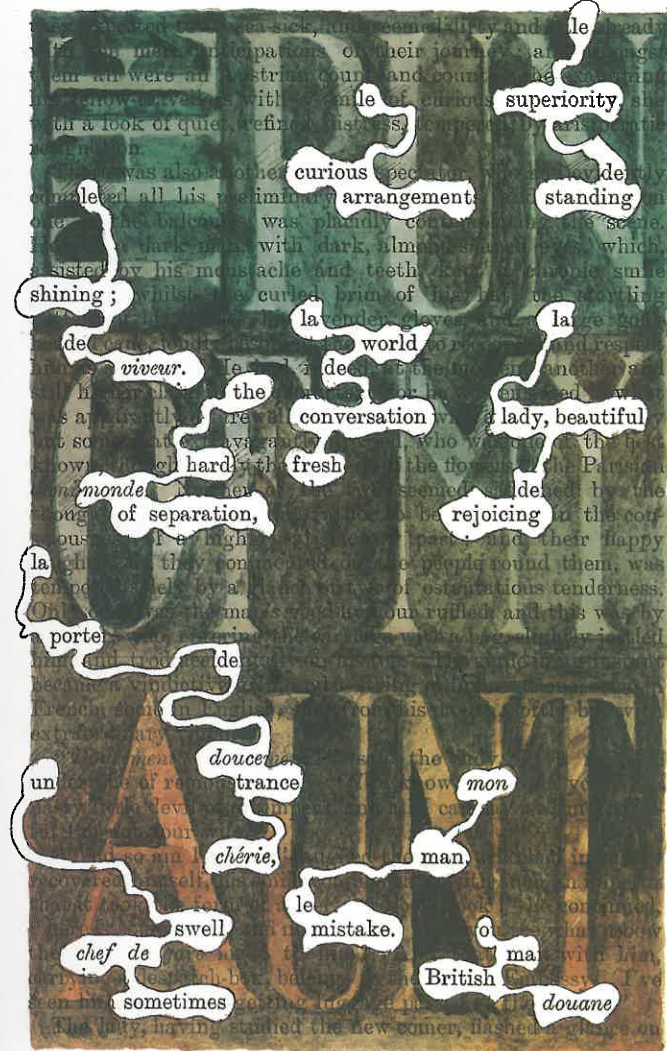
wheeled slowly

in

by

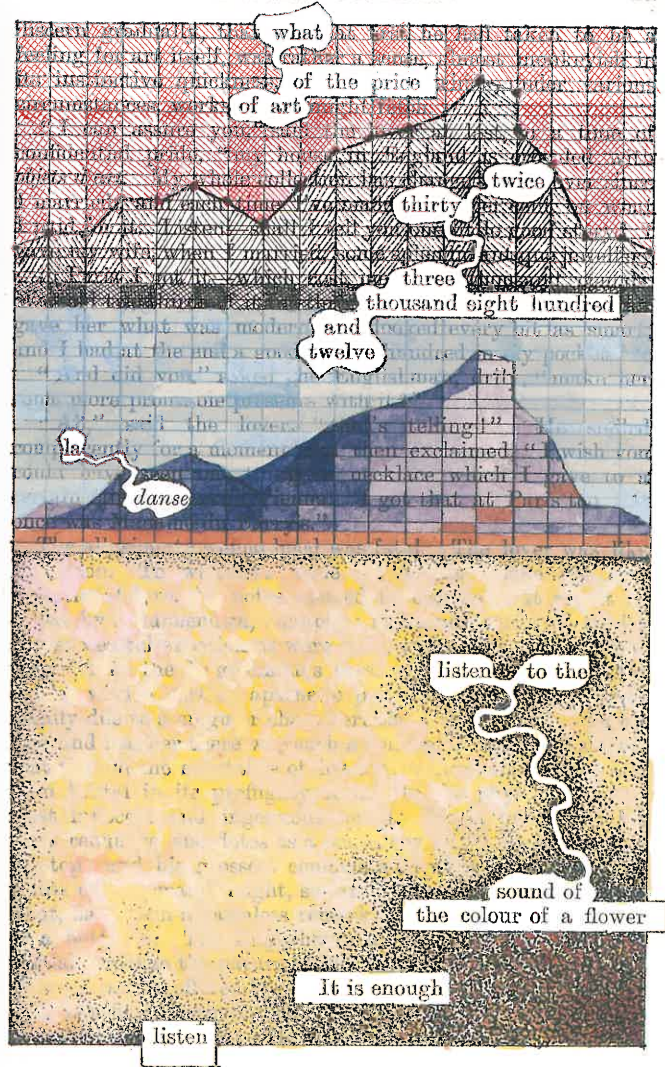
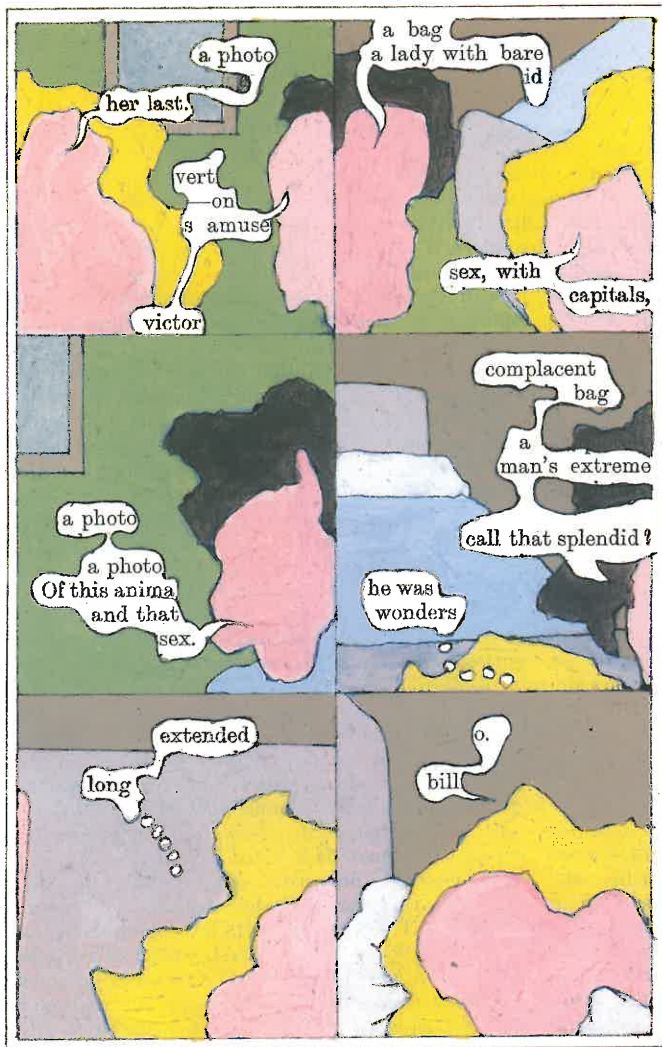
French and

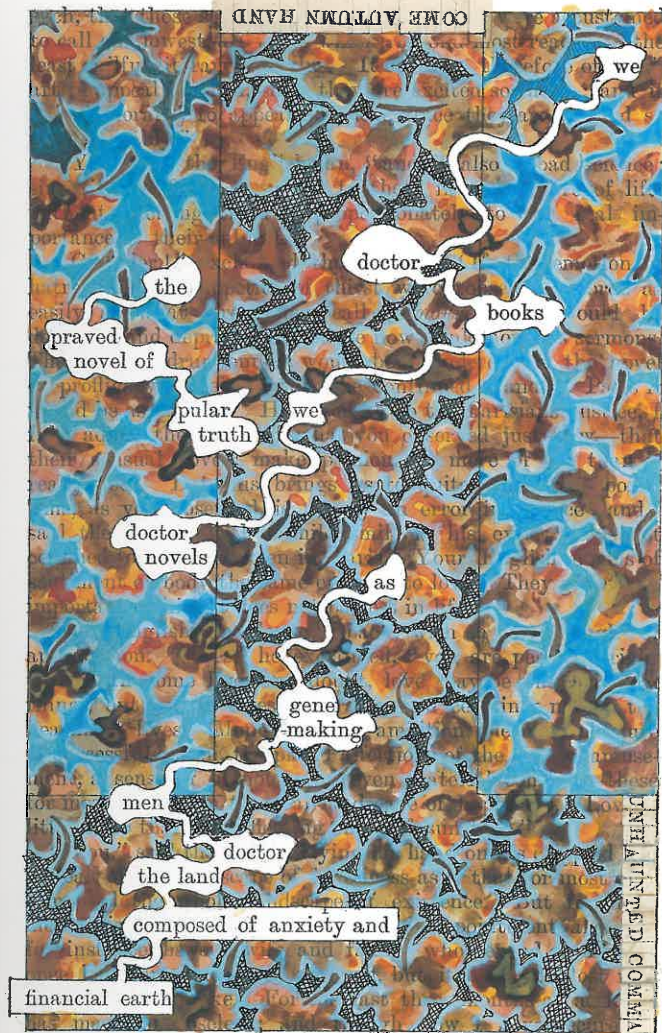
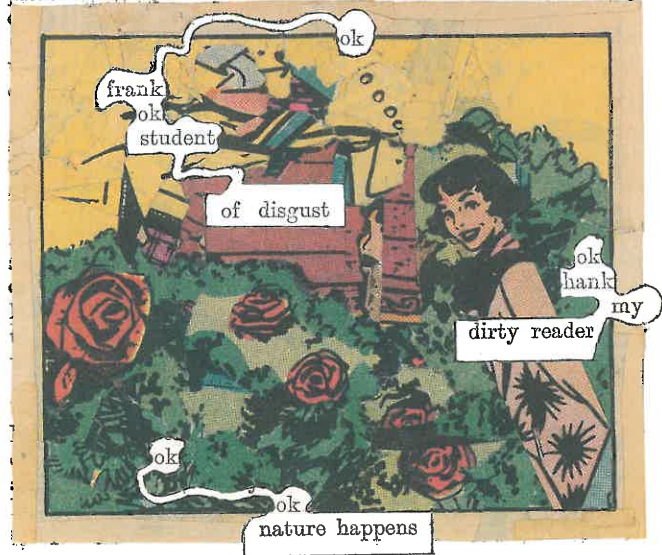
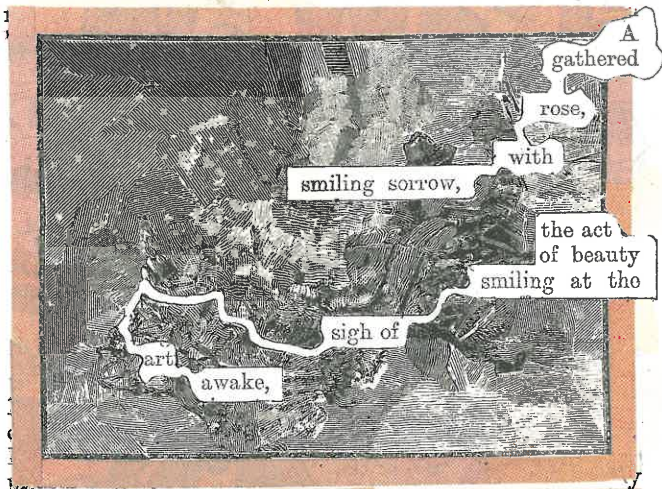
German ladies of vague conditions in life,

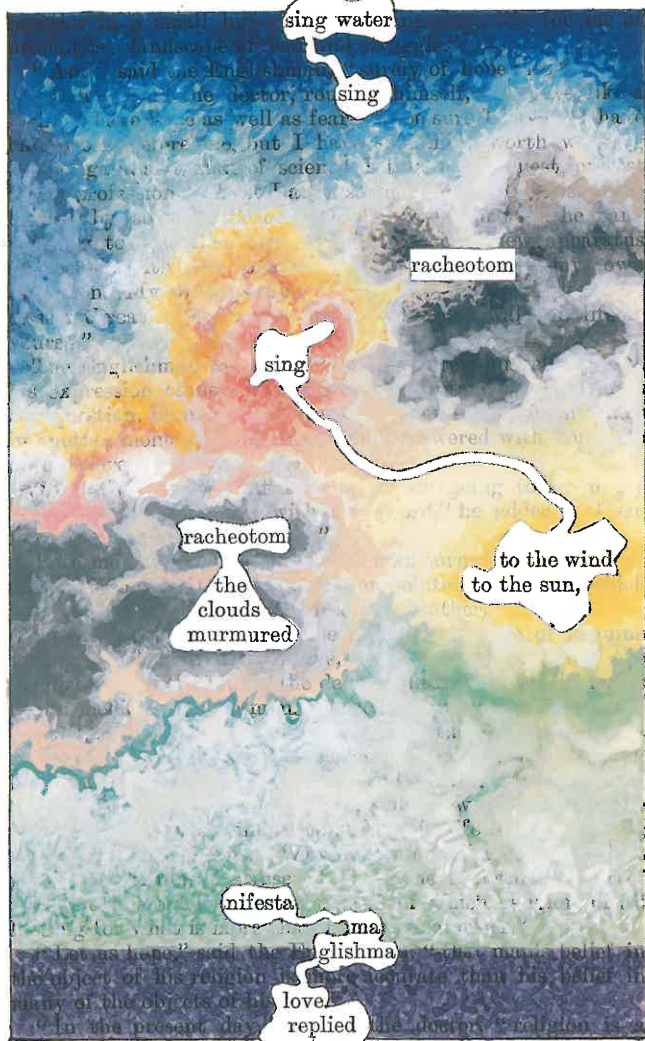












belief no longer. It is only the raw material out of which these new beliefs will be fashioned. I hope I do not offend you. Perhaps I am speaking too Catholic?"

"You are not," said the Englishman, "though Catholicism is the only religion that is logical."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and my meaning of life as a materialist is that only in your life can be lived only in defiance of logic. All forms of conscientious object to explain too trivial a belief which pretends to have no difficulties is a belief that solves none."

"And do you," said the Englishman, "as a materialist, consider a belief necessary? And what belief in the future do you think the world will accept?"

"None," the doctor answered, "the future alone can show. But the present state of knowledge, however imperfect, expresses itself in one definite form which knowledge will not allow us to tolerate. It will have to give way to a new belief as it does to a new soul that the universe is made of. It will be the same. At the same time I maintain this—that man is only human because of his longing



this—that life has lost all its hopes, and death none of its.

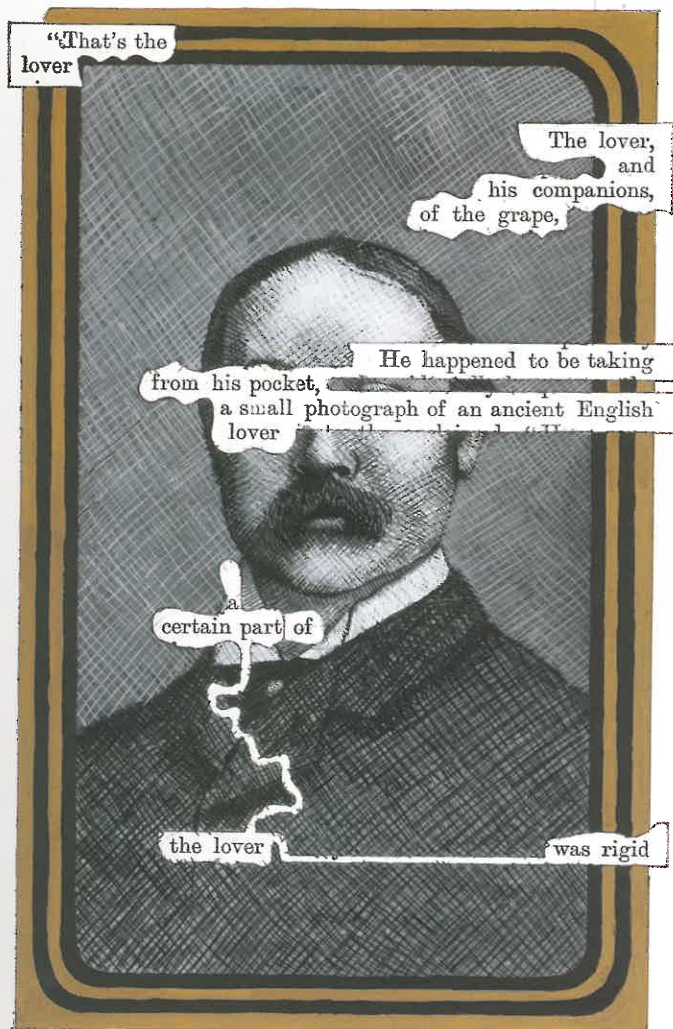
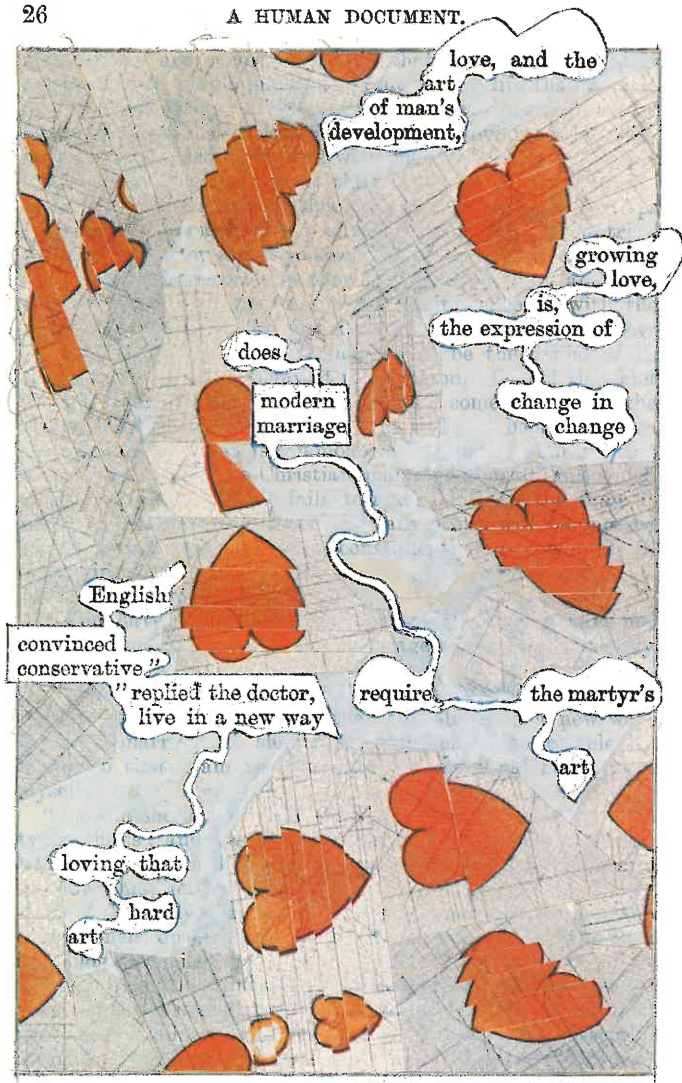
"However, we are not peculiar. I have talked with the leaders of science in my own country" and he here mentioned names of European celebrity—"and though many of them were shy of making distinct admissions, at the back of their minds I believe that they felt as I did. You look surprised at my having any scientific acquaintances."

The doctor hesitated.

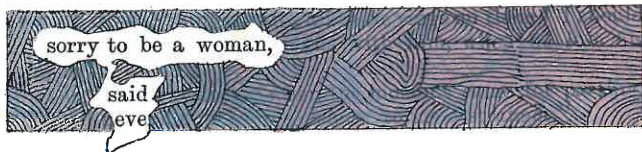
"The plain fact is," he replied, "if I may be excused for saying so, that you seem like a man of affairs, and like a man of fashion; and such men as a rule care little for men of science."

The Englishman's face for a moment betrayed a feeling shared by many others, and somewhat difficult to explain. It showed that this speech pleased him, as though it were a kind of compliment. But the feeling vanished, and his look was again thoughtful.

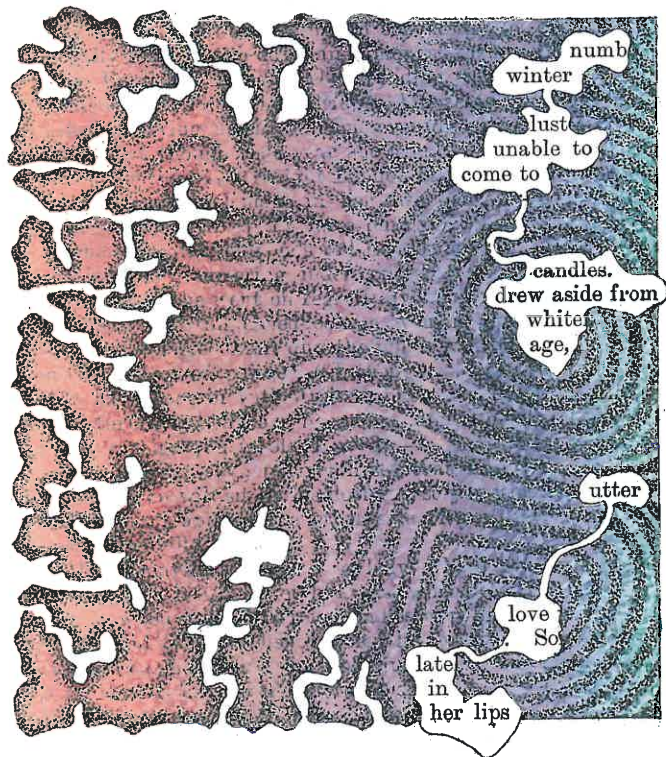
"Well," the doctor continued, "and if our religion be such,

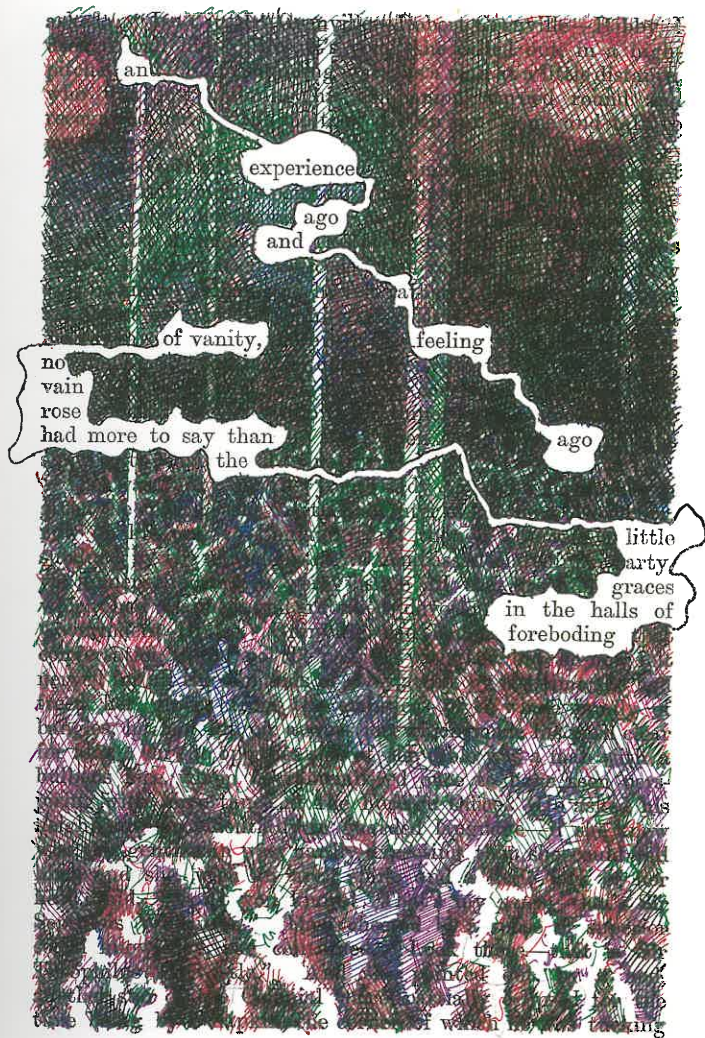
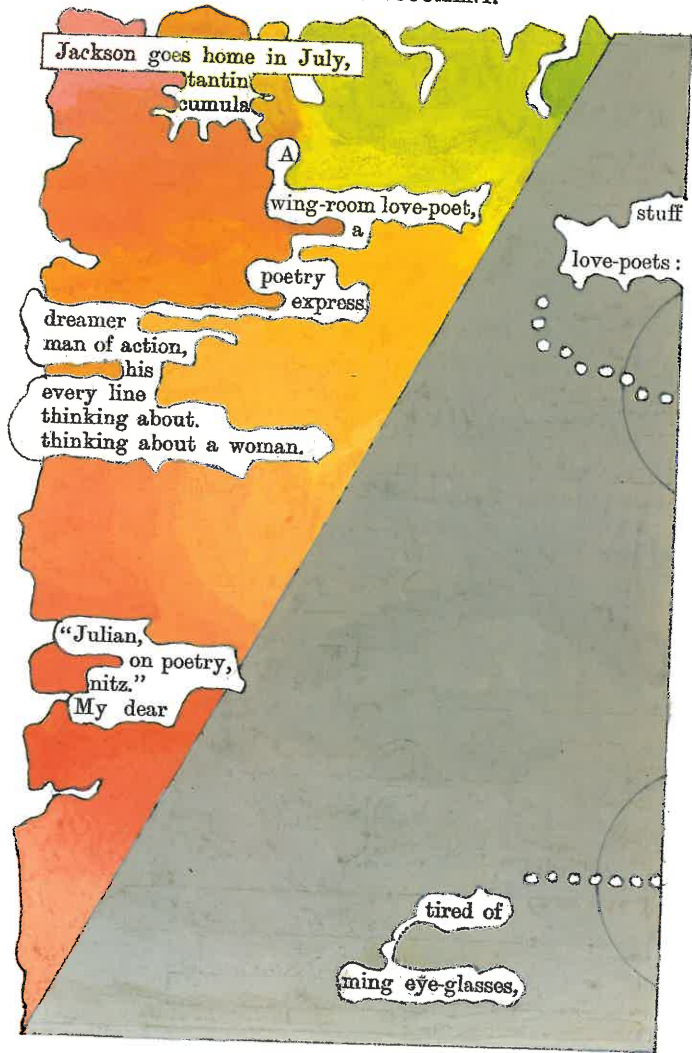






## CHAPTER II.





the table,

everybody

correct,

accurate  
persons  
put

together

correct

conversation ;  
Grenville

soon relieved of

his

Lady Ashford

awful partner

deliver me from

you  
to-night

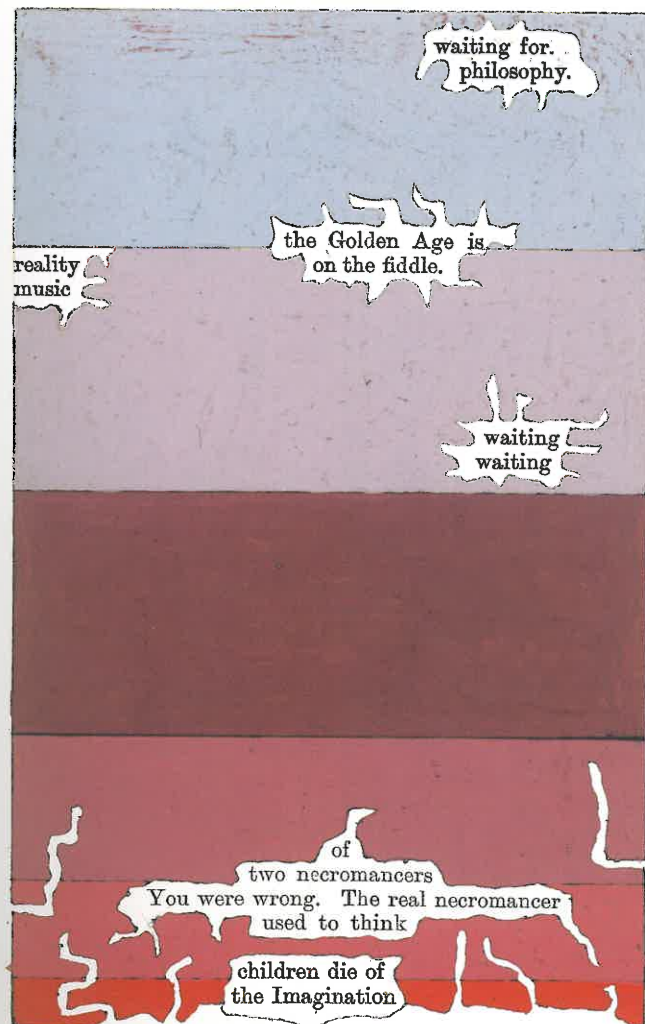
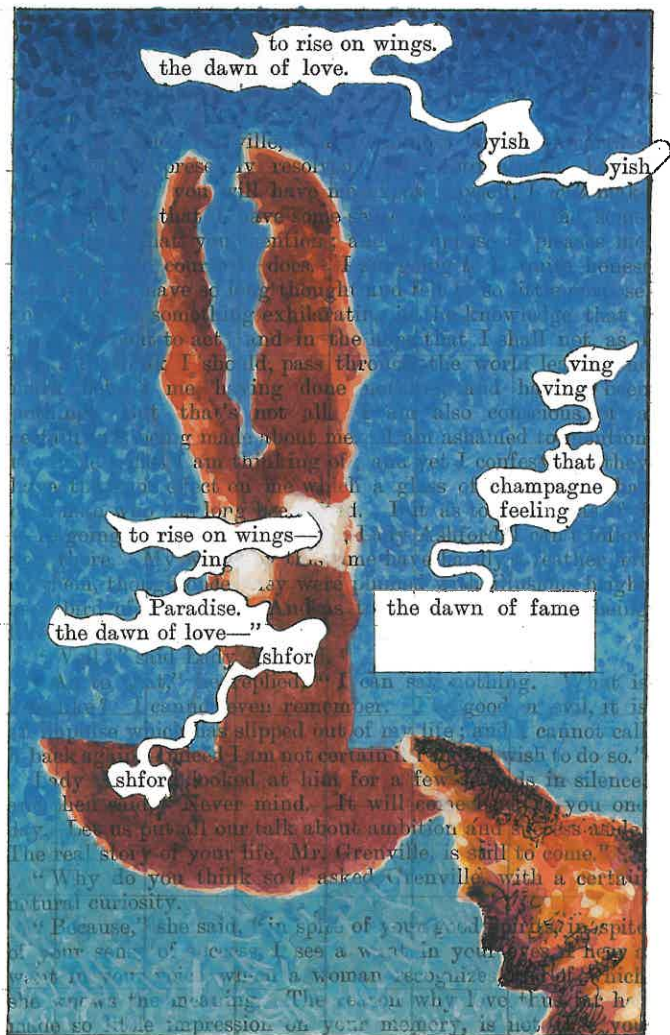
he had

when first

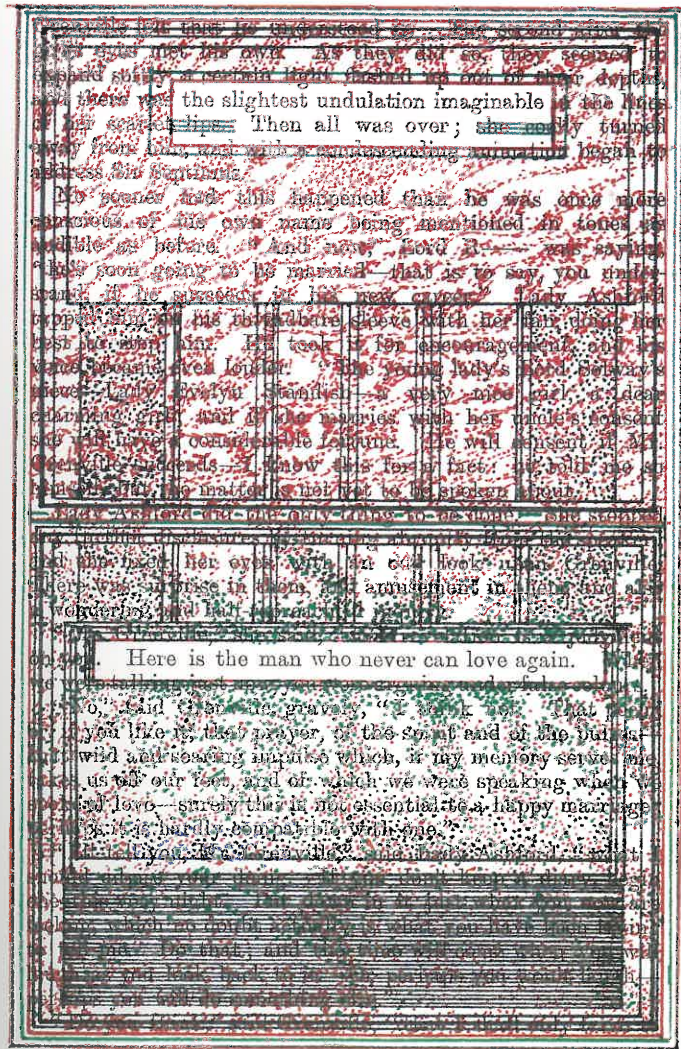
two necromancers, love

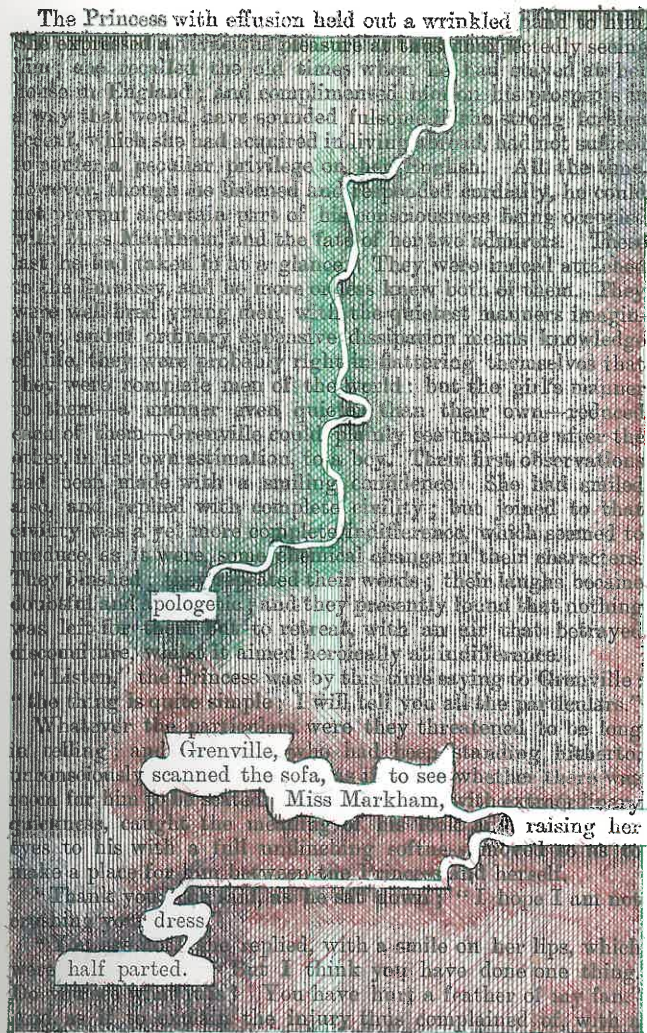
coloured it with colours, and filled it with objects of ambition,

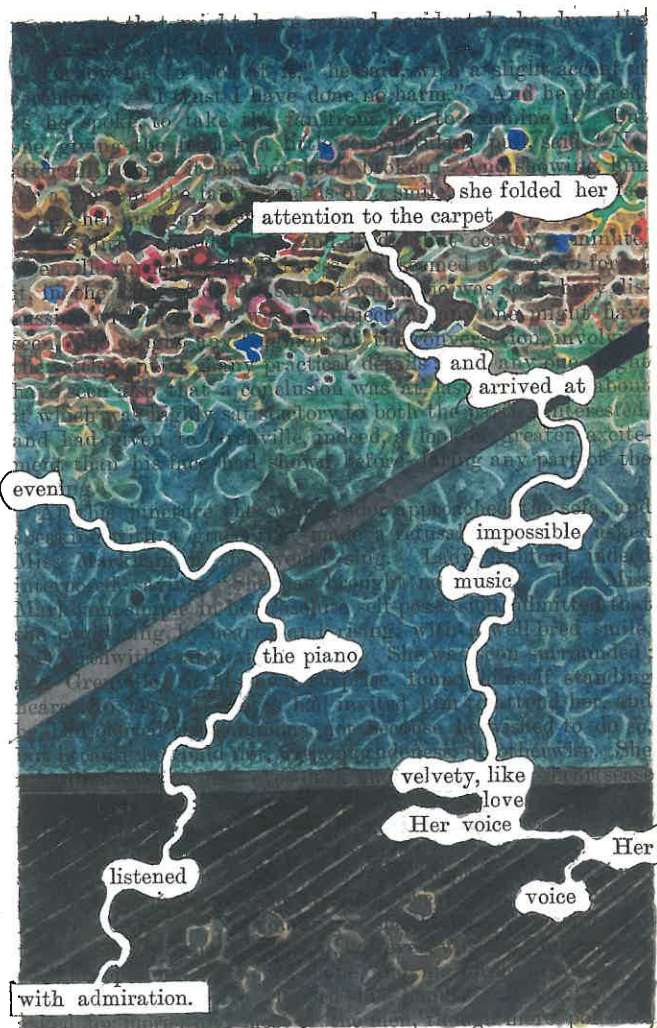
softly



CHAPTER III.







... were equally sincere in their applause. Miss M. Lham, however, could refuse a request as simply and gravely as she could comply with one; and saying that she had just heard the carriage announced, moved towards Lady Ashford, who evidently wished to go. And now the entertainment yielded to Grenville. As Lady Ashford was in the act of saying "good-bye" to him, Miss Markham turned towards him also, as if to include herself in a common process of farewelling; and then, with a look in her eyes of intense solicitation, she held out her hand to him, and took his in an engaging clasp. As soon as she was gone, he turned to the Princess. "You may," she said, "that I had new prospects before me." The Princess held out her hand, which I must not describe.

## CHAPTER IV.

GRENVILLE, that night in his bed, found

