

1976

Dark Matrix: A Study Of Isabella Valancy Crawford

Catherine Louise Ross

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DARK MATRIX:
A STUDY OF ISABELLA WALANCY CRAWFORD

by
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Submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy

Faculty of Graduate Studies
The University of Western Ontario
London, Ontario
October, 1975

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ABSTRACT.

The structure of myth that supports all Crawford's work allows her to confront, not transcend, the complexity of human experience. Within this structure, she treats themes of pioneer building and the decay of civilizations, wealth and its perversion into the means of oppression, hope and despair, love and death. She sees life as a constant struggle of opposites reconciled by sacrificial love. This myth of polarities is developed in a structure of symbols ordered in pairs: eagle and dove, sun and mists, cedar paddle and lily bed, brother Good and brother Evil, whirling lariat and yawning gulch, light and dark, Christ and Barabbas. The nonetheless close and necessary relationship between these seemingly antagonistic pairs she expresses in her recurring motifs of identical twins and the clasped handshake.

Consistently the solar myth provides a shape for the various other levels within her work. The sun, born of his mother, the Night, and returning to darkness each evening, suggests the rhythm of life in death and death in life. Some poems are explicitly about the sun, as, for example, "The Wooing of Gheezis" or "Gisli the Chieftain". Others use the solar myth as one of the three or four parallel plots handled simultaneously. "Malcolm's Katie" aligns the love story of Max and Katie, pioneer history, and the seasonal myth of the struggle of the North and South Winds.

and the annual death and rebirth of the sun.

Primarily a writer of narrative whose characteristic mode is romantic comedy, Crawford uses plot as a means of interrelating various levels of her universe. Starting with the cruder handling of myth in her early work, Crawford's poems and prose romances build up a monomyth of increasing complexity, integrating elements from fairy tales, folk legends, Greek, Icelandic, Slavonic, Indian, and Christian myth into her own coherent vision. The prose romances, including Married With an Opal, which I have found wrongly catalogued under various titles in the Douglas Library Collection, are evidence of Crawford's battle with commercial necessity. She displaces myth in the direction of realism and adapts popular conventions to the expression of her grand themes. The newly discovered long poem, which I am calling "Narrative IX", is the final and most complete statement in a body of work whose importance is only now gaining recognition.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to thank my advisors, James Reaney and Richard Stingle, for their unstinting assistance and support.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CERTIFICATE OF EXAMINATION ii

ABSTRACT iii

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS v

TABLE OF CONTENTS vi

CHAPTER ONE - BIOGRAPHY AND LEGEND 1

Illustrations: Crawford's Embroidery
sculpture tableau and details 53-55

CHAPTER TWO - THE FUNDAMENTAL DESIGN 59

CHAPTER THREE - RIDING ROMAN: THE PROSE ROMANCES 134

CHAPTER FOUR - "MALCOLM'S KATIE" 194

CHAPTER FIVE - "NARRATIVE II" 233

NOTES TO CHAPTER ONE 279

NOTES TO CHAPTER TWO 283

NOTES TO CHAPTER THREE 285

NOTES TO CHAPTER FOUR 286

NOTES TO CHAPTER FIVE 287

APPENDIX A. THE LOST DIAMOND OF ST. DALMAS 288

APPENDIX B. "NARRATIVE II" 299

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORKS CITED 319

VITA 331

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CHAPTER ONE

BIOGRAPHY AND LEGEND

Editorial

"Two Canadian Poets"

Two volumes of Canadian Verse have appeared just in time to be available for the Christmas season, the edition of the works of William Wilfred Campbell and the collected poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford. Both books are from the press of William Briggs. . . . The Crawford volume had a degree of pathetic interest attaching to it. . . . It is a tardy tribute to her brilliant powers, but we are not hasty in Canada in recognizing the claims of literary or artistic genius. (Globe Magazine, Dec. 16, 1905)

Miss Crawford's Book of Poems

"The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford", ed. by J. W. Garvin (W. Briggs, Toronto, 1905)

It is a matter for more than ordinary gratification that Miss Crawford's poems have been at last collected and placed before the Canadian public in the form of the present handsome volume. The past year or two have seen a marked display of interest in her work and a disposition to make a tardy and trivial amend for the neglect with which she was treated during her life. . . . It is not pleasant to remember that in this case, as with others of our Canadian poets, Lampman and Campbell notably, a readier recognition came from outside Canada than within. . . .

There is much therefore of the joyfully expressed in Miss Crawford's writings, though so little of it was there by experience. . . .

. . . this fine volume of Canadian verse . . . should be read and known in every Canadian home. (Globe Magazine, Dec. 30, 1905)

CANADIAN POETESS STARVED TO DEATH

Isabella Crawford Battled Poverty With Meagre Proceeds From Now Noted Work

Coincident with Canadian book week, literary experts were surprised the other day to note an obscure item in a provincial paper that a Canadian poetess, who . . . some day would be regarded as one of the greatest women bards of the world, had practically starved to death 40 years ago, trying to live by selling her verse for "a mere song". (Toronto Star, Nov. 8, 1928)

"Paisley and its Poet"

Life on the edge of the Huron Tract seventy years ago was hard and lonely. . . . In that atmosphere there was growing up a sensitive child, wide-eyed and studious, who was to leave her mark on Canadian poetry. . . . But she had read Homer and Dante. (Globe, May 24, 1930)

The Homemaker

The Home Forum

"From the Home of Isabella Valancy Crawford"

Perhaps you do not know that it was in the picturesque little village of Paisley, in Bruce County, that the first Canadian woman poet spent the early and most impressionable years of her life. . . . much of the imagery and description shown in her poems was inspired by the natural beauty of her youthful surroundings. . . . Within the last few years we seem to be waking up to the fact that a rare spirit has lived among us. Some time ago Mr. Wilson McDonald . . . declared in an address at Peterboro' that Isabella Valancy Crawford was a greater poet than Longfellow. Mrs. Annie Sutherland . . . whose parents were pioneers in this village, has by special request written a charming reminiscence of the childhood days of the poet while living here. (Anne of Arden, Globe, May 7, 1930)

"Isabella Valancy Crawford's Sojourn in Paisley"

As a Bruce boy whose early life setting was at Paisley, in the days of the "settlement", I am in a position to trace [its] influence . . . in the formative work of Miss Crawford. Indeed her father, Dr. Crawford, was, during these years, the family physician in the home of my father. . . . Anne of Arden is right in saying that Miss Crawford . . . witnessed the very pioneer life . . . so beautifully set forth in her poem "Malcolm's Katie", for Paisley was essentially a Scottish "settlement", where the McDougalls, the McDonalds, the McNeills and the McTavishes predominated.

Thomas O'Hagan

Thank you, Dr. O'Hagan. These early years of Isabella Valancy Crawford's life are very interesting. (Globe, May 14, 1930)

Isabella Crawford: Grandmother Figure

. . . The notion that Canadian literature is not only an issue for the future, that it also has a past, has been stirring for some time now. . . . The reissue of Crawford is part of an attempt to suggest that for the right kind of explorer, 19th-century Canadian literature is not a wasteland. (Robert Fulford, Toronto Star, Feb. 10, 1973)

Crawford's life, like Frederick Phillip Grove's, asks to be read as myth. Grove's long, detailed autobiographies are valued, as it turns out, not as a reliable account of their author's life, but as a romance of the imagination's quest for an ideal America. Crawford, following the opposite course of self-possessed reticence, and leaving behind her no diaries, letters, reminiscences, or confessions, has likewise had her life shaped into myth, part tragedy and part romance. Grove saw himself as a Canadian Jude the Obscure, whose struggle, as he says, "had been such as to make defeat a foregone conclusion" (Prologue to In Search of Myself). It was Crawford's early critics who interpreted her story as a Keatsian tragedy of public neglect and the early death of genius. Crawford's own literary preferences, as we shall see, were for comedy and romance--- reconciliation of opposites and redemption through love. However, the remarkable sparseness of known facts about her life, and the unquestionable picturesqueness of many of these facts, have encouraged commentators to fill out Crawford's legend in terms of pre-occupations with the wilderness and the city, the commercial pressures of writing for foreign markets, the job of finding a poetic voice and a grammar of symbols suited to the Canadian experience,

and the tragic plight of the isolated artist. Finally, of course, the only significant testimony is Crawford's work. What remains of this work is an embroidery-sculpture tableau of turbaned Brahmins mounted on elephants; the poems printed in Old Spookses' Pass and Other Poems, and in various Toronto newspapers; four boxes of manuscripts, mostly short stories and novels, now part of the Lorne Pierce Collection in the Douglas Library at Queen's University; and short stories and novels, most of which have not been located, published largely in American magazines like Frank Leslie's.

As for her life, the biographical information that exists imitates the romance and fairy-tale motifs that Crawford favours in her own writing: "the heroine's mysterious birth; lost brothers and sisters; child-deaths; the perilous journey to an unknown land; the retreat into a magic forest; the fatherless daughter thrown upon the world to support her family; the unrecognized princess surrounded, like Little Nell, by grotesqueries; the uncle in the British Navy who sends a small quarterly allowance too little to live on; and the motif of the twin or double. This last element is present both in the double life that Crawford herself maintained, presenting a deliberately drab exterior to the world while entertaining a richly imaginative interior life, and in the double versions that exist for almost every factual detail of Crawford's biography. For example, she was born in 1846 in Scotland; she was born on Christmas Day, 1850 in

* Articles about Crawford include the following: Dorothy Livesay's "Tennyson's Daughter or Wilderness Child?", Mary Martin's "The Short Life of Isabella Valancy Crawford", and Ann Yeoman's "Towards a Native Mythology: the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford".

Dublin, Ireland. Nine brothers and sisters died in Paisley, Upper Canada; one child, Sydney R., died in Paisley, seven others having already died in Ireland. Crawford was "tall, dark . . . almost repellent"; she was "blue-eyed . . . sort of dreamy". She was "somewhat short and a little below average height"; she was "tall, very frail, and had a wealth of fair, beautiful hair". She was "somewhat shabby"; she "had the air of a princess".

How she might appear a goose-girl to one person and a princess to another is suggested by her own description of Thea, Crawford's heroine in a romance serial, Pillows of Stone. Thea "led two lives running in parallel lines which gave no promise of touching"--her "dear stupid dull Dutch Canal life" of everyday necessity and her "gay, deep, noisy, quiet, bright River life" of the imagination. Crawford gives to this heroine some of her own interests and accomplishments: Thea was "learned in the learning of the Egyptians", "erudite in the astral lore her father loved, skilful in the great organ, . . . learned in the entrancing and gorgeous pageantry of dead Gods and lives of Kings, consuls, Imperators crumbled to ashes with their thrones"; "she did not take kindly to the modern accomplishments" but preferred "the roll of old Greek and Latin poets familiar to her tongue". For some years during childhood, Thea worshipped two gods, "saying one set of prayers at the shrine of the Christians as represented by Mary Pomfrey [the housekeeper] in her net cap and grey gown and another Parsee fashion at the West window with all the fiery pomp of the golden god for her ritual" (Ch. 6).

In Crawford's own life history, written circa 1885 for

Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), literary editor of the Week, it is the "dear stupid dull Dutch Canal life" that she stresses:

I am of mingled Scotch, French, and English descent, born in Dublin, Ireland. My father was Stephen Dennis Crawford, M.D., M.R.C.S. England, and L.M.B.A. Canada. I am his sixth child and only surviving daughter. I was brought to Canada by my parents in my earliest childhood, and have never left the country since that period. I was educated at home, and have never left my home but for a month, that amount of absence being scattered over all my life. My father settled finally in Peterborough, Ontario, where he passed on. My mother and I then came to Toronto where we have since resided. I have written largely for the American Press, but only published one volume of my own account, "Old Spookses' Pass: Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems", which appeared in 1884, in Toronto, and is decorated with press errors as a Zulu chief is laden with beads. Voila tout!¹

Crawford chooses to mention her family descent but not her own birth-date, her father's various medical distinctions but her own nondescript stay-at-home existence, the name in full of her book of poetry but an obscure reference only to her prose writing. It is a life history calculated to leave unanswered almost all our questions.

Mrs. Dorothy Livesay's recent research in the Dublin Castle Archives traces the Crawford line in Ireland as far back as 1616, when a William Crawford left Scotland for County Antrim, Ireland. The archive records show also that Isabella Valancy's father Stephen was the second of four sons of Stephen Crawford. The eldest, William, became a barrister and went to Bombay. Stephen, a surgeon, "migrated to Wisconsin". Henry, a barrister, stayed in Ireland and had a son, Henry Dennis. The fourth son, John I. Crawford, to whom Old Spookses' Pass is dedicated, was the surgeon in the Royal Navy who provided Isabella and her mother with a small pension on the death of Dr. Crawford.²

7

John W. Garvin, Crawford's literary executor, has been the chief source of information and misinformation about her life. His first version of the biography, which appeared in Canadian Poets in 1916, describes the Crawfords as having come from Ireland to Upper Canada to settle in Paisley in 1858. "Good fortune", he says, "did not accompany the Crawfords to the New World. In a few years, disease had taken nine of the twelve children, and a small medical practice had reduced the family to semi-poverty."³ This is the version that Garvin's wife, Katherine Hale, follows in her biography in the "Makers of Canadian Literature" edition of Crawford in 1923.⁴ In 1938 in the Canadian Who Was Who Garvin tells a different, though equally dramatic, story. The revision, one assumes, benefits from corrections supplied by the surviving brother, Stephen Walter, from his Algoma outpost. Garvin is vague about his sources, however, citing only "personal knowledge; private information". According to this new account, striking in its repetition of the portentous number seven, when Valancy, the seventh daughter, was in her seventh year, Dr. Crawford went from Ireland to Australia to investigate the prospects of emigration. He was recalled home by the sudden death by fever of six daughters and a son. Unable to consider Australia further after this tragedy, Dr. Stephen Dennis Crawford and his wife Sydney Scott arrived in Paisley in 1858 with their four remaining children, Isabella Valancy, Emma Naomi, Stephen Walter, and Sydney. V. B. Rhodenizer's account is similar except that he mentions twelve children in total, two of whom died in Paisley.⁶

Garvin has fixed the date for arrival in Paisley at 1858.

But, as Mary Martin points out in her very useful article, "The Short Life of Isabella Valancy Crawford", we know that Dr. Crawford, whether accompanied by his family or not, was in Upper Canada by April 1857, when he applied for and received a licence to practise medicine. He was in Paisley by October, 1857 at the latest, when he signed a petition.⁷ The Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition of the Paisley Advocate (Feb. 25, 1890) observes in its section on the rise of the professions in Paisley:

There were no fetid aromas exuding from unclean backyards, breeding fevers and endangering the health. . . . as the fame of the rich lands and the wealthy forest of Bruce County was sounded through the older settlements, and the various trades were being represented, along came also Paisley's first doctor in the person of Dr. Crawford, about the summer of 1857.

The Crawfords arrived, then, only six years behind the first two settlers and founders, Simon Orchard and Samuel T. Rowe, and only one year after the village was surveyed.*

*The plaque erected in Paisley in 1974 by the Ontario Archaeological and Historic Sites Board is inscribed as follows:

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

Born in Dublin, Ireland about 1846, this notable Canadian poet immigrated with her family to Canada, 1857-58, settling at Paisley. Her father practised medicine here for some years and after his death in Peterborough in 1875, Isabella moved to Toronto where she attempted to support her sister and mother by writing. A fine knowledge of classical literature, an intense idealism and a gift for startling imagery pervade her poetry. Like many post-confederation poets, she was influenced by the English Romantic and Victorian Schools. She brought to the pioneer landscape vivid images of love and death. Her brief life was marked by poverty and lack of recognition. Isabella Crawford's best-known collection is "Old Spookes' Pass, Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems", published in 1884, three years before her death.

9

The most that we can say with any assurance is as follows:

Dr. Crawford became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons on January 22, 1836, according to information that he gave to the Medical Board in Toronto; at the time of his application to the College, he called himself an employee of the East India company; probably he practised in Dublin in the '1840's; he and his wife Sydney Scott had a large family of which Valancy, born in 1846 or on December 25, 1850, was the "sixth child" (Garvin says seventh daughter, however, and it is possible that a child dying soon after birth might not have been counted in Crawford's own reckoning); the family migrated to Wisconsin; Emma Naomi, according to the 1861 Elderslie Township census, was born in the United States in 1854, data confirmed by the Little Lake Cemetery burial record which locates the birth in Wisconsin, U.S.A. on July 1854; Dr. Crawford may have gone to Australia in 1855 or 1856; at least five and possibly seven children died before the Crawfords came to Paisley in the summer of 1857. The Crawfords arrived with three children, Isabella, age 7 or 11, Emma Naomi, age 3, and Stephen Walter, age 1. They lived for a brief time on Queen St. South in a small frame house which has long since been torn down.

About the time of the birth of their last child, Sydney R., the family moved to the corner of Queen and Inkerman streets, to a larger house described in the 1861 census records as "frame, one storey, built 1860". A letter from Mrs. Mabel Rundle states:

The house was built by my Great-Grandfather, Samuel Thomas Rowe, for Dr. Crawford. He also built the first tavern, Rowe's Tavern, to accommodate people coming to the locality to take up land. Bruce County was part of the "Queen's bush" and at that time had just

PERSONAL CENSUS TOWNSHIP OF ELDERSLIE

1861

Name of Inmates	Profession	Place of Birth	Religion	Age Next Birth Date	Sex	Houses
Stephen D. Crawford	Doctor	Scotland	Church of England	48	M	Frame, one storey, built 1860
Sidney Crawford		Scotland	" "	38	F	
Isabella Crawford		Scotland	" "	15	F	
Emma A. Crawford		U.S.	" "	8	F	
Stephen Crawford		Ireland	" "	6	M	
Sidney R. Crawford		U.C.	" "	2	F	

TOWN OF PETERBOROUGH

1871 CENSUS

Name	Age	Country of Birth	Religion
Crawford Stephen D.	57	Ireland	Church of England
Sidney	48	Ireland	" "
Isabella	22	Ireland	" "
Emma	16	Ireland	" "
Stephen	15	Ireland	" "

been opened up for settlement. . . . Later on Grandpa Rowe gave the Crawford house to his eldest daughter when she married James Saunders. . . . The house was of wood. Then a high board fence from the corner of the house enclosed a bit of front yard in which grew a very large tree--poplar or willow, I think. (Letter to Eric Parker, Paisley, April 9, 1972)

When the house was moved seventy-five yards or so south-west to its present spot, the Saunders' daughter, Mrs. Annie Sutherland, wrote an article for the London Free Press, published July 2, 1927, with the headings: OLD PAISLEY LANDMARK ONCE WRITER'S HOME/Childhood home of Isabella Crawford Gives way to Church/Natural Beauty About Little Town Appealed to Poetic Instinct of Writer". Mrs. Rundle says, "The article with the picture of the house was written by my Aunt Annie (Saunders) Sutherland. She was very sentimental."

Mrs. Sutherland's description of the funeral of Sydney R.

is both sentimental and mysterious:

truly those early settlers, like the Crawfords themselves, were "great" in joy or sorrow; and if some few failed in their duty mayhap they were more to be pitied than blamed. This we do know--that during the sorrows of the Crawfords there were kind neighbours to minister to the little dying child and sympathizing friends to bear the little casket up the long hill to the last resting place.

The source for the information in this article was Mrs. Sutherland's mother, Mrs. Saunders, who knew the Crawfords. Therefore this description of the family probably has some authenticity:

Sabbath morn saw the Crawfords among the church-going villagers, the doctor, dignified in his morning coat, grey plug hat and ivory-headed cane; his wife in Irish poplin and Paisley shawl and bonnet tied with brown ribbon, and the little Isabella in hoop skirt of tartan plaid with dainty frilled pantalettes, beaver cloth coat and blue satin hat; the trio followed at a respectable distance by Maggie, the faithful nurse, with frail little Naomi by the hand.

The only record of Dr. Crawford's medical practice in Paisley, besides Miss Nettie Scott's¹⁰ recollection of his rumoured

alcoholism ("People used to say he drank"), is this sketch in the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition of the Paisley Advocate:

Having much the same opinion of the function of the medical practitioner, which was entertained by the immortal Fielding, viz "to stand to one side and give nature a chance and when she doth well to step up and give her a pat on the back," the old doctor in his treatment was eminently successful for he in a great measure did just what Fielding said and nature at that time was in her best fettle. He was not a pronounced homeopathist in theory, and in practice his allopathy was not severe. In fact he hovered judiciously on the confines of both, and his sovereign remedy was a good dose of salts. He had a great aversion to pulling teeth, but when warmed to his work would perform even this painful duty with nerve and despatch. On one occasion a settler went to him with an aching tooth for extraction, but the Dr. advised medicating and gave him a mixture to apply in the cavity. A too liberal application of the mixture was attended with serious complications to the mouth, and again the Dr. was sought for relief. When extraction was not to be warded off any further, he inquired of the settler if he had any potatoes, and made arrangements with him to bring a bagful in payment for the job, and then set to work. After getting it out he told the settler to "say the word and he'd pull every tooth in his head at the same price."

Dr. Crawford's Paisley practice, not surprisingly, was unsuccessful. After seven years the family moved to Lakefield. Katherine Hale interprets the move as a symptom of the Crawfords' fated Celtic destiny: "Their fatal love of beauty irresistibly drew the family to a romantic rather than a prosperous village."¹¹ The following account, taken from the Peterborough Medical Association records, is the "dull Dutch canal" version of the same story:

In the summer of 1864 my brother and I travelling for the Canada Land Company throughout Eastern Canada, happened to put up for the night at a village hotel, north of Kingston.

There we met Dr. Crawford, at that time a man of nearly sixty years of age. His wife, a son and two daughters. . . .

They seemed to be very poorly off and we felt real sorry for them, out here in Canada amidst such unsuitable surroundings. My brother, knowing that there was no resident physician in the village of Lakefield, made to them the following offer. That they move to Lakefield and make use of his home during the months in which he would be away from the village.

His offer was accepted and presently Dr. Crawford and family came to the village and he took up practice being the first resident practitioner that Lakefield acquired.

The house in question belonged to Robert Strickland, son of Major Samuel Strickland and nephew of Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill. This move to Lakefield, by introducing the Crawfords into the company of those tireless literary families, the Stewarts, Stricklands, Traills and Moodies, places the Crawfords in the region which considered itself the cradle of Canadian literature. This is convenient because it justifies using, as a context for "Malcolm's Katie" and other poems, those works that have defined the Lakefield pioneering experience: Major Strickland's Twenty Seven Years in Canada West, Susannah Moodie's Roughing It in the Bush, Catharine Parr Traill's Canadian Settler's Guide and Canadian Crusoes, and Frances Stewart's Our Forest Home.

This last book contains a description of Dr. Crawford's first recorded casualty in Lakefield. A letter from Mrs. Rolleston to Mrs. Stewart, dated September 8, 1864, includes the following:

Our dearest William, in taking his gun to shoot at a crane, by some means wounded his arm near the elbow. . . . Poor William grew weaker till they reached Lakefield. . . . The first time I spoke to him was when he was laid down on the verandah at Dr. Crawford's, still in the canoe. On my asking him how he felt, he said, "It's all up with me, Kate". . . . When I returned, between nine and ten o'clock, I found Dr. McNabb (who had been sent for) had arrived. I believe, from the first, Dr. McNabb had no hopes.¹²

What is needed, however, is an image of Isabella Valancy herself in this Lakefield period. Maud Miller Wilson's article in the Globe (Apr. 15, 1905) says that the family was "undeniably poor, and Isabella's attitude was as if daring anyone to offer to help them. Sometimes she would decline to go to the merrymakings of the young people, but when she did attend, recalls a Lakefield contemporary, 'she became the life of the party, electrifying us with her flashes of fun and repartee.'" Isabella Valancy and Kate Traill, daughter of

Catharine Parr Traill, were said to be friends, and a note from the scrapbook of Kate's niece contains this information:

They [the Crawfords] afterwards lived in a little house where Mother remembers going with Aunt Kate and Grandmother to take tea with them. . . . Isabella was the oldest child--at that time about seventeen years old (Mother can't remember the date) very pretty, medium complexion, very pretty hair, which she did in the same style as Empress Eugenie of France--rolled back from the face. Mother doesn't think she [had] written anything up to that time but spoke of writing a book which she was going to call "Lavender and Old Lace". There was to be an old lady in it dressed in velvet with lavender trimmings and old lace and ribbons in cap^{etc.}

They were very proud and not at all friendly and although poor resented any kindness--suspecting patronage where people meant to be kind and friendly as was the way in those early days.

There was a boy Steven and two other girls. They lost these two girls, either while living here (Lakefield) or in Peterborough where they lived after they left Lakefield.

It was when they were living in Peterborough that Doctor Crawford died. They became so poor that they almost starved but so painfully proud that their nearest neighbours did not realize the extent of their poverty.¹³

This recorded meeting of Valancy with the noted author of Canadian Wild Flowers is a helpful clue. Frances Stewart's daughter talks, in Our Forest Home, about Mrs. Traill's "wonderful power . . . to fascinate children": "By her love and knowledge of plants and natural objects generally, Mrs. Traill's searching mind attracted young people to the beauties of nature. . . . The smallest particle of moss, or curious leaf, or petrified shell was a treasure in our eyes if Mrs. Traill admired it."¹⁴ Moreover, Crawford's earliest preserved writings are fairy tales, nursery rhymes, and moralizing poems that may suggest Mrs. Traill's own Nursery Tales and Little Downy, the Field Mouse. The Douglas Library manuscripts include, written on wide-ruled school exercise paper, twenty-two pages of the following poems about idle disobedient children who receive their comeuppance: "Angry Jack", "The Dreadful Duncel", "How Pussie

"Stole the Cream", "Dirty Tim", "Tommy Mutton and the Bees", and "Idle Jane".* The morals are cautionary:

So now you can't fail, to perceive in this tale,
The sorrows which fell upon Bob,
For Mama disobeying, and wilfully playing
So close to the edge of the tub
("Bob and the Tub")

Among a number of early stories such as "Wava: The Fairy of the Shell", "The Rival Roses", "The Rose and the Rainbow", and "How the Nightingale and the Parrot wooed the Rose", there is one manuscript, "The Waterlily", that is inscribed on the back page, "I.V.C., 18, North Douro". This is a fairy tale about Roseblush, who has been wickedly abducted by a black beetle, Prince Crystal-Coat, and imprisoned in a waterlily, until little Maggie and Tommy release her, after which all live happily ever after. To what extent Crawford's writing was influenced by Mrs. Traill's love and knowledge of flowers is impossible to say. However, John Lovell did publish Mrs. Traill's Canadian Wild Flowers in 1868, the probable date for Crawford's story, "The Waterlily". Mrs. Traill's botanical description of the "Sweet Scented Water Lily" begins: "The White Nymphaea might indeed be termed 'Queen of the Lakes', for truly she sits in regal pride upon her watery throne, a very queen among flowers."¹⁵ This fanciful comparison is transformed, in Crawford's story, into the metaphoric identification characteristic of romance: the fairy queen becomes the lily.

Here is Mrs. Traill's description of the flower:

* There is a bibliography for Crawford's manuscripts in A Catalogue of Canadian Manuscripts Collected by Lorne Pierce and Presented to Queen's University (Toronto: Ryerson, 1946), pp. 100-4.

The leaves of the Pond-Lily are of a full-green colour, deeply tinged with red toward the fall of the year, so as to give a blood red tinge to the water. . . . Over these beds of water-lilies, hundreds of dragon flies of every colour, blue, green, scarlet, and bronze, may be seen like living gems flirting their pearly tinted wings in all the enjoyment of their newly found existence.¹⁶

In Crawford's story, the lily is likewise presided over by radiant forms:

Presently from every ripple--silver crested with the moonbeams--arose tiny cloudy forms, shades which mingled and floated through each other, and to which the moonlight lent a strange radiance. While Goldenball [Prince Crystal-Coat's rival] watched these graceful shapes, the placid murmur of the stream assumed voice, and the myriad spirits sang in chorus:

"On the lake the lily lies
Glimmering in the silver ray,
In its bosom pearly-white
Sad and tearful dwells the fay.
Sprite, nor fay, nor elfin hand
E'er can break the potent spell.
Yet an earthborn child has power
This is all that we may tell."

Mrs. Traill's account continues:

Who that has ever floated upon one of our calm inland lakes, on a warm July or August day, but has been tempted, at the risk of upsetting the frail birch-bark canoe or shallow skiff, to put forth a hand to snatch one of those matchless ivory cups that rest in spotless purity upon the tranquil water. . . ; or have gazed with wishful and admiring eyes into the still clear water, at the exquisite buds and half unfolded blossoms that are springing upwards to the air and sun-light.¹⁷

In the parallel passage in Crawford's story, Maggie, the "earthborn child", defeats the "potent spell", strengthened by the power of love:

As the boat touched the shore Maggie and Tommie jumped out, and Maggie gently kissed the white petals of the lily. In a second a great and wonderful light shone round them, and a burst of harmony made the very air tremble. The petals of the lily slowly opened, and a creature no larger than a moth, but of the most exquisite beauty, unfolded her large, rose-coloured wings, and rose from a golden couch in the centre of the flower.

Mrs. Traill describes this miracle of rebirth that occurs in the

centre of the flower in botanical terms. Nevertheless, she does mention the mystical association of the lily with the Sacred Lotus:

On the approach of night our lovely water-nymph gradually closes her petals, and slowly retires to rest within her watery bed, to rise on the following day, to court the warmth and light so necessary for the perfection of the embryo seed; and this continues till the fertilization of the germ has been completed, when the petals shrink and wither, and the seed-vessel sinks down to ripen the fruit in its secret chambers. Thus silently and mysteriously does nature perform her wonderful work, "sought out only by those who have pleasure therein."

The Lotus, of Egypt belongs to this family, and not only furnishes magnificent ornaments with which to crown the heads of their gods and kings, but the seeds also served as food to the people in times of scarcity. The Sacred Lotus (Nelumbium speciosum) was an object itself of religious veneration to the ancient Egyptians.¹⁸

Crawford's story also uses this family kinship between waterlily and Lotus of Egypt. It suggests the symbolic connection among moon, diamond, and sacred lotus that is the basis of a later story, "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas".

This comparison with Traill's handling of the same material sets into relief the characteristic way that Crawford, from the first, shapes her materials into romance. "The Water Lily" is an early version of her organizing myth: the conflict between good and evil that only human love can resolve. Moreover, she is experimenting here with motifs that recur in most later versions of the myth. We can distinguish the rival suitors, one good and one evil; the imprisoned and disguised heroine; the "potent spell" that is broken by the love of an "earthborn child"; the canoe on the water; the association of moonlight with an upper, redeemed world; and, most important of all, the mystic flower of love.

Crawford's writing for publication began after the family

moved to Peterborough in 1871. According to Maud Miller Wilson's article in the Globe:

She had previously composed desultory poems--but now, realizing the financial straits of the family and her father's increasing age and infirmity, she unsparingly applied herself to literary work and to self-improvement.

A quarter of a century ago books were by no means so plentiful and so cheap as they now are, and older residents of Peterboro' recall the frequency with which a pale-faced girl used to haunt the stationers' tables, eagerly absorbing as much of the coveted information as the occasion permitted. (Apr. 15, 1905)

In 1874, some Toronto papers, the Favorite, the National and the Mail, began printing her poems, although they paid her nothing.

Crawford's first printed poem, "The Vesper Star", appeared in the Mail on December 24, 1873. The imagery of the battle of day and night and the description of the ardent Night "Who steals, dark giant, to caress the Earth"--these have a characteristic Crawford flavour, despite the poem's imperfect control and the lameness of its ending:

"And hangs upon the air with brooding wings/Of shadow, shadow, stretching everywhere." But the poems improve. "Esther" (Mail,

Mar. 7, 1874), for example, develops Crawford's recurrent theme of the opposition of good and evil, sun and moon, lamb and slaughterer, victim and oppressor, and of their reconciliation through sacrifice.

The concern, in this dramatic soliloquy, is with that moment when Esther resolves to sacrifice herself to redeem her people: "Yea! let him smite me down a sacrifice/For Israel!"

The sacrificial nature of life is at the very centre of Crawford's poetic vision. In the poem "Curtius" (Telegram, July 16, 1881), the speaker asks "for what have I/To do with altars and with sacrifice", unaware that her lover will soon give himself as a

ransom to save Rome.* Her thoughts are fixed involuntarily on despairing images of "Death and Chaos" and "the Pit" ("How black and fearful is its glutton throat!"), but the poem as a whole suggests the redeeming role of sacrifice and sorrow:

. . . my still soul
 Informed me thus: "Not such a harmony
 Could spring from aught within the souls of men,
 But that which is most common to all souls.
 Lo! that is sorrow!" (Collected Poems, p. 256)¹⁹

Offering himself as a scapegoat, Curtius defeats, by his own voluntary death, the chaos of the black pit. As Crawford says elsewhere, "Who curseth sorrow knows her not at all/Dark matrix, she" ("Malcolm's Katie", VI). This is not a facile conclusion, but earned, one feels, from her coping with the sorrow in her own experience. By the time she is fourteen or so she has lost six and possibly seven brothers and sisters. On July 3, 1875, Dr. Crawford suddenly died. Frail Emma Naomi died six months later "of consumption", so the burial record in Little Lake Cemetery states, although it is more likely that she died of the same heart disease that afflicted the family and later killed Isabella Valancy.

With the death of Dr. Crawford, Valancy moves with her mother to Toronto. This begins the third and last period of Crawford's life. Stephen Walter has by this time gone looking for work in the Algoma region. The two remaining Crawfords move in the spring of 1876, living at first on Adelaide St. West and later in two rooms

* According to legend, in 362 B.C., a deep pit opened in the Roman forum. The oracles said that Rome's most precious treasure must be thrown into it. Claiming that a brave citizen is a city's greatest possession, Marcus Curtius on horseback leaped fully armed into the pit, which closed over him.

above a grocery store on the south-east corner of King and John Streets, rented to them by a Mrs. Charles Stuart. After a gap of three years, Crawford begins again in 1879 to publish poems, this time in John Ross Robertson's Telegram, where she might expect payment of from one to three dollars a poem. Willy-nilly, she has entered the market place as a professional writer. The family is receiving an indeterminable sum as a quarterly allowance from Valancy's uncle, John Irwin Crawford, M.D., but clearly it is still necessary for her to augment the family income by her own efforts.

How much the family needed the money we can deduce from the existence in the Douglas Library Collection of a child's copy book belonging to Walter, but used by Isabella Valancy as a memorandum book. It is the closest thing we have to a personal document and contains several items of interest, each related to the Crawfords' straitened financial affairs. A rejection letter dated January 31, 1887 from the Montreal Pictorial Times (whose earlier review of Old Spookses' Pass as "the most remarkable work of its kind ever produced in Canada" may have prompted Crawford's submission) runs as follows: "Madame; Your story 'From the Heart of a Maple' is very acceptable, but for the present we are limited by space to short sketches not extending beyond 2 or 2 1/2 columns." One page of the memorandum book is headed "Social Life in Greece", but it lists instead the names and addresses of possible publishers in London, New York, Chicago, and Montreal. Another page is filled with columns of word counts for forty-seven chapters of a novel. Similar counts at the end of manuscripts of poems and stories also suggest

payment by the word. The last page of the copy book is a carelessly scrawled record of nine payments of rent between January 8 and December 15, 1885 to one Miss Harrison. From inconclusive evidence, my guess is that she paid ten dollars rent a month and was often in debt to her landlady.

For Crawford, thrust into the role of family provider, it may have been sustaining to recall the example of those Lakefield ladies, Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie, models of courageous effort and literary money-making. "I have seen many instances," says Mrs. Traill, "where, if women had not roused themselves to exertion, all would have been lost. . . . In cases of emergency, it is folly to fold one's hands. . . . it is better to be up and doing."²⁰ Her sister, Susannah Moodie, shows what indeed can be done. In a letter, dated 1851, to Louisa Murray and quoted in the Week (Apr. 18, 1888), Mrs. Moodie says: "The low esteem in which all literary labour is held in this country renders it everything but a profitable employment but. . . . I have found the £5 per sheet that I have received from Mr. Lovell, for articles contributed to the Garland for the last twelve years, no unconsiderable help in bringing up a large family."

Mrs. Moodie's reference to £5 per sheet is a reminder of the extra-literary influences on writing. Economics and market conditions have power to shape and sometimes distort literary works, as Harold Innis points out in a provocative footnote: "A study of the demands of space on Bliss Carman's poetry might prove rewarding."²¹ In Mrs. Moodie's case, padding and long literary quotations filled out her copy for the Literary Garland. Crawford, for her part, has

to set aside narrative poetry, where her real genius lies, and write marketable short poems and prose romances. There is no reason to suppose that Crawford's circumstances were any more favourable for the writing of long poems than were those thirty years later that Harriet Monroe describes in A Poet's Life:

The average magazine editor's conception of good verse is verse that will fill out a page. No editor is looking for long poems; he wants something light and convenient. Consequently a Milton might be living in Chicago today and be unable to find an outlet for his verse.

I am informed by leading publishers in this country and England they are seldom able to print a book of original verse unless the entire expense is guaranteed by the author. Last spring the editor of one of our most literary magazines told me that he dared not print a long poem more than "once in a long time".²²

Not able to afford Monroe's and Pound's defiant "To Hell With Harper's And The Magazine Touch", Crawford embarks on a course of literary schizophrenia. She writes "Malcolm's Katie", "Gisli the Chieftain", "The Helot", and "Old Spookses' Pass", which she publishes herself at a loss in 1884 in order to get them into print. At the same time, she is gauging the market and writing prose romances for American publishers. And for the Toronto Telegram she produces short filler poems with definite rhythms and with themes calculated not to offend readers or advertisers.

During the period, from 1876 to 1879, when no poems by Crawford are published in the Toronto papers, she is continuing to write prose pieces--novels and short stories--for Frank Leslie's magazines and other American markets. It is difficult to date the prose, but "Moloch", printed in the Mail on November 6, 1874, is acknowledged to be "By Isabella Valancy Crawford, Author of 'Wrecked; or the Rosclerras of Mistree,' 'Winona; or the Foster Sisters,' 'Windale's

brothers. In the narrative poems and in some of the prose romances, Crawford is able to represent the demonic, but show its potentiality for redemption by love. Reading the newspaper poems, we are conscious of Crawford's dilemma: while her poetic vision requires the scope of the long poem, "No editor is looking for long poems; he wants something light and convenient."

For a number of reasons, it was all but impossible for a writer like Crawford to make writing pay in Canada in the 1870's and 1880's. Until 1891, there was no International Copyright agreement. This meant that an American publisher would be unwilling to pay good money for native American work when he could pirate for nothing books by Tennyson, Dickens, Collins, and Thackeray, to say nothing of flimsier stuff like Mary Elizabeth Braddon's immensely popular Lady Audley's Secret. In 1874, for example, Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine was running in the same issue two of Miss Braddon's novels, The End Thereof and Unrest; or the Beauty of the Family. Competition from the pirated foreign novel drove American writers out of the book business, and made them reliant for markets upon newspapers, where British competition was less devastating.²⁴ In turn, because American energy was channelled so exclusively into periodicals, Canada could not support a magazine of its own that could pay Canadian writers. Mrs. Moodie speaks of the Literary Garland's being "done to death by 'Harper's Magazine' and the 'International'".²⁵ When Crawford went to see Charles G. D. Roberts in the offices of Canada's chief literary magazine, she discovered that she "could not afford to part with [poems] at the ridiculously low rates offered by the Week".²⁶

appears at the end of Chapter V, and June 21, 1878 at the end of Chapter VI, of the manuscript, Pillows of Stone; or Young Cloven Hoof. This romance is structured upon the device of identical twins--one fortunate and one a miserable alcoholic ruin who says in Chapter I, "I have no existence left but what such a stimulant gives me"--and in addition includes a revenge plot and a sacrificial Jephthah's daughter whose "every beauty and grace [is] but an added garland to deck [her] to the knife".

Crawford enters the Telegram market in Toronto with "Erin to her Grandson: Ned Hanlan" (June 25, 1879), a poem that deliberately cashes in on national pride in Hanlan's celebrity as a champion sculler (see the Telegram, Aug. 4, 1879 for "Is Hanlan a Canadian?" or Sept. 4, 1879 for "Hanlan and Courtney"). The visit of the Princess Louise to Toronto provides the occasion for a graceful poetic tribute "To the Princess Louise" (Sept. 3, 1879), anticipating the lengthy Telegram headlines of the following day: "Welcome Ever Smiles When Toronto Citizens Gather to Receive and Honour Viceregal Guests/Their Excellencies Welcomed this Morning by Loyal Hearts mid Regal Pomp/Passing Along the Royal Way the School Children Sing the Songs of Welcome/. . . Her Royal Highness Plants a Tree". Crawford is necessarily obliged to strike a tone suitable for this context. Not surprisingly, therefore, we find Their Excellencies' being told, "Commerce builds up her peaceful camp;/Labour's brave hand is on his plough."

Reading these Telegram poems, we seem to be listening to two different voices, one that satisfies bland newspaper decorum and

another that is iconoclastic and often ironic. "War" (Aug. 4, 1879) must have given a jolt to those Telegram subscribers who read the following with any care:

On with thy thunders! Shot and shell
Send screaming, featly hurled--
Science has made them in her cell
To civilize the world.

.....
The savage has a life!

He has a soul--so priests will say--
Go, save it with thy sword!

.....
Go, feast with Commerce, be her spouse!
She loves thee, thou art hers;
(C.P., pp. 155-6)

This satiric view of the alliance of Commerce, Church, Empire, and War--unexpected certainly in the columns of a daily paper--is frequent in Crawford's writing, and forms the counterpoint to her theme of love. In "Malcolm's Katie", for example, Max comments that his domestic brand of heroism

Means not a throne propped up with bleaching
bones,

A country saved with smoking seas of blood,

Or Commerce, with her housewife's foot upon
Colossal bridge of slaughtered savages,
The Cross laid on her brawny shoulder.

(1)

"War" is a parody of Crawford's usual view that sacrifice is a regenerative force, necessary for renewal. Ernest Cirlot points out that Mars, the incarnation of the necessity to shed blood for the renewal of life, was invoked by Roman farmers, who associated him with fertility and vegetation cults.²³ In "War", however, the world is literally being fertilized by corpses that "make so rich a mold" that

the soil is turned into pure gold for the conquerors. Crawford's personal vision of Good and Evil as twin brothers is ironically twisted in the lines, "Religion raises blessing hands, / War's evil worketh good!" War is hailed as the solid prop of religion whose "White Christ is lifted high / Thy conquering sword to bless" and whose cannibalistic rites parody the Eucharist: "tear up the vine / The waters turn to blood; / And if the wretch for bread doth whine / Give him his kin for food."

The Telegram readers may not have understood these odd views on progress, church, and empire. The poem's context tends to make it seem harmless. It is located beside Chapter V of Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes' Millbank; or Roger Irvings's Ward, and between a patent medicine advertisement for curing pulmonary consumption and a letter to the editor complaining about a tavern on Adelaide Street. Few readers, perhaps, would make any connection between the literary section on page three and the general news on page one:

The News in a Nutshell

Bulgaria is now free from Russian troops.
 Russian reinforcements are ordered to Turkestan:
 Sir Garnet Wolseley has created disaffection among
 Cetewayo's allies.
 The permanent occupation of Merv by Russia is judged
 necessary to check English aggression in the direction of Herat.

Affairs in South Africa

The Basutos submit. A severe famine is anticipated in Zululand--Discontent among the Boers--Wolseley bearing down.

Sound marketing tactics, however, would favour more comfortable views and a less outspokenly satiric poetic voice. In "Wealth"

(Nov. 26, 1879), Crawford has learned to cover her tracks better. This poem can be read superficially as one of those self-congratulatory celebrations of Canada as an innocent garden of plenty, uncorrupted by old world tyranny: "From sea to sea/Rolled God's grand watchword, 'Liberty.'" The speaker of this poem is cut short while proclaiming the banishment of crowned and sceptred Wealth from this free new land by the appearance of "gaunt wretches" "yoked to the tyrant's wheel". After an initial reaction of outraged betrayal, the speaker manages to recover his faith in freedom, progress, and innocence, saying, "Out, fool! this is a Christian land". The poem ends ironically in a stanza that combines both voices, one speaking of pastoral innocence and the other of the inferno:

Wealth is no despot, owns no slave;
 No wretch must take his dole--
 He hath a choice, the yawning grave--
 Then answer, foolish soul,
 Is Wealth a tyrant if he thrives
 When famine strikes at lowly lives?
 (C.P., p. 86)

The American Dream of new world innocence and plenty is handled more successfully in Crawford's unpublished narrative poem, in which she uses the dramatic form of a dialogue of the voices of hope and despair, or innocence and experience. Hugh envisages founding a new Eden in the wilderness: "A fine, full soil--free grants for every soul--/Pure water--timber--hills for little towns" (ll. 724-5). Yes, says his friend Ion, "Prepare the wilderness for crime--and man!" Hugh's idealism and Ion's perception of evil are simultaneously valid and necessary. Crawford's best poems are those with the scope to embrace both Good and Evil, which, as she says, are

brothers. In the narrative poems and in some of the prose romances, Crawford is able to represent the demonic, but show its potentiality for redemption by love. Reading the newspaper poems, we are conscious of Crawford's dilemma: while her poetic vision requires the scope of the long poem, "No editor is looking for long poems; he wants something light and convenient."

For a number of reasons, it was all but impossible for a writer like Crawford to make writing pay in Canada in the 1870's and 1880's. Until 1891, there was no International Copyright agreement. This meant that an American publisher would be unwilling to pay good money for native American work when he could pirate for nothing books by Tennyson, Dickens, Collins, and Thackeray, to say nothing of flimsier stuff like Mary Elizabeth Braddon's immensely popular Lady Audley's Secret. In 1874, for example, Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine was running in the same issue two of Miss Braddon's novels, The End Thereof and Unrest; or the Beauty of the Family. Competition from the pirated foreign novel drove American writers out of the book business, and made them reliant for markets upon newspapers, where British competition was less devastating.²⁴ In turn, because American energy was channelled so exclusively into periodicals, Canada could not support a magazine of its own that could pay Canadian writers. Mrs. Moodie speaks of the Literary Garland's being "done to death by 'Harper's Magazine' and the 'International'".²⁵ When Crawford went to see Charles G. D. Roberts in the offices of Canada's chief literary magazine, she discovered that she "could not afford to part with [poems] at the ridiculously low rates offered by the Week".²⁶

Canadian publishers were prevented from the direct pirating of British books. But an ingenious publisher like John Lovell could circumvent this restriction by setting up a printing shop in 1872 near Montreal, across the American border, in order to ship pirated books into Canada. These, even under the 12 1/2 per cent tariff, were cheaper than legitimately imported British editions.

Harold Innis has described how publishers, without the protection of copyright on foreign books, were forced to rely upon cheapness based upon mass production.²⁷ Mass distribution and the technological changes that reduced the costs of paper and of printing together formed the basis of a revolution in cheap book publishing in the 70's and 80's. Frank Luther Mott, writing on the best seller in America, says: "Then a cyclone struck the publishing industry and threatened to wreck it completely. The cheap libraries of New York and Chicago publishers in the 80's' . . . sold their millions at ten and twenty cents a novel."²⁸ According to Mott, 400,000 cheap sets of Dickens were sold; over a million and a half volumes of Tennyson sold in America for half their British price; when Longfellow's poems began to emerge from copyright in the 80's, John Lovell's "Standard Library" sold editions at twenty cents a volume.²⁹ Innis provides some insight into the state of book publishing in America the year Crawford died: "With lower postal rates on paper-covered editions, and prices from one-sixth to one-tenth those of cloth-bound volumes, it was estimated that almost two-thirds of a total of 1,022 books published in 1887 were issued in the cheap libraries."³⁰ The competition of Harper's Franklin Square Library,

Monroe's Seaside Library, Lovell's Standard Library, and some twenty-five others was ruinous to all but publications like Beadle's dime books. The dime novels--the most successful of which, Seth Jones; or The Captive of the Frontier, sold 600,000 copies--were action stories about Indians and later cowboys, detectives, and train robbers that paid from \$100 to \$150 each to native American writers who turned them out like sausages.³¹

Mechanization and the production of the cheap paperback made it necessary for publishers to concentrate on best sellers. Seaside Library's average run was about ten thousand copies, and, at the height of its prosperity, it would not put a book to press for anything less. Obviously, new writers could not compete with dead writers or with already established authors whose new books would be well promoted and advertised. Raymond Howard Shove, in his pioneering study, Cheap Book Production in the United States, 1870-91, quotes a contemporary comment:

In June 1886, a writer in the Hour stated that the cheap libraries, by printing in a poor fashion all the new and old books that people would read, had frightened the publishers from adding to their lists anything but books by well-known and popular American authors, and that authors were forced to have their writings first issued in magazines "for the sale in book form will scarcely pay the board bill for the author for the time he was engaged upon his manuscript". (Hour, 1886. Reprinted in Publishers' Weekly, 1886)³²

All these factors I have been discussing--the lack of international copyright, the phenomenon of the cheap library, the consequent channelling of literary energy in America into newspapers and magazines--had a direct bearing on the Canadian writer's situation of Crawford's time, as a cursory examination of Toronto's newspapers and magazines will show. Robertson's Evening Telegram,

which published around eighty of Crawford's poems between 1879 and 1886, ran serials Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and then published the novel in book form in Robertson's Popular Libraries. A typical Robertson advertisement in the Telegram would include the following:

Robertson's Popular Libraries

For sale by every Bookseller and Newsdealer in the Dominion
The Cheapest and Best Novels
\$1 and \$2 Books for 15, 20, 25, and 30 cents

Robertson's 10c Books

Chateau D'Or--By Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes--Just Out.

Robertson's 20c Books

A Strange Disappearance--By Anna Katherine Green. "Wilkie Collins need not be ashamed of the construction of this story." Evening Post

Robertson's 25c Books

Her World Against a Lie--By Florence Marryat. Only 100 copies left.

The 30c Library includes the following great novels by Miss Fleming and Miss Wilson. The name of the author alone is enough to secure a purchaser.

Vashti--By Agnes E. Wilson.
A Terrible Secret--By May Agnes Fleming.

The assertion that the "name of the author alone is enough to secure . . ." suggests the marketing factors that Crawford is up against.

A mosaic of quotations culled from the Toronto-based magazine the Week between 1884 and 1887--that is to say, between the publication of Old Spookses' Pass and Crawford's death--indicates the local literary climate in which Crawford is working. J.E. Collins, writing on "International Copyright", says this:

But there is a diseased trade-morality, abroad through the United States which, perched on the top of the pirate's press, will tell you that this is an age of twenty-cent books; that the masses now read, and that they do not read dollar books; that international copyright would abolish cheap reading. . . . Canada is confronted by an army of pirate publishers, and her government opens the door and lets them in by paying a royalty toll of twelve and a half per cent, while the entry ways are kept shut against her own book-makers. (I, Dec. 6, 1883)

G. Mercer Adam surveys the books of 1884, the year Old Spookses' Pass was published:

We have fallen upon the days of cheap reprints and rechauffé work. Publishers have had the hungry masses in view rather than the surfeited "remnant". . . . It can hardly be said that respect for literature has been heightened by the form and appearance of a "Seaside Library". Cheapness is not everything. . . . The slop of competitive editions, which piratical publishers are wont to throw upon the market, must destroy all reverence for books and vitiate the taste which reading aims to cultivate. (II, Jan. 8, 1885)

Canadian publishers who risk publishing a good book cannot make it pay, as Barry Dane (Logan) reports in an essay entitled "National Literature":

Canadian works have been issued from Canadian publishing houses, some wrought by the hand of genius, some published by the touch of the scholar, that have not paid the cost of publication. (I, Aug. 21, 1884)

Sara Jeanette Duncan is brisk with the Week's readers, telling them, "we are still an unliterary people. . . . The province of Ontario is one great camp of the Philistines":

"Why do you print no book reviews?" I asked the editor of a leading journal recently. "People don't care about them, and it interferes with advertising." (III, Sept. 30, 1886)

"The publication of a Canadian work of poetry or fiction", she says, "is apt to be received with peculiar demonstrations . . . elongation of the countenance . . . a pursing of the lips." Canadian literature is chiefly valuable as a subject for debating clubs "on account of

its pathetic and facetious opportunities" (IV, Jan. 13, 1887). Commenting on merchandising methods, Duncan says, "We don't buy current literature at the bookstores anymore; we get it with our soap . . . we will shortly fall to purchasing photogravures with frying pans, and Schubert with dessert spoons" (V, Dec. 27, 1887).

Goldwin Smith's Week, which for three months until the end of February, 1884 was edited by Charles G. D. Roberts, has several connections with Crawford. First, as Claude Bissell has pointed out, the Week is a valuable source of knowledge about literary taste of the period.³³ As such, it provides a context for understanding Crawford's situation. Second, the Week, in its first volume, carried a favourable notice of Old Spookses' Pass. The reviewer called it "a little book of charming poems, some of them, including 'Old Spookses' Pass' in dialect". He praised the "dramatic power and pathos" of the title poem as "not unworthy George A. Sims", and considered "Old Spense" and "Farmer Stebbins' Opinions", "though not possessed of the same excellence", nevertheless "refreshing reading after the maudlin stuff that is now too commonly called poetry" (Sept. 11, 1884). One is not to suppose that the Week gave praise indiscriminately: The Political Biography of the Hon. Sylvester MacFinnigan reviewed directly below Crawford is given three words, "Vulgar, inane, absurd". However, it is disturbing to find the reviewer responding to the humorous dialect poems exclusively and missing the importance of the narrative.

None of Crawford's own work was published in the Week for reasons explained by E. M. Pomeroy in her book on Roberts:

Robert's met Isabella Valancy Crawford, who was then living in Toronto, but only en passant, as he was on his way out to lunch when she called at the office. She was anxious to sell her poems but could not afford to part with them at the ridiculously low rates offered by The Week. At that time her work had not come to his attention and, so her name meant nothing to him. In after years he deeply regretted having missed the opportunity to know and help her.³⁴

Whether a meeting with Roberts would have had an effect on Crawford similar to Emily Carr's celebrated meeting in Toronto with the Group of Seven, is beyond speculation. The person who did receive Crawford on this occasion was Mrs. S. Frances Harrison (Seranus), the Week's literary editor. Her recollection of the event is reported by Katherine Hale as follows: "A tall dark young woman . . . one whom most people would feel was difficult, almost repellent in her manner. But her work charmed me, although I had to tell her . . . that we didn't pay for poetry."³⁵

Seranus's description recalls to mind the puzzling question of Crawford's appearance. In Leading Canadian Poets, Hale gives us a second version of Seranus's meeting with Crawford and finding her "a tall, dark young woman 'with the air of a princess'".³⁶ Miss Nettie Scott of Paisley recalls Mrs. MacDonald's description of Valancy as "blue-eyed, pretty, sort of dreamy".³⁷ Hathaway calls her "somewhat stout and a little below average height. Her dress was poor, at times almost shabby, and it was not until she spoke that one was at all impressed with her personality. Her features were not beautiful, but in conversation she lighted up and her eyes sparkled with vivacity to an unusual degree. She was a clever conversationalist and an accomplished linguist, and her animation and versatility made her a delightful companion."³⁸ Lighthall reports, "An

acquaintance describes her as a tall handsome, light-haired young lady; apparently about thirty years old, somewhat eccentric in manner, but not very noticeably so."³⁹ So here we have it: "tall, dark . . . almost repellent" or "with the air of a princess" or "below average height . . . sparkled with vivacity . . . clever conversationalist . . . animation and versatility" or "tall, handsome; light-haired . . . somewhat eccentric . . ."; also, one might add, "very pretty, medium complexion . . . very pretty hair"; "electrifying us with her flashes of repartee", "like a being from another planet . . . not exactly beautiful but I shall never forget the wonderful animation of her face at times, and its sadness in repose";⁴⁰ and finally, Sister Patricia's description in the Peterborough Centennial book: "Tall, fair, beautiful with blue eyes remarkable for an expression that has been described as 'wondering, thoughtful and affectionate' . . . tall, very frail, and had a wealth of 'fair beautiful hair'".⁴¹ The only other evidence is two portraits--one a painting of a dark lady in an oval frame reproduced in the first edition of Canadian Singers, and their Songs,⁴² the other a photograph of a fair lady reproduced in Garvin's Collected Poems. In both, the subject appears reticent, self-possessed, and private.

After Crawford's death, Seranus wrote a poem that probably only seems to be the worst poem ever written in Canada. Called

"Monody: To the Memory of Isabella Valancy Crawford", it begins:

I weep for our dead Sappho--Sappho, who is dead
Was ours, and great, although her friends were few;

and concludes with the consolation:

Hath she not--Great High Priestess of Love benign
Rose-crowned, brow-bound, from Love dissevered Fear?⁴³

This inept imitation of "Adonais" does, however, focus attention on the important image of the rose and the central theme of love.

Seraus's obituary notice in the Week is less embarrassing but also less interesting:

In her death Canada has lost one of her most original, powerful, and inspired singers; albeit unknown to the general public of the Dominion, and I very much fear to the literary few among us who sometimes give a passing thought to Canadian literature. . . . There can be no mistake about Miss Crawford's rank as a poet. . . . There is scholarship in her book (a rare thing in Canada) . . . there is a positive riot of imagery, warm, dazzling, and mostly correct; there is a wonderful command over various trying forms of verse, and there is a deep spiritual vein . . . that proclaims the thinker. . . . (V, Feb. 24, 1887)

The last several years of Crawford's life tend to be seen as a unit because of a pattern formed by the fortuitous relationship of three things: the financial failure of Old Spookses' Pass, the publication of the poem, "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks", and Crawford's unexpected early death by heart failure. J. Ross Robertson in the June 11, 1885 issue of the Telegram writes this editorial to accompany publication of what probably has been Crawford's most popular single poem:

The troubles in the Northwest have called out the latent powers of writers of both poetry and prose. . . . Not for years has there been an occasion which furnished such an opportunity for the poets to show what they could do. . . . Of the many excellent things published, none will equal that which we have the honour of laying before our readers today, by Miss Isabella Valancy Crawford, entitled "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks". It has the true poetic fire in it, and is a credit to the country in which it was produced.

This same poem was "published by request" in the Telegram on February 5, 1887, exactly a week before Crawford's death. This was a coincidence not to be missed by the legend-makers. Katherine Hale concludes her "Biographical" with this:

"In Toronto," says Mrs. Heffernan, recalling a bitter winter's day, "several people sent flowers. But one tribute was nameless. It was a great white bloom bearing the message, 'The Rose of a Nation's Thanks'."⁴⁴

The single rose is used appropriately here as the symbol of completion and achievement. It also happens to be Crawford's own symbol, along with the lily and daffodil, for the mystic centre, the upper paradisaical world, and Love. Invoked to commemorate her death, the rose becomes the emblem for heart's blood and passion, tragic early death, and the recognition and thanks that come too late.

Crawford's initial sale of fifty copies of Old Spookses' Pass is not, perhaps, so dramatically disastrous as the Brontë sisters' sale of three copies of their first book of poems, but it may well have been equally disheartening. Crawford assumed the costs herself of having James Bain & Son of Toronto publish her book. Katherine Hale says in her bibliography that "1,000 copies of this book were printed for the author, but the book practically fell dead from the press, not more, perhaps, than fifty copies being actually sold. Miss Crawford finally took back the undisposed copies and re-issued them."⁴⁵

Crawford did her best to compel recognition of her work outside Canada. She dispatched review copies to English journals and complimentary copies to the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Dufferin, and Tennyson, who thanked her, and possibly to others who did not. Tennyson singled out for praise the dialect poem, 'Old Spookses' Pass'. Lord Dufferin wrote from the British Embassy in Constantinople as follows: "My dear Miss Crawford; It is really too good of you to have thought of sending me your book. It has just arrived, and

I have already read several of the beautiful poems it contains with great pleasure. . . . "46

Crawford's efforts were also repaid by press notices from which she concocted the following list of quotations for the back of her re-issued edition:

"Rich with pictures of life. . . . Humor and pathos meet in every line. . . . Should not remain unnoticed by those who enjoy a book of genuine poetry."--Literary World, London, Eng., March 19th, 1886.

"Equal to anything Col. Hay ever published. . . . The book throughout is a delightful one."--Graphic, London, Eng., April 4th, 1885.

"Charming and characteristic poems."--The Marquis of Lorne, Kensington Palace, Jan., 1886.

"Refreshing reading."--The Week, Toronto, Sept. 11th, 1884.

"Writes with a power of expression quite unusual among aspirants to poetic fame. . . . Miss Crawford's blank verse is indeed of no ordinary kind. Vigorous. Powerful."--Spectator, London, Eng., Oct. 18, 1884.

"Beautiful poems."--The Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India.

"More humor, vivacity, and range of power are to be found in Miss Crawford's poems than in most recent American verse. Excellent specimens of racy, untrained humor . . . Graphic . . . Exciting . . . Stirring . . . Vigorous."--Saturday Review, London, Eng., May 23rd, 1885.

"In its author the continent of America may possibly hail another voice of which it may justly learn to be proud."--Rev. Harry Jones, in Leisure Hour, London., Eng., March 1885.

"We are grateful to the author for giving us the opportunity of reading what is truly a beautiful, charming little poem, abounding in noble sentiments, picturesque narration, glowing language, and pathetic touches, combined with simple, impressive dignity."--Illustrated London News, April 3rd, 1886.

"Miss Crawford has produced a volume of poems of which the country may well be proud."--Toronto Evening Telegram, June 11th, 1884.

"'Old Spense,' for example, 'is one of the best things of the kind we have read anywhere, possesses a drollery which is irresistible.'"--Toronto Globe, June 4th, 1884.

"A valuable addition to the verse literature of Canada."--Toronto Evening News, June 1884.

The commercial failure of Old Spookses' Pass was not, in fact, the fatally crushing blow that legend would make of it. According to Lighthall, writing in 1889: "Her works, including a good deal never yet published, were to be brought before the English public in a new volume. A letter of hers, concerning the unpublished material, stated that it contained some of her best work."⁴⁷ We can only speculate that it would have printed the long unpublished narrative poem which contains within it "The Dark Stag" and "The Lily Bed". Crawford's sudden death on February 12, 1887 prevented the publication of this proposed second volume. Her poems became almost unobtainable, except for occasional anthology pieces, until one thousand copies of John Garvin's Collected Poems were published by William Briggs in 1905. This volume contains eighty-six poems, a total that is made up from the newspaper poems together with thirty-three of the forty-three poems from Old Spookses' Pass.^{*} There are gaps and odd inaccuracies. The Illustrated London News' review

* John Garvin's letter to Lorne Pierce, dated February 27, 1935, begins: "You are still under a misapprehension. In order to hold the copyright of the poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford, which I had collected and edited, I guaranteed William Briggs against loss through publishing the said poems in book form. The volume sold so rapidly however--600 copies in a few weeks--that Mr. Caswell, Literary Editor of William Briggs, wrote me cancelling any obligation of mine under the terms of the said guarantee." (The John Garvin-Papers, Douglas Library Collection)

(Apr. 3, 1886) mentions Crawford's apology for press errors in Old Spookses' Pass ("Indeed, the writer expressly states that there are at least a hundred and fifty such mistakes, which have been allowed to go uncorrected from considerations of expense"). To the original 150 errors Garvin adds more of his own. He tidies up lines by various deletions, additions, and substitutions. For example, "On the pivot of the wind--or in the maelstrom" becomes "In maelstrom or on pivot of the winds". He also leaves out poems. His marginalia, "Rather commonplace" and "Had better be excluded", handwritten beside newspaper clippings of "The Deacon's Fate" and "I would tell thee, silly moth" give one reason for omissions. There were far more poems left out of the 1905 edition simply because Garvin was unaware of their existence.* By diligent search, he says, he discovered thirty to forty additional poems in the newspaper files when, at Lorne Pierce's insistence, he was working on the bibliography for the "Makers of Canada Series" edition of Crawford, edited by his wife, Katherine Hale. Garvin's Complete Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford, planned for publication in 1936 in the "Master Works of Canadian Authors" series by the Radisson Society, was prevented by his own death that same year.

Sudden death and fated mischance are part of the Crawford legend. The death notices in the Toronto papers, which gave us our

* In a letter dated March 8, 1935 to Lorne Pierce, Garvin says, "You insisted on the bibliography being perfect as to dates of publication of every poem. This necessitated my going through again all the newspapers and periodicals I had searched in the early years of this century and it took me several hours a day for six weeks to provide you with the complete bibliography." (The John Garvin Papers, Douglas Library Collection)

last picture of Crawford, are already beginning to articulate the legend of what Hale later calls "the fatal Celtic origin that gathers trouble to itself as naturally as it gathers joy".⁴⁸ On February 14, 1887, Crawford's death notice appeared in the Evening Telegram within the following context: "The Massowah Massacre"--headline over an account of how Italian forces formed a square and were massacred by the Abyssinians "to the last man and cartridge"; "Ireland and her Champions--Everyone was prepared for the results of the division on Parnell's amendment"; Chapter XXXIII of Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth's novel, A Noble Lord; a "News of the World" item stating that a crowd of well-dressed rowdies attacked some female members of the Salvation Army at Quebec yesterday; and "European Broils--France and Germany still preparing for war--More plotting in Russia; the staff of the Steyr rifle factory has been quadrupled." Readers could also find under "The Reporter's Diary" by-line this notice:

The death of Miss Isabella Valancy Crawford occurred at half-past eleven on Saturday night at 57 John Street, where she lived with her mother, widow of Dr. Stephen Crawford of Peterboro. Miss Crawford was one of the best known of Canadian writers, and furnished many stories for Frank Leslie's publications. Not long ago she published a book of poems, which were highly spoken of by the English and Canadian press. A week ago last Saturday one of the poems entitled "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks", written on the return of the volunteers from the Northwest, was republished by request in this paper, and a continued story entitled "Married with an Opal; or a Kingly Restitution" is at present running through a serial published by the Toronto News Company. Miss Crawford was a young lady of marked ability and native wit, and had already made her mark in the world of literature, poetry, as well as prose.

The Globe also ran death notices on February 14 and 15.

They contained the inaccuracies and contradictory information we are coming to expect, as, for example, "She spent part of her life in France":

February 14, 1887

"Local News"

A TALENTED LADY DEAD

On Saturday evening Isabella Valancy Crawford the last surviving daughter of the late Stephen Crawford of Peterboro suddenly passed away at 57 John Street, in this city. She spent part of her life in France, and was an accomplished linguist. She was well known to the readers of The Globe as the writer of "The Little Bacchante" together with several poems of extraordinary merit. For several years she has written for leading American and English newspapers, and published one volume of poems which received the highest commendation from first-class literary journals.

February 15, 1887

THE LATE MISS CRAWFORD

An Account of her Sudden Death--Her Funeral to Take Place Today

The death of Isabella Valancy Crawford, which took place at 11:30 on Saturday night, was the result of heart disease and was quite unlooked for. Miss Crawford had been suffering from a cold for a fortnight past, but had not been confined to bed. She was retiring for the night, her mother being in the room, when she suddenly fell to the floor lifeless. About ten years ago a medical man gave it as his opinion that the action of the deceased lady's heart was defective and as the complaint was hereditary, her father and a sister having died from the same cause, Miss Crawford was always careful to avoid over-exertion. When the fatal attack came on a doctor was at once summoned, but on his arrival he pronounced life to be extinct.

Miss Crawford was a daughter of the late Dr. Stephen Crawford of Peterboro, and was born in Ireland near Dublin. When about five years of age she was brought to this country by her parents, and afterwards lived for some time in France. She was an accomplished French writer and once wrote a story in that language. For the past ten or twelve years Miss Crawford has lived in Toronto with her mother, the last sixteen months of her life being spent at No. 57 John Street. The deceased's literary labours were extensive, and she contributed continually to Frank Leslie's magazine and other publications. A story of hers, "Married with an Opal", is now being published. Miss Crawford leaves one brother surviving her, who is at present in Algoma. The deceased lady's remains will be temporarily placed in the vault at the Necropolis at 2:30 p.m. today, and will afterwards be removed for final interment in the family burial ground at Peterboro.

The most interesting thing about the Crawford biography is ~~the way it keeps turning into myth. The Paisley, the Lakefield-~~ Peterborough, and the Toronto periods have suggested three patterns for Crawford's trial of the imagination in Canada: Canadian Crusoe, Canadian Brontë, and Canadian Keats. As to this last, here is part of Seranus's obituary notice in the Week (Feb. 24, 1887), obviously a prose version of "I weep for our dead . . . who is' dead/Was ours, and great . . .": "In her death Canada has lost one of her most original, powerful, and inspired singers, albeit unknown to the general public of the Dominion, and I very much fear to the literary few among us who sometimes give a passing thought to Canadian literature." Crawford has not been dead two years before Lighthall is describing her as a tragic figure blighted by public indifference:

It was only in 1884 that her modest blue card-covered volume of two hundred and twenty four pages came out. The sad story of unrecognized genius and death was reenacted. "Old Spookses' Pass; Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems" as it was doubly entitled (the names at least were against it!), almost dropped from the press. Scarcely anybody noticed it in Canada. It made no stir, and in little more than two years the authoress died. She was a high-spirited, passionate girl, and there is very little doubt that the neglect her book received was the cause of her death. Afterwards, as usual, a good many people began to find they had overlooked work of merit. Miss Crawford's verse was, in fact, seen to be phenomenal.⁴⁹

"A melancholy and tragic interest," says E.S. Caswell, "attaches to the memory of this brilliant but unfortunate woman declared by Duncan Campbell Scott to be 'the most richly endowed of our poets'."⁵⁰

E.J. Hathaway interprets this motif of genius neglected in terms of the sacrificial nature of the poetic gift itself. His article on Crawford in the Canadian Magazine opens with this:

"The gods will have it thus,
The choicest of the earth for sacrifice
~~Let it be man or maid or lowing bull.~~"

It would almost seem that in this passage Isabella Valancy Crawford had unconsciously given expression to the tragedy of her own life. Once again the old story of unrecognized genius and early death was repeated.

Upon the altar of fame there have been heaped many noble aspirations for places among the world's singers, many high ambitions . . . ; but few instances are more pathetic than that of this talented young woman who gave to Canadian literature some of its choicest gems, but died before the reading public had awakened to a recognition of her genius. (p. 569)

Crawford's situation in Canada is perceived as an especially agonizing version of a plight that, in the best Romantic tradition, all artists worth their salt must share: the poet is necessarily alienated from his surroundings; he pays a heavy price for his genius in suffering and solitude; but he alchemizes this personal tribulation into radiantly joyous images of truth. In Crawford's case, of course, there is basis in fact for this ("we felt real sorry for them out here in Canada amidst such unsuitable surroundings"). Later, in Toronto, she is living in what Sara Jeanette Duncan at the time declares to be "one great camp of the Philistines" and Lampman calls "utterly destitute, of all light and charm . . . How barren! How barbarous!" ("At the Mermaid Inn", Globe, Feb. 27, 1892). All of which reinforces the legend of the exotic stranger, as Katherine Hale so picturesquely puts it, "a flaming but solitary figure singing through the sombre Ontario of the 70's and 80's . . . her strange and brilliant songs".⁵¹ Hale quotes from the recollections of Miss Stuart, the Toronto landlady's daughter: "I was a young girl at the time of her death; but how could I forget one like Miss Crawford! She seemed like a being from another planet. There

was something about her that the world in general could not be expected to understand."⁵²

Interest in that part of the legend that makes Crawford into a Canadian Keats^c reflects a larger concern with the treatment of the artist in Canada. Certain details of her story seem significant. For example, Katherine Hale speaks about a child who used to watch Crawford in church, "wondering what a poet was like".⁵³ The painter Katherine Willis recalls children in Peterborough who "would follow her to call out the, to them, fantastic and unfamiliar name 'Valancy'".⁵⁴ The difficulty encountered by the imagination in Canada has become a central theme of Canadian literature itself. There is Klein's drowned poet who makes a halo of anonymity at the bottom of the sea; Monica Gall in Davies's A Mixture of Frailties who has to leave Salterton, Ontario to develop her genius in England; Philip Bentley in Ross's As for Me and My House who is stifled in the prairie town of Horizon; Grove's tragic version of his life as a writer in Canada in In Search of Myself; and David Canaan in Buckler's The Mountain and the Valley who dies just before he is able to articulate his poetic vision. As a paradigm for this same predicament of the artist, Crawford's life would seem to have the potentiality for being absorbed into literature as Mrs. Moodie's life has been absorbed into Margaret Atwood's Journals of Susannah Moodie. Crawford's experience, as James Reaney has suggested, was "a trial-run for the imagination in this country, and because the run was made and dared it has been much easier since".⁵⁵

Another aspect of Crawford's legend, fixes on Paisley and the Canadian Crusoes. This latter term is the title of Catharine Parr Traill's novel for children about survival in the bush.⁵⁶ It is based upon an identification with Crusoe that the first settlers themselves apparently enjoyed making. Kathleen and Robina Lizars report that the immigrants who came to the Canada Company land tract all read Robinson Crusoe* on the voyage over and thought of their experience in the isolation of the Canadian wilderness in terms of Crusoe on his island.⁵⁷ In actual fact, Alexander Selkirk, who was Defoe's model for Crusoe, went mad in the wilderness and solitude of his island and, after four and a half years, returned to England scarcely articulate to live a hermit's life in a cave he constructed at the bottom of his parents' garden.

In North America, this real danger of being devoured by the wilderness was thought of in terms of being "Indianized", as if Friday should convert Crusoe to savagery. "No man who follows the pursuits of Indians will ever return", says "Tiger" Dunlop.⁵⁸ "I have . . . known", says Mrs. Traill in Canadian Crusoes, "European gentlemen voluntarily leave the comforts of a civilized home, and associate themselves with Indian trappers and hunters, leading lives as wandering and as wild as the uncultivated children of the forest."⁵⁹ Parkman records that La Salle on his Mississippi

*"The young sons on the long outward voyage beguiled the hours with 'Robinson Crusoe.' It therefore seemed but a proper part of the expedition when they saw, on the Colborne road, a post with sign pointing the way to Juan Fernandez. The immigrant who had so called his place became known, and lived and died, by the name of Crusoe Miller. To complete the illusion, he had a man Friday."

exploration left carpenters behind him at Fort Crevecoeur to build a boat, and came back only to find the fort deserted and written upon the side of the uncompleted hulk the words, "Nous sommes tous sauvages".⁶⁰ In Canada the wilderness was always there as a reminder, as Mrs. Moodie puts it, that "Man still remains a half-reclaimed savage."⁶¹ Robinson Crusoe survived, in Defoe's story, because of the items he brought with him to his island--clothes, tools, ammunition, "nails and spikes, a great screwjack, a dozen or two of hatchets, . . . a grindstone", ropes and cables, "two or three razors and one pair of large scissors"--also "pens, ink, and paper . . . three very good Bibles" ("I Furnish Myself with Many Things"), but more especially his Westernized set of attitudes--his accounting book method of overcoming despair by setting up a ledger "like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed against the miseries I suffered"; his sense of space that made him enclose his farm within a garrison ("I Built My Fortress"); and his sense of time by the clock--his notched stick and his diary. The pioneers, in much the same way, brought their pianos and their silver spoons and especially their books. John Geikie, for example, in George Stanley, or Life in the Woods, describes how his family came to the unsettled St. Clair River area with a piano, an eight day clock, barrels of oatmeal, flour, salt and split peas, and boxes of books. The last "paid over and over for all the trouble and weight, proving the greatest possible blessing. If we had not brought them we would have turned half savages, I suppose. . . . [The books showed] my young sisters, especially, that all the world were not like the rude people.

about us."⁶²

Unlike the rude half-savages that Geikie (and elsewhere Mrs. Moodie) mentions with such distaste, the Crawford family survives "the pulseless forest, locked and interlocked/So closely bough with bough and leaf with leaf" ("Malcolm's Katie", II). They survive because they bring with them into the bush minds educated in Dante and the Bible. Mrs. Annie Sutherland says in her London Free Press article (Jul. 2, 1927):

The Crawfords brought with them from the home land certain personal treasures--one or two steel engravings, Irish linen and silver for their table; Irish poplin gowns . . . a harp like a minstrel in exile . . . but more, they brought with them a culture that left its imprint on the minds and lives of the Paisley people:

Every home in those days prided itself on possessing a few volumes of good literature brought with them from the old homes over the sea, and these books were read and reread and lent to other readers and Isabella Valancy Crawford delighted to keep them in circulation so that the other growing girls of her own age could enjoy the good reading as well as she.

We are helped to know what these few volumes of good literature may have been by Maud Miller Wilson's Globe article of April 15, 1905:

Their children's education was conducted by both Dr. and Mrs. Crawford. The girls were carefully grounded in Latin as well as in the English branches. They spoke French readily and were conversant with the good literature of the day, Isabella being an omnivorous reader, fondest of history and of verse, and claiming Dante as her favorite poet.

The possibility of lapsing into savagery is not the only danger that faces a Canadian Crusoe. Mrs. Moodie, sister of the celebrated author of Lives of the Queens of England, has her books and her culture, but after seven years in the bush she retires in disarray to Belleville. Her watered-down Wordsworthian view of Nature has given her no way of coping with the doubleness of

experience that is harder to ignore in the bush than it had been at Reydon Hall, Suffolk. All the time that she is telling herself that Nature is a "Divine Mother" shooting "marvellous strength" into her heart, she is hating the wild nature around her that is so full of slippery bogs, swamps and holes, and voracious wolves and mosquitoes. Unable to accept the coexistence of evil and beauty in nature, Mrs. Moodie's defence is a rigid code of restriction and denial--fences and genteel manners. There is a revealing incident in Roughing It in the Bush in which Mrs. Moodie is out walking with Catharine in the woods (which she sees as "dangerous and slippery") wearing high-buttoned boots: "My sister, who had resided for nearly twelve months in the woods, was provided for her walk with Indian moccasins, which rendered her quite independent; but I stumbled at every step."⁶³ Isabella Valancy Crawford is closer in spirit to Catharine than to her rigid and rejecting sister.

Like Emily Carr, Crawford loves the wilderness of her new environment and develops a new poetic vocabulary to describe its strangeness and beauty as well as its terrors. She can do this because she is one of the first Canadian poets to have a sophisticated perception of evil. She sees Good and Evil as twin brothers and can accept the doubleness of the Canadian wilderness experience or, for that matter, of life itself. Part of the significance of the legend of Paisley and the Canadian Crusoes is in the culture--the harp and the history books, the Horace and the Dante; the other part is in her love for the new wilderness landscape. Mrs. Sutherland says, "What appealed most to the little Irish girl from

the day she set foot in Paisley was the natural beauty of the place":

Here she learned the names, songs, and habits of the birds . . . the Indians would bring their baskets to the young girl. . . . Ever after she was their Nenemovsha (sweetheart): for her they wove their prettiest baskets and beaded moccasins while she watched.

Crawford reads Dante, loves the Indians' forest, and from the interaction of these two creates the vigorous and original poetic voice that speaks in "Malcolm's Katie".

The third significant part of the Crawford legend is her characterization as a Canadian Brontë. The Brontë name is invoked whenever critics try to account for the apparent paradox of the quiet secluded life and the powerfully intense and passionate poems. Pelham Edgar says, "Valancy Crawford's lyrical verse is singularly intense and pure, with the intensity and purity that we find in the work of Emily Brontë, whose shy austerity and solitary brooding passion her own suggest, without its tragic morbidity."⁶⁴ Roy Daniells says, "This capacity for an intense projection into her poems of her feelings about love and struggle and death separates her from the other post-Confederation poets; she is in the line of Emily Brontë rather than Wordsworth or Tennyson."⁶⁵

The Brontë reference is convenient shorthand for a whole cluster of things: the parallel situation of two women writers working in poverty and remote from literary centres; delicacy of health; the tragedy in childhood of so many siblings dying so suddenly of fever; the proud independence and love of liberty ("Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils; without it she perished," writes Charlotte in her diary⁶⁶); the need for extreme

privacy; the utter financial failure of the first book of poems published at author's expense; the plight of being a woman writer in the nineteenth century; the question of intensity in art; the preference for the romance mode; the fascination with writing that begins in childhood ("We wove a web in childhood" is the beginning of one of Charlotte's poems); and finally the creation of a coherent imaginative world that is expressed in symbols.

The main reason for invoking Emily Brontë's name is Crawford's imaginative energy and emotional intensity, which in turn is linked to her use of romance. The tendency of critics to underrate her achievement is part of a general failure to appreciate romance as a serious form for literary discovery. One feels that it is because Desmond Pacey's standards are those of realism that he excludes Crawford from his company of Ten Canadian Poets and elsewhere dismisses her work as "melodramatic extravaganzas" that have "the confused intensity of a Canadian forest".⁶⁷ Readers generally, however, have recognized the energy of Crawford's work, if not the romance form that releases this energy. E.J. Hathaway, whose article was the first full length criticism of Crawford to appear, comments: "If there is one element in Miss Crawford's writings more distinctly visible than another it is that of power--virility it would be called if applied to a man".⁶⁸

The Canadian Brontë part of the Crawford legend I have associated with her Lakefield, Peterborough residence because two episodes occur there that suggest parallels with the famous residents of Haworth Parsonage. In Katherine Hale's words:

Two pathetic incidents stand out in this period. The delicate Emma Naomi, the younger sister, was always busy with beautiful and intricate designs in embroidery. On one piece she had worked for a year, and sent it, in hopes of a sale or a prize, to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. It was lost in the mails. At the same time it was announced that Isabella had won a six hundred dollar prize in a short story competition. This meant financial salvation. But on the heels of the first check for a hundred dollars came the news that the prize-giving corporation had failed and nothing more was to be expected from them.⁶⁹

Besides the pathos that is Hale's reason for relating these stories, there is also the fascinating glimpse we get of two sisters who, like Emily and Charlotte, create their own imaginative world. I am reminded of Fanny Ratchford's account of Branwell's box of wooden soldiers that become heroes of countless games and eventually achieve literary status in "The Gondal Play" of Anne and Emily and the Glass Town and Angrian Legends of Charlotte and Branwell--occupying the Brontës first as children and later as adults in a unified world of the imagination.⁷⁰ In the place of toy soldiers, Emma Naomi and Isabella Valancy create elaborate embroidered figures, which are described by Mrs. Donald Urquhart, a Toronto friend of the Crawfords, as follows:

She [Isabella] had a great delight in cutting out and making the most unique and beautiful little foreign figures, tiny dolls, always of oriental types, made out of vivid coloured silks or satins; Rajahs and Mandarins and Hindoo priests in their robes and turbans, with their attendants perfectly costumed. She would spend hours over these, making every detail correct. They were arranged on a silk-covered cardboard stage half the size of my dining-room table.⁷¹

One of these richly exotic and intricate tableaux, lovingly created for a six year old boy, John Garton, in 1884, is presently under wraps in the basement of the Peterborough Centennial Museum.

For the Crawfords as for the Brontës, writing was a family



Isabella Valantey Crawford's embroidery sculpture tableau,
made for a sick child, John Gorton, in 1884.



Embroidery sculpture tableau--detail.



Embroidery sculpture tableau--detail.



activity which engaged the sisters from childhood on. Some of Emma Naomi's work is to be found preserved in manuscript in the Douglas Library Collection at Queen's University. Her handwriting is neater and less bold than Valancy's. Her stories tend to light humour and wit rather than to passion and intensity. The story, "The Major's Mistake", written on blue half-sheets of paper, is narrated in the first person by Mrs. Grubb, a Dickensian boarding-house landlady. It begins:

"No, the Major ain't what I'd call good company at least for folks as cares to talk of anything but cemeterys, and blighted hearts, and suchlike, and to hear him repeat that piece to himself, "But go, deceiver, go, some day/Perhaps, thou'lt waken/From pleasure's dream to know/The grief of hearts forsaken" and ending with such an awful groan, is about the most lowering thing to the spirits, that a person could think of."

Another story, dated 1872, is told by a servant girl, "Maria Jane Melissa Edger, ma'am". Her resentment against the usurpation of her washing and cooking authority by a newly-hired Chinaman makes her suspect him, with justice as it turns out, of being the yellow peril in person:

Li-Pang put his yellow face round the door. ". . . You bully nicee girls," says he, looking at me and grinning till you'd think the top of his head would roll off. . . . "Lookee here," says he, "you likee me good. I likee you bully big good. . . . Missee got heap money. Sleep likee fat pig. We go stickee her and takee money. You takee hap, me hap. Go back to Foo-chow and be married. You stay here. I go stickee her now!"

Another story, dated May 2, 1872 (when Naomi would be seventeen) is conventional and romantic, beginning with "The garden sloped downwards towards the lake, which lay a placid expanse of shining blue . . .", and proceeding to a lovers' quarrel, jealousy, a case of mistaken identity, and a reconciliation. However, one senses the

author's boredom with formulas: "I for one don't see the necessity for mentioning the shape of the heroine's nose, or the particular shade of her hair. No, I really don't." The only other remaining piece of Naomi's writing is a brief humorous sketch about a small-time newspaper proprietor who discovers that the whole secret is advertising:

We commenced with a patent mop. We weren't well up in mops, but we wrote a puff that pleased the patent man, and sold hundreds of the things. . . . People soon began to complain of the space occupied in our sheet by these elegantly worded appeals to the public pocket. We didn't care a cent. We went on and prospered exceedingly.

Emma Naomi's work lacks her sister's intensity and power of imagery, but its very existence enables us to suppose that Isabella Valancy lived in a family that, like the Brontë's, shared and supported each other's creative interests.* A remark of Miss Stuart's, quoted by Katherine Hale, substantiates this view:

She and her mother lived almost completely by themselves during the years that they lodged with us, except for one or two friends. But they had their own pursuits. They were deeply interested in English and European literature, and would speak French together constantly.⁷²

In the case of both Emily Brontë and Valancy Crawford, the miracle lies in their ability as adults to shape a comprehensive poetic vision, using the imagination that has been fostered from childhood by remarkable families. A coherent vision lies behind the individual works, giving them a structure and a grammar of symbols. The work,

* One of the contributions that Margo Dunn makes to the Crawford biography is her suggestion that the mother, Sydney Scott, also wrote stories, including several that have been attributed to Isabella Valancy: "After a few weeks sojourn in that gayest of cities" and "Some years after my aunt's marriage". (M.A. dissertation, Simon Fraser, 1975)

in Crawford's case, is shaped by her perception of the universe as a place of constant struggle of contraries, of sun and moon, light and dark, male and female, active and passive, victor and victim, eagle and dove.

In summary, we can say that Crawford's life has a shape which, by virtue of the very sparseness of the known biographical details, is easily seen in terms of parallels with Keats, Crusoe, and Brontë. Taken together, the points suggested by these comparisons make the Crawford biography a study in miniature of the situation of the writer in Canada: the economic factors that control and distort a literary work; the lack of trained readers, the difficulty of coping with the unorganized and potentially overwhelming landscape; the tension between the reader's demand for novels and short lyrics and the apparently greater suitability to the Canadian experience of the romance and the long narrative poem. Not least among which difficulties has been the reader's willingness to perceive shape in the artist's life, but miss it in the writing.

CHAPTER TWO

THE FUNDAMENTAL DESIGN

. . . the fundamental design beneath this wealth of decoration is strong and sufficient. Miss Crawford ornaments with a lavish hand, but she demands immense structures to work upon. (Ethelwyn Wetherald, Collected Poems, p. 23.)

All life is a paradox, a contradiction, which means that any productive experience results from the fluid interplay of two planes, two forces, a pair of opposites. . . . (Lawren Harris, Lawren Harris, Toronto: Macmillan, 1969, p. 76.)

. . . This story is naturally found in all lands where the difference between summer and winter is sufficiently marked to leave on the mind the impression of death and resurrection. Its forms of course vary indefinitely, but it is in fact repeated virtually in every solar legend. . . . The utter barrenness of the earth, so long as the wrath of Demeter lasts, answers to the locking up of the treasures in Teutonic folk-lore; but the awakening of spring may be said to be the result of the return, not only of the maiden from the underworld, but of the sun from the far-off regions to which he had departed. . . . in the northern story Persephone becomes the maiden Brynhild who sleeps within the flaming walls, as the heroine of the Hindu tales lies in a palace of glass surrounded by seven hedges of spears. But she must sleep until the knight arrives who is to slay the dragon, and the successful exploit of Sigurd would suggest the failure of weaker men who had made the same attempt before him. Thus we have the germ of those countless tales in which the father promises to bestow his daughter on the man who can either leap over the wall of spears or work his way through the hedge of thorns, or slay the monster who guards her dwelling, death being the penalty for all who try and fail. The victorious knight is the sun when it has gained sufficient strength to break the chains of winter and set the maiden free; the luckless beings who precede him are the suns which rise and set, making vain efforts in the first bleak days of spring to rouse nature from her deathlike slumber. This is the simple tale of Dornroschen or Briar Rose, who pricks her finger with a spindle and falls into a sleep of a hundred years. . . . (G.W. Cox, The Mythology of the Aryan Nations, London: Longmans, Green, 1870, II, 300-1.)

E.J. Hathaway found it useful, as we have just seen, to quote from "Curtius" in order to emphasize the sacrificial pattern of Crawford's life. He had nothing to say about the poem's theme of sacrificial love. But what Crawford's reader needs, to get him past unremarkable poems like "Good-Bye's the Word", "Baby's Dreams", "Laughter", and "Love in a Dairy", is someone to suggest that there is a coherent shape to Crawford's work in which sacrifice is central. This shape has been distorted, of course, by the newspaper demands on Crawford to write short lyrics rather than narratives, and, more specifically, to write such marketable incidental pieces as "To the Princess Louise", "The Christmas Baby", "The Red Cross Corps", and "The Gallant Lads in Green". Ethelwyn Wetherald's introduction to Garvin's Collected Poems is of some use, informing the reader that "the fundamental design . . . is strong and sufficient. . . . she demands immense structures to work upon" (p. 23). Garvin's organization of the poems, however, is anything but helpful. His method is to start with the peripheral poems, reserving until the end the central narratives that are keys to Crawford's vision.

For the convenience of the reader, the contents have been divided into four books, the first containing forty-seven shorter and simpler poems of rarely beautiful quality; the second, fifteen poems of greater length and stronger fibre; the third, fifteen poems in blank

verse of remarkable range, power and originality; and the fourth, nine poems of dialect verse--philosophic, humorous and pathetic. (C.P., p. 3).

Crawford's own Old Spookses' Pass, in contrast, starts with the title poem followed by "The Helot" and "Malcolm's Katie"--three poems that reveal most clearly the structure of her imaginative world.

James Reaney, in his introduction to the 1972 reprinting of Collected Poems, speaks of "a long poem (not lyrical) she should have, could have written, but never quite did" (C.P., p. xx). "Someone reading the first three poems in Old Spookses' Pass can begin to construct for himself this single long poem which would certainly include the following lines (italics mine):

From "Old Spookses' Pass"

An' the noise uv the crick as it called tew me,
 'Pard, don't ye mind the mossy, green spot
 Whar a crick stood still fur a drowzin' spell
 Right in the midst uv the old home lot?
 Whar, right at stundown on Sabba'day,
 Ye skinned yerself uv yer meetin' clothes,
 An' dove like a duck whar the water clar
 Shone up like glass thru the lily-blows?"

The herd, like a great black mist, lay spread,
 Tearin' along the indigo sky
 Wus a drove uv clouds, snarled an' black,
 Scuddin' along to'ard the rising moon,
 Like the sweep uv a durned hungry pack
 Uv prairie wolves, to'ard a bufferler,

The moonshine swept, a white river, down
 The black uv the mighty mountain side,
 Lappin' over an' over the stuns an' brush
 In whirls, an' swirls uv leapin' light,
 Makin' straight fur the herd, whar black
 an' still

It stretched

The Pass just opened its giant throat
 An' its lips uv granite, . . .

. . . --while overhead
 The moon in the black clouds tremblin' sank

Like a bufferler overtook by the wolves
 An' pulled tew the ground by the scuddin'
pack.

The herd rushed on with a din an' crash,
 Dim es a shadder vast an' black;

. . . We rode in flame,
 Fur the flashes rolled inter only one,
 Same es the bellers made one big roar;

We wusn't five hundred feet from the gulch,

When, whizzin' an' singin', thar come the
 rush

Right past my face uv a lariat!

. . . the whirlin' lash uv a cowboy whip.

Round spun the herd in a great black wheel,
 Slower an' slower--ye've seen beneath
 A biggish torrent a whirlpool spin,
 Its waters black es the face uv Death?
 . . . an' he, sung a tune
 About a young gal named Betsy Lee.

Fainter an' fainter growed that thar song
 Uv Betsy Lee an' her har uv gold;

From "The Helot"

Sapphire-breasted Bacchic priest,
 Stood the sky above the lands;
Sun and moon, at west and east,
 Brazen cymbals in his hands.

Temples, altars, smote no more,
 Sharply white as brows of Gods:

Flushed their marble silently
 With the red light of his kiss.

Dropped the rose-flushed doves and hung
 On the fountains' murmuring brims.
 To the bronzed vine Hermos clung,
Silver-like his naked limbs

Flashed and flushed: rich coppered leaves
Whitened by his ruddy hair,

Cold the haughty Spartan smiled;
Maddening from the purple hills
 Sang the far pipes, sweet and wild,
Red as sun-pierced daffodils.

Neck-curved serpent, silent, scaled
 With locked rainbows, stole the sea
 On the sleek, long beaches; wailed
Deves from column and from tree.

Rose-white in the dusky leaves
 Shone the frank-eyed Spartan child.
 Low the pale doves on the eaves
 Made their soft moan, sweet and wild.

Bull-like fell his furious head,

As loud flaming stones are hurled
 From foul craters, thus the gods
 Cast their just wrath on the world
 From the mire of Helot clods.

Sprang the Helot. Roared the vine,
Rent from grey, long-wedded stones,

Reached the long-poised sword of Fate
 To the Spartan thro' his child.

O'er his lowered front, all white,
 Fair young Hermos quiv'ring hung.
 As the discus flashed bright

In the player's hand, the boy,
 Naked, blossom-pallid, lay.

Lowered his front like captive bull,
 Bellowing from the fields of Thrace.

.....
 Biered upon the ruddy vine,
 Spartan dust and Helot lay!

From "Malcolm's Katie"

A seed of love to cleave into a rock
 And bourgeon thence until the granite splits

The South Wind laid his moccasins aside,
 Broke his gay calumet of flowers, and cast
 His useless wampum, beaded with cool dews,
 Far from him northward; his long, ruddy spear
 Flung sunward, whence it came . . .

..... whistling shafts
 Struck maple and struck sumach. . . .

Have you killed the happy, laughing Summer?

.....
 She is gone a little way before me;
 Gone an arrow's flight beyond my vision.
 She will turn again and come to meet me

.....
 Saying, "Sleep and dream of me, my children;
 Dream of me, the mystic Indian Summer,--
 I who, slain by the cold Moon of Terror,
 Can return across the path of Spirits,

.....
 I, the laughing Summer, am not turned
 Into dry dust, whirling on the prairies,

.....
 I am still the mother of sweet flowers
 Growing but an arrow's flight beyond you
 . . . where all the arrows

.....
 He has shot from His great bow of Power
 With its clear, bright singing cord of Wisdom,
 Are re-gathered, plumed again and brightened,
 And shot out, re-barbed with Love and Wisdom;
Always shot, and evermore returning.

.....
 For love, once set within a lover's breast,
 Has its own sun, its own peculiar sky,
 All one great daffodil, on which do lie
 The sun, the moon, the stars, all seen at once

And never setting, but all shining straight
 Into the faces of the trinity--
 The one beloved, the lover, and sweet love.

The silver lilies drew her with white smiles--
 Katie had vanished, and with angry grind
 The vast logs rolled together;

From his far wigwam sprang the strong North
 Wind

And rushed with war-cry down the steep ravines,
 And wrestled with the giants of the woods;
 And with his ice-club beat the swelling crests
 Of the deep watercourses into death;

"My axe and I, we do immortal tasks;
 We build up nations--this my axe and I."

"Oh!" said the other with a cold, short smile,
 "Nations are not immortal."

Her vast hand reared her towers, her shrines,
 her thrones;
 The ceaseless sweep of her tremendous wings
 Still beat them down and swept their dust
 abroad.

Naught is immortal save immortal--Death!

All else is mortal but immortal--Love!

Said the high hill . . .
 Close to my shoulder droops the weary moon,
Dove-pale . . .

. . . and blackly stands
 On my slim, loftiest peak an eagle with
 His angry eyes set sunward . . .

Who curseth Sorrow knows her not at all.
Dark matrix she, from which the human soul
 Has its last birth . . .
 . . . --thou instrument
Close clasped within the great Creative Hand!

The underlined words make the following skeleton: black clouds, moon, wolves, buffalo, white moonshine, black mountain, black herd, yawning gulch, whirling lariat, great black wheel, Betsy Lee, Sun and Moon, white altars, red light, sun-pierced daffodils, sea-serpent, doves, sword, discus, blossom-child, love, granite, arrows, dry dust, mystic Indian Summer, one great daffodil, trinity, silver lilies, grinding logs, Death, Love, moon, dove, eagle, sun, Sorrow, matrix. The particular images are chosen to suit three unrelated subjects-- the transcontinental railway, stampeding cattle, lariats, buffaloes, and gulches in her cowboy poem; grape-vines, wine-cups, temples, marble altars, and the discus in her Greek poem; and lilies, canoes, axes, Indians, sawmills, and arrows in her pioneer poem. The images themselves are not unrelated, however. Within Crawford's system, the Spartan child and the sea-serpent, the stampeding cattle and the abyss, the tree and the axe, and Katie and the grinding logs are different incarnations of the same dynamic principle.

This is the principle of the perpetual, and necessarily painful, universal struggle of opposites. One of Crawford's characteristic models for the relationship between opposites is the hunter and the quarry. This model comprehends the sacrificial element in the death of the victim who may be an innocent child like the Spartan boy, or a fair, chaste maiden like Katie, or, in the animal world, usually a deer, fish, or dove, or some pastoral variant such as cattle or buffaloes. The hunter-quarry, wolf-deer, eagle-dove relationship at the same time emphasizes the necessary interdependence and exchange of life and death. This continuity of

the precious speck of life through cycles of birth and death is the theme of the animal stories of Crawford's contemporary, Charles G.D. Roberts. "Death stalks joy for ever among the kindred of the wild" is how he puts it in "The Moonlight Trails". Although Roberts says in his preface to Kindred of the Wild that "we and the beasts are kin", there is clearly a gap between his natural order of animals rending one another and his conception of Mother Nature's order in "Kinship": "Back unto the faithful healing/And the candor of the sod--/ . . . Take me, Mother,--in compassion/All thy hurt ones fain to heal." Crawford, treating similar material, is more likely to see the animal death as a ritual of sacrifice that reflects, on other levels of her universe, the clouds' swallowing of the moon, the axe's chopping down of the tree, winter's killing of the sun. Lauren Harris, speaking of the interplay of opposites that for him is the basis of all art; says: "From one point of view the pairs of opposites are antithetical, . . . from another . . . productive in activity of structure, of pattern, of experience. From still another point of view, that of sympathetic vision, they are the essentials of harmony".¹ This last is the point of view of Crawford's Love, that can create "the trinity--/The one beloved, the lover and sweet love".

It is apparent that Crawford is using a zoning technique similar to Dante's. The symbol for the trinity that love creates is the "one great daffodil, on which do lie/The sun, the moon, the stars, all seen at once/And never setting". Or, as a glance back through the pages of quoted lines confirms, either the lily or the

white rose will do as well to represent the mystic circle of Crawford's paradiso. The purgatorial world we live in is below the daffodil world of love, but connected to it by what in two other poems, "Between the Wind and the Rain" and "Gisli the Chieftain", she calls eagle's gyres, and what in "Malcolm's Katie" is an interchange of spears "flung sunward, whence it came" or of arrows that are "shot out, re-barbed with Love and Wisdom; / Always shot, and evermore returning". Her models for this seem to be Dante's winding staircase and his description in the Purgatorio (XXVIII) of a locus amoenus of "perpetual spring and every fruit". From Dante's Terrestrial Paradise, on top of Mount Purgatory, the seeds of vegetable life are sent out to the world below and are returned. Crawford's symbols for the purgatorial world below are those paired opposites we have been examining--tree and axe, dove and eagle, and so on--that make up Sorrow's "dark matrix". This middle world "from which the human soul / Has its last birth" is connected by Love to the upper world of the flower-circle, and by Despair to the Inferno beneath, which is shaped like a funnel. In "Old Spookses' Pass", the "yawning gulch" with its "grinning lips" and the "whirlpool [spinning] / Its waters black as the face of Death" represent this lower world, as do in "Malcolm's Katie" the "dry dust, whirling on the prairie", the grinding logs, and the "coiled waters" that Alfred leaps into, carrying Katie.

The reader of Old Spookses' Pass, having encountered this basic architecture of symbols in the first three poems, can follow its elaboration in the rest. In "Gisli the Chieftain", for example,

perspectives change as one ascends from one to another of Crawford's levels just described. From within the purgatorial world, what is apparent is the continual struggle of opposites--embodied in "Gisli" in eagle and cygnet, sun and mist, galley and seas. The dark giant Evil and the bright giant Good, who appear unexpectedly at the end of the poem, are another set of opposites. But they "sprang from the one great mystery--at one birth" and their relationship is represented in terms of clasping and conjunction, not opposition: "Said the voice of Evil to the ear of Good, 'Clasp thou my strong right hand.'" In a similar image from "Malcolm's Katie", Sorrow, "dark mother of the soul", is an "instrument/Close clasped within the great Creative Hand".

"Gisli" concludes, therefore, with a perspective from the upper world that sees harmonious order where "men who know not" see only conflict. This double perspective has its counterpart in the duplications earlier on--Gisli and the phantom ghost, Gylfag and the phantom hound, Gisli's galleys and the phantom's galleys. Many other poems, however, are concerned exclusively with how things seem from within the middle world of experience. The dominant images here, as we would expect, are of warfare, weapons and separation. For what it is worth, the computerized word count of Crawford's Collected Poems done at Simon Fraser University provides the following statistics: * uses of the word arms--62, arrows--20, axes--27,

* Also of interest, in view of Crawford's interest in solar myth, are the following word counts: black--59, bright--71, dark--58, day--83, gold(en)--168, mist(s)(y)--46, red--144, silver--90, sky(ies)--91, star and compounds--129, sun and compounds--152.

biting--22, bows--29, crest--23, fierce--33, lance--10, pierce--27, pointed--14, sharp--33, shaft--7, shield--15, shrill--30, spear--23, sword--242, warrior--18, war--17, not to mention 53 uses of words related to blood and bleeding, and 216 relating to death, die, dead, and slay. Struggle is a radical metaphor for Crawford from the very beginning, as, for example, in "A Battle" (June 26, 1874) and "An Interregnum" (May 3, 1875) in the Mail, or later "The White Bull" (Oct. 3, 1881) and "The Dark Stag" (Nov. 28, 1883) in the Telegram, or "The Sword" and "War" in Old Spookses, Pass.

The very early poem "A Battle" is ostensibly about a starry moonlit night. The effect, however, is quite unlike that of poems on similar subjects appearing in Lighthall's Songs of the Great Dominion, such as Sangster's "Night in the Thousand Isles" ("And now 'tis night. A myriad stars have come/To cheer the earth and sentinel the skies"), Heavyssege's "Twilight" ("The day was lingering in the pale north-west/And night was hanging o'er my head"), Mrs. Leprohon's "A Canadian Summer Evening" ("The rose-tints have faded from out of the west"), Barry Straton's "Evening on the shes" ("Slowly down the west the weary day is dying/Slowly up the east ascends the mellow, mystic moon"), or Lampman's "Midsummer Night" ("Mother of balms and soothings manifold,/Quiet-breathed Night . . .). Crawford's poem is a battle of light and dark. The "armoured warriors", the stars, flock

Upon the solemn battlefield of Night
 To try great issues with the blind old King,
 The Titan Darkness, who great Pharaoh fought
 With groping hands, and conquered for a span.
 (C.P., p. 255)

The starry hosts level their "jewelled lances" with "diamond tips" and "silvery dartings" at the "giant in his cave", the "blind Titan", who "clutches" at the moon with "wild-seeking hands" and aspires to "reign in black desolation". It is evident by the end that Crawford is talking about Demogorgon or the dragon in Revelation who is sealed in the bottomless pit and "conquered for a span", but after a cycle of a thousand years will be loosed once more. The lances for a time are able to

. . . force him down to lair within his pit
And thro' its chinks thrust down his gro-
ping hands
To quicken Hell with Horror--for the strength
That is not of the Heavens is of Hell.

The presence of a mythic structure standing behind the individual poems allows Crawford to use topics like a starry night or twilight or March (no doubt favourites with readers of the Mail and Telegram) to embody contradictions in experience itself.

"The Dark Stag" (Telegram, Nov. 28, 1883) is a later and more complex rendering of the struggle of light and dark. "A startled stag, the blue-grey Night" is tracked down and killed by the hunter Sun's "fierce arrows". This poem turns out to be not the separate lyric that it was once thought but an interlude within the long unpublished work that I am calling "Narrative II".* This poem within a poem is a good place to observe Crawford's characteristic opening up of a short lyric to give it a significance beyond

* Dorothy Livesay, who first discovered this poem in the Douglas Library, calls it "The Hunters Twain".

itself as part of a larger architecture. In the narrative poem, the context for "The Dark Stag" is a debate between Hugh, who argues for Hope and Dawn, and Ion, who argues for Despair and Night. "I'll sing the Dawn I love," says Ion, but in fact he sings about the killing of the Night in terms very sympathetic to the victim (see Appendix, p. 309 for context). The sun is associated with the red-eyed eagle while the stag and "the pale, pale moon, a snow-white doe" are both innocent quarry. There is not the emphasis in this poem on the absolute opposition of light and dark, Heaven and Hell that characterized "A Battle". "The Dark Stag" concentrates instead upon the sacrificial element necessary for the rhythm of destruction and renewal to continue. The stag, says J.E. Cirlot in his Dictionary of Symbols, is linked with the Tree of Life because of the resemblance of its antlers to branches--the full identification being horns, tree, and cross.² Anna Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art (1848) refers to St. Hubert's and St. Eustace's vision of the miraculous stag who bears between his horns a cross of radiant light and on it an image of the crucified Redeemer.³ In any case, the ending of this poem goes beyond any simple opposition of Night/Despair and Dawn/Hope that Hugh and Ion began with:

His antlers fall

 His blood upon the crisp blue burns,
 Reddens the mounting spray;
 His branches smite the wave--with cries
 The loud winds pausing, flag--
 He sinks in space--red glow the skies,
 The stout and lusty stag.

There are two ways that Crawford typically handles the "change

of day and night or summer and winter, which is to say any kind of change or historical process. One is to use the model we have already examined of conflict, warfare, and death. The appropriate images here are those of separation and opposition of the sort usually associated with Mars--arrows, lances, martial crests and chariots, axes, and swords. Frequently a two-part structure emphasizes the conflict of opposites. The other way is to handle change in terms of Love which unites opposites in a kind of hieros gamos or marriage of heaven and earth, sun and moon. The appropriate images in this case are associated with Venus--conjunction, clasping, interlocking, fertility, and rebirth. In a three-part structure, Love is the third term that resolves the conflict of the other two. In "The Wooing of Gheezis: An Indian Idyll" (Sept. 18, 1874) and "March" (Mar. 19, 1881), published in the Mail and Telegram respectively and reprinted in Old Spookses' Pass, the necessary change occurs when images of separation at the beginning of each poem yield to images of cosmic love and blossoming life. March the earth-shaker, "sea-lifter", "sky-render", is shackled in the end, not by "Thor with his hammer" but by "April the weaver/of delicate flowers". Segwun the spring says that the hunter Gheezis will never reach her with his arrows: "Thy arms are long but all too short to reach me/Thou art in heaven and I upon the earth." The opposition of pursuit and flight, hunter and quarry is resolved by love ("The Manitou is love, and gives me love, and love/Gives all of power") and the marriage of heaven and earth is celebrated by buds bursting into flower.

The two-term model of separation and conflict and the three-term model of conjunction and marriage are both ways of accounting for the same rhythm of experience. Those who perceive according to the first model focus upon the sorrow and suffering necessarily involved in any of these relationships of light-dark, summer-winter, hunter-quarry, life-death, growth-decay, creation-destruction. They see change (or history) as a meaningless succession of endlessly repeated cycles. This view of history results in doubt and despair as, indeed, it does for Alfred in "Malcolm's Katie", who says:

[Time's] vast hand rear'd her towers, her
 shrines, her thrones;
 The ceaseless sweep of her tremendous wings
 Still beat them down and swept their dust
 abroad.

Naught is immortal save immortal--Death!
 (IV)

The whirling circle of dry dust is the metaphor for this demonic view, just as the flower of unity is the metaphor for experience transformed by Love. This second model does not repudiate or deny the pain and death, but interprets them as sacrificial. Love does not transcend the pattern, but completes it and transforms it into a significant shape. In contrast to the "dry dust, whirling on the prairies", "Love's solid land is everywhere" ("M.K.", II).

The tension established between the flower and the whirling vortex is the source of energy for narrative poems like "Malcolm's Katie", "Old Spookses' Pass", and "Narrative II". It provides a structural backbone even to the minor occasional poems and certainly distinguishes a Crawford poem from, for example, other poems

collected in the Lighthall anthology under such headings as "The Indian", "Settlement Life", "The Spirit of Canadian History", and "Seasons". An early instance of the integration of opposites through Love is "The Wishing Star" (Mail, Mar. 24, 1874). While the counter-theme "All is vanity" is being stated and twice repeated, the descriptive passages of setting are working out the marriages of Day and Night, Moon and Sea, Norman fleur-de-lis and English rose, fountain and oak. This elaboration of the setting therefore prepares for the resolution in the third part of the poem when "suddenly down towards the moon there ran . . . / A little star, a point of trembling gold". The marriage in the heavens is a token to the lovers in the poem to the effect that love "Might blot the 'All is vanity' from life".

The tension between flower and whirling dust is conventionally expressed in poems like "The King is Dead! -- Long Live the King" (Dec. 31, 1879), "Thanksgiving Day" (Nov. 8, 1882), and "Faith Hope, and Charity" (written Aug. 27, 1883), in which the traditional trinity is opposed by an implied parodic trinity of Doubt, Despair, and Want of Charity. Crawford counterpoints the wind in Ecclesiastes that "whirleth about continually" and the "All is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again" (3: 20), against Dante's multifoliate rose and St. Paul's charity. Crawford's love that blots out "All is vanity" is both romantic love and Christian charity, and, as such, is the centre and circumference of her poetic structure. In poems like "The Wishing Star", "Between the Wind and Rain", and "Malcolm's Katie", Crawford

is using the available sentimental romance conventions of the day. But when the poems suddenly take off into passages about gyres narrowing "To some great planet of eternal peace" or "a swift offering to an angry god" or, in "Malcolm's Katie", "one great daffodil, on which do lie/The sun, the moon, the stars, all seen at once", then the conventions are being transformed by the sheer intensity of Crawford's conception of love. A reference to love in any particular poem has the support of Crawford's myth. Love is "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys" of the Song of Solomon (2: 1); it is the power that gives meaning to life's rhythms of birth and death, light and dark, water and drought; it is related to pain and sacrifice as the incarnation is to the crucifixion; it is the most important of St. Paul's trinity of faith, hope, and charity; it is Dante's love for Beatrice which is both romantic love and a redemptive power.

Dante, we recall, was among those "few volumes of good literature" that the family brought with them to Paisley, and he subsequently became Crawford's favourite poet. In the last cantos of the Paradiso, Dante is tested in his understanding of faith, hope, and charity before he is able to look

Into the yellow of the Rose Eternal
That spreads, and multiplies and breathes an odour
Of praise unto the ever-vernal sun.

(XXI, Longfellow's translation)

In the Vita, the terrible figure of Love appears to Dante in a dream to say "Ego dominus tuus" and later "Ego tanquam centrum circuli . . . I am, as it were, the centre of a circle, to which all

parts of the circumference bear the same relation."⁴ In the last lines of the Paradiso, Dante says that his will and imagination are being turned "like a wheel/In even motion by the Love impelled,/ That moves the sun in Heaven and all the stars" (Cary's translation). With Crawford also, the goal is to be with Love at the centre, which is the intersection of the arms of the cross as well as being a rose, lily, or daffodil whose petals expand to the circumference of the universe.

The short lyrics are rarely adequate to contain Crawford's mature vision of love. She needs the scope of the long poem. In "Malcolm's Katie" and "Narrative II", Crawford develops the motifs of flower and vortex using pairs of contrasting characters, Max and Alfred, Hugh and Ion, Christ and Barabbas. These pairs suggest the Gemini in whom opposites like white and black, good and evil are linked by ties of twinship. The black Brother is not repudiated. Alfred, for example, is redeemed in the end by Max's sacrificial act and brought within the trinity of love when Katie's new baby is called Alfred.

In her best work, Crawford does not achieve this harmonious order by transcending pain in favour of some other-worldly paradise. The longish, blank verse "Between the Wind and Rain", published for the first time in Old Spookses' Pass, deals with the speaker's temptation to escape the "stormy earth" and like an eagle "circle star-ward, narrowing my gyres/To some great planet of eternal peace". Within a sentimental plot of the betrothal of two lovers "between the wind and rain", this poem sets in motion a number of significant

Crawford symbols--wind, roses, daffodils, eagle and dove, storm and calm, sacrificial offerings, a small white lily girl, gyres. The male speaker uses these symbols to construct a model in which the lower world of storm-racked earth is connected by gyres to an upper world, "a great planet of eternal peace". The woman, however, transforms the eagle from a symbol of transcendent height and escape to a symbol of fiercely joyous participation within the world of experience of hunter and quarry. The eagle, she says, falls back to his cliff

And there he rends the dove, and joys in all
 The fierce delights of his tempestuous home;

 The eagle leaves the hylas to its calm,
 Beats the wild storm apart that rings the earth,
 And seeks his eyrie on the wind-dashed cliff.

(C.P., p. 244)

The descriptive passage in the middle of the poem, with its references to a crying mastiff, ivory cygnets, and screaming peacocks, would satisfy a contemporary reader's demand for the exotic, expected in sentimental love poems. Crawford at the same time manages to maintain the rhythm of passionate life, struggle, and sacrifice already set up in the discussion between the lovers. The storm itself becomes an eagle swooping on the birds, demanding sacrifice. The vines shake their fruit "like a swift offering to an angry god" and the rose trees pour "a red libation of sweet, ripened leaves". The woman is "a small white lily girl" that the storm will "whirl . . . off/As thistledown" and yet she chooses to make her home within the storm. Love is the central point of calm

in the circle of dynamic interchange between the eagle, tempests, black clouds, wild storms and wind, and the dove, young girl, lily, sacrificial offerings, wine and roses. The betrothal of the man and woman in the poem gives them a still centre of order within, not above, the conflict:

"Where'er thou art," I said,
 "Is all the calm I know. Wert thou enthroned
 On the pivot of the winds--or in the maelstrom,
 Thou holdest in thy hand my palm of peace;
 And, like the eagle, I would break the belts
 Of shouting tempests to return to thee,
 Were I above the storm on broad wings."

In other poems, love is similarly not a ladder of eros to escape the natural world of experience so much as the way to live within this world. In "The Camp of Souls", the Indian speaker returns to earth from his spirit land above the world of change, for as he says:

... love is a cord woven out of life,
 And dyed in the red of the living heart;
 And time is the hunter's rusty knife,
 That cannot cut the red strands apart:
 And I sail from the spirit shore to scan
 Where the weaving of that strong cord began.
 (C.P., p. 54)

"A Harvest Song" celebrates love as the force that binds together the lives of man and seasons and turns curse into blessing and bitter labour into harvest:

"The lives of men, the lives of men
 With every sheaf are bound!
 We are the blessing which annuls
 The curse upon the ground!
 And he who reaps the Golden Grain
 The Golden Love hath found"
 (C.P., p. 37)

shaping place of souls" in terms that sound purgatorial:

As in the horrible long crash
 Of falling mountains and conflicting seas
 God shapes His earth--so are the souls of men
 Caught from the secret spaces, in the war
 Of circumstances rudely moulded, and sped on
 Along eternity from sphere to sphere
 Polish'd in speeding. O this clanging world
 Is no snug nest for doves!

(ll. 427-34.)

As Hugh later puts it, "ever tends/The storm to music, and the strife
 to peace" (ll. 766-7).

Crawford has neither to deny the existence of pain and evil
 nor to conclude that God is disgusted with the fallen world and
 has cleared out, abandoning it to the devil. The narrator of "Old
 Spookses Pass" takes no stock in the notion that God made man's course
 like the Canadian Pacific Railway line, and then, becoming vexed with
 rolling stock that won't run perfectly, let the devil come along
 with a log to throw the trains off the track:

Fur He knows He made him in that thar way,
 Sumwhar tew fit in His own great plan;
 An' He ain't the Bein' tew pour His wrath
 On the head of that slimsy an' slippery
 man;
 An' He sez tew the feller, "Look here, My son,
 You're the worst hard case that ever I see,
 But be that it takes ye a million yars,
 Ye never can stop till ye git tew Me!"

(C.P., p. 268)

As this indicates, Crawford's view of history is ultimately comic in
 shape, but there is much hard uphill slogging that comes first.

Crawford's best work is unlike that of so many of her
 Canadian contemporaries in which the dream vision and the nightmare
 are split apart into separate poems. Lampman's "The Frogs" ends

with "content to dream with you/That change and pain are shadows faint and fleet;/And dreams are real, and life is only sweet;" his "City of the End of Things" closes with "For the grim Idiot at the gate/Is deathless and eternal there." Hard to resist, perhaps, was the well-established American tradition of regarding suffering and despair as somehow a product of European degeneracy and not suited to the young American continent. Howells, at the tail-end of the tradition, speaks of writing about "the more smiling aspects of life which are the more American". We can see the results of this view in a poet like Miss Carman, who is split between the Mary Perry King poetry of elation and his "The windows of my room/Are dark with bitter frost" poems. He has separate compartments for his progress and optimism (the poet must "see to it that no drop of the poison of ennui finds its way into his work . . . but carefully guard his poetry from the note of dejection", from The Poetry of Life, p. 103) and his sense of collapse ("We are steadily losing the moral ideas of our father and grandfathers . . . steadily suffering a spiritual deterioration", from The Poetry of Life, pp. 99-4).⁵ Crawford, in contrast, works within a romance form that can encompass simultaneously both the dream and the nightmare. "Hideous slimes", says Hugh, "Labour with lilies. God's moulding place/Is full of riot, roar of furnaces/Glaring of metal, running in fierce tides/Smoke, violence, and strife" (ll. 762-66).

Readers until recently have failed to perceive much of this complexity in Crawford's work. This has been true of "The Helot"

("a lurid picture of Spartan aggression" says Seranus, 1887⁶), "Old Spookses' Pass" ("a remarkable picture of Western life, a little drawn out it may be, but stirring and powerful throughout", says Hathaway, 1895⁷), and "Gisli: The Chieftain" (Katherine Hale, almost the only person to mention this poem, calls it "an Old Norse Saga . . . converted into a narrative poem . . . [of] sheer dramatic imagery . . . the pictures are superb--unforgettable"⁸). These commentators appreciate the pictures. Their emphasis falls on content and the vivid treatment of a wide range of subjects. What remains to be said is that through this wide range of subjects and verse forms, these three poems share a common myth.

As her source for the situation in "The Helot", Crawford has been reading a history of Greece (" . . . Isabella especially being an omnivorous reader, fondest of history and of verse" says Wilson) and has come across some account of how the Spartans used to intoxicate their Helot serfs to teach their own children not to drink.* Crawford's concern with racial oppression and the colonization and exploitation of one people by another, noted in "War", surfaces here in her view of the relationship between the Spartan oppressors and the Achean native peoples of the Peloponnese: "Coin their blood and sweat in gold, / Build thy cities on their lives,--"

* John Potter's Antiquities of Greece (4th ed.; London, 1842) quotes Plutarch's Lycurgus as follows: "It is confessed on all hands (proceeds my author) that the Spartans dealt with [the Helots] very hardly; for it was a common thing to force them to drink to excess . . . that their children might see what a contemptible and beastly sight a drunken man is" p: 75.

(C.P., p. 139). We can imagine this to be the sort of incident Crawford would collect under her title "Social Life in Greece" in the memorandum book. Her working method was to make notes of curious details and later use them to give concreteness to her foreign settings and to provide herself with examples of myth. For example, a foolscap sheet headed "Italy--Customs Religious" includes, among its fourteen items, the following:

Fireflies--Only seen while corn is in the ear. Burn their tapers to honour the wheat--anticipating its consecration in the mystic sacrifice

Blessing the horses--St. Anthony's day in Rome

"Canterino! Che vuol canterino? J'che bel canterino!" Black field crickets--pale green tree grasshoppers--common name "grilli" sold in wicker cages . . . favourite amusement of the day.

Naples--Easter Eve--Silence Passion services broken by Joy-bells--flights of birds let loose--

Pentecost called "Pasqua rosa". Whitsunday roses are rained thro' eye of Pantheon--typify descent of fiery tongues.

Florence--Holy Thursday--the "Dove" or "Columbine" in cathedral. Priest kindles meteor--launches it on wire over heads of people . . .

April 1st, "Pesie d'aprile" sugar models of all kinds of fish.

Crawford may well have kept similar pages on Social Life in the American West or on Icelandic mythology. In any case, in the three poems to be examined, she is exact in her choice of details and mythic reference to suit the subject at hand.

"The Heiot" uses pipes and Thyrsi-like sharp pines, Bacchic souls, temples, altars, Thracian bulls, the discus, and rich Caecuban cups. "Old Spookses' Pass" is a dialect poem set in the

American west. It sounds superficially like Bret Harte and the "Pike County Ballads" of Colonel Hay and talks about Yaller Bull Flat and Possum Billy, railway lines, poker games, wolves, buffaloes, gulches, ~~lariats~~, and stampeding cattle. "Gisli the Chieftain", although it seems to have no direct connection beyond the name with the thirteenth century Old Icelandic Gisla saga, is Scandinavian in its references to barbs singing in the banquet hall, mead, "harpings and sagas", fiords, icebergs, and Hel-shoes, as well as in its names like Gisli, Gylfag, Brynhild, the Hel Way, and Valhalla.

These three poems support Seranus's claim that in Crawford's work "there is a wonderful command over various trying forms of verse".⁹ "The Helot" has ninety-eight alternately rhyming quatrains of trochaic tetrameter lines of seven syllables each. The stanza form is like the old man's drinking song in Pennysen's "Vision of Sin", which runs as follows:

'Fill the cup, and fill the can:
Mingle madness, mingle scorn!
Dregs of life, and lees of man:
Yet we will not die forlorn.'

Frequent end-stopping and the heavy stress on the first and last syllables of each line make the single line the basic unit of the poem. This slows the poem down and creates the effect of interminably stretching out and prolonging time. For lack of trochaic words in English but also as a device to create the desired hypnotic effect, an unusually high percentage of lines begin with single syllabled words--often in an inverted syntax with verb or adverb placed first, as in "Low the sun beat . . .", "Vast the Helot . . .", "Still with

thews of iron . . ." "Still the strength . . ." "Still insensate mother . . ." "Fierce the dry lips. . ." Parallel structure and a good deal of repetition create the ritualistic, incantatory effect. The poem has an eddying, circular movement rather than a progressive narrative.

"Old Spookses' Pass", in contrast, sets out to tell a story, which it does in fifty-three eight-line stanzas. Crawford uses for her first stanza the rhyme scheme of the Shakespearean octave, ababcdcd, presumably to show that she is deliberately varying the Shakespearean pattern to arrive at the more open pattern of the rest of the poem, abcdedfe. The metre is iambic tetrameter, but from one to four extra syllables per line suggest pentameter as well, and expand the form. The first person narrator is a cowboy who uses the dialect popularized in the 1870's in "Bike" poems like Bret Harte's "The Heathen Chinee" (1871) and Colonel Hay's "Pike County Ballads" (1870-79). For example, Hay's "Jem Bludso" begins: "Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,/Because he don't live, you see!"; his "Little Breeches" begins: "I don't go much on religion,/I never ain't had no show". Compare from "Old Spookses' Pass": "We'd camped that night on Yaller Bull Flat,--/Thar wus Possum Billy, an' Tom, an' me". Crawford's "The Farmer's Daughter Cherry" or "The Deacon's Fate" that Garvin called "common-place" are typical examples of what readers had come to expect of a dialect poem: local colour, scenes dealing realistically with everyday life, colloquial speech-rhythms, old-timey words, odd spelling, a swinging rhythm, and a humorously obtrusive rhyme.

"The Deacon and His Daughters" starts out, "He saved his soul an' saved his pork/With old time preservation" and manages in the course of things triumphantly to rhyme 'Darwin's rule' with 'durn a fool', 'ruthless facts is' with 'righteous taxes', 'fusses' with 'Venusses', and 'Jove's female relations' with "them thar 'Lamentations'".

In 'Old Spookses' Pass' this must be toned down. The closest Crawford comes to 'fusses' and 'Venusses' is 'Flat' and 'lariat', 'rule' and 'fool' - these in the first stanza. The stanza form that she settles upon thereafter eliminates half the rhymes from the original Shakespearean form. It keeps the vigour and speed appropriate to dialect verse. But the unrhymed lines and the variation of length and of stress within each line provide enough complexity to prevent the jingling sing-song often found in dialect verse. Crawford wants a stanza form able to sustain, without lapsing into bathos, a high level of intensity. Not at first, perhaps, where the pace is slow and the philosophy seems to come from the old cracker barrel ('We've got tew labour an' strain an' snort/Along that road that He's planned an' made'). The poem, however, fuses the plot of the midnight ride with the symbols of the gulch and the lariat into what we realize, by the end of the poem, is a dream vision.

Admittedly not every reader has been willing to allow that the dialect form could or should be used in this way. The critic reviewing Old Spookses' Pass in the Illustrated London News (Apr. 3, 1886) is uneasy:

the first piece, notwithstanding the unpoetical slangy diction in which (after a questionable modern fashion) it is written, shows a depth of feeling and a power of description indicative of the real poetic faculty. . . . [There is a] question whether poetry may not be considered to lose in height what it gains in breadth, to be degraded to some extent, by the adoption of that slangy phraseology which has been mentioned, and which, though it adds to the reality, detracts from the grace and delicacy of a poem.

This presumed gap between "unpoetical slangy phraseology" and "grace and delicacy" is a problem for writers and critics generally in this period. Douglas Sladen, for example, whose Younger American Poets (1891) is the first American anthology to include Crawford, expresses a wide-spread feeling when he says, in the context of a discussion of James Whitcomb Riley, "I am haunted by a suspicion that most poets put poems into dialect when they are hopelessly unpoetic in the English of Tennyson. . . . Real poetry has titles like Alcyone, Pipes of Pan, or Orion, not Old Spookses' Pass, is classical not local in inspiration, and so far as possible like the Tennyson of "The Princess" not of "The Northern Farmer". Wilson, in discussing the 1884 Crawford volume, says "among these [poems] are a number of dialect poems, which, though necessarily of a lower order of poetry, yet evidence the versatility of their author" (Globe, Apr. 22, 1905).

Dialect, with its roots in an oral tradition and local experience, is apparently categorized as popular entertainment and therefore beneath serious attention. Crawford is influenced to some extent by this split, as witness the contrast between "The Deacon and his Daughter" and "Farmer Stebbins' Opinions" in dialect and blank verse poems like "Vashti, the Queen", "On the Picture of Semiramis

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Receiving News of a Revolt in Babylon", "Egypt, I Die", and "Caesar's Wife". In the minor poems, Crawford distinguishes between such high-raised subjects and the life going on around her that she puts into her dialect poems. Her details of patent butter churns, lightning rods, confidence men, sewing bees, shaker bonnets, preserving kettles, Building Funds Committees, corduroy roads are the sort of local Canadian experience that have found a place in pioneer journals and in sketches like Thomas McCulloch's or Haliburton's, but not as yet in serious poetry.

"Old Spookses' Pass" is a step in the direction of closing the gap by making the North American experience available for serious poetic treatment. Relevant here is Warren Tallman's comment in "Wolf in the Snow" that in North America "finer is relatively crude, because frequently untrue, and crude can be relatively fine."¹¹ Something of the same view is expressed by Joel Chandler Harris in an essay called "Dialect in Fiction" that appeared in the Week:

The real trouble--that is the cause of the "burst of dialect"--is a misapprehension on the part of many writers as to the importance of dialect. They perceive that the magazines and the book publishers are anxious to get hold of stories that teem with dialect, and they therefore conclude that dialect is the object in view. . . . Back of the magazines and book-publishers are the syndicates that furnish stories to the newspapers, and a story that has dialect in it is generally acceptable to the syndicates, not because it has special merit as a story, but because it is made of dialect. Thus in one way or another, the dialect business has assumed immense proportions in modern literature. . . . The truth is, there is no character in the mere jargon of dialect writing, but the speech of the common people is indispensable to the presentation of their character; and their character, properly presented, is worth more than all the so-called culture to be found in this country. (V, Sept. 20, 1888)

In "Old Spookses' Pass" Crawford made the dialect an

indispensable part of a serious poem, using it to translate the mythic structure learned from Dante into a popular North American poem. As "the English of Tennyson" turns into "Pike County", Dante's inferno, purgatorial staircase, Beatrice, and multifoliate rose become black abyss, midnight stampede and milling cattle, whirling lariat, Betsy Lee, and waterlily. But if her choice of "Old Spookses' Pass" as title poem of her volume was a gamble on the marketing appeal of dialect (James Whitcomb Riley sold over half a million copies of his The Old Swimmin' Hole and Leven More Poems, published the year before¹²), she misjudged the tastes of Canadian bookbuyers, who probably still preferred "so-called culture". She was in advance of whatever tastes made popular "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and Songs of a Sourdough (1907). Maud Miller Wilson suggests, "had the volume been named for her most polished piece of work, 'The Helot', this title might have appealed to the more scholarly type of readers, and would have been a truer index to the author's style and self than is to be found in Old Spookses' Pass" (Apr. 22, 1905).

"Gisli the Chieftain" is so different from either "The Helot" or "Old Spookses' Pass", and so different from any of the reader's existing categories, that most critics have chosen to ignore it altogether. Roy Daniells says that Crawford's poems "tend to invite two readings--a straightforward and an esoteric--with very different results"¹³. But "Gisli" yields far less to the straightforward reader than does either of the other two. It

withholds both the satisfaction of high-sounding sentiments (Wetherald's introduction to Garvin's Collected Poems praises "The Helot" as "a most magnificent expression" of "innate divinity" of the common man "triumphantly vindicated" p. 20) and the consolation of plot and character (Wetherald says that in "Old Spookses' Pass" "her grasp on character and situation is passionately firm and strong" p. 17).

Nevertheless, "Gisli the Chieftain" is undoubtedly among Crawford's best and most original work. The poem is in four parts plus an epilogue, each part differing in metre and in its handling of subject. Part I subtly varies the quatrain used in "The Helot", as Gisli appeals to Lada, the goddess of spring and love, to give him a wife who will "mate the flesh/. . . Tho! the soul go still unwed":

To the Goddess Lada prayed
Gisli, holding high his spear.

Crawford eliminates the rhyme between first and third lines, choosing instead to link the quatrains by repeating variations on "To the Goddess, Gisli prayed" as the opening line for nine of the twenty stanzas. The fourth line is frequently trimeter and varies the basic trochaic metre with anapests like "in the bay", "in her eyes", amphimacers like "Laughter on", "Beckoned back", "headlands dim", spondees like "White swans", "Long flames", even a complete line of spondees, "All their ice-locked fires flew". Part I, which suggests a prayer or a magic charm, achieves the same incantatory effect already noted in "The Helot". It does so

through the repetition of lines and phrases and of motifs like the buds on Gísli's spear, Lada's mystic distaff and spinning wheel, her red hands and mouth; by alliteration like "Spun her hours of love and leaves"; and by the circular rocking motion provided, as in "The Helot", by the heavy stress on the first and last syllable of many lines.

The sudden shift in Part II to anapestic couplets, as Gísli exhorts the bold wind to drive away the thick mists, probably owes something to the Assyrians who "came down like a wolf on the fold":

From harpings and sagas and mirth of the town,
Great Gísli, the chieftain, strode merrily down.

Nevertheless, the way the line breaks into two half lines of two feet each, with frequent alliteration of the stressed syllables--as, for example, in "Cylfag, his true hound, to his heel glided near" or "The town on its sharp hill shone brightly and high"--suggests familiarity with the principles of Anglo-Saxon verse. The form suits this early phase of Gísli, the sun-god, who is shown in Part II in the energy of his rising glory and the power of his triumph over darkness and mists.

Part III comes closest to suggesting Icelandic verse, with quatrains of four unrhymed trimeter lines that constantly strain to become tetrameter:

The shouting of Gísli, the chieftain
Rocked the blue hazes, the cloven
In twain by sharp prow of the west wind,
To north and to south fled the thick mist.

In these last three lines, the stress that the ear hears on "blue", "sharp", "fled", and "mist" threatens to overturn the basic anapestic rhythm and expand the line to four feet, as, for example:

/ / / /
 Rocked | the-blue | hazes | and cloven.

The interjected "Song of the Arrow" has four irregular stanzas. Rhymes join together in couplets lines of three to five syllables with lines of nine to eleven syllables. The title sounds like the "Song of the Spear", the Icelandic model for Gray's "The Fatal Sisters", although Gray's own verse form here is closer to "The Helot" or to Part I of "Gisli":

Glittering lances are the loom,
 Where the dusky warp we strain,

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
 Gored with many a gaping wound:

Gray uses alliteration, but Crawford goes further, imitating the Icelandic as well in her terseness, variety of line lengths, concreteness of metaphor:

What know I
 As I bite the blue veins of the throbbing sky,
 To the quarry's breast,
 Hot from the sides of the sleek, smooth nest?

Part IV, in rhyming triplets, suddenly changes perspective once again to the underworld of the dead:

A ghost along the Hel-way sped,
 The Hel-shoes shod his misty tread;
 A phantom hound beside him sped.

* Crawford's spelling in Old Spookses' Pass is Hell-way, which Garvin changes to Hell Way and Katherine Hale to Hel Way. Garvin also changes Suns and Gods to suns and gods.

The epilogue's final shift in point of view is announced by the recovered order of a stable rhyming four-line stanza:

Said the voice of Evil to the ear of Good
 "Clasp thou my strong right hand,
 Nor shall our clasp be known or understood
 By any in the land."

Clearly it is not the love rivalry and murder plot that interest Crawford. Her sudden shifts in form and in perspective and her introduction of the points of view of the eagle, the arrow, the ghost on the Hel-way and finally Evil itself are ways of frustrating narrative interest in order to concentrate on something else.

The Gisla saga, despite the expectations aroused by its name, is not the source of the Gisli myth that Crawford is creating here, although it may have supplied her with some of her details. For example, the only references to Hel-shoes in H.R. Ellis Davidson's The Road to Hel are to this passage from Gisli:

"It is a custom," he says, "to tie Hel-shoes on men which they should walk in to Valhall."¹⁴

Snorri's Gylfaginning or the beguiling of Gyffi from the prose Edda may have supplied Gisli's dog Gylfag with a name. Conrad Nordby's

The Influence of Old Norse Literature upon English Literature

traces the popularization of Norse through a list that includes

Gray's "The Fatal Sisters" and "The Descent of Odin" (1768), Percy's

Northern Antiquities translated from Mallet's French in 1771,

Scott's "Harold, the Dauntless" (1817), Carlyle's "The Early Kings

of Norway" (1875), Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf" (1863),

Lowell's "The Voyage to Vinland" (1868), Arnold's "Balder Dead" (1855), Dasent's translation of The Story of Gisli the Outlaw (1866), and Morris's various translations from the Norse.¹⁵ This list indicates a growing taste for Valhalla, oak trees, mistletoe, Balder, Valkyries, and Odin, but none of the works mentioned seems to be a direct source for Crawford.

"Gisli the Chieftain" apparently is related to Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf" from Tales of a Wayside Inn rather as "Malcolm's Katie" is related to The Song of Hiawatha. In each case, Crawford and Longfellow work with similar myths and draw upon similar sources. Crawford no doubt has read Longfellow, but her work resembles his only in superficial and incidental ways. Longfellow, for example, uses a different metre for each of the "Saga"'s twenty-two sections. He imitates Icelandic verse in his use of alliteration, variation of line length, and clear mid-line caesuras.

Section IV makes fleeting reference to the same Ládé (Lada) and Brynhild that appear in "Gisli":

And one was singing the ancient rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,
From the door of Ládé's Temple old.

The handling of myth by the two poets is, however, very different.

The narrative that forms the connection between parts of Longfellow's poem turns on King Olaf's demand that Norway choose between Thor and Christ: "Thor's hammer, or Christ's cross:/Choose!" In contrast,

Crawford's interest is always to develop a personal myth large enough to integrate Thor's Hammer and Christ's cross.

A lecture given by Charles Kingsley on his American tour in 1874 ends with a suggestion as to why the Norse material should appeal so strongly to North American writers:

Does not the story [of Thermod] sound, allowing for all change of manners as well as of time and place, like a scene out of your own Bret Harte or Colonel John Hay's writings; a scene of the dry humour, the rough heroism of your own far West?¹⁶

This quotation brings us back to "Old Spookses' Pass", suggesting an unexpected connection between it and "Gisli". But unexpected connections exist among all three poems that we have been examining. Each one asks questions about universal order and purpose, which are answered through images and narrative events. In each, a violent event apparently breaks up the existing order: a Helot slave, goaded beyond endurance, kills his Spartan oppressor's child; a herd of cattle, in a violent thunderstorm, stampedes wildly toward a gulch; a Viking chieftain slays a rival. The three poems are developed in terms of those same images of polarity and conflict discussed earlier: Spartan and Helot, stone and child, eagle and dove, gulch and cattle, wolves and buffaloes, Gisli and the phantom on the Hel-way, sun and mist. This conflict is absorbed, however, and made part of a new concord achieved at the end of each poem.

Each poem reaches this concord in its own way. "The Helot" is incantatory and hypnotic. It works by the repetition of clusters of highly connotative words and by the use of parallel structure and an insistent rhythm. The first stanza establishes not only images

but whole lines that are repeated like musical refrains: "Low the sun beat on the land,/Red on vine . . ./With the winecup in his hand,/Vast the Helot herdsman stood". One of the repeated clusters has to do with the feverish, almost hallucinatory brightness and heat of the dying day: "Day was at her high unrest" (stanzas 13, 25, 27, 80)*; day was "fevered with the wine of light" (13); "fierce" (14, 18) "reeled she toward the coming night" (13, 17, 22, 65): finally in the last stanza the day becomes the "spouse of Bacchus".

According to Jacob Bryant's New System (1774)¹⁷ and to numerous solar theorists of the nineteenth century, Bacchus is the sun-god, as are Apollo, Adonis, Odysseus, Perseus, Orpheus, Odin, Balder, and Siegfried. The sun god is born of his mother, Darkness; marries the bright Dawn, but is separated from her and weds another, closer to the mists of evening, who betrays him; he journeys continually westward without rest; is fatally pierced by a sharp spear, arrow, thorn, or boar's tusk; and having briefly rejoined his early love, dies in her arms sinking in blood beneath the western sea.¹⁸

George Cox, one of the most enthusiastic exponents of the solar

* I am using the stanza numbers from Crawford's Old Spookses' Pass which differ from Garvin's because of his omission of stanza 59:

Make a giant for our need,
Weak to feel and strong to toil,
Dully-wise to dig or bleed
On proud Sparta's alien soil!

Garvin also made changes in punctuation that significantly alter meaning.

theory of myth, says in his Mythology of the Aryan Nations (1870) that the sun god "is the mighty one labouring on and finally worn out by an unselfish toil, struggling in his hard task for a being who is not worthy of the great and costly sacrifice".¹⁹ This solar myth stands behind the images of Bacchus, rejoined to his bride, the day, only at nightfall and upon his death.

A second cluster of images identifies the Helot slave with Bacchus. Bacchus is generally known as the vegetation god, chiefly associated with wine and the grape vine, who is dismembered in the form of a bull and resurrected each spring. "With the wine-cup in his hand" (1, 9) the Helot, goaded by the Spartan, drinks "kinship to the drunken god" (29) and draws "the Bacchic soul to him" (36).

"On his swarthy temples grew/Purple veins, like clustered grapes" (44). Ironically, by jeering at the Helot's satyr-like brutishness (52, 58), the Spartan merely confirms the divine presence of the god. In Thrace, where James Frazer says the ecstatic worship of Dionysus or Bacchus originated,²⁰ the god is represented in the form of a bull, and it was in the shape of a bull that he was "cut to pieces by the murderous knives of his enemies", the Titans.²¹

The poem, all this while, is moving through recurrences and repetitions in a spiralling motion of increasing intensity. Just before the poem's one moment of action is reached with "Sprang the Helot" (87), the Helot slave, now ecstatic, is fully possessed of the god: "Bull-like fell his furious head" (84). In preparation for his being killed by the Spartan shaft, the Helot's Bacchic role

as both powerful god and sacrificial victim is confirmed: "Lowered his front like captive bull/Bellowing from the fields of Thrace" (95). The conclusion of the poem, in some respects, is like "The Dark Stag" in which the blood of the dying animal reddens the morning sky. This poem ends with the blood of the dead Spartan child and Helot slave mixing to redden the dying day: "Spouse of Bacchus, reeled the day/red-tracked on the throbbing sods" (98).

This is the culmination of a colour pattern of white turning to red. The red, of course, is associated with Bacchus and the dying sun, with wine, with blood, and with the sunset. Bacchus takes possession of the white marble temples of the other gods "with the red light of his kiss" (21). The poem's hypnotic effect, which compels the reader's participation in a ritual of sacrificial killing, is achieved by the cumulative repetition of related images of Bacchus, redness, fire, pride, and blood. Phrases like the following are chanted almost as incantations: "old Achea's fires" (8, 60), "Bacchic fires, insensate, wild" (45), "flames divine" (48), "wild hot flames . . ./From the purple-hearted bowl" (54), "primal, god-born spark" (60, 71, 75), "lust of bloody joy" (90), "Red with Bacchic light and blood" (96), "sun-pierced sod" (17), "red-tracked on the throbbing sods" (98), and "red as sun-pierced daffodils" (63).

In this last image, Crawford's mystic flower anticipates the piercing and bloodying of the pale flower, Heros. Both the flower that turns red and the later image of the discus relate Heros to

Hyacinthus: when Hyacinthus was killed by Apollo's discus at Amyclae, his spilt blood turned into the red sacrificial flower. The poem carefully creates for the Spartan child a setting that combines details of pale Doric shafts and marble eaves with copper grape vines. His description is consistently managed through an interchange of red and white which helps to establish the child's role as sacrificial victim:

Dropped the rose-flushed doves and hung
On the fountains' murmuring brims.
To the bronzed vine Heros clung,
Silver-like his naked limbs

Flashed and flushed: rich coppered leaves
Whitened by his ruddy hair;
Pallid as the marble eaves,
Awed, he met the Helot's stare.

(39-40)

Henceforth, whenever the child appears, images are repeated of the dove, the devouring sea-serpent, paleness, innocence, the victim, and the broken blossom. The child is dashed against a stone, but everything in the poem has prepared for this inevitable sacrifice and for the marriage of dove pale and blood red.

The poem is ninety-eight stanzas long and for most of this time there is no action whatever as "Vast the Helot herdsman stood" (1, 9, 27), "Still the Helot stands" (70), and "Still the furious Helot stood" (86). Most of the poem is not narrative but picturesque. A single scene and situation is split up into a number of motifs that exist simultaneously and can be reconstructed in any combination to control the poem's effect on the reader. Marshall McLuhan in "The Aesthetic Moment in Poetry" quotes Mallarmé's description of

this method: "The poetic act consists in seeing suddenly that an idea fractions itself into a number of motifs equal in value, and in grouping them: they rhyme".²²

Crawford may have learned from Tennyson how to fraction the idea in "The Helot" into the poem's variety of motifs. In addition to the ones already discussed, there is the repetition of references to the "mad, far pipes" of the revellers of Pan (11, 24, 42) who are associated with the vintage festivals and the cult of Dionysus. There is the repetition of the stone motif from the first mention of the "red boulder" (10) through numerous references to "slavish clouds" or "clay" (29, 48, 55, 56, 85), "ruthless Sparta's stones" (55, 57, 96), "flaming stones . . . hurled from . . . traters" (85), and finally the discus (89, 92, 93) that the child becomes as he is dashed against one of these same ruthless Spartan stones in perhaps an ironic version of Hyacinthus' death by a solar discus thrown by Apollo, the sun-god. A final motif is the contrast of Achean fires and Spartan coldness (45), or Helot clay and Spartan stone (54), or Bacchic intoxication and the frequently repeated "Cold the haughty Spartan smiled" (37, 45, 63). Crawford orchestrates these motifs, using repetition and parallel structure such as "Still with thews . . .", "Still the length . . .", "Still insensate . . .", "Still, O god-mocked . . ." (3-7) or "Drink, dull slave . . .", "Drink, until . . .", "Drink till even . . .", "Helot, drink . . ." (29-32); repetition of similar syntactical units such as "low the sun", "fierce the dry lips", "vast the Helot", "dropped the rose-

flushed doves' reeled the mote-swarmed haze"; and cyclic repetition of certain key lines such as 'Earth was full of mad unrest' (13, 25, 27, 80) and "Changeless stand the gods" (73, 76, 84, 98).

At one level, the changeless order of the gods has to do with the vindication of freedom against tyranny. At another, it is related to Crawford's mythic structure that I have been describing: the reconciliation of conflicting opposites through sacrifice. The reconciliation of Spartan and Helot, cold and heat, white and red takes place in a marriage ritual of Bacchus and the day that involves the sacrifice and death of the god:

Bier'd upon the ruddy vine,
Spartan dust and Helot lay!

Spouse of Bacchus reeled the day,
Just and changeless stand the gods!
(97-8)

In this moment, there is a spiritual transformation in which the Helot becomes the god Bacchus and the principle of universal order is incarnated. The whole poem, by a combination of landscape effects and musical incantation, prolongs this moment. The shrill pipes from "far Marsh of Amyclae" where Apollo killed Hyacinthus, the presence of Pan's revellers which are part of Dionysus' retinue, and the elaboration of vegetation rites associated with Bacchus all work as references to the necessary death and dismemberment of the sacrificial victim. Therefore, such background details are clues to the ritualistic significance of this moment of sacrifice, integration of opposites, and renewal of order.

"The Helot" is a magic formula to prolong the moment that focuses Crawford's structural myth. "Old Spookses' Pass", in contrast, embodies this same myth in narrative events extended through time. "The Helot" is circular in structure, repetitive, and incantatory. "Old Spookses' Pass" tells a story using the various narrative devices of atmosphere, conflict, suspense, and increasing tempo. Once again Crawford has succeeded in writing on two levels. "Old Spookses' Pass" is a popular poem making its appeal with dialect, humour, colour, drama, cowboys, a midnight ride, and the supernatural--of, as Hathaway says, it is "a remarkable picture of Western life . . . a vigorous descriptive poem and full of action". In addition, it is the narrative of a man in the midst of life who finds himself alone at night in an unearthly mountain setting. He has a dream-vision of an infernal midnight stampede into the yawning gulch and a miraculous rescue by a whirling lariat that descends from the sky. The texture of the poem relates it to things like "The Cremation of Sam McGee", but its structure is from Dante and Job--the dream vision and God's voice from the whirlwind.

"Old Spookses' Pass" is usually singled out for its realism, commentators finding it remarkable that someone, indeed a woman, who had never been west of Bruce County could write so convincingly of cowpokes. "There is a masculine strength in it," says Hathaway, "and it seems almost incredible that so vivid an experience could be described by one who had no part in it." Certainly,

Crawford starts with the particular experience, taking pains to establish the authenticity of the narrator's voice. This realism is the soil in which her myth grows. The poem draws upon the North American experience suggested by words like "bruncho", "crick", "bush", "meetin' clothes", "truckle bed", "the cuss called Joe". But its tone is such that we are reminded of analogues in myth. For example, in Myths and Myth-Makers (1872), John Fiske describes a related incident of the storm-fiend who steals the cattle (clouds) of Helios and "hides them in the black cavernous rock, from which they are afterwards rescued by the shamir or lightning-stone of the solar hero".²³ The dream vision in "Old Spookses' Pass" is akin to Wotan's Wild Hunt, seen, says W. Wagner in Asgard and the Gods (1880), by "the solitary traveller passing through forests or over heaths or mountains, when the light of the moon and stars was obscured by drifting clouds".²⁴ The local experience and the literary training that are separated in, say, "The Farmer's Daughter, Cherry" and "Vashti, the Queen", are brought together in "Old Spookses' Pass". Crawford starts with Pike County. Her mind, which James Reaney has described as "no doubt daily thinking about an iconic background of Eden, Beulah, Fallen World, Hell" (C.P., xx), invests local realism with the intensity of an apocalyptic vision.

The poem's low-key opening is written in what Frye calls the low mimetic mode:

We'd camped that night on Yaller Bull Flat,--
Thar was Possum Billy, an' Tom, an' me.

We wus short uv hands, the herd wus large,
An' watch an' watch we divided the night,

This unassuming narrative voice once established, the details of the story start forming a significant pattern: the night watch; the silver creek; the ordeal of getting through a narrow pass in a maze of mountains; the courtroom circle of mountains and stars ("We've ringed in here a specimen man; He's here alone, so we'll take a look/. . . An' post ourselves as tew whether his heart/Is flesh or a rotten, madeup stone"); the herd of cattle "a great black mass"; the red summer lightning "twistin' and turnin' . . . / Silent as snakes at play"; the creek again, now speaking louder with "a cur'us sort uv a singin' tone" of "folks tew home an' the old home place". The landscape, as the cowboy perceives it, is a book of symbols aligned in pairs of opposites: "rotten made-up stone" and flesh; black and silver or white; "snakes at play" and the creek singing of home and childhood.

The effect of this landscape is to compel the narrator to take stock of himself. He does this in corny but characteristic analogies--life as a game of poker, and man's course as a CPR line that is all up-hill. The language is Pike County, but the problem is Job's. The cowboy doesn't believe, he says, that God would build his railroad and then let a chap with horns derail the trains with logs and sidetrack them into his scrap-heap in Hell. God says to "slimpsy an' slippery man": "But be thet it takes ye a million yars, /Ye never can stop till ye git tew Me!". We will meet the image of the headlong ride straight for disaster again later in the

poem. It is enough to notice here that this none-too-bright cowboy is giving us a popular version of Crawford's three-levelled universe. The man's "tarnal tough up-grade" journey takes place in the middle purgatorial world between the Great Train Robber's junkyard and God's upper world. The poem's second version of this scheme is the black stampeding herd with the abyss below and the whirling unseen lariat above.

The first half of the poem is divided structurally by three references to the silver crick; the third one expanding into a threshold image for the epiphany to follow. The association made is crick, "mossy green spot", childhood innocence, clear pool, baptism, and, of course, lilies. The baptism in the pool leads in the next stanza to drowsiness, sleep, and the beginning of a dream-vision. The lily prepares for the later reference to "Betsy-Lee (Beatrice) an' her har uv gold". One clue that the midnight stampede is a dream-vision is the reference to the cowboys asleep in their camp, "Calm es three kids in a truckle bed". The narrator is the third sleeper, dreaming of an apocalyptic storm that the others cannot hear. A second clue is the sheer intensity in the description of the storm itself:

the crash wus enough tew put
 Life in the dust uv the sleepin' dead.
 The thunder kept droppin' its awful shells,
 The Pass with its stone lips thundered back;
 we thundered on,
 Black in the blackness, red in the red
 Uv the lightnin', blazin' with ev'ry clap
 That bust frum the black guns overhead.

..... We rode in flame,
 Fur the flashes rolled inter only one,
 Same es the bellers made one big roar;

The dreamer has a vision of the yawning gates of Hell through which he, like Dante, must pass in his imagination.

The imagery of the vision forms a complex design of black, white, and red, hunter and quarry, straight lines and circles. The herd is a "great black mass" "dim es a shadder vast an' black". The clouds are "snarled an' black' and; scudding toward the rising moon, they are like the sweep of a pack of wolves toward a buffalo. The moonlight, "a white river", sweeps down the black mountain in swirls of light toward the black herd which it sets stampeding. As soon as the moonlight spooks the herd, we get this description: "The moon in the black clouds tremblin' sank/Like a bufferler overtook by the wolves/An' pulled to the ground by the scuddin' pack". There is a dynamic interchange here in the roles of hunter and quarry, good and evil, black and white. The narrator cannot tell "ef a hide was black or white", because the flashes from the thunder's guns and the lightning's furnace are turning everything into one red. Opposites seem to fuse: "Fur the flashes rolled inter only one,/Same es the bellers made one great roar". The dreamer, who has seen the yawning gulch of the inferno and undergone purgatorial fires, now hears the spinning unseen lariat which comes to him like God's voice to Job out of the whirlwind.

The poem has set things spiralling at every level. Three hundred feet below the gulch's "grinning lips", the water is

churning over the stones. As the narrator says, "Ye've seen beneath/
 A biggish torrent a whirlpool spin,/Its waters black es the face uv
 Death?" The lower world is the black whirlpool of death sucking
 things downward. Another sort of spiral connects middle and upper
 worlds, the spinning lariat performing the same function as the
 arrows in "Malcolm's Katie" or the gyres of the eagle in "Gisli the
 Chieftain". The "whirling lash uv a cowboy's whip" bites the herd's
 flanks, reversing their disastrous direction by spinning them into
 a "great black wheel" which eventually slows down and becomes still.

The narrator has begun "Old Spookses' Pass" saying that
 history is not a disastrous straight line crash into the devil's log
 but purgatorial struggle and eventual identity with God ("Ye never
 can stop . . ."). The motif of the straight line which turns into
 a circle is repeated at a higher level of intensity when the onward
 plunge into the abyss is curved into a circle that is redemptive and
 reconciles all oppositions of gulch and cattle, moon and clouds, buf-
 falo and wolves. The poem reaches this epiphany through a sequence
 of circle images from the baptismal pool and lily to the one sound
 and one glare to the whirling lariat, spiralling cattle, and finally
 Beatrice and miraculous salvation.

In "Gisli the Chieftain" Crawford creates a version of her
 mythic structure that is more complex than the two just examined.
 Its most remarkable feature may be that in the 1880's it was written
 in Canada. We tend to feel that while, say, William Morris is
 doing verse translations of Icelandic sagas, Canadians are writing

up nature walks. What "Gisli the Chieftain" shows is that Crawford is part of the general Victorian concern to discover a grammar of myth that could integrate Classical mythology, fairy tales, Icelandic sagas, Arabian Nights, and North American Indian legends. In The Earthly Paradise, Morris draws together Greek, Teutonic, and Celtic stories, allowing for comparisons between narratives like "The Love of Alcestis" and "The Lovers of Gudrun".

The account of the Greek gods in Jacob Bryant's New System (1774) is subtitled, "To Shew that they were all originally one God, the Sun". The solar theory advanced by comparative mythologists like George Cox explained almost all myths as versions of the sun's cyclic struggle with darkness. Cox's preface to Mythology of the Aryan Nations summarizes the thesis of his two-volume study:

the epic poems of the Aryan nations are simply different versions of one and the same story, and . . . this story has its origins in the phenomena of the natural world, and the course of the day and the year . . . the mythology of the Vedic and Homeric poets contains the germs . . . of almost all the stories of Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Celtic folk-lore. This common stock of material . . . has been moulded into an infinite variety of shapes by the story-tellers of Greeks and Latins, of Persians and Englishmen, of the ancient and modern Hindus, Frenchmen, and Spaniards. On this common foundation the epic poets of these scattered and long-separated children of one primitive family have raised their magnificent fabrics . . . I am supported by the authority of such writers as Grimm, Max Muller, Breal, Kuhn, Preller, Welcker, H.H. Wilson, Cornewall, Lewis, Grote, and Thirlwall.²⁶

Such a theory would be welcome to poets, for it suggests a way of rejoining in a family reunion scattered mythic figures such as the Russian Lada and the Icelandic Brynhild and Odin.

A survey of Crawford's work shows that this organization of long-separated stories, motifs, and symbols into one unified

structure is what she has been attempting from the beginning. She starts with Dante and the Classical Greek writers, whose importance we have just examined. She writes a number of children's fairy tales inspired evidently by Grimm's Household Tales and perhaps by Dasent's Popular Tales from the Norse. She begins experimenting with Indian legends in "The Wooing of Gheezis" (Sept. 18, 1874) and in "Malcolm's Katie"'s use of Indian summer and the North and South Winds. Prose stories like "From Yule to Yule" use popular formulas of romance as another version of the death and rebirth of the solar year. Michael Booth's comment in English Melodrama that "the villain in melodrama is a king but a king who must die"²⁷ suggests why Crawford's bread-and-butter prose romances are not to be separated from her concern with mythic structure elsewhere. Her earliest poems, as we have already seen, absorb potentially ho-hum topics like March and night and dawn into seasonal myths of struggle and sacrificial death. To "A Battle", and "The Dark Stag", which we have already looked at, we could add "Love's Forget-Me-Not", "Late Loved--Well Loved", "The King is Dead! Long Live the King!", "The Earth Waxeth Old", "The Wooing of Gheezis", "Said the Daisy", and "An Interregnum" as further examples of short lyrics that depend in one way or another upon solar myth. Late in 1883, by which time she is beginning "Narrative II" and publishing poems that will be part of it in the Telegram, she is interested in Celtic, Norse, and Slavonic versions of the myths. Seasonally on December 22, 1883, she publishes "The Legend of the

Mistletoe', which explores the connection between Balder and Christ. Balder is the sun god who is pierced by mistletoe, winter's sharp weapon; he is also the sacred oak tree who dies when the mistletoe, the seat of his external soul, is cut down. According to Frazer, "The story of Balder's tragic end formed . . . the text of the sacred drama which was acted year by year as a magical rite to cause the sun to shine, trees to grow, crops to thrive".²⁸ Connecting this legend with Christ, though in a way not alarming to her Telegraph readers, she concludes: "Thus from the first, faint Christ-lights lit the earth, / As mistletoe shone on the dusky oak." This concern with making connections among myths is given wider scope in two other late poems, "Narrative II" and "Gisli the Chieftain". Crawford's work taken as a whole, then, shows her experimenting with Dante and the Bible, with fairy tales and romances, with Classical, Indian, Celtic, and Icelandic myths, in preparation for the job of reintegration that she attempts in "Gisli" and "Narrative II". "Gisli" brings together Greek, Slavonic, and Icelandic materials in Crawford's own version of the solar myth. "Narrative II" subsumes everything in the story of Christ and Barabbas, the "faint Christ-lights" of the other versions finding their fullest expression in the Christian.

The myth in "Gisli the Chieftain" is Crawford's own invention. Of the elements used to create it, some are well-known, others fairly obscure. She is doing nothing so straightforward as an English version of the tenth century Icelandic Saga of Gisli.²⁹ In

that story of revenge, Gisli kills his brother-in-law, Thorgrim, and is in turn hunted down as an outlaw and killed. The main figures in Crawford's myth, however, are the Goddess Lada, Gisli and a phantom rival, Brynhild who is caught between these two, an eagle and swan who reflect Gisli and Brynhild on another level, and the "All-Father" Odin. Where do these figures come from?--from solar myth as we can see it in a poem like "An Interregnum", from classical mythology; from the Volsunga Saga which William Morris saw as "the great epic of the North"; from books on mythology, one of which most certainly is W.R.S. Ralston's The Songs of the Russian People.³⁰

"An Interregnum" (May 3, 1875) is an early version of "Gisli". It uses classical Roman motifs, not Icelandic, but it already contains prototypes for Gisli, his phantom rival, Brynhild, and "the warrior with shield of gold". The old sun, the de-throned "Polar Caesar striding to the porth", becomes the ghost on the Hel-way. The new sun, sleeping like Arthur or Endymion--"that sweet hidden king,/Bud-crowned and dreaming yet on other shores"--will wake up and become the victorious chieftain Gisli. "Spring, earth's fairest lord,/Soft-cradled on the wings of rising swans" with his "sceptre of a ruddy reed/Burnt at its top to amethystine bloom"^{*} becomes Gisli the hero, armed with his bud-tipped spear, and about to marry the swan-maiden, Brynhild. The Sun "within his azure battlements", who watches from his "high towers", is the golden

* In the Telegraph, "flamed at its barb to amethystine bloom".

warrior who, watching from Valhalla, greets the phantom ghost.

Turning to classical mythology, we find that Leda's Greek double is Leto, who is the mother of Apollo and Artemis, the divine twins. George Cox says, "The name Leto is close akin to that of Leda; the dusky mother of the glorious Dioskouri, and is in fact another form of the Lethe, in which men forget alike their joys and sorrows, the Latmos in which Endymion sinks into his dreamless sleep, and the Ladon, or lurking-dragon, who guards the golden apples of the Hesperides".³¹ Cox also says that Leto's child Phoebus, "the Sun who sank yestereve beneath the western waters", is another form of Sigurd.³² This myth of Leto and son suggests, then, that light is born of darkness and returns to darkness—life in death and death in life. The swans and cygnet in "Gisli" relate both to the swan-maiden Brynhild and to Leda. Robert Graves' Greek Myths says that Leda is another form of Leto, swans being sacred to the goddess "because of their white plumage, . . . and because, at midsummer, they flew north to unknown breeding grounds, supposedly taking the king's dead soul with them" (32, 2). Crawford is spinning her own myth around these same motifs: swans; a dark mother who gives both life and death to her son; the sun and moon; and divine twins such as Castor and Polydeuces or Apollo and Artemis.

Icelandic sources provide Crawford with Brynhild and the love-rivalry relationship between Gisli and the phantom. Brynhild

is a Valkyrie, one of those fierce swan-maidens who choose those to be slain on the battle-field and carry them up to Valhalla to feast with the gods. Her main literary appearances have been in the Germanic epic Nibelungenlied translated into English in 1848, 1850, and 1877; in the Volsunga Saga, translated by William Morris into prose by 1870 and into verse by 1875; and in Wagner's Ring of the Nibelungs completed in 1874 and followed by the American premiere of Die Walkure in 1877. The essence of these versions is in the Sleeping Beauty story of the maiden who is pricked by the thorn of winter and sleeps on the heights in her ring of fire or briars, until the bright hero comes who can drive away the chill imprisoning mists.* As Robert Gutman puts it in his Introduction to Morris's prose translation of the Volsunga Saga: "It is a fleeting victory and joy, for the awakener must soon succumb to those dark and obscure forces that make the sun sink beneath the horizon."³³

Cox says that Northern people, in adapting the Iliad to

*In the famous myth which serves as the basis for the Volsunga Saga and the Nibelungenlied, the dragon Fafnir steals the Valkyrie Brynhild and keeps her shut up in a castle on the Glistening Heath, until some champion shall be found powerful enough to rescue her. The castle is as hard to enter as that of the Sleeping Beauty; but Sigurd, the Northern Achilles, riding on his deathless horse, and wielding his resistless sword Gram, forces his way in, slays Fafnir, and recovers the Valkyrie.

. . . In all these myths a treasure is stolen by a fiend of darkness, and recovered by a hero of light, who slays the demon. And--remembering what Scribe said about the fewness of dramatic types--I believe we are warranted in asserting that all the stories of lovely women held in bondage by monsters, and rescued by heroes who perform wonderful tasks, such as Don Quixote burned to achieve, are derived ultimately from solar myths, like the myth of Sigurd and Brynhild." (Fiske, pp. 180-81)

"the frost-bound regions", "would dwell on the tragedy of nature" and speak not of the daily death of the sun but "of the deadly sleep of the earth, when the powers of frost and snow had vanquished the brilliant king":

[They] would tell of a fair maiden, wrapped in a dreamless slumber, from which the touch of one brave knight alone could rouse her: [they] would sing of her rescue, her betrothal, and her desertion. . . . [they] would go on to frame tales of strife and jealousy, ending in the death of the bright hero.³⁴

Crawford's "Gisli" is clearly of this pattern. By calling her hero Gisli instead of Sigurd, however, she prevents the reader from identifying her poem exclusively with any one particular version of the solar myth. The name Gisli, which in Icelandic means sunbeam, suggests the hero's additional connection with the Norse Balder, the Indian Gheezis, the Greek Phoebus or Apollo, and perhaps Christ.*

The Volsunga Saga may be the source of other motifs in "Gisli" not found in the "Interregnum" version--the mists in Part II,

* Peter Foote's essay that accompanies George Johnston's translation of The Saga of Gisli (London: J.M. Dent, 1963) says: "In 1154 the priest Einar Skulason composed a fine poem in honour of St. Olaf. It is called Geisli, Sunbeam, and this theme of light is worked out in its many Christian connotations in the poem" (p. 118). In 1883, Gudbrand Vigfusson's Corpus Poeticum Boreale printed Geisli in the original with an accompanying translation which begins as follows:

It becomes me here to set forth the Trinity of One God Almighty.
 . . . The almighty Beam, that shines from the Sun of Mercy, forebodes a glorious light,--I offer my poem to Olaf.

The Incarnation. From that Sun I say, who, when he was in this world, scattered the darkness of the world, and though he was the King of Heaven, called himself the Light of the world. In all his brightness he chose to be born a man of a bright Star of the Sea.

The Passion. Afterwards setting darkened the light of that Sun, that we might gain another light. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1883), II, 284.

Brynhild's role as both "she that loveth" (Morris's Sigurd) and "chooser of the slain", her place in a triangle between two men who are sworn blood-brothers as well as rivals. In Morris's Sigurd, for example, Brynhild says to Gunnar just before the plotted murder, "To slay . . . is the deed, to slay a king ere the morn,/And the name is Sigurd the Volsung, my love and thy brother sworn" (III, 13).

Morris's version provides authority, if such is needed, for the swan and eagle imagery which Crawford develops into the opposition of cygnet-moon-female principle and eagle-sun-male principle.

Sigurd describes Brynhild as "a swan on the sea" (III, 1) and "white as a wild-swan where the fearless seas are rolled;/ . . . And wise, and Odin's Chooser, and the Breath of Victory" (III, 8). In Gudrun's dream, which Brynhild interprets, Sigurd appears as a falcon: "And from out of the north came a falcon, and a marvellous bird it was;/ For his feathers were all of gold, and his eyes as the sunlit glass" (III, 1). When Sigurd arrives in Lyndale, the falcon he releases flies immediately to Brynhild, who is described once again as a swan: "But e'en then, as the arrow speedeth from the mighty archer's draught,/Forth fled the falcon unhooded from the hand of Sigurd the King" (III, 2). Crawford may have had in mind passages like these when she gave so much space in "Gisli" to the eagle and swan. However, she adapts this eagle to her own myth (Compare "Between the Wind and Rain", "Malcolm's Katie" and "Narrative II" for parallel uses) and the cygnet is another version of her dove.

The fourth source for Crawford's "Gisli" is contemporary

work in comparative mythology. I have mentioned Cox's Mythology of the Aryan Nations. Perhaps more accessible was John Fiske's Myths and Myth-Makers, which summarized and popularized Cox and other mythological theorists. Wilfred Campbell, in a remarkable article for the "Mermaid Inn" column in the Saturday Globe ("condemned and repudiated most emphatically" the following Monday in the Globe's editorial column), indicates the availability and appeal enjoyed at the time by books on mythology, northern mythology, in particular:

One of the most interesting of studies for those who have the leisure is that of mythology. Many persons associate this branch of study with old Greek gods and goddesses. But by far the most interesting branch is that pertaining to the north European nations. . . . The fact is, mythology is more nearly connected with our present life than we have realized. . . . It may not be generally known that much of the so-called history of the past is pure mythology. Much of the earlier part of the Old Testament, such as the stories of the Garden of Eden, The Flood, The Serpent, The Story of Jonah, have all been proved to belong to the class of literature called mythic. The story of the Cross itself is one of the most remarkable myths in the history of humanity. Connected with the old phallic worship of some of our most remote ancestors. . . . Mythology is a beautiful and instructive study, and to beginners I would recommend no better book than "Myths and the Myth-Makers" by John Fiske, the celebrated Harvard professor, who is one of the strongest and ablest thinkers of the day. This book is to be found in every first class city or town public library. (Feb. 20, 1892)

Fiske is available, then, and a possible source for Crawford. In addition she is using W.R.S. Ralston's Songs of the Russian People (1872), drawing directly upon fifteen to twenty pages of this book.

She is certainly using Ralston as a source for "The Mother's Soul" (or "The Butterfly") which can be dated by its publication in the Telegram on November 14, 1883. Ralston says:

After death the soul at first remains in the neighbourhood of the body, and then follows it to the tomb. The Bulgarians hold that it assumes the form of a bird or a butterfly, and sits on the nearest tree, waiting till the funeral is over. Afterwards it sets out on its long journey, accompanied by an attendant angel. (p. 115)

Crawford's headnote to the newspaper publication of "The Butterfly" says "In Eastern Europe the soul of the deceased is said to hover, in the shape of a bird or butterfly, close to the body until after the burial."* The poem, in adapting this myth to the popular Victorian

* Crawford's "The Mother's Soul" invites comparison with Wilfred Campbell's "The Mother" (Harper's, Apr. 1891) which, as Carl Klinck notes, "created such a sensation that it became a landmark in Canadian literary history".

From the time of its "discovery" in the April Harper's of 1891 (by T.H. Sidduth of the Chicago Infer Ocean) until it was mentioned before the House of Commons in Ottawa, it played a notable part in dissipating Canadian indifference to native verse. It could not maintain itself as "the nearest approach to a great poem which has cropped out in current literature for many a long day" [Sidduth], but it is still a favourite in Canadian anthologies, and it is mentioned in a certain tone of awe by the historians. To the reader interested in trends of thought it reveals an unusual blend of material from many sources.

The poem was inspired by a passage in Myths and Myth-makers by John Fiske of Harvard University. (Wilfred Campbell, Toronto: Ryerson, 1942, p. 51)

The following headnote to Campbell's poem, which recalls Crawford's headnote, refers to a passage quoted by Fiske: "This poem was suggested by the following passage in Tyler's Animism: 'The pathetic German superstition that the dead mother's coming back in the night to suckle the baby she has left on earth may be known by the hollow pressed down in the bed where she lay.'"

In the following parallel passages, the mother's soul returns to the child:

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;

And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

(Campbell)

and:

genre of poems about dying children; acts perhaps on another hint from Ralston: "Thither [to Rai or Heaven] repairs the sun when his day's toil is finished; thither also fly the souls of little children . . . and there they play among the trees and gather their golden fruits" (p. 112). "The Mother's Soul" uses these details that are in Ralston--the pathos of the dying child, the soul that returns in the shape of a butterfly, the sun who leads the death-born souls to his paradisaal home below the western sea, the attendant angels--although, of course, sources can no more account for lines like "Till the stars wedded night with golden rings" and "She kissed his lips into berries bright" than they can account for "Gisli".

If my reckoning is correct, Crawford is writing "Gisli the Chieftain" around this same time in 1883 and is using the following from Ralston as her major source for Lada, the Dark and Bright twins, the death-boat, Hel-shoes, the pilgrimage of the soul, the glass hill, Valhalla, the paradisaal home of the sun, the sun's arrows, and the red colour of spring:

The belief attributed to the Western Slavonians in the warring principles of good and evil, in Byelbog, the White God, the representative of light--and in Chernobog, the Black God, the representative of darkness--is supposed by some writers to have once been common to the whole Slavonic family. . . . [Byelbog] is the

The wings of the butterfly grew out
 To the mother's arms, long, soft and white;
 She folded them warm her babe about,
 She kissed his lips into berries bright,
 She warmed his soul on her breast;
 And the east called out to the west:
 "Now the mother's soul will rest!"
 (Crawford)

bestower of wealth and fertility, and at harvest time he often appears in the corn-fields, and assists the reapers. The adjective byeſoi . . . which now means white, originally meant bright. . . . The intimate connexion between Byelbog and the Light-god Baldag (Baldu, etc.) has been pointed out by Jacob Grimm (Deutsche Mythologie, p. 203).

In the Russian songs several other mythological names occur, . . . two names which are very often mentioned are . . . Lado and Lada. . . . the generally received idea is that Lado was a name for the Sun-god answering to Freyr, and that Lada was the Slavonic counterpart of Freyja, the goddess of the spring and of love. In Lithuanian songs Lada is addressed as "Lada, Lada, dido musu deve!" "Lada, Lada, our great goddess!" . . . One Lithuanian song distinctly couples the name of Lado with that of the sun. A shepherd sings, "I fear thee not, O wolf! The god with the sunny curls will not let thee approach. Lado, O Sun-Lado!" In one of the old chronicles Lado is mentioned as "The God of marriage, of mirth, of pleasure; and of general happiness," to whom those who were about to marry offered sacrifices, in order to secure a fortunate union. And nearly the same words are used about Lada. . . . In the songs of the Russian people the words lādo and lada are constantly used as equivalents. (pp. 103-5).

In common with the other Aryan races, the Slavonians believed that after death the soul had to begin a long journey. According to one idea it was obliged to sail across a wide sea. . . . To the idea of this voyage, also, some of the archaeologists are inclined to turn for an explanation of the old Slavonic custom of burning or burying the dead in boats, or boat-shaped coffins.

According to another idea the journey had to be made on foot, and so a corpse was sometimes provided with a pair of boots, intended to be worn during the pilgrimage and discarded at its termination. . . . What is certain is that the Slavonians believed in a road leading from this to the other world, sometimes recognizing it in the rainbow, but more often in the Milky Way. . . . At the head of the Milky Way . . . stand four mowers, who guard the sacred road . . . --a myth closely akin to that of Heimdall, the Scandinavian watcher of the Rainbow-bridge between heaven and earth.

A third view of the soul's wanderings was that it had to climb a steep hill-side, sometimes supposed to be made of iron, sometimes of glass, on the summit of which was situated the heavenly Paradise. (pp. 107-10)

The abode of the dead was known to the old Slavonians under three names, Rai, Nava, and Peklo. . . . in modern Russian Rai stands for Heaven and Peklo for Hell. . . . this Rai . . . is the home of the sun, lying eastward beyond the ocean, or in an island surrounded by the sea. Thither repairs the sun when his day's toil is finished; thither also fly the souls of little children. . . .

No cold winds ever blow there, winter never enters those blissful realms; in which are preserved the seeds and types of all things that live upon the earth, and whither birds and insects repair at the end of the autumn, to re-appear among men with the return of spring. (pp. 111-12)

Another strange being, who figures in many of the stories is "Koshchei the Immortal," who is considered to be a mythical representative of Winter. His name is derived from the word Kost, a bone. . . . As the earth is locked up by the Winter--say the Russian commentators--as the bright and blooming Spring cannot become visible till the wintry season is past, so are beautiful princesses kept in imprisonment by Koshchei, unable to show themselves to admiring beholders till his spell is broken and his power is overthrown. . . . Koshchei is, in the opinion of the mythologists, one of the many forms in which is personified the Evil Spirit who wars against sunlight and fair weather, and who is usually personified in the Russian stories under the form of a snake. In a Polish version of the "Sleeping Beauty," it is Koshchei who carries off the Princess, and throws her, as well as all the inhabitants of her father's kingdom, into a magic slumber. At last the destined rescuer comes, who conquers Koshchei and seizes his magic gusli. (pp. 164-66)

In one of the metrical romances a hero sees a wondrous swan--its plumage all golden, its head formed of "red gold," set with pearls--and is going to let fly an arrow at it, when it cries aloud, "Do not shoot at me!" comes flying up to him, and turns into a fair maiden, who afterwards becomes his wife. (p. 181)

. . . "red, or bright" . . . the epithet referring, like the red colour of the Easter eggs, to the brightness of the spring . . . (p. 221)

The mixture of nuptial and funereal ideas connected with this Midsummer festival gives it a double nature; one set of its rites and songs being joyous as if to exult over a marriage, and the other tragic, as if to lament for a death. In the former case it appears to be a mystical union between the elements of fire and water that is celebrated; in the latter the downward course of the sun towards its wintry grave. (pp. 242-43)

Ralston assembles as many legends as possible around such topics as "Ideas about the Soul", "The Snake", "Swan Maidens", "Death of Winter", "Midsummer Rites", "Mythical Wedding Guests", "Human Sacrifices", "Lament of Orphans", "Vampires". Crawford sees

the relationship between details like the Dark and Bright twins and Lada--items that Ralston handles consecutively but separately under the heading "Ideas about the Soul". Ralston's casual identification of Lada, goddess of love and springtime, with Freyja is the basis for Crawford's exciting connection of the Slavonic myth with the Icelandic Volsunga Saga. She reads Ralston's reference to the glass hill, thinks of the one in Dasent's "Princess on the Glass Hill" from Tales from the Norse³⁵ ("the king of the country where Boots lived had a daughter, whom he would only give to the man who could ride up over the hill of glass, for there was a high, high hill all of glass, as smooth and slippery as ice, close by the king's palace"), and writes "When my foot the 'Glass Hill' seeks, / Such a maid may do for me"--lines which contrast the "fire and flame of life" with the "crisp ice-flake", and foreshadow the seasonal change to winter and the pilgrimage of the phantom to Valhalla on its shining peak. Crawford, already interested in solar myth, would have a ready context for Ralston's references to Sleeping Beauty, the celebration of the death of winter, the "mixture of nuptial and funereal ideas . . . the mystical union between the elements of fire and water . . . and downward course of the sun toward its wintry grave".

In "Gisli", Crawford subsumes this wealth of material from Slavic, Icelandic, and Greek sources into the solar myth which I see

* These quotation marks are in the original in Old Spookses. Pass although Garvin omits them.

as crucial to the mythic structure of her work as a whole. The calendar of the solar year provides an organizing principle for many of her poems, as, for example, the Indian Calendar of Moons in "Malcolm's Katie" or the central place of dawn and Easter in "Narrative II". Crawford's relating of the solar year to festivals of the liturgical year is apparent in her notes on "Italy--Customs Religious", in which she refers to the consecration of the wheat in the mystic sacrifice, grasshoppers on Ascension day, paschal roses at Pentecost, Glass trumpets on Epiphany, the dove on Holy Saturday, and sugar models of fish on April 1st. For Crawford, the solar myth is a way of expressing not just the opposition but the relationship of light and dark, good and evil, spring and winter, life and death--those pairs we have already examined. Light is born from his dark mother, the Night, and returns to darkness.

We could compare Tennyson's similar use of these oppositions and their final reconciliation in love in "Demeter and Persephone". Demeter is told that "The Bright one in the highest/Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest" (ll. 93-4). She has intuitions of a new dispensation of love when "thy dark lord accept and love the Sun,/And all the Shadow die into the Light". In view of Crawford's debt to Tennyson in other poems--for example, the possible echoes in "Malcolm's Katie" of the "bed of daffodil sky" from "Maud" and the "Strong Son of God, immortal Love" from "In Memoriam"--it would be tempting to see "Demeter and Persephone" as a major influence on "Gisli". The arrow's "What know I . . . The gods know best" and

God's benison. "Ye shall not know" sound much like Tennyson's lines:

"We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
And not of Gods, and know not why we spin!
There is a Fate beyond us." (ll. 84-6)

Since, however, Tennyson's poem was published in 1889, five years after Crawford sent him a copy of Old Spookses' Pass in which "Gisli" appears, we have further evidence that Crawford is not colonial and derivative but fully a contemporary of the best writers of the period.

Leaving the question of sources and turning to the poem itself, we note that the motifs of Lada and Springtime, Gisli and Brynhild, eagles and swans, marriage and death are integrated in a solar myth that begins with joy and marriage, darkens into sorrow and death, and ends with a final consolation. "The mixture of nuptial and funereal ideas" that Ralston says gives to the summer solstice its double nature is dramatized in the roles of Gisli and the phantom rival as two aspects of the solar power. Gisli, who carries a talismanic budded spear, like Aaron's flowering rod, represents the exuberance of life, of cosmic and biological energies, that is celebrated throughout Part I. With his "yellow beard" (later his "Ruddy beard stretched in the loom of the wind"), he is both Thor and the strong fierce "waking sun". As such, he is related to all other active masculine agents who relish the vital joy of the present hour--the eagle that tears the dove, the Viking galley that cuts the waves, the west wind that blows away the mists. The economy of the symbolism is such that each reflects the others

on different levels, and a reference to any one includes them all. The chief agent in Part I is Gisli; in Part II, the west wind; in Part III, the eagles. Instead of proceeding laboriously through each cycle of creation and destruction separately, Crawford uses a significant episode in each cycle to imply the whole process.

In Part I, Gisli asks Lada, the Goddess of Spring and Love, to "Give the flesh its fitting wife". Part II shows the winning of his destined mate, Brynhild, not as a typical courtship, but in terms that indicate the story's basis in the changing seasons. Just as in "Sleeping Beauty" and the Volsunga Saga, the hero must disperse the cold mists that imprison the sleeping princess pierced by winter's thorn, before awakening her to life and springtime with his kiss, so here Gisli-Sigurd's main job of courtship is to chase away the "woman-lipped haze" and the "cunning mists shrouding the sea and the sky": "Below the dumb stroke/Of the Sun's red hammer rose blue, mist like smoke". Part III celebrates the triumph of galleys, west wind, eagle, and Gisli over the retreating thick mist. As in the summer solstice, however, victory is combined with defeat: "Stared at them, triumphant, the eagles" is inevitably followed by "Met in the fierce breast of the eagle/The arrows of Gisli and Brynhild".

Gisli's nameless rival and double in Part IV, the "wan ghost" on the Hel-way, is the dying sun. In life, he has been "young, fair", one whose "years by flowers might yet be told" (IV)-- in fact, Gisli himself in Parts I and II. Whereas Gisli generates light and heat ("Fire to chant their warrior's name", "Victory with

his pulse of flame", "Mate the fire and flame of life"), the ghost, though still golden-crested, has been conquered by the returning mists. The mists in Part IV, "close-curved and cold/As in a writhing dragon's fold", are related to Niflheim or mist-home, the Icelandic underworld, but no less to the dark and obscure forces that yearly swallow the sun.

These opposites of light and dark, heat and mist, spring and winter are woven on Lada's loom of fate: "She, with mystic distaff slim,/Spun her hours of love and leaves"; "Warp and weft of flame she wove". Lada is Freyja, goddess of fertility, who is always shown with her spindle and loom, weaving the pattern of life and death. The opposites are further connected by the weapon--symbol of conflict but also of conjunction and sacrifice. Gisli's spear, the agent of death, is "bound with buds of spring". It is identified with the "keen shafts" of the sun's rays" (II), the piercing "red gaze" from the eagle's "red eyes/Like fires" (III), the galley's sharp prow, and the "shrill spear" of the west wind that smites the mist (III). This double power of creation and destruction belongs primarily to the arrows of the Sun which sustain life but also kill with their scorching heat. The Song of the Arrow in Part III belongs alike to sun's rays, galley's prow, eagle's gaze, west wind's spear and Gisli's shaft:

What know I,
As I bite the blue veins of the throbbing sky,
To the quarry's breast,
Hot from the sides of the sleek, smooth nest?
.....

Whence comes my sharp zest
 For the heart of the quarry? The gods know best.
 (III)

The arrow performs his necessary rôle, knowing nothing of the shape and meaning of the entire cycle. He exults in the energy and speed of his present flight; the galley "throbs but to the present kiss/the wild lips of the sea" (I); Gisli says "Thus a man joys in his life--/Nought of the beyond knows he" (I); the eagle bears "in his breast the love of the quarry" (III). The images everywhere insist that hunter and quarry, Gisli and rival, life and death, victory and defeat, spring and winter are not only deadly enemies but also the closest of kin.

The murder is handled in a way that emphasizes the recurrent nature of the episode. Crawford uses the eagle to represent this phase of the cycle. The one living creature able to gaze directly at the sun, the eagle is conventionally shown carrying a victim and is related to height, speed, and imperial power and war. In Icelandic myth, he is Odin's bird who watches from his perch on Jggdrasil, the world-tree.* He represents all the qualities already associated with Gisli and therefore is Gisli at another level. But he is quarry as well as hunter; he is pierced by the "knife-pangs of hunger" and the "long shaft of Gisli". The following lines

* H.R. Ellis Davidson says in her Scandinavian Mythology: "Odin could also fly through the air in eagle form, and the eagle appears on many Gotland Stones. The eagle which sat on the world tree may well have been Odin himself, since he had a special seat from which he could view all the worlds at once. (London: Paul Hamlyn, 1969), p. 46.

skilfully gather together sun, hunter, the piercing weapon, and the innocent victim, and establish the identity of the eagle with both hunter and quarry, Gisli and the ghost:

Deep pierced the red gaze of the eagle
The breast of a cygnet below him.

Beneath his dun wing from the westward
A shaft shook that laughed in its biting--
Met in the fierce breast of the eagle
The arrows of Gisli and Brynhild.

(III)

The killing of the eagle works as a sort of shorthand notation to indicate the death of the rival and the death of the old sun, and implies therefore Gisli's own death to come.

In the Icelandic saga, Sigurd is eagle to Brynhild's swan. Here, Gisli and Brynhild, eagle and swan, sun and moon represent different forms of the same relationship, any one pair including all the others. Although Brynhild is not mentioned by name until the last line of Part III, she is present from the beginning in references to "White swan from the blue-arched south" (I), "the sharp wings of swans as they rose" (III), and "Deep pierced the red gaze of the eagle/The breast of the cygnet below him" (III). Here the solar bird is victorious, but in the next stanza the shaft of the swan-maiden Brynhild bites into the eagle from the westward. In the solar myth that underlies this plot, the sun loves the dawn but must inevitably desert her on his westward journey, and she avenges his betrayal of her with his death.

The complete cycle of the myth which Crawford is creating.

from her various sources runs, therefore, something like this. Gisli, the 'spring sun', asks Lada, goddess of Love and Spring and weaver of fates, for a bride to mate the flesh. He defeats Brynhild's present lord who has kept her his "for one brief year" (IV). Gisli wins Brynhild and the complete fulfilment of desire which brings about its own death, just as summer in "Malcolm's Katie" chokes with its own surfeit lushness. Brynhild, in her role as Valkyrie or "chooser of the slain", has killed the old Gisli to marry her accomplice--in the Voisunga Saga, Sigurd's blood-brother Gunnar, or in Crawford's poem, the new Gisli or reborn sun. In "An Interrégnum" Crawford emphasizes the joyous, nuptial aspect of this cycle:

Lawless is the time,
 Full of loud kingless voices that way gone!
 The Polar Caesar striding to the north,
the winds, unkinged,
 Reach gusty hands of riot round the brows
 Of lordly mountains waiting for a lord,

 Watchers on heights for that sweet, hidden king,
 Bud-crowned and dreaming yet on other shores--

 Within his azure battlements the Sun
 Begilds his face with joyance, for he sees,
 From those high towers, Spring, earth's fairest lord,
 Soft-cradled on the wings of rising swans,

 And with a sceptre of a ruddy reed
 Burnt at its top to amethystine bloom.
 Come, Lord, thy kingdom stretches barren hands!

In both "An Interregnum" and "Gisli", the defeated lord is the winter sun who must die to allow the rebirth of spring. The phantom's role as Gisli's double accounts for the reduplication in the poem: Gylfag and the phantom hound, Gisli's galleys and the

galleys of the ghost, which "by long winds were tost", the town on its sharp hill and Valhalla on its peak. Nine years after "An Inter-regnum", Crawford's new emphasis in "Gisli" on the grief of the defeated lord parallels her concern, expressed most fully in "Narrative II", with themes of pain and despair.

The story of Gisli and his victim--therefore links together the cycles of creation and destruction, ascent and descent, life and death, spring and winter; light and dark; fire and ice, active and passive, eagle and dove, repletion and hunger, love and hate. The symbolic imagery, the repetition in Part I of the budded spear, ice-locked fires, warp and weft of flame, the deliberate frustration of narrative interest, the sudden shifts in the verse form, the introduction as speakers of the eagle, the arrow, and the ghost--all these direct the reader's attention to the fact that the same Gisli plot constantly recurs with variations throughout creation.

In Part III, the eagle is labouring "Up the steep blue of the broad sky;/His gaze on the fields of his freedom;/To the gods spake the prayers of his gyres." In another form he continues his pilgrimage as the ghost on the Hel-way in Part IV, upward spiralling peaks replacing gyres. There is a sudden shift to a vantage point far above the solar cycle of creation and destruction. Crawford has opened up the poem to include her three-levelled universe, translated here into the Icelandic equivalents -- Midgard, Niflheim, and Valhalla. The purpose is to provide a satisfying consolation for pain and death. The phantom on the Hel-way says, "I loved--this

is my tale--and died." The song of the eagle has already asked "What know I/Of the will of the bow that speeds me on high?" and the answer is "The gods know best". When men's voices "eager and querulous and weak" ask God, "What hast Thou done? What dost Thou do?", God's benison returns, "Ye shall not know!" After allowing full expression to the ghost's sense of betrayal and sorrow ("How fiercely hard a man's heart dies!"), the poem, in its conclusion, achieves acceptance and consolation. The phantom is received by his heavenly father, reconciled and redeemed. There are echoes here of Odin's welcome of the slain Balder, or of God the Father's welcome of the Son.

Faint and weak from his struggles along the reeling Hel-way, the ghost hears a trumpet blast and recognizes the "voice of love". The figure that he encounters is a more resplendent Gisli; panoplied like the sun:

Strode from the mist, close-curved and cold
 As is a writhing dragon's fold,
 A warrior with shield of gold.

A sharp blade glittered at his hip;
 Flamed like a star his lance's tip;

The warrior is Odin, the All-Father, the spirit of the sun itself, meeting his most recently slain annual incarnation. His question "What dost thou here, my youngest born? . . . Why art thou from the dark earth torn?", makes sense in terms of the annual death of the sun, which leaves the earth in darkness. The relation of this golden warrior to the ghost is as father to son and as eternal self to annual incarnation of that-self: "My soul recalled its blood and

bone". When the warrior blows his trumpet again, the arrival of this pair at the "lawful peak" where the Blest dwell is anticipated in the imagery of light, energy, flights of arrows, bright vales, sunlit harbours, "green paths beneath their tread" and so forth. The Christian implications of the imagery are not developed in 'Gisli' as they are in 'Narrative II', but are present all the same--Gisli's budded spear suggesting Aaron's rod, the Bright one's saying, "I hunger" and "I thirst" as an echo of Christ's words on the cross, the relation of sacrificed son to father with its obvious Christian parallel.

The poem ends in understanding and reconciliation. The predominant sense of conflict and polarity which has been expressed in the weaponry--the sharp spears and lances, the arrows connected perhaps with Apollo and Artemis, the red hammers of Thor that "bite", "pierce", "smite", and "strike"--this conflict is resolved in the final metaphor of twins and the image of clasping:

Said the voice of Evil to the ear of Good,
 "Clasp thou my strong right hand,
 Nor shall our clasp be known or understood
 By any in the land."

These terrible twins are life and death, good and evil, light and dark, mortality and immortality, Satan and Christ. They have counterparts in Cain and Abel, Set and Osiris, and Castor and Polydeuces, the latter parallel suggesting that they are Lada's twin offspring and do her necessary work of creation and destruction. The poem finishes with the Dark brother's recognition that he is just as much a child of God as his Bright brother is, and that by some

miraculous process evil, which recoils back upon itself, is necessary in the final triumph of good.

To sum up. "The Helot", "Old Spooksés' Pass", and "Gisli the Chieftain" give enough of Crawford's structure to allow a reader to see its shape. She is using a zoning technique similar to Dante's or to the Icelandic Niflheim, Midgard, and Valhalla to suggest her sense of the whole of experience. The level where life appears as a vortex of dry whirling dust or a stampede into a black abyss is her inferno. As with Dante, hell is a funnel and heaven is a rose. Crawford's version of the multifoliate rose is a sunlit daffodil (or rose or lily) world redeemed by love. In between is the purgatorial world where life and death, good and evil, and all the other polarities appear to be deadly enemies in constant struggle. In Icelandic myth, this is the realm governed by the Vanir, the twins Freyr and Freyja. The idea is not to escape from the pain this struggle produces. Rather, love must create a still centre of order within the conflict, like the lariat that shapes the plunging, rushing stampede into a circle that slowly stills itself to calm.

CHAPTER THREE

RIDING ROMAN: THE PROSE ROMANCES

"Riding Roman" is a rodeo term of the West applied to the trick of mounting, or, what is perhaps more important, remaining mounted on, two horses at once. . . . I find that most Canadian-born authors are more or less compelled, while fated to a residence in a country which Robert Barr once described as spending more money on its Scotch whisky than on its literature, to make themselves heard by that larger audience which lies beyond their natal borders. . . . They must, while still Canadians, in some way become Americanized. (Arthur Stringer, "On Riding Roman for Authors", Brentano's Book Chat. Clipping found among the Arthur Stringer papers held by Mrs. Margaret Tourney.)

The book was written for girls and must please them to be a financial success. . . . I can't afford--yet, at least,--to defy too openly the standards of my public. (L.M. Montgomery to Ephraim Weber (May 1907), Green Gables Letters, Toronto: Ryerson, 1960, p. 73.)

Excitement, and excitement alone, seems to be the great end at which they aim. . . . A commercial atmosphere floats around works of this class, redolent of the manufactory and the shop. The public wants novels, and novels must be made--so many yards of printed stuff, sensation-pattern. . . . A sensation novel, as a matter of course, abounds in incident. Indeed, as a general rule, it consists of nothing else. . . . Action! action! action! . . . Each game is played with the same pieces, differing only in the moves. (Anon., "Sensation Novels", London Quarterly Review, 113 (Apr., 1863), 482-3.)

Crawford's prose fiction uses the same myth of polarities reconciled by sacrificial love that we have identified in the poetry. But she scales the myth down and displaces it in the direction of realism for her newspaper markets.* For example, the hero of Monsieur Phoebus and his sister have both been stolen from their parents as infants. Phoebus has since run away to M. Duclos's circus to be a trapeze artist. When he is found by his family in Chapter I, his real name turns out to be Charlie Desdril, but his common ancestry with Gisli and Gheezis is apparent all the same:

[He was] tall, straight as a lance, graceful, sinewy, remarkably handsome, and as a gleam of vivid sunlight struck through a flap of canvas . . . it smote him into a veritable pillar of fire, for from his bare splendid throat to his feet he was dressed in a tight-fitting dress simulating golden scales which gave out torrents of light with every supple movement of his stately young figure. His hair was sufficiently red to become intense gold in the light. . . . Monsieur Phoebus, the world renowned Son of the Air and King of the Monarchs of the Wilds.

In the prose fiction Crawford is adapting her mythic structure for sale to a market that demands sensation, violent action, mystery, sentiment, and romantic love. She is consciously writing with her left hand for these markets. She publishes Old Spookses' Pass at her own expense and sends it to England for critical appraisal

* This chapter uses Frye's definition of comedy and romance in A Natural Perspective (Columbia: Columbia University Press, 1963).

which she carefully saves. She writes the prose pieces for American markets, makes no special mention of them in her life history written for Seranus beyond "I have written largely for the American press", and keeps no copies for herself once the work is published and paid for. Crawford undoubtedly sees herself as a poet who must interrupt her real work long enough to write sensational prose romances for money. There is, nevertheless, a continuity in her work that gives the prose its special interest. Consistently, she sees experience in patterns provided by myths and fairy tales. In the poetry and the prose alike, her characteristic mode of perception is romance. Structurally there is not much difference between early fairy tales like "The Waterlily", "How the Grasshopper and the Parrot Wooed the Rose", and "Wava, the Fairy of the Shell" and later romance fictions like Helen's Rock and A Kingly Restitution. The prose work is fascinating because in it we can see a gifted writer battling more or less successfully with commercial necessity, and adapting popular conventions to the expression of her grand theme.

Katherine Hale concludes her "Appreciation" of Crawford's poetry with this postscript:

A small trunk full of her manuscripts stands before me as I write. Not, alas, of poems newly discovered, but of old stories and novelettes written out in her clear delicate handwriting on paper now yellow with age. The trunk is crammed with them; there are hundreds of closely written pages: themes cleverly invented and in some cases cleverly carried out. (p. 108)

Commentary upon this trunkload of inaccessible work has until recently amounted to little more than Lawrence Burpee's judgment that "although her prose was of some merit, it was not the medium

best suited to the peculiarly lyrical cast of her genius"¹ and the comment on A Little Bacchante in The Varsity (Jan. 23, 1886) to the effect that "the novel of Isabella Valancy Crawford, in the Globe, is vastly superior to the ordinary run of newspaper fiction".*

After the death of John Garvin in 1936, the manuscripts found their way into the Lorne Pierce collection and are now in four boxes in the Douglas Library at Queen's University, along with some verse manuscripts and some other items related to Crawford. John Garvin evidently intended to edit a book of Crawford's prose, but died before anything came of the project.

The manuscripts that have been preserved probably represent much less than half of her total prose output. "Moloch", printed in the Mail on November 6, 1874, is advertised as the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford "Author of 'Wrecked; or the Rosclerras of Mistree,' 'Winona; or the Foster Sisters,' 'Windale's Souvenir,' etc."--none of which has been discovered. The Evening Globe of January 6, 1886 ran the following advertisement:

* Margo Dunn's M.A. dissertation "The Development of Narrative in the Writings of Isabella Valancy Crawford" (Simon Fraser, 1975) discusses narrative as the "most consistent organizational principle" of Crawford's work. In addition to examining selected poems, she looks at some of the early fairy tales, including "Wava" and "The Waterlily", and a late short story, "In the Breast of a Maple".

Penny Petrone's new collection, Selected Short Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford (Ottawa: University of Ottawa, 1975) is an important beginning to the large editing job that still needs to be done to establish an authoritative text for both Crawford's poetry and Crawford's prose. Among the eight selections included in this book of stories are "In the Breast of a Maple", "Extradited", "The Grasshopper Papers", a scene from The Halton Boys, and a newly discovered story, "A Five-O'Clock Tea", from Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, XVII (1884).

"A new novel, written for The Globe, entitled 'The Little Bacchante; or Some Black-Sheep,' by Isabella Valancy Crawford, author of 'Old Spookses' Pass,' 'Winona,' 'Hate,' 'Wrecked,' etc., etc., will shortly be commenced in these columns, and will be continued from day to day until completed." A Little Bacchante was published in the evening and not the morning edition of the Globe, which explains why it has not been preserved.* However, the Morning Globe of

* The Ontario Archives holds the only known copy of the Evening Globe to contain this story. The issue of January 21, 1886 includes Chapter IX, "In the Presence of the Tempter". The novel is set in Venice and the little Bacchante of the title is Gwendolin, a girl of unformed character and frail constitution. She is the innocent victim of her guardian's plot to turn her into an alcoholic ruin and thereby weaken her will, which is feeble in any case. All this so that Gwendolin will marry her guardian's detestable son Paulo, after which she is expected to die conveniently and leave her fortune to her bridegroom. Gwendolin, however, has just overheard her guardian and Paulo talking about her death in terms hardly calculated to increase her enthusiasm for the proposed marriage: "A lovely bride: a charming corpse". She says: "I will not marry that odious Paulo; it is only when I am a fool with wine that I say 'yes' and 'yes' and 'yes' like a tall baby. I say 'no' now; I say 'no' for ever! I always hated Paulo; I never hid it; I hate him a little more every day; I will not marry him."

The Chapter ends with an intriguing scene involving Zoe, a defunct sawdust doll:

For the first time Gwendolin's heart was hardened against her beloved and lamented Zoe. She turned sullen eyes on her pancake-like form, and dragged her rudely from her temporary bier by her waxen feet. She held her up scornfully by these members, so that her broken head swung like a pendulum, and her arms flapped sadly to and fro. One azure eye was gone, the other seemed to glare reproachfully up at her once devoted owner.

Gwendolin, now for once resolved, writes a hasty note to Lord Audun, proposing to elope with him. This note is caught in Zoe's "dishevelled tresses, in the sharp beads of her dress, in the fringe of her sash". It is flung into the canal along with Zoe, only to land in the gondola of Lord Audun's son, who happens to be passing beneath:

. . . running to the window overlooking the canal, [she] hurled her out with a fine sweep of her long and thin arm.

She glanced after her. Zoe was descending, an

September 4, 1886 published a short story "Extradited", which was edited by Penny Petrone for the Journal of Canadian Fiction, Summer, 1973. The death notice in the Evening Telegram says, "a continued story entitled, 'Married with an Opal; or a Kingly Restitution' is at present running thru a serial published by the Toronto News Company", a publication that Hathaway later identifies as the Fireside Weekly. This last story is preserved, with some gaps, in manuscript form, but the others may not ever be tracked down.

One clue is Crawford's memorandum book, which lists addresses of publishers as follows: "Chicago Inter Ocean; Century Co, 33 East 17 Street, New York; 'Outing', 140 Nassau Street, New York; Montreal Weekly Star." Arthur Stringer, who did achieve the commercial success that Crawford wanted, sent stories and poems to these same magazines--Chicago Inter Ocean, Century, Frank Leslie's Monthly--and many others besides. The first page of his private record book, which follows, is instructive on the subject of markets and revenues:²

indistinguishable bundle of pink silk, whirling legs and arms, and glittering beads. . . . No, Zoe was not bobbing up and down on the crowded canal. A gondola was shooting past, a young man in it, who held Zoe in his hand. . . . "That horrible little Bacchante," he thought, "she has been drinking again, and thrown this devil in pink silk at me. [He reads the letter "appointing an elopment with his father"]. . . .

Zoe had been, in fearful reality, a "hurler of thunderbolts".

(To Be Continued)

Manuscripts Submitted (1900)

Name of Article or Verse	Magazine	Class	Date
One Crowded Hour of Life	Ainslies	Story	June
" " " "	Sat. Ev. Post	"	June
Arizona Thus Upright	Sat. Ev. Post	"	July
" " "	Ainslies	"	"
Simple Story of Oliver	Sat. Ev. Post	" \$75	"
A Dove From the Ark	Am. Press Ass.	" \$20	Sept
Song Sparrow in November	Ainslies \$10	Verse	June
Metempsychosis (Pub. \$4.20)	Smart Set	Verse	July 20
Boy and the Burglar \$10	Canad. Mag.	Story	Oct. 10
How Bill Got His Grizzly	Sat. Ev. Post	" \$40	Oct. 17
Twilight	The Bookman	Verse	Oct. 24
On a Chopin Nocturne	The Bookman	" \$4	Oct. 24
The Bells of the New Year	Am. Press Ass.	" \$12	Oct. 20
In The Opera (Gratis)	Variety	Verse	Oct. 25
The Actor From the Globe	Sat. Ev. Post	Story	Oct. 25
Courtship of Neasingzelli	Outing	" \$40	Oct. 30
"Who Lived and Died for Art"	Ainslies	Verse	Nov. 30
The Spirit of the City	Harpers, Ainsl.	Story	Nov. 30

Lacking such scrupulous records for Crawford, we must rely on casual references for knowledge of even the existence of some of her work. Maud Miller Wilson says, mixing up at least two titles: "The best remembered of her prose sketches are: Wenona--an Indian Tale, The Lady in Grey, Some Black Sheep, The Heart of an Opal and A Little Bacchante. She contributed short stories to Frank Leslie's and other American magazines" (Globe, Apr. 15, 1905). * Frank Leslie is the only publisher that commentators specifically mention.

* According to Penny Petrone (Selected Stories, p. 17), "In 1873, while in Peterborough she entered a short story competition and won the first prize of six hundred dollars for her story 'Winona, the Indian Queen.' But she received only one hundred dollars of the award as the prize-giving corporation failed." Winona; or the Foster Sisters (or Wenona--an Indian Tale or "Winona, the Indian Queen") predates "The Wooing of Ghezis: an Indian Idyll" (Sept. 18, 1874) and apparently uses the same Indian materials. The name suggests Hiawatha's mother, Wenonah, who is loved by the West Wind in Longfellow's poem.

Lawrence Burpee says, "At the age of fourteen, she wrote stories for Frank Leslie's Magazine and soon became a constant contributor to this and other periodicals."³

Frank Leslie's is our best clue to the market that Crawford was attempting to please. Frank Leslie was an English engraver, originally named Henry Carter, who came to New York in 1848, went into business with Barnum, the circus man, and then in 1853 jumped into publishing his own periodicals, miscellanies, and illustrated newspapers.⁴ He could be counted on to publish up to ten different periodicals at any one time--the titles of which give some indication of content: Frank Leslie's boys' and girls' weekly, an illustrated record of outdoor and home amusements, 1867-84; Frank Leslie's budget of fun, 1859-78; Frank Leslie's budget of humorous and sparkling stories, tales of heroism, adventure and satire: A monthly magazine, 1878-96; Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner, 1865-84; Frank Leslie's Ladies Journal: devoted to fashion and choice literature, 1871-81; Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly: American Magazine, 1876-1904; and Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, 1877-89. These magazines have not been indexed, and the stories--not Etta W. Pierce's, but most others--are anonymous. Since Leslie had built his magazine empire largely on the popularity of his illustrations, acceptable stories were expected to provide striking scenes suitable for large half-page engravings. For example, Etta W. Pierce's short story, "Agnes", in Frank Leslie's Ladies Journal (XXXII, 1873) begins: "Was night already falling . . . With a cry, Agnes March started up. 'My God!

am I going blind?" Above this is a large illustration, captioned, "Clinging with one hand to the railing, she gazed down into the turbid current creeping sluggishly below. Her face was rigid and white with deadly determination."

Obviously the last thing Frank Leslie's readers wanted was the mirror held up to nature. Rather than the sober realism that was gaining approval in literary circles, they craved drama, excitement, and colour of the sort that Dickens discusses in a letter to Angela Burdett-Coutts: "Color these people always want, and color (as allied to fancy), I would always give them. In these cast-iron and mechanical days, I think even such a garnish to the dish of their monotonous and hard lives, of unspeakable importance" (Nov. 15, 1850).⁵ The school described in Walter Phillips's Dickens, Reade, and Collins: Sensation Novels⁶ would have provided a model of success not just for Crawford but for her competitors. Wilkie Collins's famous formula for popular fiction, "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait", was followed to the best of their often meagre abilities by hack writers for Frank Leslie's and other American magazines. For example, in 1874, about the time when Crawford was beginning her bread-and-butter writing in earnest, Frank Leslie's Ladies Magazine printed two serial novels including the pirated novel, Unrest; or, the Beauty of the Family, by Miss M.E. Braddon. It also published thirty-two short stories, mostly anonymous, of which the following are representative: "After Years of Waiting (Illustrated)", "A Good Match", "Heroic Women of America (Two Illustrations)", "An Idyll of the Rhine (Illustrated)",

"Righted at Last", and "Too Late (Illustrated)". Such stories rely on familiar romance formulas: good and evil that can be readily distinguished into the honest, steady-eyed hero and the villain of the deepest dye; the heartless step-mother; the beautiful heroine who must marry the very man she most despises; the disinherited nephew; the treacherous adviser; the loyal servant; revenge; disguises and mistaken identity; identical twins; deathbed confessions; and miraculous resurrections. The popular features of the current fiction that Crawford must imitate turn out to be those highly conventionalized formulas that have always been popular from New Greek comedy to Shakespeare to Dickens, and from these down to their imitators among countless writers of melodramas and romance. These conventions are displaced myths, which Frye describes in A Natural Perspective as always popular because they provide a key to imaginative experience for the untrained.

Crawford's preferred mode is comedy with romance heightening. An early story, "The Golden Locket; or The Story of a Nun, Founded on Fact", is a rare excursion into Gothic doom. Motifs of the sort discussed in Edith Birkhead's The Tale of Terror,⁸ impervious to the ridicule of Northanger Abbey, lingered on in popular literature and no doubt influenced this story. The opening pages describe a delicate golden-haired young girl "appareled as one about to become a bride", who "in her pure white robes and with that rapt, far-off gaze . . . resembled one of the Priestesses who dwelt in the dim groves of the Ephesian Goddess". An old priest entering her lonely chamber says "in a tone almost of agony, 'It is

not yet too late! Look abroad, upon the glorious world which you are about to sacrifice' . . ." to which she replies, "What have I to do with Earth?" Her final departure from this earth, however, is delayed five years by a Gothic plot involving love at first sight during 'the sad ceremony' of joining the convent ("the face of the stranger she had beheld, rose between her and her rosary"); a duel between the beloved Sir James ('the terror of men and the admiration of women') and the villain Lord Percy (a man of "wild profligacy and demoniac disposition"); an unwelcome advance from Percy ("Never. . . . Death were indeed preferable to the love of such as thou"); a revenge plot against the hero ("Wherefore nip the tender bud, when soon the full blown flower will fall beneath your stroke"); a scene in which the villain abducts the heroine and locks her in a cabin to detain her in 'polite conversation and incidentally reveal his motives ("I trust, fair lady, that my presence is not entirely disagreeable to you"); a fatally weak heart ("Her hand flew to her heart, and pressed against it convulsively"); an ironic outcome ("How little either imagined under what circumstances they should meet again"); and an appropriately distancing ending ("The simple country folk in the neighbourhood of Sudley affirm to this day. . . ."). This story lacks the redemptive ending usually found in Crawford's work, but her characteristic theme of sacrifice is evident. "What have I to do with earth?" anticipates the last lines of "Curtius", "what have I/To do with altars and with sacrifice?"

"The Golden Locket"'s self-advertised foundation "on Fact" is about as reliable as the claim made for St. Ursula's Convent

(the first novel published in Canada) that it contained "scenes from real life". Dialogue comparable to Crawford's can be found on almost every page of Michael Booth's English Melodrama:

I fear not your threats and menaces. . . . Become yours--your bride? Dog! Rather would I die a thousand deaths than submit to such bondage. (From The White Slave, 1849)

Camilla: Approach me not. Despair will nerve me to resist your purpose--to seek, to welcome the blow of death--to escape dishonour!
Marco: Fool! Resistance is useless. (seizes her) Who can now interpose to save you? Who can now step between you and my will?
(From The Robbers of Calabria, n.d.)⁹

Although Crawford rarely uses these conventions again with such heavyhandedness, her fiction is consistently romantic in flavour.

The distinction between romance and realism is clearly recognized by Crawford's contemporaries and forms the subject of much critical discussion in the Week. Here is G. Mercer Adam's summary of the books of 1884:

Our novel writers have gone from the manufacture and portrayal of incident which pleases, to the manufacture and analysis of motive. . . . The good old romantic and imaginative novel of our grandmothers' time seems a thing of the past. What we have in its place is the English melodrama of such books as "Called Back"; the intellectual vivisection methods of the American schools of James and Howells; or, worse still, the loathsome realism and putridity of the school of Zola and France. (Jan. 15, 1885)

There was no need for Adam to define romance and realism with more precision than by references to "portrayal of incident" and to "analysis of motive", "loathsome realism and putridity". Scott's distinction (restating Clara Reeve's in the Progress of Romance) that romance "turns upon marvellous and uncommon incident", whereas in novels "events are accommodated to the ordinary train of human events" (Encyc. Brit., 4th ed., 1824) had long since become a

critical commonplace. The immediate context for the quarrel is the contrast between the sensation novel's emphasis on incident as valuable in itself and the realist's subordination of incident to character, plot with plausible causation, and to what Dickens calls a "dissective quality". An article in the Week, "George Eliot as a Teacher of Agnosticism" (II, Apr. 9, 1885), indicates what its author believes are the qualities of this latter school: "her characters are all laid out on the dissecting table. . . . Her plots are absolutely nought. Analysis of character, with elaborate painting of scenery and surroundings is the whole of her art".

Sara Jeanette Duncan, the most witty contributor to the Week, announces victory for the realists by writing a death notice for the novel of incident and for its long-suffering heroine:

Has it occurred to nobody . . . to cast one deploring glance over his shoulder at the lovely form of the heroine of old-time, drifting fast and far into oblivion? It would be strange indeed if we did not regret her, this daughter of the lively imagination of a bygone day. . . . She was very wooden, the person for whom gallant youths attained remarkable heights of self-sacrifice, and villains intrigued in vain. . . . She was the painted pivot of the merry-go-round--it could not possibly revolve, with its exciting episodes, without her. . . . The woman of today is no longer an exceptional being surrounded by exceptional circumstances. . . . The novel of today is a reflection of our present social state. The women who enter into its composition are but intelligent agents in this reflection, and show themselves as they are, not as a false ideal would have them. (III, Oct. 28, 1886)

Elsewhere, Duncan contrasts "Outworn Literary Methods", by which she means romance, with "the novel of today" as written by James and Howells (IV, June 9, 1887). She says, moreover, that "the body of literature is a growth" which "as we change with our conditions and other influences . . . must change with us" (III,

Nov. 4, 1886).*

The clear implication is that romance is outworn, closed, and ossified as a form; realism is open, developing, and adjusted "to the requirements and opportunities of today". One can appreciate Duncan's impatience with a form represented by books like Adam's and Ethelwyn Wetherald's joint production, An Algonquin Maiden (reviewed in the Week on November 11, 1886). The publication of her own The Imperialist is a far more significant and liberating event in Canada. Nevertheless, in Canada and the United States, romance has been the dominant mode of perception and the more socially revolutionary form. The realistic novel seems to require a settled developed society to grow in. Romance has no limits but those of the human imagination itself. Nineteenth century American writers testify to the flexibility of the form: Henry James says that a romance is so because of the kind of experience it treats-- "experience liberated . . . experience disengaged; disembroiled,

*These two essays demonstrate critical powers far superior to those of Adam and the other upholders of romance!

The novel of today may be written to show the imaginative action of a passion, to work out an ethical problem of everyday occurrence, to give body and form to a sensation of the finest or of the coarsest kind, for almost any reason which can be shown to have a connection with the course of human life." (IV, June 9, 1887)

We must have truth of one sort or another--truth to certain values in the ideal, truth to certain actualities in the real. But, while its informing spirit must conform to these principles always, the body of literature is a growth--and growth itself means change--of growing conditions, and is thus doubly subject to alteration. Our literature is the product of ourselves, our physical environment, and the social forces that act upon us. As we change with our conditions and other influences, our literature must change with us. (III, Nov. 4, 1886)

disencumbered, exempt from the conditions that usually attach to it" (Preface to The American); and Hawthorne speaks of heightened lights and shadings and of following no rules but "truth of the human heart" (Preface to The House of Seven Gables). That is, romance must be true to inner human experience alone. Freed from the necessity of plausible causality of events and able to smooth away realistic details to lay bare the underlying pattern of experience, romance is able to confront directly themes of life, death, conflict, hatred, jealousy, lost and recovered identity, and redemptive love. Novels like Atwood's Surfacing, Davies' Fifth Business, Kroetsch's Studhorse Man or any of MacLennan's fiction indicate that the death announcement of romance was, like Mark Twain's, greatly exaggerated.

Romance was considered the closed, dead form by the realist contingent in the Week because realism depends upon breaking literary conventions, romance upon following them. Don Quixote is the prototype for the procedure of realism (of course, a convention in itself), which is to threaten or to overturn any convention that the reader has learned to expect.¹⁰ The sense of realism results from the reader's perception of the risk. Thus George Eliot, in Chapter Five of Amos Barton, warns the reader that her hero is not in love and has no undetected crimes hidden in his breast. By this we are also to understand that he is not a hereditary prince, has not been stolen in infancy from his family, does not have an identical twin. Romance, in contrast to realism, achieves its effects by following such literary conventions as these, all of them familiar in their

fairy tale versions, and favourite devices of Crawford. Followed without the energy of imagination, these patterns easily petrify into closed forms of the Etta W. Pierce variety, but used by the Brontës and Dickens, they are tools for discovery. In Crawford's case, it seems that she aims for the Etta Pierce story so marketable to Frank Leslie's, but that often her imagination takes fire and produces this other romance that is exploratory and liberating. Despite their evident pot-boiling function, her stories possess energy, imaginative power, and, most important, the structural strength that supports all her writings.

The evidence is to be found in the manuscripts in the Douglas Library collection. Of the ten novels listed in the Catalogue to the Lorne Pierce collection, only two, Helen's Rock (eighteen chapters, dated April 11, 1883) and Monsieur Phoebus (thirty-seven chapters and several pages each from chapters fifty-two to fifty-five) are near to being complete. The one hundred manuscript leaves catalogued as A Hereditary Prince are really a rough draft for The Halton Boys, which exists under its own name in another draft of 163 leaves. The latter, described on the title page as "a story for boys", was sent to the publisher under the pseudonym of Denis Scott, a combination of the given names of her parents Stephen Dennis and Sydney Scott. Of the forty-eight chapters that Crawford lists on an index page for Lodesley Abbey, ten chapters still remain. There are also the opening eleven chapters of The Heir of Dremore; two versions, neither of which is complete, of From Yule to Yule; or Claudia's Will;

157 Foolscap leaves of Pillows of Stone; or Young Cloven-Hoof

(Chapter Five of which is dated June 13, 1878); Chapter One only of

Tudor Tramp, which, I should judge, is wrongly listed in the Catalogue as a short story; the first two chapters of an untitled novel whose existence is not mentioned in the Catalogue because it had been filed along with Claudia's Will; and finally, more than 350 Foolscap leaves listed severally as "Old General de Berir--Untitled story about" and "Unidentified Manuscript", which, upon inspection, turn out to be about half the missing serial novel, Married with an Opal; or a Kingly Restitution.

The essence of these stories is a style, quite possibly learned from Dickens, of violent and sensational action, fast pacing, startling climaxes, marked contrasts, and coincidences and adventitious solutions to bring about the comic ending. Serial publication tends to control the rhythm of the chapters and to foster the use of the startling curtain line. In Married with an Opal, for example, the following chapter endings are not untypical: "Says a hoarse ghostly whisper at her elbow, 'It's me'" (51); "'He was not killed that time in the Travaux Forces'" (53); "[She] springs to her feet with a shriek so wild, so weird, so full of unutterable woe and horror and despair that it fills the shadowy woodlands and reaches the gulls wheeling over the shining sea" (57); "'You'll hear from me again,' he hisses down at her, as she writhes and moans, 'You'll pay for this, credit me'" (58); "'Marry her tomorrow . . . As your wife she will have nothing to fear. . . .'" 'No, only from her

husband!" says the Earl bitterly" (59).

Wilkie Collins explains the rationale behind the emphasis on sensational incident in his "Letter of Dedication" to Basil (1862):

Believing . . . that all the strong and deep emotions which the Play-writer is privileged to excite, the Novel-writer is privileged to excite also, I have not thought it either politic or necessary, while adhering to realities, to adhere to everyday realities only. . . . Those extraordinary accidents and events which happen to few men seemed to me to be as legitimate materials for fiction to work with as the ordinary events which may, and do, happen to us all.

The Heir of Dremore illustrates Crawford's own use of extraordinary incidents to evoke strong and deep emotions. Crawford begins, as she often does, in the middle of a conversation: "She'll never come this howling night." Compare, for example, "'You'll never have 'Seven-armed Dick' hewn down, Miss Claudia'" from Claudia's Will, or "'Your 'No' is irrevocable, I suppose--but--my God--what treachery!'" from Helen's Rock. The plot includes a shipwreck on the coast; a crippled heir, Felix Dremore, who has been driven from his father's estate; a brutal father; revenge; a murder attempt; the fearful struggle of an alcoholic to reclaim her life; and the cripple's miraculous recovery. The manor house where "Brute" Dremore lives has the lurid atmosphere characteristic of the Gothic: "'It is Dremore House,' said the Duchess. . . . 'Ah--it looks like a palace of Devils through those swaying trees--how the lights flash from window to window! they look red--red as blood'".

She may have learned from Poe and the Gothic tale of terror how to manipulate events and landscape in order to evoke the desired emotion, but of course she could learn everything necessary

from Dickens. Since the Gothic method, described by Poe, of working backward from the desired effect to the literary means of achieving the effect is close to the method of symbolism in poetry, Crawford's manipulation of events to create intense scenes is of general interest. Here, for example, is part of a confrontation scene in Chapter Five of The Heir of Dremore between accusing son and drunken mother:

Lady Desmond, born Bludgett, crouched in the waning light by her dressing-room window; a terrible, splendid, degraded spectral figure in the grim grey light. . . . A great melancholy, subdued and intense, wrapped the dreary landscape; and the lonely woman by the window began to moan to herself half mechanically. . . .

Desmond stood in the threshold, a hulking black form in the mournful twilight. . . . [He says that his mother's drinking disgraces him and he compares her with the queen-like Italian mother he recently rescued from the shipwreck.] "She's a mother for a fellow to respect. . . ." In a burst of fury [Lady Desmond] flung the delicate cup on the glowing coals. . . . "That Italian jade . . . hasn't been beaten and kicked like an ass for eighteen years--she hasn't matched herself with the devil. . . . Go to your Italian . . . or I'll put the butter knife into you."

"You're not fit to wipe her shoes . . . grovelling from year's end to year's end in furious drunkenness . . . You a mother! Lord! . . . O I'm a happy fellow. 'There goes 'Brute' Dremore's Blackguard son--his mother's a ripping old sot!' . . ."

Lady Dremore sat turned to stone. . . .

" . . . with a long, long shudder, she revived . . . "Why did you bring me back? . . . it was all true--and, Desmond, I'm not fit to live-- . . ."

"She [the Italian woman] is not my precious mother and that's everything. . . . Oh, mother, mother--if you wouldn't drink." [In the Italian mother] he had seen something which had wakened his heart to new pangs, as a glimpse of Paradise might rouse a lost soul to fresh tortures, and his tears were the terrible tears of wild regret for all he had never known. . . .

"My fear [of your father's torturing and lashing me] made me a drunken woman, a shameless fury . . . but I'll be that no longer."

Romance allows characters to speak of being married to the devil or of seeing glimpses of paradise. In the fairy tale, whose shape is

distinguishable behind this plot, "Brute" Dremore would be a vile giant or a child-devouring ogre, who keeps his wife and children under a spell that the youngest son must break. The exciting incidents are there, as Collins says, to evoke strong emotions. Moreover, diffused over the treatment of the whole story is a strong colouring of romance and the imagination--what Dickens calls "the light of Fancy".

Forster's Life paraphrases Dickens to the effect that Household Words must comprise "something of romantic fancy. That was to be a cardinal point. There was to be no mere utilitarian spirit."¹¹ "Keep Household Words Imaginative!" says Dickens. With Dickens, and with Crawford as well, the romantic fancy is not a concession to popular tastes or to the mechanics of serial publication; but a positive value to be preserved in a fact-ridden world. Dickens's often-quoted defence of romance is preserved in Forster's Life:

It does not seem to me to be enough to say of any description that it is the exact truth. The exact truth must be there; but the merit or art in the narrator, is the manner of stating the truth. As to which thing in literature, it always seems to me that there is a world to be done. And in these times, when the tendency is to be frightfully literal and catalogue-like--to make the thing, in short, a sort of sum in reduction that any miserable creature can do in that way--I have an idea (really founded on the love of what I profess), that the very holding of popular literature through a kind of popular dark age, may depend on such fanciful treatment.¹²

George Gissing comments unfavourably upon "such fanciful treatment", attributing it (correctly) to drama and fairy tales:

In his plots, unfortunately, he is seldom concerned with the plain motives of human life. (Observe I am speaking of his plots). So often he prefers some far-fetched eccentricity, some piece of knavishness, some unlikely occurrence, about which to weave his tale. And this, it seems to me, is directly traceable to his

fondness for the theatre. He planned a narrative as though plotting for the stage.

It seems never to have occurred to him, thus far in his career, that novels and fairy tales (or his favourite Arabian Nights) should obey different laws in the matter of incident. When Oliver Twist casually makes acquaintance with an old gentleman in the streets of London, this old gentleman of course turns out to be his relative, who desired of all things to discover the boy. When Steerforth returns to England from his travels with Emily, his ship is of course wrecked on the sands at Yarmouth, and his dead body washed up at the feet of David Copperfield, who happens to have made a little journey to see his Yarmouth friends on that very day. In Bleak House scarcely a page but presents some coincidence as glaring as these. Therein lies the worthlessness of coincidence in its most flagrant forms.¹³

From the standpoint of statistical probability, such fortuitous meetings are implausible.* But in the world of fairy tales and romance, people are connected to each other by magnetic ties of love and hatred and kinship. The warrior in "Gisli" welcomes his dead son saying, "Viewless the cord which draws from far,/To the round sun, some mighty star;/Viewless the strong knit soul cords are". On a moral level, it is fitting that the two people drawn together by the plot from across a teeming city or half a continent should be those two inseparably linked by viewless cords as persecutor and victim, or as lover and beloved. Thus, in Helen's Rock, the two people whom the hero Cyril rescues from the same rock, on occasions several years apart, turn out to be Helen and her persecutor Claudia. Dickens and Crawford write about a

* Desmond Patey comments on the romance elements in Crawford's work as follows: "'Malcolm's Katie' . . . conducts a group of pasteboard characters through a wildly improbable sequence of events. Violent deaths and fortuitous rescues occur on almost every page, and the dialogue is stilted and unnatural" (Creative Writing in Canada, p. 70).

world in which people are connected by destiny without knowing it, just as the fairy tale prince is drawn unerringly to the right hilltop to discover a sleeping princess whom only he can awaken.

The similarity of these plots to fairy tales is hardly accidental. Forster's Life of Dickens notes the following:

No one was more intensely fond than Dickens of old nursery tales, and he had a secret delight in feeling he was here only giving them a higher form. . . . What now were to be conquered were the more formidable dragons and giants that had their places at our own hearths. . . . With brave and strong restraints, what is evil in ourselves was to be subdued; with warm and gentle sympathies, what is bad or unreclaimed in others was to be redeemed; the Beauty was to embrace the Beast, as in the divinest of all those fables; the star was to rise out of the ashes, as in our much-loved Cinderella. ¹⁴

Crawford's first prose writing is the fairy tale. Her characters are roses and talking birds and fairy princesses like Wava in "Wava, the Fairy of the Shell":

There was once a fairy named Wava, who reigned over a tiny islet which rose like a mount of green moss from the lucid waters of the ocean. . . . gorgeous blossoms--tangled in wild and rich profusion--flung up their brilliant cups to the sun, as though to catch the golden liquid in their painted chalices.

Crawford will repeat often the plot and the symbolism of this early fairy tale, although she may make adjustments in the direction of realism to suit Frank Leslie's. In pure myth, Andromeda is chained to her rock, exposed to the sea-monster; in fairy tales, the golden child is engulfed by the "all-devouring sea"; in prose romance, Helen on her rock is rescued by Cyril from the rising tides.

"Wava" is an early version of Crawford's solar myth.

Goldie, a human child, is snatched from the tempest by Wava and her fairy band. She is happy for a time on their paradisaical immortal island, but eventually pines for the mortal human world of change.

She resembles those heroines from the sea in Shakespeare's late romances, as the following quotation from early in the story

suggests:

The waves were thundering in. . . . Just as [the fays] reached the beach, the moon struggled for an instant through the dense clouds, and on the crest of an advancing wave the fays beheld . . . a child . . . whose long hair streamed out like threads of gleaming gold on the dark and troubled waters.

As the huge waves reached them, the mermaids laid the child at Wava's feet, and as they were borne swiftly back by the receding monster, they sang loud above the noise of the tempest--

"Take the waif and love her well
Wreathe her round with fairy spell
In thy rosy bowers
T'is a gift we snatched for thee
From the all-devouring sea,
Strew her path with flowers.
See her mem'ry goes not back
To the dull and mortal track
She so far hath trod;
Till she join thy elfin band,
Dancing with thee hand in hand
On the dewy sod."

We have noted before how Crawford's mythopoetic imagination finds it natural to identify flowers with chalices, and the sea with an "all-devouring" monster. Her characteristic symbolic opposition of flower and downward-sucking vortex is repeated here in the opposition of moon and "dense clouds" (Compare "Old Spookses' Pass"), and of "gleaming gold" child and "dark troubled waters" (Compare "The Helot").

In the romances, this conflict between solar light and darkness often takes the form of the descent of the girl-child to a dark underworld of suffering and loss of identity, followed by a re-emergence into light. This is Dickens's method, described in his preface to The Old Curiosity Shop, of surrounding "the lovely figure

of the child with grotesque and wild . . . companions, strange and uncongenial." Married With an Opal combines this motif of the child beset by dark powers with a Cinderella motif. In the person of the forlorn waif, Miranda Farn, the star rises out of the ashes to become the rich and beautiful Rosamunda Vintamper, but in both guises she is engulfed and nearly driven mad by intrigue and cruelty. In the end, "Love is Lord of All", to quote the title of the last chapter of Helen's Rock. A providential pattern, here as in all of Crawford's later stories, overrides considerations of probability and sweeps the plot on to its victorious conclusion.

This is the happily-ever-after of the fairy tale and the conventional shape of comedy. It is worth noting how this structure of redemption and regained identity parallels the movement in Crawford's solar myth from darkness to light and from winter to spring. The stories are linked by this structure to poems like "Gisli", "Old Spookses' Pass", and "Malcolm's Katie" which move toward reconciliation, to Dante's Commedia, and to the Christian myth that underlies "Narrative II". The role of time in these stories is redemptive. The subtitle originally intended for Helen's Rock (legible, though scratched out) was "The Whirligig of Time", which suggests both time's bringing in his revenges and the comic action of reversal. While revenge usually provides the initial energy to set the plots in motion, their direction and final destiny are controlled by a power of love strong enough to bring about miraculous conversions, recoveries from amnesia or madness or death, and recognitions of identity of both the self and

the beloved.

Commenting on Shakespearean romantic comedy in "The Return from the Sea", Frye notes:

Yet there is a residually irrational element in such comedy, which expresses itself in a great variety of unlikely incidents: unexpected turns in the plot, gratuitous coincidences, unforeseen changes of heart in certain characters, arbitrary interference with the action by fairies or gods or characters who do not enter the play at all. . . . The drive toward a comic conclusion is so powerful that it breaks all the chains of probability in the plot, of habit in the character, even of expectation in the audience; and what emerges at the end is not a logical consequence of the preceding action, as in tragedy, but something more like a metamorphosis.¹⁵

Claims for the authenticity of improbable events are beside the point, as, for example, is Dickens's protestation about Nancy in the preface to Oliver Twist: "It is useless to discuss whether the conduct and character of the girl seems natural or unnatural, probable or improbable, right or wrong. IT IS TRUE". In fact, the only requirement of decorum is that the incident, probable or improbable, true or not, take its place in the final concord where "love is lord of all".

Typically, by the end, time has made a "kingly restitution" to the disinherited child or the lost prince. In the displaced solar myth of Monsieur Phoebus, the hero's reunion with his family, recognition as rightful heir, and marriage to Bride are preceded by a period of exclusion, darkness, and lost identity:

One night I nearly died--I dreamed I was still poor and ignorant, but I was also ragged and dirty and so sick my feet were like lead and I stood outside in the darkness and rain and snow and looked into a beautiful room. . . . O! Nanna, how stately and beautiful thou hadst grown! and thou hadst forgotten thy poor Phoebus, for when I beat at the window and cried out to thee for love and.

bread . . . such a disdainful look came over thee, and thou called out, "Begone--I know no Phoebus--there never was such a person--I do not remember any Phoebus!"

Elsewhere in "Wava", displaced versions of the "gleaming gold" child who is submerged in and then rescued from "dark and troubled waters" combine solar myth with the sentimental. This gives us the heroine who undergoes madness or near-death but emerges from this trial of darkness with a recovered sense of her identity. In most stories, there are some characters who have two sets of names. The comic action of the plot must uncover some hidden fact that allows each to adopt his own proper name, as, for example, "I am the little Rose you thought dead!" in Married With an Opal. The discovery of identity can come, as in this story, with a series of removals of disguises and the final assignment of correct names. Or, in a slightly different version, Claudia in Helen's Rock recovers from madness with her pride softened by sorrow and her cold heart now opened to love. The discovery of individual identity, whether by recovery from madness or amnesia, or by the restoration of lost parents and a lost inheritance, makes possible the lovers' discovery of their identity now as one couple. The ending of From Yule to Yule; or Claudia's Will achieves a typical union of lover with the "One Beloved". *

Crawford, released from some of the requirements of everyday

[Claudia] pushed her will into the glowing heart of the Yule log where it shrivelled, glowed, and vanished, all but one scrap which refused to burn and at last blew to Hugo's [Dick's] feet as he stood looking at the radiant creature to whom "Seven-armed Dick" had yielded him up and on it were just two words-- "One Beloved".

logic and probability, is free to use incidents symbolically to create designs. Earlier I said that in romantic comedy it is entirely likely that two friends, two foes, or two quarrelling lovers will be brought together from across half a continent so that one can rescue the other from drowning. The plot itself becomes a device for suggesting strange connections and hidden interlinkages among characters. The innocent Miranda Farn and the Circe, Marguerite de Bezir, are both married to Absolom Farn, a villain of the deepest dye. When they turn up again years later with different names and in different circumstances, they both become engaged to the hero, Harold. There is a significant connection between the two women that invites the sort of comment Margaret Atwood makes about Ryder Haggard's *Fair Beautiful* and *Dark Sublime*: "The impression that the sister-queens are the divided halves of a single personality is very strong."¹⁶ Crawford, incidentally, avoids the nineteenth century convention of dividing women morally by hair colour and complexion, and prefers "stately" heroines to "tiny" Dickensian ones. The sinister Marguerite de Bezir is "a fine, small, blonde beauty--with blue eyes" (Ch. 1). Miranda is thin and scruffy enough at first meeting, but when she reappears years later as Rosamunda the heiress, she is "noble", "stately", and "imperial", with "dusky eyes" and a "lofty form"--"a rare and wonderful vision in the dusk of knitted boughs and woven leaves" (Ch. 48). Until the end, the plot links these women in a common destiny, so that they keep crossing each other's paths, visiting the same resorts, marrying and becoming engaged to the same men, and the like. The conclusion

separates them decisively, however, distinguishing once and for all good from evil. Marguerite is dashed to her death upon black rocks in the unloving embrace of the first husband, the villain. Rosamunda, after a deathbed marriage to the second man, Harold the hero, revives and redeems the redeemable characters through the sacrificial power of her love.

Crawford's stories heighten the opposition of good and evil in the characteristic dialectic of romance, and distinguish moral levels of inferno and paradiso, vortex and rose. But Crawford is also concerned with reconciliation, integration, and relationship. Alfred dies in "Malcolm's Katie", but in a sense he is redeemed in Katie's child, who is named Alfred. In Married With an Opal, there is a strong sense of the identity of victor and victim. By the devices of the substituted child and the binding oath sworn in childhood, Rosamunda is made the unwilling instrument of a revenge plot to deprive Harold (whom of course she pities and loves) of his rightful inheritance. She says to Harold, who has meanwhile discovered the deception: "I know why you played that strange music on my harp. . . . You said, 'One must allow for the sadness of Victory' and I see you are sorry for me. . . . Why did you ask me to be your wife and love me . . . if you were only hunting me to death?" To establish relationships among characters, Crawford repeatedly uses devices of substituted or stolen children, oaths of revenge, identical twins, deathbed marriages, and the legal machinery of forged wills, missing heirs, and unexpected legacies--all devices made familiar by Shakespeare and Dickens.

We have seen how the clasped hands of the Dark and Bright twins in "Gisli" reconcile the paired opposites of the poem. Most of the prose stories use identical twins, or some variant such as half-brothers, to show hidden relationships. The Contessa Claudia and her twin brother Paolo in Helen's Rock are "so marvellously alike" yet "royal enemies". Twinship, in this case, intensifies the perversity of the estrangement between them, while bringing into alignment the Claudia and Cyril plot and the Helen and Paolo plot. In The Heir of Dremore, there are two step-brothers. Felix is the crippled heir who has been cast out by his demonic father "Brute" Dremore to live in a "mud cabin by the beach with hardly enough food to eat". He looks "like a grand effigy of some martyred king". He has a "noble head, . . . kind, gay, sad, restless brilliant blue eyes--the out-stretched hand delicately white from disuse". His brother "Black" Desmond, "'Brute' Dremore's blackguard son", is a Heathcliff type with a "sullen young face, great restless fiery black eyes, a coarse red-lipped mouth, stonily set jaws, and a low broad brow drawn into a settled scowl--a form of continual repressed passion rather than of malice". The step-brothers accentuate differences inherited from different mothers in a way that suggests the opposition of calm and storm in Wuthering Heights. One is "noble", spiritual, melancholy, delicate, and helplessly a victim. The other has "a fierce sombre nature, dark and sullenly passionate", and is "in love with storm and tempest". Desmond sees himself as a cursed Cain figure, doomed to exclusion from the light. Chapter Two closes with Desmond's looking "at the mud hovel . . . and beyond it

to the bleak grandeur of Dremore House": "Yes!" he says heavily, "it'll come! and it will grow up between you and I, Felix, like a stone wall--and you'll never know what it is--and while I'm going headlong to the Devil, you'll be wondering why even you can't hold me back." Desmond sees a stone wall of difference between them, but since these two share a common ancestry with the twins in "Gisli", we would expect that the story, had it been continued, would have ended in the clasped handshake.

Two other romances, The Halton Boys and Pillows of Stone, use the motif of twinship, much as Dombey and Son uses the remarkable resemblance between Alice Brown the convict and the proud and wealthy Edith Dombey, to link the extremes of the social order. Typically (although this reverses what happens in The Heir of Dremore) one brother is raised at home in a loving wealthy family that nurtures his health and spiritual development; the other brother, either disinherited or stolen away as a child, has been physically broken and sometimes spiritually imbruted by a life of poverty, drunkenness, or crime. Dick Rockby, the disinherited brother in the unidentified manuscript, appears with "a haggard face full of nervous life and physical death--with a hectic flush on the cheekbones . . . eloquently accounted for by the short sharp cough, which he struggles to suppress". In Pillows of Stone, Florian Dutrom, who has just come back to New York from school in England, is, like Gisli, spectacularly vigorous and healthy. Clyffe, his elder by fifteen minutes, has been tutored in New York City's dissipation by

his lecherous, debauched, old uncle and is now "a ghost, a vain shadow, a mocking phantom of what might have been of manliness, beauty, and strength".

The recognition scene in which the Gemini meet is the threshold for the recognition of true identity that comes later. Each twin sees himself reduplicated in the other, but, as in a faulty mirror, wonderfully or fearfully changed. The Halton Boys begins with the announcement in Chapter 2, "Larry, my poor lad, we've found Lyon!" Lyon had been stolen as a child and raised among convicts. He has recently been taken from jail and is lodged in an attic, where he is a "hyaena . . . varying his howls by an occasional crash". His twin brother Larry goes from his exclusive public school to meet him:

Lyon saw a slight, tall, muscular lad . . . his eyes steady as stars, and sharp as spears in the intensity of his gaze. . . . a frightful feeling of superstitious dread suddenly assailed his darkened and tempestuous mind. . . . Where had he seen [Larry's face] before? With him, but dark as a demon's then, in frightful city prisons: with him in loathsome city lairs where thieves lurked, and murderers hid in their darkness from the darker shadow of the gallows. With him, sullen and lowering, in vagabond marches through the leafy country--with him, ferocious, scowling, savage, in all the turnings and twistings of his miserable existence; aye with him now, with the sunken, glaring eyes of a wolf. . . . he stared into those other eyes, so familiar, so strange. (Ch. 3)

The scene closes with the statement: "Behind [Larry] slunk a terrible shadow of himself, his double in dingy rags, a fearful travesty of the fearless and faithful lad." Like Pip and his shadow Orlick in Great Expectations, these twins interconnect the world of the gentleman with the life of the convict and hulks, the

expensive boys' school with the "frightful city prisons" and "loathsome city lairs".

Elsewhere in "All Men are Born Free and Equal" (Globe, Nov. 16, 1885), Crawford distinguishes these same two worlds, but does not connect them.

"All are born free and equal". In the silken silence lay,
The strong babe of the rich man, like a lily of the day;
All are born free and equal. In the shadows grim and grey
The gaunt babe of the lost one moaned upon the cellar clay.

The tone of this poem is ironic. The "lost one" stays lost, at "the bottom of life's slope/ . . . shadowed by the Christian drop and rope", and the promise of equality and freedom is a "God-like lie . . . that builds false beacons": "Hear if thy Rhadimanthus will repeat men's brazen boast." The prose stories, in contrast, have a shape that brings them close to the parable of the prodigal son. Here the lost brother is embraced, recognized as an equal son, and finally redeemed. In Married With an Opal, the hero, Harold, is explicitly a Prodigal, lacking the love of "father, mother, sister or brother". When he is "crushed to the dust with anguish and abject despair", his lost brother Wydal appears to repair his ruined fortunes and give him a "great love which has opened a new heaven and a new earth":

[I was] a worthless scamp always drifting more swiftly to wreck and ruin . . . I could have knelt and worshipped him--from the moment he . . . claimed me as his brother. . . . there is another tie between us, of deep offence on my part, of heroic forgiveness on his. . . . with a double love and tenderness [he gives me] the love of a father and brother in one. (Ch. 47)

The love between these two brothers atones for the enmity between their father and uncle that has motivated the revenge plot of Married With an Opal. "No past can be blotted out" [Rosamunda] says bitterly" (Ch. 51). The brotherly relationship in which the lost prodigal son is found and made one with his father/brother shows that the past, which cannot be blotted out, can be redeemed. The metaphor of twinship suggests that the Bright and Dark twins, or the upper and lower worlds, were once identical and may be so again. In The Malton Boys, the prodigal Lyon is accordingly brought back to his father's house, and after a ritual washing to get the blackness off, some new clothes, and a good supper, he is able to recover his true identity and be, in Dickens's phrase, "recalled to life".

The regeneration of the fallen twin is more difficult in the rest of the stories, which, not being "stories for boys", are complicated by revenge plots and moon-goddess Circe figures. Dick Rockby, in the unidentified manuscript, makes himself known to his family and confronts his stony-hearted father in the lawyer's office:

"I read your advertisement for me. . . . I am sorry for your loss--sorry for the poor little chap who was a baby in red shoes when you kicked me into the street--to rot--to starve--as you said. I have done both--you want an heir in place of my little step-brother--and here I am--what is left of me--but I will not go back without making terms." (Ch. 2)

The manuscript breaks off here with the revelation that Dick is returning for purposes of revenge, not reconciliation. In Pillows of Stone, Mrs. Aspasia Falcon compares Florian and Clyffe and is

moved by the contrast to exclaim, "Oh Father! . . . Clyffe might have been like this nature who, made in Thy image, is not yet defaced by sin" (Ch. 8). Mrs. Falcon herself complicates the relationship between the twin brothers. Her name links her to Circe, for the falcon is Circe's bird. Clyffe's uncle--himself a dissolute old fool--calls her "a damnation Jade, Sir! A Goddess, a daughter of the Horse leech, a Jezebel, a witch, an adventuress" who "has this addle-headed imbecille [Clyffe] as firmly in Her claws as a cat has a sparrow" (Ch. 1). Crawford's tone when she introduces Aspasia, however, warns the reader to question a little the Circe stereotype: "Aspasia was not drinking sodawater with a 'stick' in it, she was not smoking a cigarette, nor was she reading a novel either of the 'dorée' French school or the pseudo-religious sentimental type. . . ."

Gaps in the manuscript make certainties impossible, but there are mysterious references to Aspasia's use of Clyffe as a scapegoat in a revenge plot, as well as frequent tableaux of her as a madonna brooding tenderly over the broken figure of Clyffe. These suggest that Aspasia is like Lada in "Gisli"--a dark mother who gives both life and death to her twin sons. For example:

She lifted [Clyffe's] hand and put it to her cheek with tenderness, compassion, and a great shining of that unlover-like love in her eyes. (Ch. 2)

"And this fellow [Clyffe] is to be the scapegoat," [Aspasia's footman-partner in revenge-lover] said. "I could almost pity him". . . . "Reserve your pity for yourself and for me!" said Aspasia sombrely. (Ch. 3)

Do you think, she said, "that I love the boy upstairs as Juliet loved Romeo?" Ah, Mr. Dutrom, look at the silver threads in my

hair, and learn differently". . . . "Florian," she said suddenly and passionately, "heap what wrath you like on my head, but spare Clyffe in your heart; he is a victim--General Dutrom's--mine--Fate's, but above all his uncle's. . . . Won't you try to think mercifully of your brother? . . ." [Florian's] soul received the knowledge that this woman loved Clyffe with some love of which he knew nothing and could not understand: he had lived a singularly loveless youth.

"You love Clyffe!" [Florian] said gently: . . .

"I love him. . . . I would give my life to build him into strength, beauty, and--yes--look at me, honor!"

"I believe you," said the young man gravely. "I have ceased to blame Clyffe." (Ch. 8)

The manuscript ends soon afterwards, but there are already indications that Clyffe, the defaced image, will sacrifice himself, after the fashion of Sydney Carton in The Tale of Two Cities, to preserve the divine image in Florian:

In view of the role of sacrifice in Crawford's myth, we should not be surprised to find that each story has its sacrificial character. Sometimes, as in From Yule to Yule, or Claudia's Will and Pillows of Stone, this sacrifice explicitly occurs within the frame of the solar myth. In "Gisli" the victim is the male sun god, but the romances, because of their connection with the sentimental and with melodrama, prefer suffering heroines. Male victims are acceptable if they are helpless cripples like Felix Dremore or broken down by illness like Clyffe Dutrom: "'You should have been a girl or a god, Clyffe,' said Mrs. Falcon, 'that one might have loved you without expecting the traits of manhood in your character!'" (Ch. 2). In From Yule to Yule, the suffering victim is a man-child, found by Claudia on her estate one Christmas inside the oak tree, "Seven armed Dick, beloved of the Druids". Claudia adopts him and calls him Dick in the first version of the story, a name that draws

attention to his identity with the oak tree and therefore with Balder.

In the curious myth that Crawford is developing, Dick is a "stalwart young man well over six feet"; whose misadventure with "Seven armed Dick" on that first Christmas has made him a baby again, deprived of memory and of speech. On the second Christmas, when he rescues Claudia from fire and then from flood, he has the "mentality . . . of a brilliant child of six or seven". On the third Christmas, he disappears, undergoes ritual death, and is reborn again from "Seven armed Dick" in his splendid new shape, "not the immature soul [Claudia] had known, but the one she had dreamed of". The Norse and Christian elements of the myth are established immediately. The opening line, "You'll never have 'Seven armed Dick' hewn down, Miss Claudia", focuses attention on the sacred oak tree which is at once the seven-branched candelabra, the horns of the stag (See "The Dark Stag"), the crucifix, Iggdrasil upon which Odin was hanged for nine days,* and the oak tree identified with Balder that must annually be cut down as a ransom to bring back the sun at the winter solstice.

Claudia is the counterpart to the frozen winter landscape that must be brought back to warmth and life. As one character puts

Cox quotes "Odin's Rune Song" from Thorpe's translation of Saemund's Edda as follows:

I know that I hung
 Nine whole nights,
 And to Ódin offered,
 On that tree,
 From what root it springs.

On a wind-rocked tree
 With a spear wounded,
 Myself to myself,
 Of which no one knows.

(I, 371)

it, "She closed her heart wi' bars and padlocks when her step-sister Miss Rosalind, as was only sixteen, run away wi' a Frenchman four years ago." Claudia has adopted Dick for purposes of scientific experimentation ("a thoroughly false position for both of you", says her aunt. "A girl of two-and-twenty with an adopted baby of four-and-twenty--masculine at that"), but of course Dick turns out to be the sacrificial agent of her redemption. The more Dick's innocence reminds Claudia of Rosalind, the more she finds herself torturing him. Dick, meantime, has risked his own life twice to rescue his beloved persecutor, first from drowning in a deep pool, then from fire, "strang[ling] the fiery serpents eating her with his own naked hands". He finally flees when his child-like mind is overwhelmed by the black terror of the clockroom, a trial parallel to Phoebus's nightmare of darkness and exclusion:

The clockroom! that arsenal of terrors, with its gallows-like beams, its ghastly shadows, its mammoth spiders and black flags of cobwebs and, crowning horror, that throbbing, pulsing, whining mass of iron life, mysterious and frightful--the works of the clock!

Claudia finds him on this second Christmas once more in the oak tree, with Christ's stigmata on his "burned hands, raw and blistered". Even now, Claudia is relentless, and her aunt is moved to exclaim:

"Heaven pardon you, Claudia. You will have to suffer tortures manifold and terrible before your wicked will melts--pangs I dread to think of. Twice within twenty-four hours you have stood on the threshold of death and you are still iron--iron--what pangs will melt you, girl?"

"I know of none. Did I, I would court them, for all this is like a cross of fire upon my breast."

In the third section of the story, Dick is the male counterpart to Shakespearean heroines like Hermione and Perdita who withdraw, undergo what Frye calls ritual death, and then return. Dick's return is a magical event, only slightly disguised. As it would happen in fairy tales, Claudia's deathbed forgiveness of Rosalind in her will on the third Christmas restores Dick to her. She goes out to "Seven armed Dick" and finds there, all together, Rosalind and her husband, and Dick, the "one-beloved".

In From Yule to Yule, the hanged male god completes the cycle from infant to triumphant bridegroom, but for most of the story Crawford is free to exploit the pathos of suffering child-like innocence. In other stories, the chief sacrificial figure is the suffering heroine, as it always is in melodramas. Booth says, "A cardinal rule of melodrama is that at some point, usually early in the play, the heroine begins to suffer":

After that anything can happen to her. She can be cursed by her father, spurned by the hero, left wretched in a garret with starving children or exhausted in the snow in the heartless city. She can endure frightful grief while the hero lies unjustly in prison under sentence of death for the villain's crimes. . . . Until the final curtain the heroine goes from one agony to the next.²⁰

There are many heroines who suffer equivalent trials in Crawford's stories. The best example is Miranda-Rosamunda in Married With an Opal. Introduced first as a scrawny, untutored country girl, she is described by her father as "a lamb pleadin' fur the butcher". Her role as innocent lamb is enhanced by the opposition of the falcon-like Marguerite de Bezir. Marguerite, having made off with Miranda's bridegroom, says: "We want hearts of steel in the world I go to

conquer: when [Miranda] is dead, tell me and I will say to his 'my lord' for he will have slaughtered without quailing."

Claudia must "suffer tortures manifold and terrible" to atone for her hardness of heart. Miranda's sorrow, like Cordelia's, is entirely unmerited and suggests the existence of an order of pain beyond individual guilt. She is the unwilling pivot of two revenge plots and is bound to them by two solemn oaths sworn in childhood. First her father, the blacksmith, cries "in a voice of sudden thunder 'here's her hands, her an' mine, clasped together, an this forge threshold's our altar, an we swar', her an' me, to crush them two [Marguerite and Miranda's runaway bridegroom] with the hammer the Lord will put into our hands. When she is adopted by the wealthy Mr. Vintamper and substituted for his supposedly dead daughter, Rose, she swears a second binding oath never to reveal her true identity. Again the motive is revenge. Miranda becomes Rosamunda or rose of the world, the innocent party in a second revenge plot to deprive Vintamper's nephew, Harold, of his rightful inheritance. Rosamunda's sacrificial role is emphasized by a device resembling Dickens's use in Dombey and Son of the mysterious picture in Carter's house that looks so much like Edith. Marguerite has a picture of Osiris and daughter that is referred to from time to time: "Miranda's eyes are like those of the daughter of Osiris and the picture reminds Marguerite of Miranda." Osiris is the Egyptian sun god whose body is torn to pieces by his twin brother Set, the god of darkness. His daughter would be, in the

more familiar Greek version, Persephone, who marries the lord of darkness for the winter months and is reborn in spring. Rosamunda is Persephone, and her descent to the underworld is her madness and attempted suicide. Just before this extremity, she kneels between her biological father and her adoptive father saying:

"You who bought me and you who sold me, have mercy on me. Give me back my oath--Don't be so cruel to me. I love you both. Why have you combined to torture me, to degrade me, to drive me mad." (Ch. 53)

She undergoes madness, symbolic death, disfigurement ("few would have recognized the superb Rosamunda Vintamper in the disfigured wraith in the deep chair"--Ch. 69)--and rebirth. By the end, all disguises are put aside, true identities are revealed, and Rosamunda's marriage to Harold is celebrated as a "kingly restitution".

Pillows of Stone has two sacrificial victims--Clyffe in the main plot and Thea in the subplot. The manuscript is incomplete, but Mrs. Falcon is probably the person holding the knife over both these lambs, though she may, like Cyril in Helena's Rock, "hold the sword and madly love the victim". Florian suggests that her name is emblematic:

"When Falconry was in fashion, the Falcon often overreached herself and struck her bill so far into her victim that she could not get free again and tumbled to death with her prey," said Florian, grimly. "I think you might trust this falcon to reduce things to a mathematical certainty," said the Doctor.

The sacrifice of the dove, Thea, is explicitly introduced in a context of solar eclipse, drought, and the decay of nature. We first meet Thea and her father waiting for the eclipse in their manor retreat. The countryside is parched with drought, "drowned in

a cruel affluence of light and heat": "the poor [are becoming] more hollow-eyed, looking prophetically to the added pinch of "the thumbscrews of Poverty turned by the cruel long-continued drought"; "Nature seemed fixed and a change impossible." This oppressive waiting for something to happen matches the characters' interior condition. Thea has given her oath when she "first could lisp" and "[has] renewed her consent year by year" to be the sacrificial victim in some "hybrid" plot of "honor, revenge, evenhanded justice," [and] intrigue". "I had rather dash breathless into an unexpected chasm than be pushed leisurely to the edge of the Tarpeian rock", she says.* Her father, like Andromeda's father or like Jephthah, is responsible for her plight and sadly calls her "the sacrifice, every beauty and grace but an added garland to deck [her] for the knife".

The long waiting period ends with the simultaneous coming of the eclipse, the raincloud, and the stranger who is to take Thea away to fulfil her oath. Before the eclipse, "the world was rolling in an atmosphere of molten gold and azure. . . . The Earth was a Delilah shearing her mighty Samson the sun of his strength-giving tresses":

Suddenly the gilding on the Earth seemed to begin to die of itself; the sky was bold, bright June blue, the Sun except for a slowly widening jet crescent encroaching on him was as fierce in his golden wrath as ever, and it was as if the Earth alone was swooning before his arrows. Presently the azure arch sickened to grey, the jet crescent waxed across his disk. . . . the greyness steadily deepened

* Lempriere's Classical Dictionary (London, 1832) explains Tarpeius mons as "a hill at Rome about 80 feet in perpendicular height, whence the Romans threw their condemned criminals".

and solemn shadows crept into and swallowed the remaining light. . . . It was not a long affair, the black body moved in front of the golden shield, with a mystic slowness, leaving behind her a waxing orb of gold. She passed as a spirit into the brightening azure like a queen through the gates of sapphire high lifted before her the last folds of her royal robes sweeping into space, choired by the sudden shrill glad carol of birds, and all the gay sounds of the second matin her progress had given today, and the sun rolled on, shaking his terrible mane of fire, unconquered, exultant.

Just then a raincloud appears, and the pattern of darkness as preliminary to rebirth is repeated. "That cloud fascinates me", says Thea, "how glaringly spotless the sky was just now, and, see-- that cloud has risen from the sea into a black Alp with violet peaks and chasms of jet, into which the sun is about to be hurled." "Were we Heathens . . . we should hurry to the temples and sacrifice", says her father. In the original myth, Thea would be the vestal virgin sacrificed to bring back the sun from his dark eclipse and to give rain to the parched earth. And so she is here in a displaced version of the myth, her sacrificial role translated into the part her father has bound her to play in some mysterious revenge plot: "It is a hybrid, child: honor, revenge, evenhanded justice, intrigue; it smacks of all four. Oh, the more fool I was to consent in the beginning." Thea says, "I may never have to take the fatal plunge. . . . I always see the rock with a rainbow over it", but the stranger has already arrived to take her away to New York City. Thea submits with "a rapt look like Jephthah's daughter and [leans] against the gilded pile of the organ as against an altar of sacrifice". From the almost pure myth of the description of the eclipse to the low mimetic mode of Thea's story, the three parallel events establish the sacrificial role as a necessary one in the rhythm of

dark and light, drought and fertility. The eclipse of the sun by the moon and his reappearance "Unconquered, exultant" comes closest to the pure form of the solar myth that lies behind so much of Crawford's work and finds its most complex treatment in "Gisli the Chieftain". The interweaving of the three events repeats the technique of "Malcolm's Katie" of aligning the changing seasons, pioneer history, and the love story of Max and Katie as different versions of the same cycle.

In Helen's Rock, there is no figure of suffering innocence comparable with Dick, Rosamunda, or Thea. Instead there are two cycles of purgatorial suffering that follow the pattern of Blake's "Mental Traveller". First Major Cyril Luttrell grows strong as Claudia grows weak; then she grows strong as he grows weak. The closest approximation to this pattern is Dick's cycle in From Yule to Yule from infancy to bridegroom, but in Helen's Rock two cycles fit into each other like gyres, with Claudia first the baby protected by Cyril, and then Cyril the baby lovingly brooded over by a madonna-like Claudia. The various plots and subplots are held together by the motif of twinship and by the intricately interwoven relationships of paired persecutors and victims. In such pairs-- Claudia and Helen, Cyril and Claudia, Claudia and Paolo--each exchanges his role for the other's, so that the erstwhile victim holds the knife over his former tormentor. Finally, almost everyone, with equal legitimacy, can say along with Claudia of From Yule to Yule: "I have no victim. Was I not the victim?"

To take one example of the dynamic interchange of roles that generates the work's narrative energy: imperial Claudia in the beginning is hawk to gentle, dove-like Helen, "the little orphan English governess" whose crime has been to marry Paolo without the qualification of money and family. When Helen disappears and is presumed dead (in fact she has been rescued by Cyril from Helen's rock), Paolo disowns Claudia for her cruel pride. As penance, she marries a dying man out of pity, and even Paolo perceives her as not just pitiless hawk but sacrificial dove: "Is she not, poor pale goddess, bound to the horns of the altar of sacrifice and by her own impulsive hands?" In the relationship between Cyril and Claudia, Cyril is successively rescuer, executioner of justice, rescuer, and helpless victim: When he first sees Claudia at a fox hunt "standing under those shadowy vines", like the child in "The Helot", she is symbolically the quarry, with "the fox crouching behind her" and those devils panting toward her like hounds let loose from Hell itself" (Ch. 2). Cyril loves her at first sight, but in his role as vindicator of Helen he must also be her executioner--"hold the sword and madly love the victim" (Ch. 5). When Helen's plot is finally untangled, another purgatorial cycle spins Claudia back into the whirlpool for further purgation of her pride. Cyril finds her on Helen's rock, maddened with grief for her lost child, "her head drooping like a flower smitten by too harsh a wind". She resembles most the mad Ophelia:

"I have no flowers," she said shaking her head. "A mother whose son is lost cannot wear flowers--they live and laugh--but jewels are frozen tears--they call these rubies--but that is a mistake--they

are my tears--tears of blood--when you find my child I will wear flowers for you. (Ch. 15)

Cyril thinks, "So this was the proud sweet Roman Claudia--this desolate maniac whose wild bright eyes met his", and she says, "I knew you would come to find my son . . . you are the strongest man in the world." This phase ends with Cyril's miraculous restoration of the "dead" child, Claudia's recovery of both her sanity and her chilly composure, and Cyril's reluctant departure. Next comes the opposite phase of the cycle. Claudia is strong though loveless ("I cannot love--that pulse is dead without birth to my nature"). Cyril, when Claudia next encounters him, is disinherited, friendless, mortally sick with typhus, reduced, indeed, to infancy again:

"Don't send me away," he said piteously. "Can't you pardon me in Heaven? You won't send me from you--into Hell? . . .

The childish tears--the weak, wandering words wooed this proud, gentle woman with a force beyond power of words to tell--Generous; brave, undaunted, magnanimous, it had come to this--crippled for her child's sake, beaten to the very earth by undeserved fortune--it lay with her to bid him live or die.

Claudia has been described earlier as wearing a necklace "dug from a tomb near the temple of Isis", and she now plays Isis to Cyril's Osiris, her newly-awakened love symbolically piecing together his mangled body. The continual dynamic interchange of the roles of strength and weakness, parent and child, executioner and victim, priest and sacrifice is stilled and brought into equilibrium by love. As Helen says in the last chapter, entitled "Love is Lord of All": Love "is a star and shines alone--a flower and grows alone--only God can build the star and mold the flower." The

brief time when the Imagination--the power of grasping images and exploring distances of meaning--remains suspended in a contemplation. . . . That imagination in action becomes faith. . . .²⁰

Crawford continually seeks out plots that are frames for the moment of choice that translates imagination into faith and action. The decision is often between the Marguerite de Bezirs and the Rosamundas and between what each type represents. In choosing the Rosamundas, the heroes are choosing their own salvation.

The comic movement is toward the recognition scene in which disguises are removed, heroes are matched up with their Rosamundas, characters discover their true identity and come into their inheritance. The machinery of the will is a favourite device because it comprehends both the dark phase of exclusion, orphanhood, and loss of identity and the phase of renewed light, recovered identity, and restitution. This accounts for the frequency with which wills turn up in titles, as, for example, The heir of Dremore, Claudia's Will, A Kingly Restitution, and "An Hereditary Prince", which is Chapter One of The Halton Boys. Other titles refer to the plot's shape, focusing either on the loss, as in A Little Bacchante; or Some Black Sheep, or on the recovery, as in From Yule to Yule or A Kingly Restitution. Pillows of Stone; or Young Cloven-Hoof combines goat-footed demonism with Jacob's dream of angels of God ascending and descending the ladder reaching to heaven and his recognition that "surely this is none other than the house of God; and this is the gate of heaven." The title of the final chapter of Helen's Rock, "Love is Lord of All", states the central theme of all the stories.

to die of biliousness." This is one description of a malaise general in a period that is acutely conscious of the failure of faith and the crumbling of legitimate authority. One thinks of Tennyson's In Memoriam, Carlyle's "Everlasting Nay" in Sartor Resartus, and John Stuart Mill's description in his Autobiography of his mental collapse brought on by the childhood education of his analytical power at the expense of feeling. The description of Claudia's despair is a less intense, prose version of Alfred's remarkable speech to Max that ends, "Nought is immortal save immortal--Death!"

The discovery of one age became the doubt of another, the laugh of a second, a bygone scientific superstition in the third [Claudia] wanted from Life a rock of some kind to stand on, and console herself for past deceit by saying "Here is Truth--I can demonstrate by numbers--by calculations, by experiments. . . ." [Her rejection of all she could not prove made] her existence parched and siccous as a dried leaf--she steadily repelled the shining finger of Science when it pointed, as it always does, towards the awful Poems of the unknown-- . . . she felt, with suspicion, that Science had some of the unreliable blood of Art in her veins--was a near kin of Poetry and a relation of Painting and Music.

Scientific facts, of course, provide no secure footing. "Reality will take a wolfish turn, and make an end of you", as Dickens says in Hard Times (II, vi), a novel whose central theme is the insufficiency of facts to sustain the human spirit. The only "rock . . . to stand on" in Crawford's and Dickens's world is love. What is important, therefore, is the ability to feel: sorrow, if it keeps this alive, is redemptive. Here is Crawford's analysis in a chapter of Helen's Rock called "An Editorial":

She [feels] with dull horror that the petrifying process of anguish is commencing in her nature. Oh, far more terrible to face the Medusa and feel the quivering flesh losing its humanity--the blood pausing in chill stillness in the arteries, the marble death turning

the rosy heart to a dumb, chill stone--the grand power of saying "I live--I feel" fading before those awful eyes--than to cringe, to lament, to suffer and retain the God-like capacity of sensation. Despair, like a dark planet, may roll in a golden atmosphere of hope--to outgrow its anguish; not to be able to suffer, to weep or to complain means an inner and terrible death. (Ch. 11)

Crawford develops the dialectic of hope and despair more fully in "Narrative II", using the same imagery of the "rosy heart" and the "dumb chill stone".

The characters in the purgatorial world live between the upper world of the mystic rose and the lower world of stone in the shape of a narrowing funnel. For example, the purgatorial world in From Yule to Yule, where Claudia learns love through suffering and sacrifice, is bounded above by the redeemed world of the country wassailers singing, "As Joseph was a-walking/In the garden so green" and below by the infernal world represented by the black pond with its "ill-dimable, intangible terrors", the "fiery serpents" of fire, and the clockroom's "throbbing, pulsing, whirring mass of iron life". The dialectical movement of romance separates characters living in the purgatorial world from this inferno and lifts them into the paradise of fulfilled identity and love. Many stories end with summary statement like Wydal's reminder to Harold in Married With an Opal of the "one truth" "that there is nothing immortal but Love" (Ch. 55).

Marguerite de Bezir along with Lilith Tregarthan from Helen's Rock represent life in the inferno. Marguerite, who boasts that she has "no heart, stony or otherwise, to melt", is associated with granite and carved idols. She comes to a bad end sucked down

into the black vortex--whirling in a confused mass on the jagged rocks (Ch. 64). One is reminded of Dickensian endings: Quilp in The Old Curiosity Shop drowns trying to escape; Rogue Riderhood and Bradley Headstone plunge, locked together in a fatal embrace, into a black pool in Our Mutual Friend; Carker the Manager in Dombey and Son is exploded into bits by a train. Crawford's trick of metamorphosing characters into inanimate objects is also Dickensian, although in Crawford its use is restricted to the gorgonized inhabitants of the inferno. For example, Mr. Rockby (the stern father in the unidentified manuscript who has kicked his son into the street "to rot") is, as his name suggests, a man "who naturally assumed stony attitudes". He had "some subtle petrifying property" that made people think "there was more granite and limestone in his nature than anything else". This particular device belongs, of course, to fairy tales like The King of the Golden River, in which elder sons or ugly step-sisters are likely to be turned to stone.

The infernal world narrows down to the small end of a funnel while the paradisaical world opens up into a multifoliate rose. Crawford's Beatrice is represented at various times by Katie, Betsy Lee, Thea, Rosamunda, Moyna of The Heir of Dremore, and Ninna of Monsieur Phoebus--all of whom "imparadise" the soul (Par. XXVIII, 3) of those who love them. The image of the mystic rose or lily invariably is invoked in their honour. Miranda is renamed Rosamunda. Thea has "the perfection of the rose at the mystic moment known only to the Gods". Phoebus's sister Ninna is specifically,

called Beatrice:

Was that majestic youthful woman . . . with the serene and piercing eyes, the wan sorrowful beauty of a virgin martyr . . . was that "little Ninna"? . . . "A queen crowned with thorns," he thought . . . "Beatrice," he said, and she started at the unfamiliar name.

Dante has sanctioned romantic love as the redeeming power, but Crawford is just as likely to use love between mother and son, brother and brother, or father and daughter. In the following scene from The Heir of Dremore, the Beatrice for the crippled Felix

Dremore is his daughter Moyna, whom he supposes dead:

. . . no tidings came of lost Moyna . . . Felix sat erect . . . in the attitude of one about to spring up and hurl himself against Fate--his head slightly forward as he plunged his sense of hearing far into the silence which was yet so full of sound--the sound of the sea--the waves; the wind--dead voices as far as he was concerned for none of them brought tidings of his child to him.

. . . On the threshold . . . stood a woman with the face of a smiling and powerful Angel . . . an absolute light seemed to strike from the fair, flawless ivory of her noble and delicate face. Her glances rushed into the room winged with joyous glory. . . . a slight starry radiance seemed to shimmer over her grand brow . . . Neither spoke . . . Felix had lost all power of speech--and for a moment she forgot all else in gazing at him . . . He tried to cry out to her, but speech would not come any more than hearing--he leaned more forward looking at her--she was motionless except for those outstretched arms--He leaned forward still more--breathless--intent on those wonderful eyes--She had come to him with news of Moyna . . . Would she never speak. . . ? But perhaps she was speaking--and that the physical tortures racking him prevented her voice reaching him--He must hear her. . . . He shuddered from head to foot and, with a groan he did not hear--rose to his feet--swaying, in his grand stature, like a lofty oak.

Felix perceives this angelic apparition of light much as Dante does Beatrice. When Dante first was greeted by Beatrice in the streets of Florence, he says that he seemed "in that moment to see beatitude in all its length and breadth".¹⁹ Crawford, in the above passage, uses romance conventions to arrest and intensify the moment of awareness and beatitude.

Felix is suspended in time. He is erect in his chair, leaning forward, plunging his sense of hearing into the silence, straining ahead in the attitude of one about to spring up and hurl himself against fate". But this tightly sprung energy is held static, as it is in "The Helot", which uses the same technique. Not only is Felix physically crippled but his every sense except vision is dead. He is speechless. He has "lost his sense of hearing in the ocean of frightful sound thundering in his tortured brain". What Crawford is giving us here is not a narrative of things happening in succession, but a motionless tableau. The various elements that compose the scene are distinguished and presented, but there is no movement and no time. Moyna is "motionless except for those outstretched arms". Everything is concentrated upon these two separated figures straining to reach each other. Felix is "intent on those wonderful eyes". Moyna, who is described in Chapter One as Felix's "one link with love", guides him with her eyes to salvation, as Beatrice does Dante.

The imagery makes her angelic role unmistakable: "smiling and powerful Angel", "absolute light", "winged with joyous glory", "starry radiance". The moment's fulfilment and the outward and visible sign of Felix's grace is his recovered ability to walk. This is Crawford's version of the Beatrician moment that has been described by Charles Williams as follows:

The Beatrician moment is a moment of revelation and communicated conversion by means of a girl. This . . . presents the lover with a way of effort towards . . . salvation. But he need not follow it; Beatrice is therefore a moment of choice. It is a choice between action and no action . . . energy and no energy. . . . There is a

brief time when the Imagination--the power of grasping images and exploring distances of meaning--remains suspended in a contemplation. . . . That imagination in action becomes faith. . . .²⁰

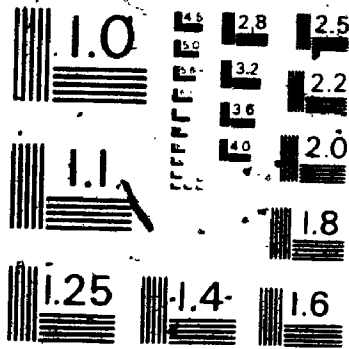
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The comic movement is toward the recognition scene in which disguises are removed, heroes are matched up with their Rosamundas, characters discover their true identity and come into their inheritance. The machinery of the will is a favourite device because it comprehends both the dark phase of exclusion, orphanhood, and loss of identity and the phase of renewed light, recovered identity, and restitution. This accounts for the frequency with which wills turn up in titles, as, for example, The Pair of Bremore, Claudia's Will, A Kingly Restitution, and "An Hereditary Prince", which is Chapter One of The Halton Boys. Other titles refer to the plot's shape, focusing either on the loss, as in A Little Bacchante; or Some Black Sheep, or on the recovery, as in From Yule to Yule or A Kingly Restitution. Pillows of Stone; or Young Cloven-Hoof combines goat-footed demonism with Jacob's dream of angels of God ascending and descending the ladder reaching to heaven and his recognition that "surely this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The title of the final chapter of Helen's Rock, "Love is Lord of All", states the central theme of all the stories.

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The last two prose pieces that I intend to mention are both short stories. "Extradited", published in the Globe on September 4, 1886, has been edited by Penny Petrone for the Journal of Canadian Fiction and reprinted in her Selected Stories. "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas" is appended in its entirety below. These two stories, therefore, have the advantages of accessibility and completeness and give us the opportunity of seeing how the conventions which I have been discussing function within a work as a whole.

Penny Petrone's introduction in the Journal of Canadian Fiction describes "Extradited" as a "regional idyll set in the clearings of backwoods Ontario during the latter part of the nineteenth century".²¹ Crawford has enough marketing sense to choose settings that will appeal to her anticipated readers. The rule is to make them either local or exotic. Pillows of Stone and "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas" are set in New York City. Married With an Opal, which was probably published in Frank Leslie's or some other American publication before coming out as a serial in Toronto in 1887, starts off on the New England coast and moves glamorously into the aristocratic circles of England, Italy, and Turkey.* The only prose story to be set in Canada besides the Toronto-published "Extradited" is "In the Breast of a Maple", written for (and rejected by) the Montreal Pictorial Times. This last story is full of local colour. It is set picturesquely in winter on the north

*"At the Opera", in the Telegram on October 27, 1882, and various poems thereafter are credited to "Isabella Valancy Crawford, Author of 'A Kingly Restitution'".

shore of the St. Lawrence River, with French Canadian characters, a plot centred on the chopping down of a tree, and references to "the 'master rabbit' of the Algonquin story tellers" and to "mee-se-gish, an Indian spirit of the air". For her urban Toronto readers, however, Crawford uses details recognizably drawn from an Ontario pioneering period already beginning to recede picturesquely into the past: the primitive log cabin, burned stumps, corduroy roads, and log booms.

Crawford thus creates the setting for her characteristic conflict of eagle and dove, this time modulated by irony, and without the final reconciliation by love. The hawk is Bessie O'Dwyer, a stone-hearted Margaret de Bezir type, in whom "conjugal love was a compound of vanity and jealousy"; and "maternal affection" was "an agreement of rapacity and animal instinct". "In giving her a child", we are told, "nature had developed the she-eagle in her breast." Unlike Sam, her generous husband of "large and constant heart", Bessie is a force of restriction and death, "hedged in by the prim fence of routine knowledge". The narrative opposes Bessie's jealous self-love against the true bond of comradeship, loyalty, indeed filial love, between Sam and the young hired man, Joe. In a passage that relates to Crawford's central theme of the constructive value of sorrow, Sam counsels Joe on coming to terms with his own private despair: "Kape the sorrow, Joe; it's the pardon of God on you, but laye the shame an' the fear go." The unstable equilibrium of this triangle is destroyed when Bessie decides to do her "clear duty as a parent and citizen", and incidentally rid herself of a rival, by turning Joe in and collecting

the one thousand dollars reward offered for his capture. In the catastrophe, Joe, who is described as the "wretched quarry" caught in the "talons", performs one final act of sacrificial love. He rescues Sam's child from the raging river before the combined death-forces of Bessie and the log boom do him in:

[the first of the logs] reared against him like a living thing instinct with rage, and wallowing monster-like led its barky hordes down the rushing stream, rolling triumphantly over a bruised and shattered . . . man.²²

Penny Petrone interprets the story as follows:

In this tale of suspense and mystery, Crawford dramatizes two conflicting pragmatic attitudes toward a frontier crisis. The denouement is left in ironic suspension, but Crawford has given us a Canadian heroine, who like all pioneer mothers, only did her duty for the sake of her child.²³

But the opposition is not between "two conflicting attitudes toward a frontier crisis". It is the myth of polarities that is a constant presence in Crawford's work. In this particular version, we find the struggle of life and death; warm generosity and cold self-interest; the living rose-red colour of the baby and the dead whiteness of the mother, who is associated with crystal and with "the electric chill of the moonlight"; sacrificial victim and monster-like logs. The ironic ending leaves Bessie frustrated to tears, deprived of her reward money, and still self-blinded.

Joe--"bruised and shattered pigmy of creation"--has on another level defeated the forces of death by rescuing "the little red bundle whirling" in the demonic current.

The second short story, "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmis", is a curious and powerful tale. We can find analogues for it--for

example, Wilkie Collins's The Moonstone, Dickens's Christmas stories, Ryder Haggard's King Solomon's Mines, Tennyson, and perhaps Poe-- but nothing that quite produces the same effect. It appeals to what Mercer Adam calls the "present day taste for the literature of the Orient" which is "deluging us with editions of the sacred books of the East, with lives of Buddha, reprints of the 'Upanishads', collections of Sanscrit aphorisms, dreary tomes on occultism and heathen jugglery. . . ." (II, Week, Jan. 8, 1885) The setting is New York City, but a dream vision like the one in "Old Spookses' Pass" opens the story into a world of a magic genie from an antique bottle. There is a reference at the beginning to "King Solomon's bottled Genie". The story which follows recalls The Arabian Nights and, to some extent, King Solomon's Mines (1886), which concerns the hunt for fabulous treasures in lost diamond mines. The central figure of "the heir, penniless and forlorn", whose patrimony falls into the hands of strangers we have already encountered in The Heir of Dremore and the subplots of Married With an Opal and Helen's Rock. References to "the terrible vampire of our civilization-- Hunger" and to the "wolf of our great cities--Want" recall the treatment of these themes in "Wealth" and "Narrative II" as well as in The Halton Boys and Pillows of Stone. The hawk and dove motif is developed in the ferocious persons of one small nine year old dispossessed predator named Hawk and his little sister with "minute talon-like fingers" and her instinct, as she says, to "rip heart[s] out with them nails". These bloodthirsty children are, of course, victims themselves, suckled by "the wolf of great cities--Want".

The treatment of the children is Dickensian, including their dialogue, the description of them as two sarcophagi of dirt, and the contrasting pathos of their endings, with the Hawk crushed to death and Merry Miss adopted into a happy family circle. As in From Yule to Yule, the time is Christmas, and church bells ring out their message of redemption and renewal: "suddenly, piercingly, jubilantly the Christmas bells sang out across the land like the voices of strong and joyous seraphs." Crawford may be recalling Tennyson's use of the New Year's bells in In Memoriam or Dickens's Christmas story, The Chimes. In the latter work, it is when Trotty Veck comes to a sense of his identity that the bells ring. In much the same way, the Christmas bells in Crawford's story bracket St. Dalmas's dream vision of recovered identity.

The handling of the monster children is curious, but the story leaves room for the interpretation that these are the dark, stunted doubles of St. Dalmas and Miss Marsdale. Their inclusion in the story, to make a foursome with the hero and heroine, serves the same purpose as do the identical twins in The Halton Boys and Pillows of Stone, who connect the opposites of poverty and wealth, crime and privilege. At the beginning, St. Dalmas, like Hawk, is "penniless and forlorn", "possessing a thorough knowledge of the different degrees and shadings of hunger, misery and depression". Hawk's death at the end may be explained in part by the enormous popularity of dying children in Victorian fiction. It resembles to some extent the sacrificial death of Hermos, that is necessary to bring about the resolution of "The Helot". Finally, Hawk may

represent a side of the hero that is dark without remedy and cannot share in his triumphant entry into the light. This is suggested by the following description of the sleeping characters at the time of St. Dalmas's dream vision: "the form of George St. Dalmas rested in the full flood of white light, while in the ebony shadows at his feet slept the grimmer shadows of the city, infant want and infant crime, in the lean persons of Merry Miss and her brother."

In contrast to the darkness and squalor of their situation, Merry Miss preserves an image of whiteness and brightness that she associates with the moon: "thar's the moon. Just ain't she clean! I seen a clean gal once an' she looked like that, white an' bright." Continuing the opposition of white light and ebony shadow, the story lines up "the moon [that] sailed across the bleak attic window, in a majesty of glory", the beautiful Miss Marsdale passing through the dirty New York gutters, and the glorious diamond in the lotus that stands out against dark green leaves.

Crawford uses the image of the mystic flower whenever that epiphany of love is reached when opposites are reconciled and the sun's enemies are defeated. In "Malcolm's Katie", love has "its own sun, its own peculiar sky, / All one great daffodil". Very early in her career, in "The Waterlily" discussed in Chapter I, Crawford writes of "a great and wonderful light" and "a burst of harmony" as "the petals of the lily slowly opened and [the fairy] . . . rose from her couch in the centre of the flower". In Married With an Opal, Rosamunda describes "lilies floating . . . like yellow suns and white moons" on the "black and burnished

pond" (Ch. 57). The integration of sun and flower suggests the cosmic marriage of male and female creative forces, as, for example, the marriage of Gheezis with Segwun, the flower of Spring. The flower, Sleeping Beauty or Briar Rose, is awakened, as we have seen in connection with "Gisli", by one kiss of the solar prince. In Helen's Rock, love is said to be a star and a flower. Dante's sunlit multifoliate rose is the obvious influence on Crawford. In "The Lost Diamond" she is drawing upon eastern mythology as well, such as accounts of Brahma, the sun god, who was born from the lotus and created the universe from its petals.* For the Hindus, the lotus is the symbol of the solar matrix from which the sun is born each morning to renew the world.²⁴ In Crawford's story, the lost diamond is likewise born from the flower:

the greenish sheath burst, and let out the glorious mystery of petals and a piercing flood of leaping fire. . . . From the unsealed lips

* Crawford uses the lotus on the Ganges, Brahma, mists, and sun in "Youth" (Telegram, Jan. 7, 1882):

. . . when small as lotus bud,
Rounding by Ganges' flood--
The babe lies on his mother's breast--

The hand of Brahma clouds his eyes
Thro' the brief morning of his day;
Youth leaping on his rosy way,
Sees Death, Decripitude, Decay,
But as light mists on sapphire skies

He feels the Universal God,
So strongly moving in his soul,
He deems that nature in her whole
Vast round from sun to flow'ry sod

Is as himself in crystal youth
Fresh breath'd from Brahmin's mystic heart--

of the blossom had rolled a star, a flame, a fire, that blazed in unspeakable glory.

On the various levels, the diamond is the restored inheritance, the recovered identity of the hero, and the rising sun himself. The marriage of St. Dalmas and Anna Marsdale, diamond and lotus, sun and flower signifies the fulfilment of the quest, the attaining of identity, and the victory of sun over darkness. Like the solar hero St. George, who pierces the dragon with his glittering lance, George St. Dalmas overcomes "the wolf of great cities--Want" for Merry Miss if not for Hawk, and the story ends with a Dickensian family circle already complete with child.

Consistently, then, despite Crawford's need to compete for magazine markets with Etta W. Pierce and Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth, she continues to develop her major themes. To readers who might normally have no truck with Balder or Osiris or any other solar divinities, she gives Phoebus, "world renowned Son of the Air", "Seven armed Dick", and George St. Dalmas. In addition, the stories are a useful indication, when so little other positive information exists, of the breadth and extent of Crawford's literary background. As we might expect, the most frequent references are to Shakespeare and to Tennyson, but we also encounter Virgil's Aeneid, the Zendavesta, Longfellow's "Puritan Maiden Priscilla", Ruskin (in her title "A Bar of Sunset"), the statue in Don Giovanni, "King Solomon's Bottled Genie", "Roland whom Aude loved so that her heart burst to follow him into the courts of death" and the like. Taken as a whole, the stories provide further evidence that Crawford is a mythopoeic writer intent on developing from scattered sources a single, unifying myth.

CHAPTER FOUR

"MALCOLM'S KATIE"

In one spot or another over this little brisk-rolling planet of ours they have everything which we have in Canada but our Indian Summer, and that rare jacinth of the universe becomes, alas! rarer every year.

We have our Pine Forests, dusky, wild-voiced, scented with bitter-smelling, aromatic spices, roaring in the Equinox as though like a horde of chained giants they longed to burst from their fetters and whirl on hurricanes, in mad revelry across the quaking earth, rolling and staggering and drunken with the wine of Liberty. In midsummer answering the soft cooing of the change-breasted wood-pigeon, with sad minor undertones, in the winter solemn and still and white-vestured with snow, like to dusky priests waiting silent . . . for the coming of the Life-giving Divinity, Spring. Well, Norway has her Pine Forests.

We have our hills . . . but so has Norway, has Switzerland and Carpathia.

We have our lakes . . . but Greece has her temple-crowned Mediterranean, Russia her Black Sea. . . .

We have a sun, yellow as a topaz, a monarch unveiled of fog or mist, but so has the Parsee who squats on his prayer carpet by the seashore and worships the declining luminary, while behind rise his awful "Towers of Silence" full of dead men's bones and unclean vultures, but point me if you can, another land where there is the faintest hint of Indian Summer. (Crawford, "The Grasshopper papers: No. one")

Crawford's literary reputation will be based, as she expected it would, upon her poetry and especially upon the narratives. "Gisli the Chieftain" by itself is sufficient to counter such unconsidered assessments as the following by Arthur Stringer:

[Charles Mair and Isabella Valancy Crawford] were lonely singers, not without sweetness, in a breaking dawn. But their range was not wide and their note was not truly endemic. Today, indeed, their efforts take on the quaintness of period pieces, of passing interest to the student but remote from the zeitgeist of a later and more turbulent century.¹

Stringer is simply warming himself up to begin an essay on Charles G.D. Roberts who is, as it turns out, part of the zeitgeist. We could, however, reverse almost every one of these judgments and conclude finally that Crawford's concern to find a monomyth makes her not only au courant in her own time but of great continuing interest to later readers. "Malcolm's Katie", the narrative poem most vulnerable to the charge of having the "quaintness of period pieces", is probably spinning through another turn in readers' tastes. The sentimental love story of Max and Katie, pleased contemporary readers, disgusted the next generation, seemed quaint to the third, and now seems to a fourth to be just as mythic as the Indian material in the poem.

To see "Malcolm's Katie", as I think we must, as Crawford's

earliest synthesis of myths from diverse sources, we must stop reading the poem as a rich mine of anthology pieces. "Seldom have finer gems been seen than these little verses from 'Malcolm's Katie'", says E.J. Hathaway, and quotes "O, love builds on the azure sea"² This lyric and others such as "Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree" and "O light canoe, where dost thou glide?" should not be considered pearls on a string. The individual lyrics in "Malcolm's Katie" are sustained by their context in the whole poem, just as all Crawford's work is sustained by her structure of myth.

There are many reasons why Crawford's readers have preferred to hunt for pearls. A major one, since Crawford uses romance conventions in her verse narratives as well as in her prose stories, has been the tendency to undervalue romance. R.E. Rashley, before concluding that "Malcolm's Katie" is "a blind alley of experiment in style" using "pseudo-Indian imagery", states as evidence of triviality that the poem, "which at first glance might seem to be a poem of the pioneer type, on reading turns out to be a popular romance. . . ."³ Desmond Pacey says that the "two title poems of her collection . . . are melodramatic extravaganzas in which the good lines are almost lost in the wild confusion of the whole".⁴

Non-literary factors have exacerbated what James Reaney calls "the native myopia about her abilities" (C.P., p. xxx). Hector Charlesworth observed in 1893, "It is well-nigh impossible to secure a volume of Miss Crawford's poetry, and she is known

safely through the selection incorporated in The Songs of the Great Dominion.⁵ Since Lighthall selected, as he says, "only what illustrates the country and its life in a distinctive way" and passed over "the subjective and unlocal",⁶ it happened that Crawford became known for the following poems: "The Farmer's Daughter", "Cherry", "Said the Canoe", "March", and some passages from "Malcolm's Katie" including the lyrics, "Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree" and "O light canoe". Thereafter, Douglas Sladen's Younger American Poets (1891), Clarence Stedman's Victorian Anthology (1895), Theodore Rand's Treasury of Canadian Verse (1900), Mrs. Whyte-Edgar's A Wreath of Canadian Song (1910), John Garvin's Canadian Poets (1916), to name only the earliest anthologies, all emphasized the side of Crawford's talent that seems to be represented by "O light canoe" and "O love builds". Here again, as with the newspapers' policy of printing short lyrics, the requirement of space on a page is a key factor. Lionel Stevenson's assessment reflects the consequent distortion of value that only recently is being corrected:

But in general the best work of the women poets of Canada is in the lyrical vein. It is unmistakable in . . . Isabella Valancy Crawford; her chief ability lay in her graceful and easy capture of various, important lyric styles. The sea chanty in "Good Bye's the Word," the Cavalier song in "Sylvia's lattices were dark," the traditional ballad in "Mary's Tryst," the pure lyric in "Love's Land". . . .⁷

It would be more to the point to say that her chief ability lies in her narrative poems that, often combining a variety of sophisticated verse forms, integrate diverse mythic elements into a single pattern:

The narrative poem which is best known is "Malcolm's Katie:

A Love Story". As Hathaway says, this poem "tells again the old, old story of which poets delight to sing--of the brave youth who goes forth, axe in hand, to win a home from the broad forest for the maiden whom he has wooed and won; of the jealous rival who comes to her with a story of her lover's death; of the lover's return at a critical moment and the happy denouement".⁸ Crawford's mode, once again, is comedy with romance heightening. The conventions, without exception, we have met elsewhere. Like Brynhild in "Gisli", Katie is caught between two men who are rivals and doubles. The roles that Max and Alfred play link them to the Good and Evil brothers at the end of "Gisli". Since these two rivals are both yellow-haired, they also resemble the identical twins in The Halton Boys and Pillows of Stone and suggest the same contrast between the defaced image and the divine. Both Max and Alfred live in a purgatorial world in which suffering has a creative and redemptive role. Alfred is not ultimately like Marguerite de Bezir who "has no heart, stony or otherwise, to melt", and meets her end "whirl[ed] in a confused mass on the jagged rocks". He is more like Claudia of From Yule to Yule whose cynical and despairing heart is warmed to life again by love. Katie is the same innocent sacrificial figure as Rosamunda in Married With an Opal, and is described like Rosamunda as a "hawk-hunted" dove and a "white doe" slain by the still hunter. The Winter "death" of Max, speared by the sharp branches of the tree-king he has just slain, anticipates Crawford's more explicitly mythological development of "Seven armed Dick"; or Balder, who is annually slain when the oak tree is cut down, and Odin, who is

hanged for nine days on the Iggdrasil tree pierced by his own spear. Crawford again uses the solar calendar to organize the poem in terms of the alternating rhythms of dark and light, winter and summer, withdrawal and return. The moment of epiphany occurs, as in "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas", with the marriage of sun and flower.

"Malcolm's Katie" is Crawford's first use of the technique of aligning three separate versions of the same plot. The remarkable passage we examined from Pillows of Stone parallels the lunar eclipse of the sun with the simultaneous coming of the raincloud and the arrival of the stranger to demand Thea's sacrifice. "Gisli the Chieftain" lines up the west wind, the eagle, and Gisli as agents in three versions of the same cosmic plot. "Malcolm's Katie", for its part, aligns the love story of Max and Katie with both the pioneering material and the Indian mythology of the North and South Winds and the mystic Indian summer. The rhythm, in each case, of separated and united lovers, dying old civilizations and rebuilt new ones, winter darkness and summer light, is characteristic of the solar myth. The sharp instrument that Cox and Fiske find variously represented by the boar's tusk that pierces Osiris, the spindle that pricks Sleeping Beauty, the mistletoe that kills Balder, and the spear that kills Sigurd appears in three versions in "Malcolm's Katie".* It is the "sharp/And

* See Fiske, pp. 31-34:

The conception of infallible skill in archery . . . is originally derived from the inevitable victory of the sun over his

piercing branches" that catch at Max, their counterpart in the "sharp spear" that has "doubt-wounded . . . Kate's image in his heart" (IV), and the "keen two-bladed Moon/Of Falling Leaves" (II) that kills the summer. The sun-swallowing mists that figure so predominantly in "Gisli" appear in each of the three plots of "Malcolm's Katie". Max's departure from Katie in Part I is accompanied by imagery of threatening peaks and darkly gathering mists:

For yet she stood on that smooth violet plain
Where nothing shades the sun; nor quite believed
Those blue peaks closing in were aught but mist
Which the gay sun could scatter with a glance.

With the South Wind's resignation of power in Part I, we are given "deep-struggling seas" of mist "all yellowed faintly thro' / With the low sun", "mist-buried herds", and the following association of mists and killing weapons: "The keen two-bladed Moon/Of Falling Leaves rolled up on crested mists". The sun accuses this same moon of drowning the "happy laughing Summer" "in the frost-mist of [her] anger". Sixty lines later, the trees that are being burned to make way for the new pioneer settlement choke the sun with their

enemies, the demons of night, winter, and tempest. Arrows and spears which never miss their mark, swords from whose blow no armour can protect, are invariably the weapons of solar divinities.

But the sun, though ever victorious in open contest with his enemies, is nevertheless not invulnerable. At times he succumbs to treachery, is bound by the frost giants, or slain by the demons of darkness: . . . It is perhaps less obvious that winter should be so frequently symbolized as a thorn or sharp instrument. Achilles dies by an arrow wound in his heel; the thigh of Adonis is pierced by the bear's tusk; Sigurd is slain by a thorn, and Balder by a sharp sprig of mistletoe; and in the myth of the Sleeping Beauty, the earth-goddess sinks into her long winter sleep when pricked by the point of the spindle.

smoke:

Then roared the crackling mountains, and their faces
Met in high heaven, clasping flame with flame;

..... and the sun
Walked pale behind the resinous black smoke.

In turn, the whirling mists and the black smoke are associated with the "vast horned herds at sunset [who draw]/Their sullen masses into one black cloud", the "dry dust whirling on the prairie", and the civilizations that Time's hand rears and beats down to "sweep their dust abroad". The whirling dry dust that speaks of winter, death, and "all is vanity" is opposed by the mystic flower of love, represented variously by Katie, the mystic Indian Summer, and the pioneer's new-built Eden that blossoms like a rose in the wilderness.

When Katherine Hale says in her "Appreciation" that "the life of the woods is the drama, with a somewhat insipid love story used as a connecting link" (p. 104), her hidden metaphor for the long poem is the string of pearls, in which, needless to say, the pearls are valued, not the "connecting link". The love story is not a connecting link, but the most popularly accessible of the three parallel plots. Just as the Love that moves Dante's desire and will also move the Sun in Heaven and all the stars, just so the love that revives Max and reunites the lovers also restores the sun and brings about, on various levels of the poem, the marriage of woods and lily bed, eagle and dove, hunter and quarry, axe and tree, sky and earth, sun and flower. Therefore "Malcolm's Katie" is a "love story" on every level. One measure of how well Crawford has integrated these various levels--of how impossible it is to

divide the poem into "pearls" and "string"--is provided by the particular things in "Malcolm's Katie" that stick in the memory: the passages beginning, "The South Wind laid his moccasins aside" and "From his far wigwam sprang the strong North Wind"; the description of the mystic Indian Summer; the "one great daffodil"; the imagery of the sullen herds drawn into "one black cloud", the "dry dust whirling on the prairie" and the "resinous black smoke"; the angry grind of the rolling logs; Alfred's despairing speech on the cycles of time that end in dust; the falling of the tree on Max; the passage that begins, "Who curseth Sorrow knows her not at all"; and the rescue at the end.

Part I sets all three plots in motion, although the principal emphasis is on Max and Katie's story. The pioneering story is introduced in the account of Malcolm yoked with his brother Reuben to the plow, and is continued in the ironic contrast of the "inglorious" domestic fields of the pioneer with the glorious ones of foreign imperialism:

Inglorious? Ay, the battle done and won
Means not a throne propped up with bleaching bones,
Or Commerce, with her housewife's foot upon
Colossal bridge of slaughtered savages,
The Cross laid on her brawny shoulder

In Part I, Crawford also begins the association of Katie with the moon. She relates the love story of Max and Katie to a cosmic love story in which the hill that "rounds so gently up" from the wide lake is a "lover king . . . gone from his bride and queen", the moon, "and yet delayed because her silver locks/Catch in his gilded

fringe".

Katie is also the heart-shaped rose who will eventually marry the sun; her father Malcolm, the obstacle to this marriage, is "Self-hewn from rock, remaining rock through all". Crawford's interest in establishing early the opposition of flower and granite may be judged by the following revision. The original manuscript (fragments of which remain in the Douglas Library) follows up line twenty, "That small rose face of yours . . .", with this passage:

So open-loving in its crystal eyes
That men, ev'n those whose ways lie not with Love,
Like blind men walking on a winter's daze
Who with the sun-light they have never seen
Unconsciously will seek their warmth and light.
And one, perchance, may come, nay, will come, Kate,
Hero of the sword, or calf of the stalls
Fat with ancestral gold--I being gone

These lines, which use imagery of sun and darkness to anticipate Alfred's arrival, are replaced by:

A seed of love to cleave into a rock
And burgeon thence until the granite splits
Before its subtle strength. I being gone

This burgeoning seed of love that splits granite is the means of bringing about the narrative's comic shape. In the happy ending, the love between Max and Katie is a sun-lit flower that expands to include everything else in the poem.

Part I ends with the anthology favourite, "O light canoe, where dost thou glide?", a lyric which must have been particularly gratifying for Lighthall to include in his anthology, in view of his statement, "The romantic life of each Colony has a special flavour,--

Australian rhyme is a poetry of the horse, Canada, of the canoe.⁹ Attractive on its own, it is better read as a timeless moment of immortal love set between the preceding plot development of Max's imminent departure from Eden and the subsequent seasonal myth of change that opens Part II. The lyric, with its reference to "round worlds" beneath the keel, recalls the lines preceding the passage about the flower and granite:

Nay, Kate, look down amid the globes
Of those large lilies that our light canoe
Divides, and see within the polished pool
That small rose face of yours . . .

The light canoe is floating at the margin where air meets water, and the polished pool it floats on becomes a watery version of the sky, with lilies for stars and Kate's reflected face for moon. All four elements are thus mystically united by love: "No earth, no wave--all jewelled skies". This idyllic interlude, however, is threatened by its context, which speaks of change, Max's departure, and the coming disruption of harmony. Part II opens with the breaking of the "gay calumet of flowers". Yet at the end of Part I the lovers are still together, and the innocent Edenic world, about to be threatened by blue peaks closing in, is still intact: "For yet she stood on that smooth violet plain. . . ." When the lovers are reunited in Part VI, Kate sees within Max's eyes "a larger soul/Than that light spirit that before she knew". In between the original innocence and the recovered harmony of the ending, there is a soul-making process whose instruments are darkness, sorrow, and change.

Crawford, as I suggested in Chapter II, has two characteristic models for handling change and the cycle of day and night, activity and trance, life and death. One is the conflict of opposites that she uses in "A Battle". The other is the reconciliation of conflict by love that she uses in "March" and "The Wooing of Gheezis". Part II of "Malcolm's Katie" is complex because Crawford not only aligns her three simultaneous plots--the lovers' story treated very briefly, and, treated much more elaborately, the process of pioneer settlement and the cycle of the solar year. She also develops each plot in terms first of conflict and then of reconciliation. To begin with, harmony is violently

shattered:

The South Wind 'laid his moccasins aside,
 Broke his gay calumet of flowers, and cast
 His useless wampum, beaded with cool dews,
 Far from him northward

and

. . . the bright axe cleaved moon-like thro' the
 air,
 Waking strange thunders
 Swift fell the axe, swift followed roar on roar,
 Till the bare woodland bellowed in its rage
 As the first-slain slow toppled to his fall.

After the initial disruption of harmony, the South Wind passage is developed by a series of discords and oppositions. The rice beds harshly scold like squaws, the small ponds pout their lips, the great lakes are panthers menacing the mountains with the coming storm. The blank verse paragraph, which starts with the image of the "deep struggling seas" of cold night mist in

conflict with the morning sun, develops quickly into a menacing vision of universal conflict--"a dream of phantoms" it would seem to an observer standing "amid the cloudy roll and moil". The sun's struggle with the morning mist turns into a cosmic conflict of elements between fire and water, between the sun and the ocean with its "tumbling surfs", between the "sudden gold" and the "caves of mist", and finally between the "fire-eyed" cattle and the "wave impalpable". The effect of whirling turbulence is extended by sounds of the "late, last thunders of the summer", the shriek of great eagles, and the roar from the rolling ocean breakers of mist which is, in fact, the "low thunder . . . of the mist-buried herds". To summarize the rest briefly, there is the same conflict of quiet and storm and light and dark in the opposition between the deep shadowy trance of the pulseless forest and the whistling shafts of winter; the cool green and the fiery red; the lush rank boughs and the keen two-bladed Moon of Falling Leaves; the "one black cloud" of cattle and the "two fierce suns"; the sky sun and the burnished prairie wheat-fields, and finally the warrior stag and the still hunter. Struggle is emphasized by images of weaponry--the cattle's horns, the "whistling shafts" of the scouts of winter, the "keen two-bladed Moon", the double suns' "keen shafts with scarlet feathers and gold barbs", the hunter's tightening bow-string, and the Sun's arrows. Behind all this, of course, is the battle between the trance-like state of summer and the coming storm of winter. Images like the panthers who purr and bide their time, the eagles on the cliff, the still hunter hidden.

in the rice-bed, and the taut bow-string all suggest a coiled spring of imminent, sudden change.

The sequence about "Max, the laborer and the lover" likewise shows change through conflict, this time in terms of the process of settlement. The opposed pairs in this case are the tree and the "bright axe", the black midnight sky and the red sparks, the sun and the "resinous black smoke", the "primal woods" and the "quick rush of panting human waves", and finally the "wail/Of falling forests--voices of the past" and the "throbbing music of the bold, bright Axe--/The steel tongue of the present". Equivalent to the menacing vision of the "dream of phantoms" is, as we have seen, the "quick rush of panting human waves" and the "resinous black smoke".

From the point of view of the summer forest or of the man standing "amid the cloudy moil and toil", the conflict looks disastrous. But Crawford's symbols suggest that another point of view is possible. The pulseless forest is, in one sense, already dead. In a trance of summer, too fecund and too choked with its own growth, it needs winter's pruning to bring it back to life. Similarly, the human waves that kill the trees, blot out the sun, and blacken the slopes with burnt stumps, are also building prosperous farms and raising new life in "sun-eyed Plenty". The keen two-bladed Moon of Falling Leaves and the bright axe of the pioneer are unconscious of their necessary roles of destruction and creation. The "throbbing music of the bold, bright Axe" is, in effect, the same as "The Song of the Arrow":

What know I
Of the will of the tense bow from which I fly?
.....

Flame-swift speed I,
And the dove and the eagle shriek out and die.
Whence comes my sharp zest
For the heart of the quarry? The gods know best.

As in "Gisli the Chieftain" or "Between the Wind and the Rain",
the movement is from the limited point of view of a participant
within a conflict that seems to him potentially disastrous, to a
more complete view of acceptance and love. The equivalent to the
clasped hands of Evil and Good, or to the lariat stilling the herd
that is spinning in a great black wheel, or to the lover who says
to his beloved, "Where'er thou art . . . is all the calm I know"--
the equivalent in this section of "Malcolm's Katie" comes in a
parallel resolution for each of the three plots.

The passages which begin, "[The Sun] mocked the white Moon
of the Falling Leaves", "Max cared little for the flotted sun", and
"O then to see the troubled, groaning waves/Throb down to peace"
resolve the conflict that precedes them and counter, with the sunlit
flower, what is symbolized by the dry whirling dust, the "resinous
black smoke", and the "troubled, groaning waves". All three
passages affirm the power of love to create eternity within the
conflict of the whirling cycle:

I, the laughing Summer, am not turned
Into dry dust, whirling on the prairies
Into red clay, crushed beneath the snowdrifts.
I am still the mother of sweet flowers
.....
Growing but an arrow's flight beyond you
In the Happy Hunting-Ground--the quiver
Of Great Manitou, where all the arrows
.....

Are re-gathered, plumed again and brightened,
 And shot out, re-barbed with Love and Wisdom;
 Always shot, and evermore returning.

and:

And Max cared little for the blotted sun,
 And nothing for the startled, outshone stars;
 For love, once set within a lover's breast,
 Has its own sun, its own peculiar sky,
 All one great daffodil, on which do lie
 The sun, the moon, the stars, all seen at once
 And never setting, but all shining straight
 Into the faces of the trinity--
 The one beloved, the lover, and sweet love.

and:

O then to see the troubled, groaning waves
 Throb down to peace in kindly valley beds,
 Their turbid bosoms clearing in the calm
 Of sun-eyed Plenty, till the stars and moon,
 The blessed sun himself, have leave to shine
 And laugh in their dark hearts!

Putting these passages together, we can see a purgatorial world of cyclic change joined by ascending and descending solar arrows to the upper daffodil world of a sun-lit flower or "sun-eyed Plenty". The cycle of the seasons has its counterpart in the hearts of the characters and in the lives of civilizations. Whenever the purgatorial world is infused by love, it is living according to the model of the daffodil-sun world, and thereby creates within the whirling cycle the still order of eternity. The correspondence of the love story of Max and Katie with the other two plots of the seasons and of the pioneer settlement tells the reader that the whole poem is about the nature of love at all levels. The much anthologized "O Love builds on the azure sea" closes Part II, just as "O light canoe" closes Part I, with the affirmation that

within the conflict of the elements love builds its solid home:

On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea--
Love's solid land is everywhere!

Crawford's great symbolic structure is capable of absorbing everything. "Gisli the Chieftain" draws upon Slavic, Greek, and Icelandic myths. "Malcolm's Katie" pulls into its field Indian myths, sentimental romance, Longfellow, Tennyson, Malcolm Craeme from Scott's Lady of the Lake, the Bible, Dante, personal experience of pioneer life, geology, archaeology, and solar myths. The seasonal myth in Parts II and IV sounds as if The Song of Hiawatha may have been one of the materials that Crawford's imagination was swallowing to transform and use. After its publication in 1855, at least a million copies of Hiawatha were sold,¹⁰ one of which we may assume came into Crawford's hands. "Winona; or the Foster Sisters" (which Wilson describes as "An Indian Tale") may well have taken its name from Hiawatha's mother Wenonah. "Malcolm's Katie" is similar to Longfellow's poem, not in any major structural way, but in minor embellishments and details. Crawford uses the same vocabulary and spelling that appears in Longfellow's glossary to Hiawatha, as for example: Bemagut--the grapevine; Esa--shame upon you; Gheezis--the sun; Mondamin--Indian corn; Moon of Leaves--May; Moon of Falling Leaves--September; Mudjekeewis--the West Wind; Odahmin--the strawberry; Segwun--spring. (She must have had other sources as well. The mee-se-gish, "an Indian spirit of the air", mentioned in "In the Breast of a Maple" does not appear in Longfellow's glossary.)

We also can see Crawford working with the same motifs that appear in Hiawatha--for example, the Indian calendar of thirteen moons; the Four Winds (title of Part II of Hiawatha) ruled by four giant spirits; the allegory of the seasons in the Peboan and Segwun story (XXI); the comparison of the setting evening sun with "the Red Swan floating, flying/Wounded by the magic arrow/Staining all the waves with crimson" (XII); the description of the Storm-Fool "Whirling, spinning round in circles . . ./Till the dust and wind together/Swept in eddies round about him" (XI); Peboan, the winter, whose "breathing on the lakes and rivers,/Into stone had changed their waters" (XIX); the sunbeams that "shot their spears into the forest,/Breaking through its shields of shadow,/Rushed into each secret ambush" and the evening sun that, descending, "Set the clouds on fire with redness;/Burned the broad sky, like a prairie" (XXIII); the "singing, fated arrow" that goes to the heart of the roebuck (III); the "heaven of flowers" in which "All the wild-flowers of the forest,/ . . . /When on earth they fade and perish,/Blossom in that heaven above us" (III); Hiawatha's wrestling with the corn spirit (V); the shaman's "mystic chorus" that calls Chiliabos back from the bottom of the lake (XV); and Hiawatha's lamentation for his friend Chiliabos: "He° has gone from us forever,/He has moved a little nearer/To the Master of all music". In a passage bearing some resemblance to Hiawatha's lamentation, Crawford seems to be adopting Longfellow's parallel structure, repetition, and trochaic rhythm:

Esa! esa! shame upon you . . .

Have you killed the happy, laughing Summer?
Have you laid her dead within my arms?

She is gone a little way before me;
Gone an arrow's flight beyond my vision.
She will turn again and come to meet me
With the ghosts of all the stricken flowers,

Working with similar subject matter and to some extent with similar themes (for example, the Sun says to Hiawatha, "Love is sunshine; hate is shadows, / Life is checkered shade and sunshine, / Rule by love, O Hiawatha", X), Crawford achieves quite different effects. Longfellow is retelling a number of Indian myths available to him through Schoolcraft's Algic Researches. Crawford is creating her own personal myth. She shapes and adapts and integrates the Indian material into the total structure of the poem as she is later to do with the Slavonic and Icelandic elements in "Gisli".

Crawford's development of Indian Summer in Part II is worth examining in some detail as a convenient example of her characteristic myth-making. To begin with Crawford's possible sources, first there is Longfellow and his source, Schoolcraft.

Schoolcraft documents a Chippewa myth as follows:

Shawondasse [the South Wind] is represented as an affluent, plethoric old man, who has grown unwieldy from repletion, and seldom moves. He keeps his eyes steadfastly fixed on the north. When he sighs, in autumn, we have those balmy southern airs, which communicate warmth and delight over the northern hemisphere, and make the Indian Summer.¹¹

This is what Longfellow does with Schoolcraft's myth:

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.

From his pipe the smoke ascending
 Filled the sky with haze and vapor
 Brought the tender Indian Summer
 To the melancholy north-land,
 In the dreary Moon of Snow shoes.
 ("The Four Winds", II)

The original story of the four aerial giants who control the winds is a solar myth of the struggle of cold and heat (North and South) and dark and light (West and East). James Stevens concludes the account of "The Battle of the Four Winds" in Sacred Legends of the Sandy Lake Cree with the following, "From this time our people have understood the reason there are seasons in the year and why we have both day and night."¹² In his decorative handling of Indian Summer, Longfellow, following Schoolcraft, is more interested in describing a particular state of hazy November heat than in building up a large structural myth. The closest counterpart in Longfellow's poem to the slain summer's return from the spirit world in Crawford's poem comes, not in his section on "The Four Winds", but later, in the account of the drowned Chilibos's return from the bottom of the lake, called back by Shamans. Crawford, generally speaking, is closer than Longfellow to the spirit of the original myth of the four winds. She develops the North and South winds as yet another pair of rival twins whose opposition accounts for the process of change from one state to another, from summer to winter, and from life to death.

A second source for Crawford's Indian Summer myth may well be her personal experience with this Canadian season that she says in "The Grasshopper Papers" has no equivalent elsewhere. For

nineteenth century commentators on life in Canada, Indian Summer, like Niagara Falls, is a required topic. In most accounts, Indian Summer is described as a period that is both, in time and in contact with eternity. John Howison comments in his Sketches of Upper

Canada:

The atmosphere has a haziness and smokiness which makes distant objects appear indistinct and undefined, and a halo often encircles the sun. . . . one would almost suppose the country where it takes place to be transported for a season to some celestial clime, where the elements ever existed in harmony and acted in unison.¹³

The ladies of Lakefield also devote considerable energy to the topic in sundry passages of verse and prose. By far the most interesting of these is Catharine Parr Traill's account in The Canadian Settler's

Guide:

This mysterious, second summer comes for a brief season to quicken the vegetation of the new sown grain, and to perfect the buds that contain the embryo leaves and blossoms of the future year, before the frost of winter shall have bound up the earth with its fetters of ice. . . .

The earth is rendering up her increase on nature's great altar. . . .

Is there nothing but sadness and decay, in those fallen leaves? . . . In yon grey elder, those round knobs contain the embryo blossoms, closely packed like green seeds; yet each tiny flower-cup is as perfect as it will be in the month of May:--it is only abiding its time! Yes, truly, there is much of hope and promise, revealed to us at this season. There is a savour of death:--but it is a death unto LIFE!¹⁴

A third piece of documentary evidence on the way that Canadians perceived the season is John Geikie's comment in George Stanley; or

• Life in the Woods:

The Indian summer came. . . . A soft mist hung over the whole panorama round us, mellowing everything to a peculiar spiritual beauty. . . . As [the sun] rose, the haze reddened higher and higher up the sky, till, at noon, the heavens were like the hollow of a vast half-transparent rose, shutting out the blue.¹⁵

The germ of a myth is already present in Howison's transportation to some celestial place of harmony, Traill's idea of necessary death that makes way for new-born life, and Geikie's vast half-transparent rose-heaven; Crawford was needed to give it literary shape.

A third source for Crawford's myth of Indian Summer is her subsuming interest in the solar myth, which considerably predates her first poems, "A Battle", "An Interregnum", and "The Wooing of Gheezis", based on this myth. "The Grasshopper Papers: No. one", an early prose manuscript dating, very likely, from her Lakefield residence, collates two versions of Indian Summer, which is to say two versions of the sun's cyclic struggle with darkness.

We have a sun, yellow as a topaz . . . but so has the Parsee . . . but point me if you can, another land where there is the faintest hint of Indian summer.

My window, a small, square one set in the deep wall of an old, log farm-house, looks down a lane of saplings and juniper-bushes to an old gate, the gate leads to a pasture, the pasture slopes to a lake. . . . The trees have marched like the van of a mighty army down to the water's edge. . . . It is approaching sunset. . . . There is not a leaf left on a bough, but every twig is red and golden and motionless.

A strange haze, an impalpable rose-opal medium fills the sphere of the Heavens and wraps the Earth; it pulses through many, a throbbing change of hue, the whole octave of red. . . . The sun seems to have leaped closer to the earth; you fancy you could pierce its Balis-ruby disc with one of those jetty pines, could you, Titan-wise, wrench it from its firm grasp of the earth.

There is a curious silence. There are no leaves to rustle in the soundless wind creeping soft-footed as a panther through the land. The rivers are depleted by the fervid, scarlet lips of summer, and steal velvetshod over their beds. If sound reaches you, it is cloaked and hooded with mystery.

The air is warm with a peculiar warmth, dreamy, delicious, but with no breath of flowers upon it. Neither Flora or her nymphs pass that way, by dim, gothic aisle of wood. . . . The rose-opal haze fills the aisles of the woods undisturbed by wing of bird. The water of the lake is rose-opal like the haze. An islet in its centre, covered with cedars, is no longer laid like a bosse of the precious Eastern stone, the dark green Periodeau on a diamond shield; the haze and the wave are one and our Periodeau seems to hang motionless in space.

Occasionally the mist deepens, rolls together and passes with a strange solemnity of movement across the sun, in a black, compact mass; the sun rolls heavily from behind it, its fringes are intense, fiery, scarlet, a red gold such as might gild the halls of Eblis, its nucleus blacker than any cloud bearing a thunderbolt in its ebony bosom. The tops of the trees flame like tapers on an altar as the Sun, like a priest, approaches them.

The disc of the sun widens until it seems as though we sailed towards a world of molten gold mixed with fire; a few seconds will anchor us to its ardent edge; gates of Celestial fire unfold their valves to welcome us from space; battlements of ruby loom upon us . . . a hundred thousand suns set their flaming eyes upon us; . . . Atlantics of flame dash breakers against the spark-sanded, burning, bright coast and toss manes of molten glory towards a Heaven, one brightness with its innumerable suns. There is a pause. The sun trembles for a second; the weird Blacknesses rush towards him wallowing in the deepening, mysterious "awful rose" of the sky. . . . The first cloud closes upon its ruby-browed beloved; with red fingers he tears apart her sable tresses to look upon the Earth he is leaving; the world is filled with an awful and melancholy glory. . . . One might fancy some stupendous representation of the Last Sunset: the Earth, aged, bare, desolate, the Hand of God withdrawing the Sun; the Glory of His Presence at the same instant filling the worn out universe. It is difficult to imagine that tomorrow the sun will rise as usual, and "seed time and harvest" endure.

The Indian Summer was once Segwun, the Spring. The full streams followed her. . . . her kirtle was of white lilies. . . . her moccasins embroidered with sunlight. Fawns and cubs fed on tender green things from her brown fingers, red at the tips with life.

Gheezis, the sun, wooed her, she became summer and with her chief ruled the world. . . . She changed her kirtle for a robe of green, jewelled with the scarlet Ohdamin, the strawberry; for a belt she wore Behmagut, the grapevine. . . . She shod her brown feet with heat and fire; she wove the yellow tresses of the Indian corn into tassels. . . . Her wigwam was the Earth and she ordered it well while Gheezis roved the sky. Once again she changed her attire. . . . She robed her supple limbs in a tunic of doe-skin hung with jewels of fruit.

Her moccasins glittered with hoar-frost, and were set with fir-cones. She carried a quiver on her shoulder, and arrows in her hand. . . . "Come with me," cried Gheezis, "I go with the swans and wild-geese to another land." He gathered his golden arrows into a grey quiver of cloud, and Autumn journeyed with him growing sadder as she left her kingdom behind, until she came to a gate which she went through. . . . "The land I have left is sorrowful," she answered. "I must return to it." "Thou canst not," cried Gheezis, "the gate is shut, but it has bars, thou may'st embrace it through them." So the Fall, the Autumn, robed herself in a gorgeous robe.

of red gold fringed with fire, put a veil of rose-opal upon her brow, and stretched her red arms back to embrace the land she had left, and so they named her Indian Summer.

"The Grasshopper Papers" establishes surprisingly early Crawford's interest in myths and motifs that engage her in her later work. The Parsee fire-worshipper turns up again in Pillow of Stone (1876) in the account of Thea's praying "Parsee fashion at the West window with all the fiery pomp of her golden god for her ritual": as Thea explains to her appalled Quaker housekeeper, "the Zendavesta says sunrise and sunset are the best times to say prayers to the Sun". The description of the jetty pines that might be wrenched "Titan-wise" from earth to pierce the "Balis-ruby disc" of the sun anticipates the struggle of the blind Titan Darkness with the light in "A Battle" (June 26, 1874). The description of the islet hanging motionless in space between the rose-opal haze and the rose-opal lake is repeated in the lyric, "O light canoe, where dost thou glide?" and again in "Narrative II" in Hugh's speech, "Lo, all the little isles/Seem at a mid-air, mystic anchorage".

Indian Summer itself, in "Malcolm's Katie", is at mystic anchorage in time between summer and winter. It is both within the cycle of seasonal change and in contact with the other eternal world that Gheezis refers to when he says, "I go with the swans and wild geese to another land." Indian Summer's desire to return to the sorrowful kingdom that she has left behind parallels Wava's return from the changeless fairy world to the mortal human world, and the return of red "Singing Leaves" from the "Camp of Souls", drawn back by the cord of love "woven out of life": "And I sail

from the spirit shore to scan/Where the weaving of that strong cord began" (C.P., p. 54). The camp of souls or Gheezis' other land resembles the Blessed Isles below the western sea where the sun goes either in his solar boat or on the backs of swans. Ralston, we may recall, describes the home of the sun in terms very like both Dante's terrestrial paradise and Crawford's "Happy Hunting Ground--the quiver/Of great Manitou":

There dwell the spirits which at some future time are to live upon earth in mortal bodies, and thither, when disembodied, will they return. No cold winds ever blow there, winter never enters those blissful realms, in which are preserved the seeds and types of all things that live upon the earth, and thither birds and insects repair at the end of the autumn, to re-appear among men with the return of spring.

The sun, Wawa, and "Singing Leaves", the eagle in "Between the Wind and the Rain", Indian Summer, and, as "Narrative II" implies, Christ, do not stay in this paradise, but are drawn back to the mortal world of pain and death by powerful cords of love:

And love is a cord woven out of life,
 And dyed in the red of the living heart;
 And time is the hunter's rusty knife,
 That cannot cut the red strands apart:
 ("The Camp of Souls", C.P., p. 54)

The Indian legend that ends the anatomy of Indian Summer in "The Grasshopper Papers" is particularly interesting because it seems to provide a direct source for both "The Wooing of Gheezis" and "Malcolm's Katie". The prose version--"Gheezis . . . the sun wooed [Segwun], she became summer and with her chief ruled the world"--is more fully developed in "Gheezis" as a myth of cyclic renewal. It contains many of the same elements as "Gisli the Chieftain", equivalent pairs being Gheezis and Gisli, Manitou and

Odin (or the golden warrior), Segwun and Brynhild, Gheezis' arrows and Gislis' spear. "Gheezis" is an earlier and therefore less complex and more explicit rendering of the myth:

"O Gheezis," cried Segwun from behind the grape-vine,
 "Thy arms are long but all too short to reach me,
 Thou art in heaven and I upon the earth!"

"Follow," sighed Mudjekeewis, "Gheezis must wed
 With Spring, with Segwun, or all nature die."

"The Manitou is love, and gives me love, and love
 Gives all of power."

... when she found
 The golden arms of Gheezis round her cast, the buds
 Burst into flower in her hands . . .

... "Now life is come
 Since Segwun and red Gheezis wed and reign!"

(Old Spookses' Pass, pp. 102²⁻³)

Part II of "Malcolm's Katie" likewise adapts motifs used in "The Grasshopper Papers" to combine with its own myth of the four wind spirits who rule the seasons: Gheezis' departure with the swans and the wild geese to another land, the gathering of his golden arrows, and Segwun's final embracing of the sorrowful kingdom she has left.

Both accounts of Indian Summer in "The Grasshopper Papers" involve the entire solar cycle, just as the entire cycle stands behind "Malcolm's Katie", "Gislis the Chieftain", and "Narrative II". Even the introductory flourish about the Pine Forest (quoted in the epigraph to this chapter) canters in one paragraph through the equinox, midsummer, winter, and the "Lifegiving Divinity, Spring". Like the Parsees who favour sunrise and sunset for their prayers, Crawford finds these times of solar victory and defeat the fittest metaphors in "Malcolm's Katie" and "Narrative II" for hope and

despair. Throughout her work, and beginning perhaps in "The Grasshopper Papers" itself, Crawford draws lines of correspondence among pairs of opposites. In the passage quoted above, the Titans, the mist that deepens and rolls over the sun "in a black compact mass", the sunset, the winter, and the "weird Blacknesses" that rush toward the sun are all one power, which in "Malcolm's Katie" will be further identified with despair.

In Part II of "Malcolm's Katie", Crawford uses the solar cycle and its metaphoric associations to replace the more usual organizing device of a fixed spatial frame. The passage on the South Wind is what presently would be called a space montage of unconnected, discontinuous landscapes, as, for example: "The great lakes eyed the mountains . . ."; "And for a man/To stand amid the cloudy roll and moil"; "Where shrieked great eagles, lords of naked cliffs"; "The pulseless forest, locked and interlocked"; "Who journeys where the prairies made a pause"; and "By round, small lakes with thinner forests fringed". A connecting link is provided by the cycle of the day, as the passage moves from morning mists "all yellowed faintly thro'/With the low sun" to day and the "red fingers of the impatient Sun" to sunset and the "burnished ramparts" of wheatfields "glowing in the sun" and deer "limned against the furthest rim of light" and back to dawn again, "when the Sun arose/Lusty with light and full of summer heat". Simultaneously the whole passage is about the turn from summer to winter, the South Wind's resignation of control to the North Wind, and the temporary arresting of this process in Indian Summer's

promise of rebirth. In "The Grasshopper Papers", the association of sunset and winter encourages Crawford to yield to the attractions of the Apocalypse and the "Last Sunset": "It is difficult to imagine that tomorrow the sun will rise as usual, and 'seed time and harvest' endure." In "Malcolm's Katie", Crawford avoids such doubts by framing the passage about the mystic Indian Summer with references to the dawn: "the Sun arose/Lusty with light . . ." and "the mighty Morn strode laughing up the land".

Crawford develops Part III exclusively in terms of the obstacles to Max and Katie's love, but we are to understand that a parallel movement into darkness is occurring in the other plots as well. Enter the villain Alfred as Max's rival and, with him, the counter-theme to oppose immortal love. "There is no Immortality could give/Such boon as this--to simply cease to be!//There lies your Heaven". Eden, which is about to be encompassed by threatening peaks of mist in Part I, now has its seducer. Tending her garden, Katie is the separated Eve, whom Satan pities for her innocence and coming destruction: "O lovely bubble on a troubled sea. . . ." Katie's seduction is managed in terms of the landscape, starting with the sexual suggestiveness of the lily song:

Chaste goddess . . .

.
 Thou dost desire,
 With all thy trembling heart of sinless fire,
 But to be filled
 With dew distilled
 From clear, fond skies that in their gloom
 Hold, floating high, thy sister moon.
 Pale chalice of a sweet perfume,
 Whiter-breasted than a dove,
 To thee the dew is--love!

The seduction and the assault itself are carried out in the next scene:

The silver lilies drew her with white smiles--
 And as she touched the last great log of all
 It reeled, upstarting, like a column braced
 A second on the wave, and when it plunged

Katie had vanished. . . .

This trial is equivalent to those suffered by Rosamunda and others in the prose romances. And like the log in "Extradited" that "reared against [Joe] like a living thing instinct with rage, and wallowing monster-like led its barky hordes down the rushing stream, rolling triumphantly . . .", the logs here are demonic things, "brown-scaled monsters", demanding Katie as a sacrifice. Alfred takes advantage of his rescuing Katie to inveigle himself into her regard. But he is also like the Evil brother who does Good's work in "Gisli" ("doth any beat/With hammer and with stone,/Past tools, to use them to his deep defeat/Than I"):

They found him, Alfred, haggard-eyed and faint,
 But holding Katie ever toward the sun.

Max's separate temptation occurs in Part IV. As the poem moves into the lowest and darkest part of the cycle, the season is winter or its equivalent in all three parallel plots. The sun has been defeated, and the year belongs to "the Strong North Wind" whom Longfellow describes in The Song of Hiawatha as "fierce Kabibonokka":

He it was whose hand in Autumn
 Painted all the trees with scarlet,

 He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
 Sifting, hissing through the forest,
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
 Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,

.
 [To] the realms of Shawondasee.
 ("The Four Winds", II)

As we should by this time expect, Crawford's North Wind does not mildly paint trees scarlet and send snow-flakes sifting. He springs, rushes, wrestles, beats, smites, sends whistling arrows flying, and "hunt[s] with his war-cry":

From his far wigwam sprang the strong North Wind
 And rushed with war-cry down the steep ravines,
 And wrestled with the giants of the woods;
 And with his ice-club beat the swelling crests
 Of the deep watercourses into death.

The counterpart to the Sun and his "gold-eyed squaw, the Summer" is the strong North Wind and his white squaw, the snow. Even while the winter landscape provides the suitable correspondence for Max's doubt of Katie and for Alfred's vision of civilizations crumbling into dust, the imagery emphasizes that winter is killing something already dead. Winter is, in fact, the unconscious agent of life:

"I slew the dead, unplumed before. . . ./I bound sick rivers. . . ./
 O my white squaw . . ./Spread thy white blanket on the twice-slain
 dead,/And hide them ere the waking of the Sun!" Indian Summer has
 said, "Sleep, my children, smiling in your heart-seeds"--an image
 which suggests Ralston's "blissful realms in which are preserved the
 seeds and types of all things that live upon the earth"; Mrs.

Truitt's elders whose flower-cups, like closely-packed green seeds, sleep all through the winter, as perfect then as they will be in May; and even perhaps the "sweet, hidden king" in "An Interregnum",
 "Bud-crowned and dreaming yet on other shores". Crawford's winter is a necessary period of renewal of energy:

In-trance of stillness Nature heard her God
 Rebuilding her spent fires, and veiled her face
 While the great worker brooded o'er His work.

Meanwhile this phase of the cycle can look only disastrous to those within it, who are victims of winter's weapons--the North Wind's war club, Max's Axe, the sharp spear of doubt, the sharp and piercing branches of the falling tree. Death leads to rebirth; Max's axe destroys forest kings to build a great new pioneer nation, as the song of the axe prophesies:

"When rust hath gnawed me deep and red
 A nation strong shall lift his head

His crown the very heavens shall smite,
 Aeons shall build him in his might."

Even as the North Wind is burying his twice-slain dead, he knows, that the Sun will relight his council fire in the Moon of Budding Leaves. In this part of the poem, however, the forces that seem strongest are doubt, darkness, and despair, which are part of the counter-rhythm of birth ending in death and creation ending in destruction. As the pioneers "upheaved by throbs of angry poverty" are saying "Mine own!" and are building the great nation prophesied by the axe, they are bringing with them shrieking engines, resinous black smoke, burnt stumps, and eventually, of course, the angry poverty that they meant to escape (See "Wealth").

Love--Manitou's love, that brightens and rebarbs the arrows, or Max's love, whose solid ground is everywhere--could give this rhythm meaning. In Alfred, however, love has been perverted into love of riches. When he sees this rhythm of change, his response is a deep despair, which he expresses to Max in a passage of

extraordinary eloquence:

For, far beneath the flame-flecked, shifting sands,
 Below the roots of palms, and under stones
 Of younger ruins, thrones, towers and cities
 Honeycomb the earth. The high, solemn walls
 Of hoary ruins--their foundings all unknown
 But to the round-eyed worlds that walk
 In the blank paths of Space and blanker Chance--

[Time] said, "I build for Immortality!

Her vast hand reared her towers, her shrines, her
 thrones;

The ceaseless sweep of her tremendous wings
 Still beat them down and swept their dust abroad.

Alfred here suffers from the same doubt that made Claudia's life
 in From Yule to Yule "as parched and siccous as a dried leaf".

Claudia had observed that "the discovery of one Age became the doubt
 of another" and "therefore wanted from life a rock of some kind to
 stand on and [say] . . . 'Here is Truth.'" Crawford returns fre-
 quently in her writing to this theme of despair and cynicism,
 treating it most fully in "Narrative II".

With the possible exception of Wilfred Campbell, she is more
 concerned than her Canadian contemporaries with the vast and dis-
 maying perspectives of geologic time that troubled Tennyson in In
Memoriam. Crawford's various references in her work to Darwin, to
 the "budding world unfold[ing] its slow-leaved flower", to fossils
 of "weird leaves and flowers/. . . /Printed in hearts of mountains
 and of mines", and to archaeological excavations and "Prehistoric
 skulls and flint arrowheads" (Married With an Opal)--all show that
 she was aware of the upheaval in ideas occurring elsewhere, if not
 in Canada generally. Richard Altick summarizes the Victorian re-
 vision in man's imaginative model of the world:

The human imagination had to adjust itself to staggering new concepts of time derived not only from the age of the earth but from the even more immense spans involved in the nebular process.

The adjustment profoundly affected the Victorians' view of their own place in the cosmic sequence. . . . archaeological discoveries in the mid-Victorian period revealed that, over the millennia, several other brilliant civilizations--pre-dynastic Egyptian, Sumerian, Mycenaean--had flourished and then vanished, leaving only mutely eloquent ruins attesting to the heights they had once reached. . . . To replace Adam with a race of Upper Paleolithic men, or with Neanderthal men (discovered in 1856) from a much more remote age--estimated at the time to be between 150,000 and 180,000 years ago--required a drastic alteration of historical perspective, to say nothing of an equally drastic revision of modern man's view of his place in the vast process which science was now revealing to him.¹⁶

Crawford's image for the despair produced by such drastic revision is the "flame-flecked, shifting sands" and the dry dust of thrones and shrines. Max initially stands firm against Alfred's torpedoes of doubt. He stands on Claudia's rock of love. For although particular civilizations must continually be rebuilt, the love that seeds their creation is eternal. Max says, "All else is mortal but immortal--Love!"

Max's serious trial is the temptation to doubt Katie and love itself. His defeat signifies the general victory of darkness over light:

All the blue heaven was dead in Max's eyes;
Doubt-wounded lay Kate's image in his heart,
And could not rise to pluck the sharp spear out.

When Max stops believing in love and seeks an answer from nature, the half-hewn tree above him turns into another version of winter's piercing thorn:

All its pointed boughs
Pierced the deep snow; its round and mighty corpse
Bark-flayed and shudd'ring, quivered into death.
And Max, as some frail, withered reed, the sharp

of day and night, summer and winter are integrated in both poems. In Crawford's ordering of pairs of opposites, day, summer, light, hope, and love are all metaphorically equivalent in their opposition to darkness and despair. The difference between the two poems is, instead, one of emphasis. The debate in "Malcolm's Katie" is expanded in "Narrative II" to occupy the bulk of the poem as we now have it, while at the same time the poem's romance plot of Hugh's and Ion's falcon loves, retreat to the wilderness, and (I suspect) triumphant return is greatly subordinated.

We can see "Narrative II" as Crawford's final labour of consolidation and synthesis. The image of Katie's "seed of love to cleave into a rock/And bourgeon thence until the granite splits" (l. 1), for example, is used again about the rather different falcon lady: "She had within the strong stone of her soul/A little feeble seed of womanhood" (ll. 60-1). In other ways the falcon lady resembles Aspasia Falcon, the Circe in Pillows of Stone. As we might expect, the sun's enemies in "Malcolm's Katie"--granite, dry whirling dust, mists, the black vortex, and the killing thorn of winter--all reappear in the opening section of "Narrative II" in the references to "dim mist", "fierce young frost", the "cold lamp that chills the failing hand" (l. 24), "Dust, sharp as spear points in the rising frost" (l. 25), and "granite world". They are repeated later in images of the crucified man bound in "dense dark" (l. 70), the "ball of dust/Dead in dark space" (ll. 164-5), the "sharp dust" that veils the falcon lady (l. 71), the "mists of Death" (l. 568), and the despair that Ion says is "a firm flint

culture so impoverished that the poet has to transcend this by cultivating a "melting away into nature that has no thought but only vibration".¹⁶ Lampman typically arranges distant skylines of hazy roofs and misty city towers as a picturesque backdrop for the slow fusion of the poem's speaker into the natural landscape. Dissonances--what Lampman calls "the outer roar"--all dissolve into this dreamy haze:

Nor any discord came, but evermore
The voices of mankind, the outer roar,
Grew strange and murmurous, faint and far away:
("The Frogs", V)

The mists so frequent in Crawford's poems, in contrast, are not mystic states to be included, but obscure forces to be dispersed by the sun's hammer. Crawford's symbol of epiphany is the sun-daffodil, not the mist. In fact, the passage on sorrow in Part VI of "Malcolm's Katie" suggests the insufficiency of "gilded dreams":

[without sorrow] the soul, but lightly built
Of indeterminate spirit, like a mist
Would lapse to chaos in soft, gilded dreams,
As mists fade in the gazing of the sun.

In Part V of "Malcolm's Katie", winter's trance is about to be broken and the mists dispersed. Part V opens with the dawn and the imminent victory, as in "Gisli", of "red flames" over "silver mist", sun over "weary moon", and eagle over dove: "an eagle with/His angry eyes set sunward . . . / . . . [cries,]! Sun, arise,/ . . . / [and] I shall strike with piercing beak. . . ." When the poem leaps without transition from the plot of the seasons to Katie's story, however, Katie must undergo another trial, comparable to Max's trial of despair. Katie's "For-get-me-not" song

(published in the Telegram on June 1, 1883) is her talismanic defence against Alfred's temptation to betray love.* Katie is still faithful when the section closes with a lyric interlude of reverie upon her sorrow:

Love's rose buds not alone
But still, but still ~~dash~~ own
A thousand blossoms cypress-hued to see!

Part VI opens with Crawford's most complete expression of the purgatorial function of sorrow in the soulmaking process:

Who curseth Sorrow know her not at all.
Dark matrix she, from which the human soul
Has its last birth . . .
Without the loud, deep clamour of her wail,
The iron of her hands, the biting brine
Of her black tears, the soul, but lightly built
Of indeterminate spirit, like a mist
Would lapse to chaos in soft, gilded dreams,
Sorrow, dark mother of the soul, arise!
! thou instrument
Close clasped within the great Creative Hand!

The poem has moved from a thoughtless Eden, where Kate yet "stood on that smooth violet plain/Where nothing shades the sun", into a dark matrix of sorrow. The sun is threatened by the horned herds who draw "their sullen masses into one black cloud" the "resinous black smoke", and the "dry dust whirling on the prairie". The human equivalent to this closing in of mist and clouds upon the sun is the process of suffering during which Max and Katie undergo

*"The little blue flower, forget-me-not, about which so many sentimental associations have clustered, owes its name to the legends told of its talismanic virtues." (Fiske, p. 56)

separate trials of their faith and love. When the solar myth is displaced into romance, the death of the winter sun becomes the ritual death of Max and Katie. Like Rosamunda in Married With an Opal, Katie, the mild "dove" and "white doe", is the sacrifice of innocence that enables the recovery of a higher, unselfish Eden.

All this while, Crawford has been developing the accompanying motif of bringing to birth the giants buried within both Max and Alfred. The conventional struggle in melodrama of the villain with his conscience becomes in Parts IV, V, and VI Alfred's wrestling with the giant spirit of pity and love within him. He says in Part IV:

There rises in my heart
A strange, strong giant, throwing wide his arms,
And bursting all the granite of my heart.
How like to quivering flesh a stone may feel!
.....
So I wrestle with thee, giant. . . .

Eventually, Alfred is like Claudia in From Yule to Yule, whose stony heart is awakened at last to love for her innocent, persecuted victim. By the end, Alfred's labours of darkness and destruction, like those of the Evil brother in "Gisli", are used to their own "deep defeat" and provide both the occasion for Max to work out his greatness and the means of Alfred's own redemption. The purgatorial trial of darkness and sorrow has strengthened for victory these giants within Max and Alfred, as the untried Eden in Part I could never do. When Katie sees Max again after their long separation, we are told that "she saw within his eyes a larger soul/Than that light spirit that before she knew".

. . . the only Canadian poem of any length that has taken as its subject the struggle of the pioneer with the primeval forest".¹⁸

"Malcolm's Katie" is, among other things, about surviving as a successful Canadian Crusoe in the new-world wilderness. Crawford

knows, however, that a city can also be a wilderness. "Close city

hives", "gaping city sewer", "city's claws" will be her terms in

"Narrative II". The wilderness of both forest and city is civilized

when it is possessed by love. Crawford's achievement in "Malcolm's

Katie" is her integration of this theme with both the love story

of Max and Katie and the solar myth of light's cyclic contest with darkness.

CHAPTER FIVE

"NARRATIVE II"

Her works, including a good deal never yet published, were to be brought before the English public in a new volume. A letter of hers, concerning the unpublished material, stated that it contained some of her best work. (Lighthall, Songs of the Great Dominion, p. xxvii.)

Ion: According to Greek legend (as preserved by Euripides, see below), Creusa . . . was loved by Apollo and bore him a son, whom for fear of her father's anger she left in a cave. Hermes carried the child to Delphi, where he was reared as a servant of the temple. Creusa afterwards married Xuthus, but as they remained childless they went to Delphi to ask for offspring. At the order of Apollo, Xuthus accepted as his son the first person he met on coming out of the shrine, and this was Ion. . . . Ion returned to Athens with Xuthus and Creusa, to become, according to Athene's prophecy, the ancestor of the Ionian race.

Ion: a drama by Euripides. . . . The essential features of the plot--a woman wronged, her child exposed, and the subsequent recognition--became typical of the New Comedy. (Paul Harvey, The Oxford Companion to Classical Literature, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1937, 1966, p. 223.)

The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas.
Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. (Matthew 27: 21-2.)

And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas. (Luke 23: 18.)

. . . will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

Then cried they all again, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber. (John 18: 39-40.)

The anticipated publication of the second volume of Crawford's works, "including a good deal never yet published", was prevented by her sudden death on February 12, 1887. It is likely that this unpublished material, judged by Crawford to contain "some of her best work", would have included the second long poem, "Narrative II", an incomplete work existing in manuscript form in the Douglas Library.* According to Maud Miller Wilson, who does not state her source, "Malcolm's Katie" was written in Peterborough before the move to Toronto in 1876 (Globe, Apr. 15, 1905). "Narrative II" was written in Toronto, probably after the publication of Old Spookses' Pass in 1884. These two long narrative poems, spanning her professional writing career, demonstrate the continuity of Crawford's work from first to last. The total vision lying behind her entire production suggests Emily Carr's perception, "Everything is all connected up".¹ Crawford's work from "Malcolm's Katie" to "Narrative II" also shows her deepening engagement with the theme of despair and the consequently greater imaginative effort required for her to bring about her characteristic comic resolution.

"Narrative II" is in many ways the culmination of her techniques, themes, motifs, and mythic patterns. This time the main elements in her large synthesis are the history of pioneer settlement,

* Dorothy Livesay made known the existence of this poem in her pioneering article, "The Hunters Twain", in Canadian Literature, LV (Winter 1973); 75-98. For convenience, I have printed the poem in the appendix.

the Greek myth concerning Ion, who is the son of Apollo and King of Athens, the familiar solar and seasonal myth, and finally Christ's incarnation, passion, and resurrection. Crawford intermeshes these plots, as she does in "Malcolm's Katie". She develops correspondences among the rhythm of dying and reviving civilizations, the events in the lives of the main characters, Hugh and Ion, the cycle of the liturgical calendar, and the shape of Christ's ministry. All this is tied to a very large view of a Canada in which there are slums in the midst of a huge rich land. The city, built on "tideless waters" and coiled in the chill folds of the serpent frost, is a Toronto of self-blinded Barabbas-worshippers in need of redemption by a Messiah.

The chill serpent of darkness, that in the opening forty lines is coiled around both the city and the unnamed falcon lady, we have met before in slightly different versions. Daniel Brinton in Myths of the New World (1876) says that the Algonkin hero Michabo, who is both the spirit of light and the lord of the four winds, fights "the shining prince of serpents, who lives in the lake and floods the earth with its waters, and destroys the reptile with a daft".² This is the Indian solar myth that underpins "Malcolm's Katie" and is the same, as Brinton points out, as the "stories which in the old world have been elaborated into the struggles of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of Thor and Midgard, of St. George and the Dragon and a thousand others".³ Comparable versions in Crawford include "Gisli"'s Odin, who strides from "the mist close-curved and cold/As is a writhing dragon's fold", and George St.

Dalmas, who conquers the dragon Want. In view of the reference in "The Legend of the Mistletoe" to pagan myth as "Christ-lights", Crawford's subsuming of these monster-quelling myths into the story of Christ's contest with darkness in "Narrative II" seems a fulfilment of the total intention of her work.

Hugh is a focus for the Christian elements of the poem. His initial reference to Barabbas, for example, is the threshold image for the motif of the self-blinded city that keeps Christ hanging on His cross while it builds Christian churches with Barabbas's gold:

Might not Barabbas be a newer Christ?
 With newer gospel fitter for the time.
 (ll. 192-3)

Hugh's identification with Samson provides our first clue that he may be some sort of Christ figure: "the Samson in him grew/At sight of pillars bearing wrongs aloft" (ll. 207-8). Further, his retreat into the April woods is a cleansing and a baptism for his new messianic role:

"I'll plunge to drowning depth in leaf-built waves,
 And let them wash me from this clanging world

 Then will I come again when I am heal'd
 And shout such gospel of the woods and plains
 As, like the music of the lean Hindoo,
 Shall drag from sewers and drains and noisome holes
 The worm-like men who bore their abject way
 In pain and darkness thro' the city mire."
 (ll. 276-95)

This Hindoo raising snakes out of baskets suggests the horn player in the embroidery sculpture that Crawford made for John Garton in 1884. Within the poem, of course, the image is meant to recall Vice that "rear'd its supple, serpent head and hiss'd/'Loose us Barabbas--

Let our fellow free" (ll. 188-9). Hugh will be the saviour to free "worm-like men" from their serpent forms. A later image explicitly identifies him as a fisher of men who draws the leviathan to dry land:

and like a net
His heart cast out at men to draw them up
From swarming city shallows--
(ll. 557-9)

In the meantime, we see him as a rather ferocious hunter and fisherman--"like a hunter God" (l. 313)--on the trail of souls. The silver fish and silver deer hunted in "The Canoe" are Hugh's quarry here. In "The Canoe", the slaughtered deer is hung like a slain god "on forked boughs with thongs of leather" and "the slaughtered fish like swords/On saplings slender". In "Narrative II" and "The Canoe", Christ, who is both fish and fisherman, deer and hunter, brings together in Love the apparently contradictory images of the poem. Various other incidents and symbols in "Narrative II" depend upon the structural underpinning provided by Christ's ministry, Gethsemane, Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and the road to Emmaus. Hugh and Ion, during their instructive week-end retreat to the wilderness, are figuratively wrapped in grave clothes. The poem looks toward resurrection when they will roll back the stone of despair and come forth reborn into an Easter world. Hugh says:

"And all our tent
Glow's shiftingly; and on its canvas roof
Dance the dark shadows of deep leaves above.
Come, burst our linen lintels, and behold
Hope swimming up the dawn upon the world!"
(ll. 334-8)

If Hugh is the messianic figure who speaks for Easter, hope, and resurrection, Ion is still within the dark tomb. Hugh and Ion are another of those familiar pairs of twins like the Halton boys, Florian and Clyffe Dutrom, and Max and Alfred. Both have had a "false falcon love" and have retreated for self-healing to the wilderness. Hugh's response to tribulation is hope, Ion's is despair. In a narrative flashback, we learn that at first Ion was all right with his paintings of the wilds that caught the living spirit beneath the painted forms, until "Love came troubles with his languid lutes/And danc'd before Despair" (ll. 595-6).

Ion's name as well as the poem's three explicit references to Athens link him specifically with the Ion of Greek myth, who is born in a dark cave and whose identity as the son of Apollo is for a time concealed. In Euripides' play, which is based on the myth, the identity of the legendary Ion is eventually recognized, Ion becomes King of Athens, and the redemptive shape of Greek New Comedy is completed. "Narrative II" provides clues that its Ion will likewise experience the comic reversal of darkness turning to light. But, in the existing uncompleted poem, Ion is still in the dark cave unaware that he is the son of light. Love, "well-mask'd in weeds" with his cupid's arrows "hidden in/A cypress wreath'd urn", plays the "page part" to Despair:

and waiting for his day
 Laugh'd in the darkness of the tyrant's shade.
 And Ion wing'd his heels, and hurried far
 Into the wilds from his false falcon love.
 (ll. 604-607)

This passage indicates the complexity of Crawford's handling of her

central theme of love. Love and despair are brought together here in the same way that Hugh later joins storm and music: "but ever tends/The storm to music, and the strife to peace" (ll. 766-7).

The "false falcon love" in this passage recalls the jewel-coiffed lady in the opening incident whose falcon eyes are hooded in darkness: "But you, fierce falcon of the soul,/You pluck the jewell'd hood across keen eyes" (ll. 140-1). Love's arrows are hidden in a "cypress wreath'd urn", just as the falcon lady has a rubied arrow hidden in

the dusk
And stormy purple of the raven braid
That built its blackness over falcon eyes
Hooded by lashes like the fall of night.
(ll. 119-22)

Hugh focuses the poem's Christian elements, Ion is the means of introducing the Greek myth of Apollo's son, and both these plots are interconnected by the relationship of Hugh and Ion as doubles and as antagonists in their debate. The imagery of the "false falcon love", serpent coils of winter and despair, and "Dust, sharp as spear points in the rising frost" (l. 25) characterizes equally the initial experience of Hugh and Ion. For each character, the encounter with the false falcon love seems to represent human perversity elsewhere expressed in crime, want, and warfare. The falcon lady prefers the "other lover" whose mind is on "stocks and margins, 'long' and 'short' and all/The licens'd weapons of the world's wild war/Against large Plenty" (ll. 92-99). The "infant city" prefers Barabbas as its modern Christ. From "close city hives" men cry out, "'We starve! we starve!' while half a world lay

fresh/And teeming, out beyond the city gates" (ll. 201-2). This is the same dark vision of perversity that we have seen represented in the prose romances by the dispossessed twin--the defaced image of the fortunate heir who, like Lyon of The Halton Boys, has been raised in "frightful city prisons" and "loathsome city lairs where thieves lurked and murderers hid in their darkness from the darker shadow of the gallows".

The difference between Hugh and Ion is that Ion sees humanity as irremediably corrupt and self-fettered in darkness. Hugh has faith that at some level a way can be found to break the hood of darkness that binds the falcon lady, to teach the city to know its true messiah, and to lead mankind from choked cities into teeming fields of plenty. In their perceptual ordering of human experience, Hugh and Ion occupy opposed philosophic positions equivalent to the contest of Max and Alfred, or of the South and North Winds, or of the mystic flower and the granite rock and whirling dust.

Ion is no villain, however, and the opposition between Hugh and Ion is expressed more through debate than through melodrama or romance. The distinction between the techniques of "Malcolm's Katie" and of "Narrative II" is not so sharp as Dorothy Livesay suggests in her article, "The Hunters Twain". She says, "Whereas in Malcolm's Katie the organizing principle is Narration and the theme is the power of Love, in The Hunters Twain the organizing principle is Time and the theme is Hope versus despair (symbolizing pioneer optimism versus sophisticated pessimism or cynicism)."⁴ However, the romance narrative and the solar plot of the succession

of day and night, summer and winter are integrated in both poems. In Crawford's ordering of pairs of opposites, day, summer, light, hope, and love are all metaphorically equivalent in their opposition to darkness and despair. The difference between the two poems is, instead, one of emphasis. The debate in "Malcolm's Katie" is expanded in "Narrative II" to occupy the bulk of the poem as we now have it, while at the same time the poem's romance plot of Hugh's and Ion's falcon loves, retreat to the wilderness, and (I suspect) triumphant return is greatly subordinated.

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rock" (l. 390) and Hugh calls a "hooded spectre" "Despair, Despair!/
 Have I not seen that hooded spectre steal/Among my many graves? have
 I not fought/His misty arms?" ll. 440-3). Crawford's concern with
 tyranny and economic oppression, noted earlier in "The Helot" and
 "Wealth" ("Art thou not mocked, eternal God?/Are these not serfs
 on freedom's sod?") surfaces here in her treatment of the city of
 Barabbas-worshippers:

The Church tower roar'd it on their evening chime
 "Loose us Barabbas! he will rear us high;
 Will lay his gold upon our organ pipes;
 Will beat his stolen silver in our bells;
 And stain our windows with the blood he robs
 From the free Helot's heart."
 (ll. 176-81)

The line in "Malcolm's Katie" (III), "The silver lilies drew her
 with white smiles", becomes "If Love lure like a lily to dark deeps"
 (l. 134): This image is picked up in "The Lily Bed" song and in
 Hugh's and Ion's fishing "against this lily bed" (l. 550). The
 paddle is "like a swan's foot [which] shines/And frights the
 fish" (ll. 549-50). This swan recalls the Valkyrie swan-maiden
 of "Gisli", especially when we learn, twenty lines further on, that
 before his despair Ion saw "white strong swan-wings" as saving his
 name from Lethe's wave:

thro' the very mists of Death
 He saw, with eager vision, and beheld
 The white, strong swan-wings over Lethe's wave,
 And heard the mighty music of the sweep
 As down the dark they hurl'd--beheld the bird
 Seize from the dreamless terrors of the stream
 His name, his name! And upward from the mists
 Bear it, star-burning, to immortal fanes.
 (ll. 568-75)

Many of the poems published separately in the Telegram and the Globe between 1883 and 1886 develop themes and motifs that "Narrative II" integrates into a single vision. The following list of poems seems to be for "Narrative II" what "The Grasshopper Papers" is for "Malcolm's Katie"--a trial run for the imagination: "Said the Canoe" (written Dec. 8, 1883, published in the Telegram on Feb. 26, 1884, and again as "The Canoe" in Old Spookses' Pass), "Love Stay for Me" (June 30, 1883), "The Butterfly" (Nov. 14, 1883), "The Dark Stag" (Nov. 28, 1883), "The Legend of the Mistletoe" (Dec. 22, 1883), "The Lily Bed" (written Jan. 4, 1884 and published in the Telegram, Oct. 30, 1884), "His Clay" (Oct. 22, 1884), "Peace" (Aug. 8, 1885), "All Men Are Born Free and Equal" (Nov. 16, 1885), "Yule" (Dec. 23, 1885), "Hast Thou" (Jan. 1, 1886), "The Harp of Spring" (May 1, 1886), and "The Pessimist" (May 29, 1886).

"The Dark Stag" and "The Lily Bed" turn out actually to be songs interspersed within "Narrative II". As for "The Canoe", Dorothy Livesay concludes her article, "The Hunters Twain", by saying, "The great lyric that finally burst to light from its shaggy loins must surely have been 'Said the Canoe'--which I re-publish here". Livesay is no doubt right in thinking that this poem, always considered among Crawford's finest lyrics, is, in one way or another, part of "Narrative II". It seems likely that Crawford wrote "Said the Canoe" first, published it (adding the two consecutive stanzas beginning, "Into the hollow hearts of brakes" and "My Masters twain the slaughtered deer") in Old Spookses' Pass in 1884, and later saw how it could be expanded into a long narrative

poem. "The Canoe" contains the embryo of themes and motifs central to "Narrative II" and not developed elsewhere: the "camp-soul" or fire, "sharp-headed serpents, made of light", songs "loud of the chase and low of Love", sacrificial Love as a silver fish and silver deer, the slaughtered deer hung up by thongs on forked boughs, and finally the darkness that encircled the campfire while "at its curtain/Pressed shapes, thin woven and uncertain/As white locks of tall waterfalls".

In reading Crawford's last poems, we sense a struggle between two seemingly contradictory visions of reality, apparent when we juxtapose "Peace" with "All Men are Born Free and Equal" or "The Harp of Spring" with "The Pessimist". On the one hand there is Peace:

Armed, armed her head, her foot, her breasts
A spear defends her white dove's nest;
As Peace is strong so is she blest.
("Peace")

the torch to be lit up within the soul:

On with its burning banderol,
Where grope the mist-bound throng,
Its blaze will cheer the hosts of Right
Confound the hordes of Wrong.
("Hast Thou")

and the harp of spring:

O, thou harp of crystal strings,
Beaten by the blast of wings:
Flame-white swan wings smite from thee
Clang of lusty melody!

... the tender vernal moon:
Breathes to thee her witching rune;
Subtle song of Springtime hath
upon her primrose path!

On thee beat the burst of buds
.....

Harp of Spring, thy minstrel is
Each that feels the throb of bliss.
("The Harp of Spring")

On the other hand, there is the ironic contrast between the happy
heir and the dispossessed orphan:

"All are born free and equal." A matron proud and fair,
Smiled as they whispered to her, "Lo, see thy lusty
heir!"
All are born free and equal. In a loathsome cellar lair,
A nameless babe came wailing in the bitter winter air.
("All Men Are Born")

and the terrifying vision of a second deluge of chaos and destruc-
tion erupting from the human soul:

Build slightly, builders! Rear to reedy fluting
Your tremulous, tall walls;
To laugh of viol, and to mellow luting,
Your high and glittering halls.

Sons of old chaos, your blind dam besought you,
Once to her awful deeps;
With her blank palms she to her bosom brought you--
Again she stirs and weeps.

Not now she shakes the poles to loose in thunder
A deluge on the world;
She plucks the ice-heaps of men's souls asunder,
And in blind fury hurled--

The many waters of the furious fountains
Leap from their stormy birth,
Shake the deep roots of Truth's eternal mountains,
Reel the slight things of earth!

Build slightly, builders! From enslaved nations
Burst the blind human tides,
And in their necks, thro' night of desolations,
Again old Chaos rides.
("The Pessimist")

This dialectic of hope and despair has been part of Crawford's
work from the beginning. Compare, for example, "Moloch" ("A City

roar'd, like a great beast fast chain'd", Mail, Nov. 6, 1874) with "Canada to England" ("Ages will watch/Those seeds expand to suns, such as the tree/Bears on its boughs, which grows in Paradise", Mail, Jul. 28, 1874). The single short lyric, written to fit the space of a newspaper column cannot accommodate at any one time more than a single aspect of Crawford's mythic vision. In "Narrative II", through the device of dialogue, "The Pessimist" and "The Harp of Spring", "All Men Are Born" and "Peace", the whirling dust and the mystic flower, are made part of the same poem.

Alongside the passages just quoted from the newspaper poems, we might place the following four passages from "Narrative II", that are obvious reworkings of the same images and themes:

"Aye so," said Hugh, "and mild millennial days
When brawny Peace shall lie, fair and full stretch'd
Upon charg'd gatlings, smiling in the sun."
(ll. 419-21)

Hugh caught the dove of Spring between his palms,
And unasham'd before his large-thew'd soul
Drew her soft plumes against his worn breast
And held her to his ear to soo her rune
Of deep green woods, and creeks and purple hills.
(ll. 271-5)

"True, true," said Lon, "true
And to their slimy lips shall steal at night
Lost mothers with their bastards at their breasts--
And stare a moment at the town behind,
A moment at the stars--then make their choice
Of filthy water. Spurn'd merrily by Fate
The madmen of Despair shall leap from thence."
(ll. 750-56)

"Give me despair's strong certainty--I'll stand
On that grim cliff, and dominate the world,
Look from it through the universe, and see
The birth of ruins, and the horrid flames
Of bursting worlds--"

(ll. 391-6)

The similarity of Hugh's conception of "brawny Peace" armed "in her best prime" to the poem "Peace" and five others published in the Telegram between April 30, 1885 and August 8, 1885 raises this question: to what extent is Crawford's narrative poetry a developing response to contemporary events? These six Telegram poems, not her best by any means, are "The Red Cross Corps" (Apr. 20, 1885), "To Gladstone" (May 4, 1884), "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks" (June 11, 1885), "Songs for the Soldiers" (Jul. 17, 1885), "The Gallant Lads in Green" (Jul. 22, 1885), and, to end the series, "Peace" (Aug. 8, 1885). "The Red Cross Corps" ("Hurrah for the Corps, the Red Cross Corps, / Who march to their place in battle") appears on the Telegram's front page along with these headlines:

WAITING and WATCHING

GLADSTONE PLAYING TO WIN

Russia in Financial Straits--England Preparing at all Points
British Columbia to be Protected

The next poems, "To Gladstone" ("You, you who have not failed to understand / That keen-arm'd Quiet is the Lord of All"), appears in this context:

GORDON'S DEATH

PEACE OR WAR?

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA WAITING

Warlike Preparations of both Nations--Earl Granville believes harmony will be restored--Herat to be protected.

The headlines that accompany "The Dauntless Daughter of the Dane" (May 22, 1885) bring the whole question of peace and war closer to home and juxtapose the two frontiers of Cut Knife, Manitoba and Herat, Afghanistan:

[Map of Cut Knife Battle Ground]

Poundmaker Caves

Hostiles Ask Peace Terms

Otter receives a pacific message from the Cree Chief--

Riel's collapse frightens the Indians

Reds want to Parley.

Riel's Allies Want Peace

The Frontier Question

British Officers in Herat

As J. Ross Robertson puts it in his editorial of June 11, 1885, "The troubles in the Northwest have called out the latent powers of writers. . . . Not for years has there been an occasion which furnished such an opportunity. . . ." Crawford responds with three variations upon the theme of welcoming home the York Rangers and concludes the series with "Peace". As a response to the late "troubles in the Northwest", as well as to Herat and the Sudan

further afield, this poem gives a simple answer to a problem that "Narrative II" handles with much greater complexity. There, the question of "PEACE OR WAR?" is related to the larger topic of Divine Providence and the possibility of a faulty design of things, a malevolent design, or no design at all--Hugh's "All His broad purpose" (l. 406) versus what Ion can see with his improved binoculars: "the birth of ruins, and the horrid flames/Of bursting worlds" (ll. 395-6).

Ion's grim perspective takes us from "Peace" to "All Men are Born" and "The Pessimist". The last poem that Crawford published in the Globe before "All Men are Born" (Nov. 16, 1885) is "Phyllis" (Oct. 10, 1885). The most interesting thing about "Phyllis" is its place on the newspaper page. It is beside a letter from General William Booth which discusses a theme that Crawford takes up in her next poem, "All Men Are Born" ("The gutter-babe's staunch teachers were all graduates of hell"), and in "Narrative II" in Ion's vision of the "lost mothers with their bastards at their breasts" (l. 752). Booth speaks about Canada's role as a wealthy young country rescuing the daughters of the English poor "whose only crime is their poverty":

From such homes [of neglect, poverty, and drunkenness] poor girls are going out every week to join the ranks of the fallen, and I can imagine no complete system of rescue which does not provide for the escape beyond the sea of those who are in imminent danger, or who, having been entrapped, are still willing to fly from a life of shame, if any other path be provided.

. . . everything I have heard of Canadians . . . increases my confidence that Canada will help us right willingly and nobly in rescuing from the grasp of the rich destroyer thousands of the daughters of the English poor. (Globe, Oct. 10, 1885)

The topic of both Booth's letter and "All Men Are Born" is obviously related to Crawford's theme in "Narrative II" of Canada as a country of blind falcons--Barabbas-worshippers--who cannot see Love and therefore allow slums in the midst of a rich land. "Narrative II" has a wide perspective on the rhythm of colonization and pioneer settlement. "Malcolm's Katie" has shown families "upheaved by angry poverty" building cities for "sun-eyed Plenty" in the forest. In "Narrative II", these Edens have become foul "sewers" for the breeding of Want and Crime as well as "close city hives" from which Hugh and Ion must now escape. Thus it appears that, once built, the "cities and palaces" promised by the Axe have turned into prisons, and the ideal must be continually rebuilt. Here again, in the contrast of the ideal city to the actual city, we have the cycle of hopeful building followed by decay into dust that Alfred points out in "Malcolm's Katie". The Biblical types are the new Jerusalem and Babylon. "Narrative II"'s version, which combines Biblical and Greek myth, is Ion's "young, leafy Athens" and Babylon (ll. 759-60).

The city in "Malcolm's Katie", built in human shape according to the model provided by love, has become a Babylon, anticipating Lampman's "City of the End of Things" or Grove's mill of death in The Master of the Mill. Dante's handling, in exile from Florence, of the apostate city with its corrupt Avignon Papacy, political anarchy, oppression, and greed may have provided a literary source for Crawford's apostate Toronto, city of Barabbas-worshippers. The Babylon of the opening sections of "Narrative II"

likewise unites into one composite image warfare, crime, greed, want, and the unholy alliance of church and business. Elsewhere, in "Moloch" (Mail, Nov. 6, 1874; not included in Garvin's Collected Poems), Crawford uses an allegorical city as the nightmarish setting for the parodic sacrifices made to Moloch, an Ammonite god whose worship in Israel is punished by the Babylonian captivity (Jer. 32: 35; Acts 7: 43):

A city roar'd, like a great beast fast chain'd
Beside the sloping of a mighty sea

. . . thick

Set with the white sails of commerce . . .

. . . the very dust

Whirl'd in golden drifts, and smote my face,
With scorpion stings, sifted upon a wind . . .

. . . "He who enters here

Must bring a lordly sacrifice to fill--

The golden hands of Moloch!" And I look'd

But saw no lambs, nor doves, nor any fruits

Nor votive roses such as Romans flung

Under the wheels of victor demi-gods,

Or wreathed about the horns of oxen, white

As the white robes of those who sacrificed

To the great thunderer, Olympian Jove.

And then my vision clear'd, and then I saw

The sacrifices to this Moloch made.

. . . Honour, Good Will, and Love

Faith, Charity and Peace, and star-eyed Hope.

Repeatedly Crawford makes these same associations in her writing: modern Babylon, great beast, Commerce, sharp dust, war, furnaces, and human sacrifice. In "War", warfare is the prop of the Church and the spouse of Commerce. In Pillows of Stone (1878), New York and the stock exchange are the dragon, somehow associated with the church bells, that must be placated with human sacrifice:

... it was the slack season when the great panting, roaring city lay in the hot sun like a rabid wild beast, and those who having "eaten and worshipped" Mammon were "fat and well-liking" . . . rushed out of reach of its pestilent, hot breath, leaving it sops in the meagre persons of those who had neither legs nor crutches to escape on. A few, attenuated Bulls and Bears . . . languidly feasted on the dry bones of yesterday's gold list as epicures, suck the bones of prairie chickens, and listened piously to the Church bells which were good enough to ring at all during this unfashionable Interregnum. (Ch. I)

In the same way that Dante's vortex and flower grow in "Old Spookses' Pass" in the realistic setting of the Canadian Rockies, the Biblical type of Babylon is recreated in "Narrative II" in a city that is recognizably Toronto, "the infant city nursing on the breast/Of unhewn woods" (ll. 173-4).*

The desire to repudiate the existing Babylon in favour of an ideal city has been treated before in both "Between the Wind and Rain" and "Old Spookses' Pass". The lover in the first poem must resist temptation, which is itself a form of despair, to escape "stormy earth" and "circle starward . . . /To some great planet of eternal peace" where the sun is never threatened by darkness or mist:

". . . but toward the sun
The eagle lifts his eyes, and with his wings

*The novelty of Crawford's use of Toronto as a setting for handling themes of economic and political exploitation may be judged in the light of E.J. Hathaway's comment written more than thirty years later:

Toronto has been used many times as a background for fiction. But as Toronto does not seem to be a place where romantic or unusual things are likely to happen, it has not bulked large in Canadian literature. Curiously enough too the life of the city, the spirit of its people, its place in the commercial life of the Dominion and its political and industrial importance have all been passed over. . . . ("How Canadian Novelists are Using Canadian Opportunities", Canadian Bookman (July 1919), p. 20.)

Beats on a sunlight that is never marred
 By cloud or mist, shrieks his fierce joy to air
 N'er stirred by stormy pulse."

"Nay," said ~~wise~~, young love, "the eagle falls
 Back to his cliff, swift as a thunder-bolt;

And tho' the stormy earth throbs thro' her poles,
 And rocks with tempests on her circling path,
 And bleak, black clouds snatch at her purple hills,
 While mate and eaglets shriek upon the rock,
 The eagle leaves the hylas to its calm,
 Beats the wild storm apart that rings the earth,
 And seeks his eyrie on the wind-dashed cliff."

(C.P., p. 244)

Likewise the cowboy narrator in "Old Spookses' Pass" must reject the Satanic notion that God in disgust has given over creation to the devil. The cowboy reaches an epiphany of intuitive assent to a providential view of history in which God is present within the cycle of time.

In "Narrative II", Hugh's temptation to cleave to the ideal city and repudiate Babylon takes the conventional form of the soul's struggle to escape the body:

For Hugh, the giant in him hurl'd the clay
 He groan'd in, blindly up against the rocks
 and the poor ghost
 Of flesh and blood lay at the strong soul's feet.
 (ll. 228-34)

In "His Clay" (Oct. 22, 1884), dualism prevails: the soul that builds an altar to "Love . . . the Son of Eternity" is mocked by the clay that urges, "Love lives and dies in the dust with me". And so, concludes the speaker, "the flesh that I wore chanced ever to be/Less of my friend than my enemy". Hugh's struggle carries him beyond dualism to another of those images of clasped hands:

and kinship:

Then, almost free, the soul had clearer light
 And lifting high the pale clay on its breast
 Mourn'd the young fury of its holy rage.
 And on its necessary brother blew
 The strong breath of its mouth, and sought to slip
 The vital fetter in its place again

"Weld strength with strength, so let us face the world.
 I err'd in hate of thee--arise--forgive!"

(11. 236-49)

The operative words in this passage are "clearer light", "necessary brother", "vital fetter", "weld", and "forgive"--phrases which carry us back to Crawford's whole structure of polar oppositions, that turn out, like Good and Evil, and here, like soul and body, to be necessary brothers welded by a vital fetter, in both senses of the word vital. Bridging the gap between the ideal Jerusalem and the actual Babylon, or between soul and body, is the image implicit in all Crawford's work and made explicit in "Narrative II" of the incarnation of Christ. By the end of Section V, Hugh's soul has wrestled with his clay to redeem it, and he has gone into the wilderness for a further period of trial and purification before he can return to redeem the Babylon of contemporary Toronto. In Section VII is the passage already quoted, "Then will I come again when I am heal'd/And shout such gospel of the woods and plains/ . . . I'll have them out! a saviour of their flesh" (11. 290-8).

By Sections VI and VII, which open, "There came an April day all tremulous" and "Hugh caught the dove of Spring within his hands", we realize that Crawford is aligning events in the poem with corresponding psychological states of the characters and

corresponding phases of the solar and liturgical calendars. In contrast to "Malcolm's Katie"'s opening mood of springtime and pastoral innocence and youth, "Narrative II" opens on a darkening winter world, where the Evening Star is a giant spider clinging to the subtle lacings of the black boughs that cobweb the sky:

On such an eve despair seems no strange growth,
 But a chief vein that feeds the chilling heart
 Dust, sharp as spear points, in the rising frost
 Whirl'd in keen simoons . . .

(ll. 21-2; 25-6)

The sections in "Narrative II" are briefer and more numerous than in "Malcolm's Katie", the juxtapositions more startling, and the transitions more abrupt. Crawford jumps from the whirling spear points of dust to Section II's image of caged Sorrow and then straight into the midst of a dramatic scene between the falcon lady and her suitor. Sorrow who cries out, "God, God!" and then "Why? Why?" from her "hollow'd graves and empty shrines" (ll. 31-2) sounds like Sorrow in Tennyson's In Memoriam:

'The stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run';
 A web is wov'n across the sky;
 From out waste places comes a cry,
 And murmurs from the dying sun:

'And all the phantom, Nature, stands--
 With all the music in her tone,
 A hollow echo of my own,--
 A hollow form with empty hands.'

(III)

- What links the opening description of the darkening world with Sorrow and with the man's encounter with the falcon lady is their place within the dark phase of sunset, winter, entrapment, and despair.

The opening incident repeats Chapter One of Helen's Rock

(1883), in which Lilith Tragarthan rejects Major Cyril Luttrell:

"Your 'No' is irrevocable, I suppose--but my God--what treachery!"

It is the sole cry of surprise, of torture, of reproach which escapes him--and the torturer is naturally disappointed. . . . A moment's fixed gaze from those frank-piercing eyes, a moment's dead pallor of the soldierly, tanned face . . . this cry of torture and surprise, and then the fine calm of an honest man's scorn . . .

To her heart's core she is a dashing, highbred little vulgarian--she can find nothing but the Opera Bouffe to symbolize Life to her. . . . In her creed there is no honesty, certainly no sincerity of human passion. Love and Hate are mere mimes--buffoons strutting in Tragic mask or Comic Soccus. She is nineteen and is ready to laugh at the sacred mysteries of human life which she can neither fathom nor climb.

Compare "Narrative II":

So laugh'd and pass'd, and looking at the gates
He stood by, mutter'd, "Aye, he freezes now

She had the full, fell frankness of her kind
Nor made a rose-ball of the saucy "No"

She flung across her tea-cup at his heart.
(ll. 50-9)

The romance plot, which has been reduced here to its barest skeleton of falcon-like Circe woman, rejected lover, and successful rival lover from the stock exchange is only one of a number of related devices for establishing the winter theme of despair. It forms the context for a full-blown development of this theme in the extended allegory of Christ and Barabbas.

Earlier poems of Crawford's oppose the whirling dust of despair with concepts of the Trinity of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the sacrifice of the deer, dove, or fish, the paradisaical daffodil of unity, the triumphant return of the sun, and the like. The one idea

underlying all these others is the incarnation, which is introduced in Section II in its parodic form in the falcon lady's fable of love. For "comfort", as she says, to help the man bear his rejection, she relates a parable to show that love is an illusion and that its pains are self-inflicted:

"Now, now," she said, "for comfort here's a tale.
 For some fell tyrant's freak, once was a man
 Condemned to crucifixion. In deep dark
 They laid his long, strong limbs upon a cross

 Then the grim gaoler flash'd a torch on him
 And seeing he still liv'd cried, 'Up, and come--'
 As the light stream'd wide
 He saw his cross. A shadow built of wings
 Of moth and butterfly.
 And nought had held him to his deadly cross,
 Come, my friend,
 Leap from thy phantom little cross of love,
 Burst on the world unshackl'd by thy dreams
 My 'No' the torch to light thy freedom up.
 Love is the deep dense darkness of the soul
 Beaten by arms that passionately grope
 And catch the void. "Away with Love, away!"
 (ll. 63-90)

Knowing nothing of the love that bound Christ to his cross, the falcon woman has, ironically enough, chosen a story about a crucifixion to prove that love is illusory. The man, however, picks up her references to torches, Gethsemane, and the Passion. He responds to her "Away with Love, away!" with "And give us up Barabbas". The echo here is Luke 23: 18, "And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas." The immediate reference is to the other lover, the robber-capitalist: "'And give us up Barabbas' said the man/Looking to where the other lover lean'd" (ll. 91-3). But in the broadest meaning, Barabbas is a parodic Christ whose gospel is selfish love, anarchy, and despair:

"Might not Barabbas be a newer Christ?/With newer gospel fitter for the time" (ll. 192-3). Crawford establishes a structure in which Barabbas, the "ball of Dust/Dead in dark space" (ll. 164-5), the "phantom little cross of love" (l. 85) and "Love/Dark God of voids" (ll. 112-3) are opposed to Christ, the crucifixion, and sacrificial love. Crawford repeats, in effect, "Malcolm's Katie"'s opposition of Alfred, Death, the black dragon Chance, and whirling dust to Max, Love, Divine Providence, and the "one great daffodil". At this point in "Narrative II", however, the time is still winter in a darkening world and Barabbas and his self-blinded falcon-disciples dominate.

The transition from the Barabbas theme to the theme of Hugh and Christ is accompanied by the parallel movement from winter and sunset to spring and dawn in Sections VI and VII. Dorothy Livesay finds that the structure of the poem from this point on follows the pattern of "Dawn of Day 1", "Midday Heat", "Evening Sunset", "Night (The Campfire)" and an anticipated "Dawn of Day 2".⁶ Although the time scheme of the poem is evidently but a few days--Good Friday to Easter Sunday perhaps--Crawford manages to suggest the yearly as well as the daily solar cycle. Opening with winter sunset, the poem moves through spring dawn, "Zenith summer" (l. 368), autumn sunset in "The Lily Bed", the night-time campfire, and ends, broken off abruptly before its finish, in Hugh's midnight dream of violence, thunder, and death.

As we have already noted, Crawford frequently uses the solar cycle as a structural device, not just in "Malcolm's Katie",

but in her short lyrics as well. The four-stanza poem, "Love's Forget-Me-Not" (Telegram, Mar. 13, 1882), manages the correspondence of seasons, daily cycle, landscape, vegetation, and human life as follows: Spring, "sunny woodland", "gilded buds", and violets; Summer, "haughty crest", rose, casement bars, and bliss; Autumn, clustered purple fruit, heartsease (pansy or thought), and "dusk, upon the lea"; and Winter, weeping at "shaking doors", "wild winds maddened on the moors", death, and "love's forget-me-not". In some poems like "Said the Daisy" (Aug. 19, 1880), "Youth" (Jan. 7, 1882), or "The Earth Waxes Old" (O.S.P.), the configuration represented by Spring, youth, budding flower, crystal dew, dove, and morning is allowed to rejoice unreflectively in the facturous sense that, as the Daisy says, "The round world seemed not older by an hour/Than mine own daisy self". In "Youth", the fakir tells the Indian monarch that when his infant son is as small as a "lotus bud/Rounding by Ganges' sacred flood":

The hand of Brahma clouds his eyes
Thro' the brief morning of his day;
Youth, leaping on his rosy ray,
Sees Death, Decrepitude, Decay,
But as light mists on sapphire skies.

The complete cycle of dawn to sunset may take place within a single poem, as, for example, "The Inspiration of Song" in which the subjects of the songs are arranged in this order: "sweet-eyed Love, fair Joy and Rest", then "power, high deeds, and Fame's eternal glow" and finally "fire-eyed Madness"; or "Who Sees a Vision" in which the three stanzas begin as follows:

Who sees a vision bright and bold
Hath found a treasure of pure gold;
.....

Who dreams a dream both sweet and bright
Hath found true nectar of delight;
.....

Who sees a vision foul and dim
Hath seen the naked shade of sin:
.....

(C.P., pp. 74-5)

"Late Loved--Well Loved" (Jul. 21, 1882) is perhaps the most interesting treatment of the three-part division of dawn, noon, night, or rising sun, zenith, and descent. It begins, "He stood beside her in the dawn--/And she his Dawn and she his Spring", and the stanzas on the dawn are developed by details of fawn, doves, azure, youth, crystal, and blossomed boughs. Noon, which for Crawford is imperial, is associated here with the Roman splendour of red sceptres, golden hangings, peacocks, tall urns and statues, Love's "Jovian height" in "panoply of gold", jewels singing their "song of sun and fire", and the fullblown rose. "Night/Binds on his brow the blood-red Mars" and slays both the sun and the lover of the poem: "He, dying, lies beside his blade/ . . . thro' sinister shade/Gleams the White Cross upon her breast". The final stanza suggests that the poem, on one of its levels, is about the marriage of sun and earth. Within the solar cycle, the sunset union looks forward to the next marriage in the dawn:

"Soul of my soul, or is it night,
Or is it dawn, or is it day?
I see no more nor dark nor light,
I hear no more the distant fray."
"Tis Dawn," she whispers, "Dawn at last,
Bright flushed with love's immortal glow."

For me as thee all earth is past!
 Late loved--well loved--now let us go!"
 (C.P., p. 102)

Underpinning "Narrative II", we see the same structure of dawn, noon, night, and second dawn. Lacking the complete poem, however, we can only speculate that Hugh's midnight vision would yield, as Dorothy Livesay suggests, to "the serenity of 'Dawn of Day 2'". Moreover, not even the dawn in "Narrative II" is presented from a perspective of unreflecting innocence comparable to the Daisy's point of view or to Katie's as she stands on that "smooth violet plain/Where nothing shades the sun" (I). Hugh argues for dawn and hope from a wide acquaintance with sorrow and despair: "'Despair!/Have I not seen that hooded spectre steal/Among my many graves? Have I not fought/His misty arms?'" (ll. 440-3). This difference in perspective accounts for the reader's sense that, in contrast to the youthful spirit of "Malcolm's Katie", "Narrative II" is a more sombre poem whose consolation is to be won with greater difficulty.

After the initial seven brief sections of "Narrative II" designed to present the theme of despair in a variety of contexts, the blank verse sections lengthen out and the debate proper between Hugh and Ion begins. Their debate falls into three parts interspersed with the three lyrics, "The Dark Stag", "The Lily Bed", and Hugh's "paen" to his tent. The subjects--hope and despair, dawn and darkness, the building of a new Jerusalem and its inevitable reversion to the old Babylon--are different aspects of the same topic, as the following passages demonstrate:

"Come, burst our linen lintels, and behold
 Hope swimming up the dawn upon the world!"
 "Strong with deer's flesh," laughed Ion, "and the curd
 Of tricky trout. . . ."

(11. 337-40)

"What see you in the Dawn--come, prophet, speak!"
 "I see dead night," said Hugh, "and tears that dry
 In aching eyes turned on the growing light."
 "But that dead night!" said Ion, "many slaves
 Died at his burial; where may be their dawn?"

(11. 373-7)

Thus Hugh, with eyes large on the ebon woods,
 "A fine, full soil--free grants for every soul--
 Pure water--timber--hills for little towns--
 Shelter for cattle in the valley dips
 I'll search no further--hither my colony
 Shall tramp; here tent, and touch red Plenty's robe."
 Thus Ion, "Yes--. . .

. . . there your jails
 Can cage their birds--Oh, all fits well!
 Heights for your towns and temples--rugged rocks
 To hold your ready rogues, meek murderers,
 Your multi-marri'd, and the hor'y heads
 That whiten'd Churches, while their Hungry hands
 Pluck'd at the public placket--or betray'd
 The orphan's trust--Oh, all fits very well!
 Prepare the wilderness for crime--and man!"

(11. 724-40)

One of Crawford's big themes is the necessity of the purgatorial process of suffering. ("Who curseth sorrow knows her not at all", "M.K.", II. "O this clanging world/Is no snug place for doves!", 11. 433-4). The prose romances, "Malcolm's Katie", and "Narrative II" all show characters in this process of trial and purgation. One way of representing trial is through such incidents in the romance plot as disguise or loss of identity, a near-drowning or nearly fatal illness, separation of lovers or fear of the beloved's death or infidelity. It seems likely that, before

sedge-buried trees, the reflection of the woods in the pool, the coming of sunset are all arranged in an alternating rhythm of quiet and sound, shadow and light, calm and motion, as the following short quotations suggest: "thrust . . . cloaked in a golden pause . . . locked . . . trembled . . . shocks of bursting lilies flew . . . still pulses . . . smote . . . flashed the sharp jewel . . . a dragonfly dashed out in gold . . . dropped from the gloom an oriole . . . cool wave . . . balm . . . soft silence clung . . . still hours . . . tendrils hung in darkness caryen" and so on. At the centre of this alternating rhythm is the power that unites and reconciles all oppositions:

And he had told his tale of love
With voice of eagle and of dove.

The images in the poem are bound to the solar cycle of the passing day. When the sun sets at the end of the poem, the reflection of the forest in the pool disappears and correspondingly the paddle is drawn up from the lily bed. Throughout the poem, the union of the red paddle with the white lily suggests the union observed in "Wava" or "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas" of the sun with the lotus. The paddle joined with the lily repeats the image of the flowering rod encountered in Gisli's budded spear or the South Wind's "gay calumet of flowers" or, in "An Inberregnum", the new king's "sceptre of a ruddy reed/Burnt at its top to amethystine bloom". The flowering rod, flowering almond, or caduceus was, of course, a popular topic for contemporary writers on mythology who identified the symbol variously with the solar

"Could I clasp Hope, she should be all a god" (l. 326), he says, meaning that she should be transcendental:

"Nay . . . Hope built to brawn:
From venison and trout and oxygen,
Has so much clay knit in her throbbing flesh
That clay will pluck her back to clay again,
Could I clasp Hope, she should be all a god,
The Builder not the built . . ."

[She should have] a broad foot to crush the
serpent's head
That lifts, and spits his poison in her face.
Hope, less the Godhood--bury her for me!"
(ll. 322-33)

This last line recalls the falcon woman's earlier dismissal, "Away with Love/Dark god of voids" (ll. 112-3). Like the falcon lady's "phantom little cross of love" which suggests the crucifixion, Ion's "Hope built to brawn/From venison and trout" suggests, contrary to his own intention, the incarnation of Christ, wherein love may indeed be a silver deer and a silver fish.

As these examples suggest, Crawford directs the outcome of the debate, not by narrative commentary imposed from without, but by ironies operating within the dialogue itself. Ion, arguing for despair, inadvertently uses images capable of bearing the meaning of faith and hope that is the goal of both characters' quest. For example, Ion's reference to the "world dew-pure . . . the tiger's fawn paw/Laid round the lamb for Love . . . O mild millennial days" (ll. 408-11) is intended as ridicule directed against Hugh's naivete. All the same, it points unmistakably to Christ's peaceable kingdom as presented in Isaiah 11. Ion's two lyric interludes, "The Dark Stag" and "The Lily Bed", are likewise susceptible

of this second and redemptive reading. They represent successive stages in Ion's spiritual development and provide tentative resolutions to the debate that has preceded them.

"The Dark Stag" is a myth of the dawn that catches up motifs from the previous 150 lines of discussion on hope and despair, dawn and darkness. Already, in Christian and Greek myths of the hunter, we have encountered Hugh "like a hunter-God" after souls (l. 313), and "buxom Hope . . . with Dian's bow/Laid on her shoulder" (ll. 318-9). The sun is another hunter whose arrows and spears never miss their mark. As Joseph Campbell points out in The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology: "The sun is in all hunting mythologies a great hunter. He is the lion whose roar scatters the herds . . . the great eagle whose plunge traps the lamb; he is the luminous orb whose rays at dawn scatter the herds of the night sky, the stars".⁷ From Christian, Greek, and Indian sources, Crawford creates her own myth of the fierce hunter sun who, with his arrows of yellow light and his hounds, the winds, tracks down and kills the dark stag of night and his doe, the snow-white moon. Within this narrative frame, Crawford recalls such earlier motifs as "Hope built to brawn/From venison and trout" (ll. 322-3); Dawn who "swam the East", beat back the starry surf, brushed the starry tresses from her eyes, and "So veil'd and drap'd . . . waited for the Sun" (ll. 344-65); and Hugh's interpretation of the dawn, "I see dead night" and Ion's response, "But that dead night! . . . many slaves/ Died at his burial; where may be their dawn?" (ll. 374-7). The rebirth of light could have been developed using the marriage of

the Dawn with the Sun. But characteristically Ion chooses instead a myth based on conflict. In doing so, he inadvertently has discovered in the sacrificial stag the necessary symbolic representation for the reconciliation of opposites.

The version of "The Dark Stag" which was printed in the Evening Telegram (Nov. 28, 1883) and reprinted with several errors (or emendations) by Garvin in the Collected Poems differs from the manuscript version in some minor word changes and in a major reorganization of stanza order. A convenient side-by-side comparison of the two versions is available in Dorothy Livesay's "The Hunters Twin". Livesay assumes that Crawford first wrote the versions of "The Dark Stag" and "The Lily Bed" that appear in "Narrative II" and then revised them for newspaper publication. This construction creates the problem that Livesay herself points out, that in each case the revision weakens the poem ("but why, one might ask, would she have changed that striking epithet, 'The stout and lusty stag' to 'strong and dusky'?" "In this case [of 'The Lily Bed'] it is possible that the revisions may have been made by Garvin"⁸). My guess is that Crawford first wrote "The Dark Stag", "The Lily Bed", and quite possibly "Said the Canoe" in preparation for her intended larger work and that "Narrative II" belongs to the slightly later period of 1885-6. In "The Lily Bed", Crawford's revisions of the Telegram version are apparent in the manuscript itself, as, for example:

With golden hand she grasp'd the wave
Of a ~~red~~ cloud on her azure plain.

con'd

It by the ~~dark~~ red sunset flew;

"The Dark Stag" elaborates throughout the various levels of the poem the root metaphor of the Sun's violent slaughter of the stag. The winds "shake the cedars round". "The vast, fierce maskelonge"--the sun's "silver warriors"--rend the lakes. The "red-eyed eagle", the same solar bird that we encounter in "Gisli", watches from the heights. As victim, the dark stag is symbolically the equivalent of the Spartan's pale son slain by the solar discus in "The Helot", the "white bull" in the poem of the same title, the phantom in "Gisli", the tree slain by Max's axe, Summer, the silver fish and deer in "The Canoe", and, of course, Christ and Love. The sun, eagle, Helot, matador, Gisli, the bold bright axe, Max; the strong North Wind, and so on are equivalent agents of change and death. Ambivalent feelings of mixed joy and sorrow are appropriate because out of destruction grows new life--the new day, the new year, and the new pioneer settlement. Despite Ion's intention to sing a death-song, his chosen images of the dying stag and the coming dawn suggest Good Friday and the crucifixion with their implied promise of resurrection and Easter Sunday:

His antlers fall-- . . .

 His blood upon the crisp blue burns
 Reddens the mounting spray
 His branches smite the wave . . .

 He sinks in space--red glow the skies;
 The brown earth crimson as he dies,
 The stout and lusty stag!

The second of Ion's so-called "sorrow songs/That sounded

merrily" (ll. 722-3) is "The Lily Bed". Whereas the root metaphor of "The Dark Stag" is the separation of dark stag from doe and the violent conflict of sun and stag, fish and lake, eagle and quarry, the metaphor in "The Lily Bed" is love and the quiet conjunction of opposites. This second lyric forms a circle contained within the following opening and closing couplets:

His cedar paddle, scented red
He thrust down in the lily bed.

With cedar paddle, scented red
He pushed out from the lily bed.

The gentle motion of a stationary canoe rocking in the water is maintained throughout the poem by the rhythm of the octosyllabic couplet. The initial union of the red cedar paddle and the white lily is repeated variously in the union of the forest reflected in the pool, the Indian brave and maiden, sun and earth, Mars and Venus, motion and stillness, time and timelessness. Crawford's general method, observed earlier in "The Helot" and in the scene of the lost Moyna's return to the Heir of Dremore, resembles Tennyson's rendering of an arrested scene or idyll by a combination of musical and pictorial effects. Instead of a linear narrative progression, there is a rocking motion that establishes a peculiar sense of motion and calm, time passing and timelessness. As in "The Helot" or The Heir of Dremore, Crawford splits up the scene into component motifs which can be recombined in any order to achieve the desired effect. For example, the cedar paddle, canoe, lily bed, flashing fish, firefly, oriole, carved darkness,

sedge-buried trees, the reflection of the woods in the pool, the coming of sunset are all arranged in an alternating rhythm of quiet and sound, shadow and light, calm and motion, as the following short quotations suggest: "thrust . . . cloaked in a golden pause . . . locked . . . trembled . . . ~~stocks of bursting lilies~~ flew . . . still pulses . . . smote . . . flashed the sharp jewel . . . a dragonfly dashed out in gold . . . dropped from the gloom an oriole . . . cool wave . . . balm . . . soft silence clung . . . still hours . . . tendrils hung/In darkness caryen" and so on. At the centre of this alternating rhythm is the power that unites and reconciles all oppositions:

And he had told his tale of love
With voice of eagle and of dove.

The images in the poem are bound to the solar cycle of the passing day. When the sun sets at the end of the poem, the reflection of the forest in the pool disappears and correspondingly the paddle is drawn up from the lily bed. Throughout the poem, the union of the red paddle with the white lily suggests the union observed in "Wava" or "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas" of the sun with the lotus. The paddle joined with the lily repeats the image of the flowering rod encountered in Gisli's budded spear of the South Wind's "gay calumet of flowers" or, in "An Interregnum", the new king's "sceptre of a ruddy reed/Burnt at its top, to amethystine bloom". The flowering rod, flowering almond, or caduceus was, of course, a popular topic for contemporary writers on mythology who identified the symbol variously with the solar

emblem, the rod of Aaron that blossomed and fruited in Christ, the universal axis, the sacred tree, the magic stick the North Wind gives to Boots in Dasent's Norse tale, "The Lad Who Went to the North Wind", the rod of Hermes, Thor's hammer, the spear of Odin, and the ash-tree Iggdrasil from which the first man was made. * Crawford, doubtless aware of these various mythic parallels, uses the flowering rod in her own work as an image of the quickening power of sun, married to earth.

The lines that introduce "The Lily Bed" are: "And Ion wing'd his heels and hurri'd far/Into the wilds from his false falcon love".

* See, for example, Fiske, Myths and Myth-Makers, pp. 88-91:

In Norse mythology, also, the gods were said to have made the first man out of the ash-tree. The association of the heavenly fire with the life-giving forces of nature is very common in the myths of both hemispheres. . . . Hence the Hindu Agni and the Norse Thor were patrons of marriage. . . .

In its completed shape, the lightning wand is the caduceus, or rod of Hermes. . . . [Hermes] is a fire-god, invested with many solar attributes, and represents the quickening forces of nature. In this capacity the invention of fire was ascribed to him as well as to Prometheus.

The Norse wind-god Odin has in like manner acquired several attributes of Freyr and Thor. His lightning spear, which is borrowed from Thor, appears by a comical metamorphosis as a wish rod. . . .

Compare Cox, Mythology of the Aryan Nations, II, 112-3:

The male and female powers of nature were denoted respectively by an upright and an oval emblem, and the conjunction of the two furnished at once the altar and the ashera, or grave. . . . Hence, as most intimately connected with the reproduction of life on earth, the rod became the symbol under which the sun, invoked with a thousand names, has been worshipped throughout the world as the restorer of the powers of nature after the long sleep or death of winter. . . .

. . . . It was seen as the lituus of the augur, the crooked staff of the shepherd, the sceptre of the king, and the divining rod which pointed out hidden springs or treasure to modern conjurers. . . . We recognize the male symbol in the trident of Poseidon or Proteus, and in the fylfot or hammer of Thor, which assumes the form of a cross pattée in the various legends. . . .

Fleeing from a parody of love associated with the falcon woman in Section II, Ion finds all nature married. The narrative frame, however, has anticipated this cosmic marriage in Hugh's earlier observation, "all the little isles/Seem at a mid-air, mystic anchorage" (ll. 524-5). In the descriptive passage that follows, everything is brought within the circle of unity:

a bubble floats
 On the sleek wave--a little rainbow world
 With isles and pines and lilies set in it.
 (ll. 538-40)

The rainbow world of promise uniting the separate objects it embraces recaptures the mood of "O light canoe". In that lyric from "Malcolm's Katie", the water below reflects the "concave heaven": "Above, below--O sweet surprise/To gladden happy lover's eyes!/No earth, no wave--all jewelled skies." In "The Lily Bed" as well, all is at "mystic anchorage", in a "golden pause" "all lily-lock'd, all lily-lock'd". Conventionally the romantic poet flees from his own particular Babylon to achieve in nature a moment of mystic renovation rescued from time. In "The Lily Bed", and in Crawford's work in general, the mystic anchorage occurs within the cycle of time, as we are reminded by the rhythm of the rocking canoe and the passing day.

The poem moves from the sunset within the lyric to nightfall in the enclosing narrative in which the same marriage of earth and sky and lake is occurring:

Thus Ion sang, and rustling thro' the rice:
 They met the shining fingers of the moon
 Thrust thro' the woods to touch the shining lake;

She lifted mellow lips to dying day
 And all her kisses quiver'd into stars.
 (11, 664-8)

Ion's two songs are a consolidation of earlier motifs and a tentative resolution of the previous contest between dawn and darkness, hope and despair, before the debate enters its third and most difficult phase. As Hugh and Ion return to their campfire, the setting is the same as that described in "The Canoe":

My masters twain their camp-soul lit;
 Streamed incense from the hissing cones;
 Large crimson flashes grew and whirled;
 Thin golden nerves of sly light curled
 Round the dim camp . . .

 Sharp-headed serpents, made of light,
 Glided and hid themselves in night.

Hugh's "paen" to his tent is less distinguished as a single lyric than Ion's two songs, which may explain why Crawford did not publish it separately in the Telegram along with "Said the Canoe", "The Dark Stag", and "The Lily Bed". It does contain, however, images and motifs of significance to "Narrative II" as a whole: the "dim, dim coil of mist" from the campfire which resembles the serpents of light in the "dim camp" in "The Canoe"; the tree battle of "strong, leafy giants"; the "Walpurgian dream"; the dying stag that gives Hugh's tent a wound; the "linen lintel" that recalls the graveclothes-tent of an earlier passage; the fish (made by the silver creek from snared "sun flashes") that are slaughtered and hanging, like the ones in "The Canoe", "on crook'd sticks displum'd of leaves"; and the connection of "paen" itself with Apollo.

During Hugh's song and the framing description of the two

men in the darkness drawing close to the red camp fire, there is a diminuendo in the poem's emotional intensity in preparation for the third large area of debate--the building of a Utopian new community. The third phase translates the general opposition of hope and despair, dawn and darkness from the contemplative to the active and ethical field. We encounter again the split between soul and body or ideal and actual city. We observe the dualist's consequent repudiation of Athens because human perversity is constantly threatening to turn it into Babylon.

The possibility of a new redeemed society is of more than theoretical interest to the North American writer, as General Booth's letter is sufficient to show. Crawford would no doubt be familiar with sentiments such as these preserved in Dewart's preface to the first Canadian anthology: "we have the inspiring spectacle of a great country, in her youthful might, girding herself for a race for an honorable place among the nations of the world."⁹ Crawford herself had ample opportunity to observe this spectacle. Her family came to Paisley the year after it was surveyed. The Crawfords' moves from Paisley to Lakefield to Peterborough to Toronto brought her in successive stages from the pioneer settlement to the older, larger centre in a speeded-up experience of historical process. In view of Crawford's well-developed historic (not to say geologic) sense, we would expect her to view with some irony the notion that, by wiping out its past and starting again, a society can become exempt from the effects of the fall. The idea that the ideal, unfallen society can actually be

built is, in fact, as much a product of dualism as Ion's view that the world is God-forsaken and intractably corrupt. Ion says that his despair is "cold and lean and logic-full, / Seasons her rue with reason--from the past / Builds up the dreadful future" (ll. 415-7). But Hugh's optimism is strong, not because he naively thinks he can find in actuality a pre-lapsarian commonwealth, but because, having acknowledged crime, war, and the cycles of creation and destruction, he can go on and build, using as a guide the model of a society based on love.

Hugh's response to Ion is, in effect, that history is not Satanic, but providential and divine. Here follows the passage on tribulation that is equivalent to the one in "Malcolm's Katie" beginning, "Who curseth sorrow knows her not at all":

"And thus," said Hugh, "it holds
 Round our rude star--from hurricanes slip up
 Sleek calms, and healthier airs--and hideous slimes
 Labour with lilies--to God's moulding place
 Is full of riot, roar of furnaces,
 Glaring of metal, running in fierce tides,
 Smoke, violence, and strife--but ever tends
 The storm to music, and the strife to peace."

"Hope is Pythia to the God I know
 Utters His will; and looks along His Hand
 Stretch'd thro' the coming ages shaping them."
 (ll: 760-7, 774-6)

This section of the poem ends with Hugh able at last to articulate the true basis of his hope. His answer to Despair's demand for logic and proof is Love:

"Proof, proof!" said Hugh, "nay, work the problem out
 Alone; nor waste your toil on it unless
 You feel at times the passionate, plain pang
 Of adoration painning all your soul"

And hear; 'Tis well to worship! from her lips.
Then seek my God, and you shall find His Hope."
(ll. 791-6)

"Narrative II" shows Hugh and Ion to be the doppelganger questing figures suggested in Livesay's title, "The Hunters Twain". Their histories are similar: both encounter a false, falcon love, suffer from despair, and flee into the wilderness for self-healing. The debate between Hugh and Ion seems to externalize a struggle within Hugh. Indeed, the last fragment of the poem is Hugh's midnight vision in which the reptiles of despair threaten from within. The granite cliff he clings to is the one symbolizing Ion's perspective on life: "He clung against the blackness of a cliff/ With bat-sharp nails, and felt against his lips/The awful granite that he could not see" (ll. 805-7). The poem, as we have it, ends with the image of two interlocked stags, like the interlocked branches in Hugh's tent song:

And with white branches lock'd they strove and reel'd
And crash'd to death together--Then there fell . . .

This seems like some conquest over duality, darkness, or self-blinding, some version of Gethsemane from which Hugh would return with a clearer understanding of his chosen role as "saviour of [men's] flesh" (l. 298).

Although the poem breaks off suddenly, we can see the intended final shape of the parallel Christian, Greek, and solar myths of the poem. Hugh, possibly after some act of sacrificial love, will return to the city of Barabbas-worshippers--"like a net/His heart cast out at men to draw them up/From swarming city shallows"

(ll. 557-9). Ion, redeemed by Hugh, will overcome his dualism, be recognized as the true heir of Apollo, and undertake his responsibility as "King of Athens". The sun, as Livesay suggests, will return in the "Dawn of Day 2". We might expect, however, in keeping with the endings of "The Dark Stag", "The Lily Bed", and "The Canoe", that the final consolation of "Narrative II" would be more tentative than the endings of "Malcolm's Katie" or the prose romances. If I am right that "The Canoe" is an embryo version of "Narrative II", then it is instructive to note what this lyric does with its similar images of the canoe, serpent light from the camp-fire coiling through the dim camp, the hunters' songs "Loud of the chase and low of love", love as a sacrificial fish and deer, fish as a bright solar weapon, and the "dead stag stout and lusty" (compare the "stout and lusty stag" in the last line of "The Dark Stag"). The image of the slaughtered fish as swords of light or scimitars brings together weapon and victim in preparation for their reconciliation by Love: "O Love! art thou a silver fish?" Within the camp itself, a fragile human order is achieved in the songs of love and hunting and, in the interpenetration of creation and destruction, light and dark, "rushing arrows" of death and "thongs/ woven of roses, stars and songs", while outside press strange dark shapes:

* The best analysis of this poem, as well as of "The Dark Stag" and "The Lily Bed", is Frank Bessai's "The Ambivalence of Love in the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford" in Queen's Quarterly, LXXVII (Autumn 1970), 404-18. See also John Over's "Isabella Valancy Crawford: 'The Canoe'", Canadian Literature, XXXIV (Autumn 1967), 54-62.

The darkness built its wigwam walls
 Close round the camp, and at its curtain
 Pressed shapes, thin, woven and uncertain,
 As white locks of tall waterfalls.

"The Canoe" and "Narrative II" of which it seems a part are the final work of a writer committed from the first to the development of a large structural myth. There is continuity from the early "A Battle" and "An Interregnum" to "Narrative II" and "Gisli" as well as development and increasing daring in her use of myth.

Crawford is willing to push myth to the ultimate limits of its implication and meaning. James Reaney has compared Roberts's timid poem about the flaying of Marsyas with Crawford's possible handling of the same myth: "She would get at the other dimension lurking in the ritual origin of the myth in which Marsyas can only be renewed by singing and rivaling and sloughing off his old skin to joyfully grow a new one, even become Apollo" (C.P., pp. xxi-xxii). In the poem of this sort that Crawford actually wrote, Apollo is called Gisli; in other works, she scrapes down to hidden levels of meaning in such myths as the four winds or the mistletoe on the oak tree or the diamond in the lotus. From the beginning, she is integrating disparate myths in her development of a monomyth inclusive enough and mature enough to comprehend human themes of despair and hope, violence and love. Crawford distinguishes apparent contraries but moves toward their reconciliation in love. In "Narrative II", it seems likely that the debate was to have been resolved when Hugh, through some act of sacrificial love, possibly including his own death, would redeem Ion, who would then carry on the vision as

a disciple. Among other things, Hugh represents spirit or heart. Ion, by virtue of the associations with his Greek name, represents intellect. "Narrative 1" as the culmination of Crawford's vision, moves toward the integration of heart and intellect, Christian and Greek, and the rejoining of the split fragments of the human psyche.

NOTES TO CHAPTER ONE

¹ Elsie M. Pomeroy, "Isabella Valancy Crawford", Canadian Poetry Magazine, VII (June 1944), 36. The original letter is in the Library of Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick.

² Information kindly provided by Dorothy Livesay, Victoria, B.C.

³ (Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, 1916), p. 34.

⁴ Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto: Ryerson, 1923), p. 3.

⁵ Charles G.D. Roberts and Arthur L. Turnell, eds., A Standard Dictionary of Canadian Biography: Canadian Who Was Who (Toronto: Trans-Canada Press, 1938), 11, 173.

⁶ A Handbook of Canadian Literature (Ottawa: Graphic, 1930), p. 100.

⁷ Dalhousie Review, LII (Autumn 1972), 391. Mary Martin's article is the most complete and accurate biography published to date. Dorothy Livesay is writing a biography soon to be published in the Canadian Dictionary of Biography. Penny Petrone, Lakehead University, is presently engaged in biographical research for her doctoral dissertation on Crawford.

⁸ Martin, p. 391.

⁹ Letter kindly provided by Mr. Eric Parker. His research provided the information appearing on the plaque that the Archaeological and Historic Sites Board erected in Paisley in 1974 to honour Crawford.

¹⁰ Miss Nettie Scott is a retired librarian in Paisley who knew the Mrs. Macdonald mentioned in Annie Sutherland's article as a friend of Crawford's.

¹¹ Hale, "Biographical", Isabella Valancy Crawford, p. 3.

¹² Ed. E.S. Dunlop (2nd ed.; Montreal: Gazette Printing Co., 1902), p. 283.

¹³ Martin, pp. 392-393.

¹⁴ E.S. Dunlop, p. 142.

- ¹⁵ Toronto: Coles Canadian Collection, 1972), p. 67.
- ¹⁶ Ibid., p. 68.
- ¹⁷ Ibid.
- ¹⁸ Ibid., pp. 69-70.
- ¹⁹ J.W. Garvin, ed., The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto: William Briggs, 1905); reprinted in facsimile with an introduction by James Reaney (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1972). Further references to this work will use the abbreviation C.P.
- ²⁰ The Canadian Settler's Guide (1855), intro. Clara Thomas (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969), p. 204.
- ²¹ "The Strategy of Culture", Changing Concepts of Time (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1952), p. 14.
- ²² (New York: Macmillan, 1938), p. 246.
- ²³ A Dictionary of Symbols, trans. Jack Sage (New York: Philosophical Library, 1962), p. 185.
- ²⁴ Harold Innis, "Paper and the Printing Press", Empire and Communications (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1950), p. 202.
- ²⁵ Introduction to Mark Hurdleston: The Gold Worshipper (London, 1853), p. xvi.
- ²⁶ E.M. Pomeroy, Sir Charles G.D. Roberts: A Biography (Toronto: Ryerson, 1943), p. 53.
- ²⁷ "The Press; a neglected factor in the economic history of the twentieth century", Changing Concepts, pp. 77-109.
- ²⁸ Golden Multitudes: The Story of Best Sellers in the United States (New York: Macmillan, 1947), p. 86.
- ²⁹ Ibid., pp. 105-107.
- ³⁰ "Strategy of Culture", p. 6.
- ³¹ Charles M. Harvey, "The Dime Novel in American Life", Atlantic Monthly, C (July 1907), 41.
- ³² (M.A. dissertation, University of Illinois, 1937), p. 27.
- ³³ "Literary Taste in Central Canada During the Late Nineteenth Century", Canadian Historical Review, XXI (Sept. 1950), 242.

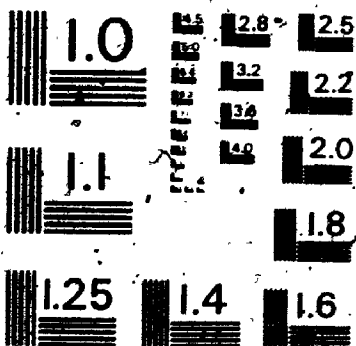
- 34 Roberts, p. 50.
- 35 "Biographical", p. 101.
- 36 "Isabella Valancy Crawford", ed. W.P. Percival (Toronto: Ryerson, 1948), p. 67.
- 37 In a conversation in Paisley, October 1974.
- 38 E.J. Hathaway, "Isabella Valancy Crawford", Canadian Magazine, V (Oct. 1895), 570.
- 39 William Dow Lighthall, Songs of the Great Dominion (London: Walter Scott, 1889; Toronto: Coles Facsimile Edition, 1971), p. 450.
- 40 Hale, "Biographical", p. 12.
- 41 "Isabella Valancy Crawford", Peterborough, Land of Shining Waters (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1967), p. 379.
- 42 Edward S. Caswell (Toronto: William Briggs, 1902) p. 14. The revised edition of 1919 and 1925 replaces the painting with the photograph used by Garvin in 1905.
- 43 S. Francis Harrison, Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-lis (Toronto: Hart and Co., 1891).
- 44 Hale, p. 15.
- 45 ibid., p. 113.
- 46 (June 21, 1884) A facsimile of this letter is printed in Garvin's Collected Poems, pp. 5-7.
- 47 Songs, p. xxvii.
- 48 "Biographical", p. 1.
- 49 Songs, p. xxvi.
- 50 Canadian Singers and Their Songs (rev. 2nd ed.; Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1925), p. 231.
- 51 "Biographical", p. 1.
- 52 ibid., p. 12.
- 53 ibid., p. 14.
- 54 ibid.

- 55 Introduction, Collected Poems, p. xix.
- 56 Canadian Crusoes: A Tale of the Rice Lake Plains (London: 1852; Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1923).
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- 58 Klinck, Carl F. ed., William 'Tiger' Dunlop: 'Blackwoodian Backwoodsman' (Toronto: Ryerson, 1958), p. 96.
- 59 Canadian Crusoes, p. 128.
- 60 Francis Parkman, Lasalle and the Discovery of the Great West, Ch. XVI (1869), foreword John A. Hawgood (Toronto: Signet, 1963), p. 172.
- 61 Roughing It in the Bush (London, 1852), ed. Carl F. Klinck (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1962), p. 221.
- 62 (Philadelphia, 1864), p. 32.
- 63 Moodie, p. 153.
- 64 "English-Canadian Literature", Cambridge History of English Literature, XIV (1933), 349.
- 65 "Crawford, Carman and Scott"; in Carl F. Klinck, ed., The Literary History of Canada (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965), p. 408.
- 66 Legends of Angria: Compiled from the Early Writings of Charlotte Brontë, with the collaboration of William Clyde Devane (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1933), p. xxxvii.
- 67 Creative Writing in Canada (2nd ed., rev.; Toronto: Ryerson, 1961), p. 69.
- 68 Canadian Magazine, p. 571.
- 69 "Biographical", pp. 7-8.
- 70 Angria, pp. xx-xxii.
- 71 Hale, "Biographical", p. 13.
- 72 Ibid., p. 12.

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almost that now."

"Behold!" said the Spirit, triumphantly. There was a sharp light explosion, vibrating like elfin music along the crystal walls of the Palm house, an agitation of the whole monstrous bud, and the greenish sheath burst, and let out the glorious mystery of petals and a piercing flood of leaping fire. Anna Marsdale gave a shrill cry and almost dropped her silver lamp as she sprang erect, pointing breathless and panting to the dusky mat of the huge leaves on which the opened bud reposed.

From the unsealed lips of the blossom had rolled a star, a flame, a fire, that blazed in unspeakable glory from the dull and raft-like leaf. "Lo, the Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas", said the Spirit. "I have kept my word."

Miss Marsdale was pale as the moon rolling overhead. She lifted her hand solemnly, her face, her radiant eyes upwards.

"Oh, thank God!" she said, "it is the lost St. Dalmas Diamond; and it is I who am to restore it to its ruined owner. Aunt, I never saw Uncle Lightburn's friend, but how I have compassionated his blighted life none can ever tell."

She smiled, the lovely tears running down her face, the diamond in her palm.

Whirled like a leaf in a strong wind by a sudden impulse, George St. Dalmas, forgetting that he was a mere impalpable shadow, rushed forward to cast himself on his knees before her, to kiss her hand, her dress, in gratitude for the lovely pity in her voice and eyes, when suddenly, piercingly jubilantly the Christmas bells sang out across the land like the voices of strong and joyous seraphs.

He felt a shock like a terrible stroke of electricity. Anna's lovely figure, the diamonds, the plumed palms, faded into heavy wreaths like undulating vapor and then all was blank.

George St. Dalmas awoke, the jangle of bells in his ears, his bones aching, his brain reeling from the excitement of his vivid dream. The room was full of sunlight, Lightburn's jar undisturbed on the slab, the revolver, unloaded as usual, on the floor under the table. On the board the banquet arranged for him by the Hawk and Merry Miss, who, however, had vanished.

"And so it was all a brandy-born dream", he said with a half groan, half laugh as he gathered his senses together, "the dear Anna, the genii of the jar and all; and it's simply Christmas morning and my assets are--fifty cents and a skinful of aching bones. Hullo!"

¹⁸ See, for example, John Fiske, The Miscellaneous Writings, Vol. V: Myths and Myth-Makers: Old Tales and Superstitions Interpreted by Comparative Mythology, 1872 (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, 1902), pp. 31-34, pp. 150-154.

¹⁹ (London: Longmans, Green, 1870), I, 55.

²⁰ A Study in Magic and Religion (Abridged ed.; London: Macmillan, 1922; 1971), p. 509.

²¹ Ibid., p. 511.

²² Oeuvres Complètes (Paris, 1945), p. 365, quoted in ed. Alan S. Dower, English Institute Essays (New York: Columbia University Press, 1952), p. 179.

²³ Fiske, p. 160.

²⁴ The Tales and Traditions of our Northern Ancestors, ed. A.S.W. Anson (London: W. Swan Sonnenschein, 1880; 1884), p. 73.

²⁵ New System, or an Analysis of Ancient Mythology (London, 1774), I, 305.

²⁶ Cox, I, vi-vii.

²⁷ (London: Herbert Jenkins, 1965), p. 18.

²⁸ Frazer, p. 870.

²⁹ See The Saga of Gisli, trans. George Johnston, with notes and an essay on the Saga of Gisli by Peter Foote (Toronto: University of Toronto Press; London: J.M. Dent, 1963).

³⁰ As Illustrative of Slavonic Mythology and Russian Social Life, 1872 (New York: Haskell House, 1970).

³¹ Cox, II, 22.

³² Cox, I, 276.

³³ The Story of the Volsungs and the Niblungs (New York: Collier Books, 1962), p. 32.

³⁴ Cox, I, 60-1.

³⁵ (Edinburgh: Edmunston and Douglas, 1862), p. 90.

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- ¹"Isabella Valancy Crawford: A Canadian Poet", Poet-Lore,
 - ²Kindly provided by Mrs. Margaret Tourney, London, Ontario.
 - ³Burpee, p. 576.
 - ⁴Mott, p. 54.
 - ⁵The Letters of Charles Dickens, 1851-70, selected Georgina Hogarth; ed. Laurence Hutton (London: James R. Osgood, McIlvane, 1892), p. 227.
 - ⁶(New York: Russell and Russell, 1962).
 - ⁷Frye, p. 53.
 - ⁸(London: Constable, 1921).
 - ⁹(London: Herbert Jenkins, 1965), pp. 296, 79.
 - ¹⁰Harry Levin, The Gates of Horn: A Study of Five French Realists (New York: Oxford University Press, 1963), p. 47.
 - ¹¹John Forster, The Life of Charles Dickens, ed. and annotated by J.W.T. Ley (London: Cecil Palmer, 1928), p. 512.
 - ¹²Ibid.
 - ¹³Charles Dickens: A Critical Study (London: Blackie and Son, 1898; 1926), pp. 40, 51.
 - ¹⁴Forster, p. 316.
 - ¹⁵A Natural Perspective, pp. 123-124.
 - ¹⁶"Superwoman Drawn and Quartered: The Early Forms of She", Alphabet, X (July 1965), 79.
 - ¹⁷Anatomy of Criticism (New York: Atheneum, 1957; 1966), p. 138.
 - ¹⁸Booth, p. 24.

¹⁹ Vita Nuova, p. 6.

²⁰ A Study in Dante (London: Faber, 1943), p. 125.

²¹ Petrone; JCF, 169.

²² Ibid., 173.

²³ Ibid., 169.

²⁴ Count Goblet D' Alyiella, The Migration of Symbols (1894), intro. George Birdwood (New York: Burt Franklin, 1972), pp. 28-9.

NOTES TO CHAPTER FOUR

¹ "Wild Poets I've Known: Charles G.D. Roberts", Saturday Night (Apr. 11, 1942), p. 25.

² Canadian Magazine, p. 571.

³ Poetry in Canada: The First Three Steps (Toronto: Ryerson, 1958), pp. 54-55.

⁴ Creative Writing in Canada, p. 69.

⁵ "The Canadian Girl: An Appreciative Medley", Canadian Magazine, I (May 1893), 190.

⁶ Lighthall, p. xxxiv.

⁷ Appraisals of Canadian Literature (Toronto: Macmillan, 1926), p. 117.

⁸ Canadian Magazine, p. 571.

⁹ Lighthall, p. xxiii.

¹⁰ Mott, p. 107.

¹¹ "Shawondasee", Algic Researches, II, 214-215, as quoted in Schoolcraft-Longfellow-Hiawatha, ed., Chase and Stella Osborn (Lancaster, Pa.: Jaques Cattell, 1942), p. 122.

¹² (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1971), p. 63.

¹³ (London, 1821; Toronto: Coles Facsimile edition, 1970), p. 231.

¹⁴ Settler's Guide, pp. 231-233.

- ¹⁵ Geikie, p. 104.
- ¹⁶ Victorian People and Ideas (New York: Norton, 1973), pp. 99-100.
- ¹⁷ (Toronto: Musson, 1925), p. 36.
- ¹⁸ "English Canadian Literature", in Adam Shortt and Arthur G. Doughty, eds., Canada and Its Provinces, Vol XII: The Dominion: Missions, Arts and Letters, Pt. II (Toronto: Glasgow, Brook, 1914), 586.

NOTES TO CHAPTER FIVE

- ¹ Hundreds and Thousands: The Journals of Emily Carr (Toronto: Clarke, Irwin, 1966), p. 42.
- ² (2nd. ed. rev. New York: Henry Holt, 1876), p. 122.
- ³ Ibid., pp. 122-123.
- ⁴ Livesay, pp. 122-3.
- ⁵ Ibid., p. 94-5.
- ⁶ Ibid., p. 81.
- ⁷ (New York: Viking Press, 1959), p. 287.
- ⁸ Livesay, pp. 84, 88.
- ⁹ Selections from Canadian Poets (Montreal: Lovell, 1864), p. xix.

APPENDIX A

THE LOST DIAMOND OF ST. DALMAS.

My dear St. Dalmas,

A line in a hurry concerning accompanying jar. We dragged it up during our deep sea researches in latitude--longitude--. Owing to a superstitious feeling on the part of our Arab crew I am forced to hurry it away without examination. Pray bring your enthusiasm in mysteries to bear on it, and let me know the results on my return. I may claim, without vanity, that our expedition will add a new star to the crown of Science. I hardly regret that your legacy of ancient mortgages has at length forced you to surrender the "Chateau" as now there exists no tie which can prevent you becoming one of us. Will write at greater length by next mail. Yours as ever, J. Lightburn.

The accompanying jar stood on a marble slab which caught the full Western light as it streamed through a narrow window of a shabby room in New York--the home of the last of St. Dalmas. A chair, books, retorts, microscopes, an escritoire were its contents. A fine, flushed hazy light descended in an ample shaft through the window, falling on the jar like drapery shaken over it by some ghostly hand to conceal it. It was an ordinary Arabic water jar of that conservative form which has descended from the first Oriental potter to him who now burns his rude earthenware beside the Nile. Ocean deposits had cloaked it until it resembled a hideous and deformed gourd, but some violence had removed a part of this accidental covering and a small portion of the true vessel was visible, a dull-colored, but close-grained and firm specimen of ancient pottery.

With the method of a scientist George St. Dalmas pencilled a few notes of its external appearance, to which he appended a slight sketch of its bizarre outlines. He then set himself to the task of displacing the deposits enveloping it, and as the last fragments fell to the floor the clock struck nine. Again he studied the jar closely. Its narrow mouth was closed with some metal resembling lead, and bearing the impress of a heavy seal. "Probably the hoard of some Arabic miser lost in shipwreck", he thought. "No doubt Lightburn's Oriental fellows were in an awful funk when this came over the side of the 'Sea Searcher'--thought it contained one of King Solomon's bottled Genii--an impish Jonah to be got rid of as soon as possible. I'll take a whiff before I let the lad out of his captivity, tobacco is a capital exorcist, even of that terrible vampire

of our civilization, Hunger."

Mr. St. Dalmas's face was sharp, disdainful, with brilliant piercing hazel eyes, and a haughty hopelessness and despair sitting darkly on it. Poverty and he were comrades, from the days when the first mortgage his spendthrift father incurred clung like a vampire bat to the lace curtains of his heir's crib and on through the period when mortgages ripened on the fine old walls, deadly apples of Sodom growth, through the day when penniless and forlorn the last of the St. Dalmas left the venerable gates, and the Chateau became the property of strangers. He had made a spirited fight against the skeleton gladiator, and was so far successful that he still existed, possessing a thorough knowledge of the different degrees and shadings of hunger, misery and depression. Profoundly immersed in scientific pursuits, and profoundly ignorant as to the methods of the science of living, all his efforts to plant his standard on the fort of fortune fell dead; he lived in terrible systems of Cul de Sacs, beat his breast against dead walls, and mistook marsh lights for beacon fires. That success meant a ruthless bayonet charge across the battlefield of life, with a sturdy egotistical shout of "clear the way!" never struck him. His princely way of moving unselfishly aside to let a weaker racer pass brought him disaster and no gratitude, and he bade fair to crumble out of existence before long in a state of semi-bewilderment and whole starvation. He was still young, so he yet felt grief as wrath not sorrow, and the blood burst passionately through his veins with the violence of this rage against fate as he flung aside his pipe, and resumed his examination of the mysterious jar.

His color rose, his eyes sparkled as he again set to work, this time with a lump of wax in which he carefully took a mold of the leaden seal. As he completed this process the clock in a neighboring church tower struck the half hour. By this time a remarkable change had taken place in his appearance. He was magnetized by his task. His face was very pale, the pupils of his eyes contracted, his hands cold, steady, scientific. With the aid of a microscope he re-examined the seal, taking brief notes as he did so. The last of these read as follows:

No doubt the jar is of extraordinary antiquity. The word impressed on the seal is illegible but the nature of the deposits on the jar lead me to place the date of its immersion in the ocean at fully two thousand years B.C. I am about to pursue the investigation to its third stage, and open the jar.

A few moments patient work and the seal stirred under his delicate chisel. Another tap or two would dislodge it. "Please, mister Sin Damus. Merry Miss an' me ain't had no vittles since yesterday. I ain't beggin', I'm-hintin' that's all." The inventor of this delicate method of soliciting aid peeped round the door with

a grin as broad as his hint. Had an explorer dug him out of his sarcophagus of dirt, he would have discovered an old man of nine aeons or years of partial famine, who led by the claw another sarcophagus of dirt containing a lean old woman of seven, learned in the lore of the gutters, whose lips were withered with hunger and hard with blasphemies, and whose round bleared eyes had a steady glare befitting a suckling of the wolf of great cities --Want.

At this moment Mr. St. Dalmas's blood was rushing, thundering through his veins. Overpowered by an agitation he could not account for, by the physical faintness of long fasting, he had risen and drained the last of the brandy he treasured jealously for emergencies; and it seized him as a fire does Pampas grass. As the Hawk looked round the door, he stood leaning on the back of the one delapidated chair, confounded and annoyed at the effect the too copious draught had had on him: his dark eyes blazed, his pale face was ivory dashed with fire, the floor seemed clouds shifting under his feet, the Hawk's voice was shrill sound almost unintelligible. "Hungry, you and Merry Miss", he repeated vaguely, "that's bad, God! how bad that is--and on Christmas Eve--there's money for you."

"Whar?" demanded the Hawk shrilly while Merry Miss curved her minute talon-like fingers, and fixed her round eyes on St. Dalmas--her instinct was to tear it out of his heart's core should it be hidden there.

"Fifty cents!" he muttered incoherently, "in the match safe, take it, it's the last."

The Hawk's heart was marble, his brow brass, he had no more compunctions than Caesar or Napoleon against entering into possession of another's goods, but on this occasion he shook his red head briskly.

"I won't come in; bet yer the drinks that thar feller don't like kids around. My! Ain't he toney fur a nigger! Say, Mr. Sin Damus, hand the nickles over yerself. I don't like that thar chap, I don't."

It seemed to St. Dalmas that the Hawk's hair moved like a dog's coat when the animal feels fear, that his eyes rounded and glazed, that his pinched face grew white and wet with sweat, that he also became honest for five seconds under some overwhelming terror. His voice reached the young man's dulled hearing like a voice in a dream.

"Say, Mr. Sin Damus, I don't want no nickles tonight. Me an' Merry Miss made a pile with our papers today so we'll clear now. I don't like that feller, nohow!"

Mr. St. Dalmas followed the Hawk's pointing finger. The room seemed full of shifting vapor to him, concentrated somewhat on the spot indicated.

"Shadows, that's all", he muttered, but the too-potent brandy made his tongue like lead.

"Shadder me eye!" retorted the Hawk whom no largesse could bribe to civility, not to speak of gratitude. "Say! I wouldn't be as full as you fur a gold eagle. Ye can't see a nigger, but ye'll be seein snakes afore mornin'! Say, Mr. Nigger, don't let him have no more tangle leg. Gosh! Ain't he full though! Yes! I'm skedaddlin', Nig, don't ye trouble to shov me out, darkey. I wouldn't stay nigh ye not fur nuthin'. I--I wouldn't--Ow-w-w-w!"

A sudden yell as of extremity of terror, and the Hawk and Merry Miss were gone, banging the door behind them. Mr. St. Dalmas was again alone.

The room felt oppressive in spite of its keen fireless chill. St. Dalmas was quite aware of the unexpected effect the unusual draught of brandy had had on him, and with a great effort forced himself to endeavor to cross the room and throw open the window. The keen air would dissipate the extraordinary darkness and powerlessness which seemed growing on him like some terrible spell, and--and--yes--there was Lightburn's jar to open--the geni of its secret to unloose. He laughed wildly at this grotesque idea, and groping mistily found, as he thought, the window and flung it open. The noise he made steadied him for a second and he saw that he had opened not the window but a small press in the wall--It contained but one object, and at this he stood staring with a fatuous smile. He put out his hand gropingly and took it up. "I'll finish opening Lightburn's jar", he muttered heavily, "and then--I'll put this against my temple, and--... What is it Hamlet says about escaping troubles that we have and fixing to others that we know not of'."

It was a small revolver, a relic of other days, finely mounted, and delicate and dainty as a blossom. He stood inertly holding it for full five minutes, quite forgetful of it, and then vaguely turned to reach his chair. Half way to it, he looked dreamily down, and saw the weapon again.

"How, How did I get hold of this?" he muttered, "I must have opened the wall cupboard, I'll--put it back."

He turned round as if lost in a haze.

"What a frightful headache I have", he muttered. "And--how the room reels. Good idea, by jove! I'll blow out my brains, and the pain with them. Afterwards I can open Lightburn's jar, when

my head clears."

With a wild laugh he placed the muzzle of the revolver against his left temple, and fired.

He suddenly divided into two parts--he, the point of life, remained standing in middle floor; his clay, the outer husk, fell with a dull crash into the student's chair beside the table. For a second he stood looking at the fine, relaxed form, the calm marble face of himself.

"By Jove!" he said, "I never dreamed of this. What made me do it? I suppose I am dead. Well, if this be death there is an immensity of life in it. A pleasant change in one sense. Mon ami, you had a hard life of it,--sleep well and dreamlessly."

With keen pity for his dead self, he laid his throbbing hand--how full of vigor; how tense with power it seemed to him!--on the short waves of hair on the fallen head of his clay.

"And yet I wish we had not parted just yet. Oh, my clay, I would thou wert mine again! Together we might have won back the Chateau, together we might have made the world a little the brighter, the better of our union in it."

"Thou shalt have the desire of thy heart!"

He had lost the capacity for astonishment, just as he had suddenly developed other attributes and sensibilities. He found himself imponderable, that his body followed the impulse of his mind as the body of a bird keeps with the wing. He was full of strength, fire and vitality. Awe, curiosity, joy electrified him; he knew that he stood behind the veil.

He saw distinctly all within the room, and clearly into illimitable space beyond. He saw now what the eyes of the Hawk had seen before, a grave and slender oriental, in white robes seamed and braided with calm and astral jewels, standing beside Lightburn's jar, the seal at his feet, and a pure and delicate aura floating round him, puffs of the same splendid and mysterious brilliance wreathing up from the open mouth of the vessel. A lofty look of joy and gratitude intensified his serene and majestic beauty.

"You were imprisoned in Lightburn's jar", said St. Dalmas, with certainty. Knowledge seemed simply to enter him from the atmosphere or medium in which he moved. "And I let you out--tight fit, was it not?"

An oriental smile of the eyes answered him; the released captive bowed until his brow with its band of jewels touched the floor.

"Three thousand years ago, I, a Spirit of Wisdom, was guilty of a folly which left me the servant of an earthly magician and son of Shaitan. I refused to obey his dark will, and he compelled me into yonder narrow prison and sealed it with a spell unspeakable. Thou art my deliverer."

"You have worn remarkably well, my dear fellow", said St. Dalmas cordially. "And so you are one of the genii we read of in the Arabian Nights--marvellous!"

"I am thy grateful slave", said the Spirit, "and tonight I will give thee a desire of thy soul. I will restore to thee the lost Diamond of St. Dalmas."

St. Dalmas laughed.

"What does a ghost want with a lump of pure carbon? It might have saved the heap of clay in the chair some anguish of mind and body, but as for me, my good fellow, let the diamond my grandmother lost fifty years ago rest undisturbed. I really have no use for it."

"Come", said the Spirit majestically, "it is my will. We will seek the lost diamond of St. Dalmas."

The room, the house, suddenly slipped smoke-like away. A dark and noble mass of buildings lay on a snowy hill beneath them, the Chateau of St. Dalmas. To the left lay the lights of New York like a woven tapestry of stars--to the right, snowy woods and hills, argent in the purple midnight.

.....

"He ain't used to tangleleg, he ain't, an' seein that the darkey's gone, we'll watch him a bit until he wakes. Don't yer touch him, Merry Miss--it ain't no good ter try an' waken a drunk. We'll jest set out a bite fur him ter chaw when he wakens up, fur there ain't no one good for us but him. Put out the vittles."

Minute and horrible phantoms of Christmas Eve, the Hawk and Merry Miss crawled about the room setting forth the feast for the friend they thought sleeping. A late gratitude had flowered shiveringly in the Hawk's weazened bosom at the spectacle of his benefactor under the influence of tangleleg, for surely the Hawk reasoned, Mr. St. Dalmas must be giving up the ship when he took to this fiery friend. He and Merry Miss would endeavor to solace him in his dejection, and this banquet was the result of the idea. A horrible circle of Bologna Sausage, like a moon in the smallpox, a biscuit, five walnuts and a tart, strong as a long residence beside

red herrings, musty cheese and lucifer matches in a grocery window could make it, set out the board. "It looks scrumptious", said the Hawk critically. "Now Merry Miss, you squat on the floor right here, an' while we watch him I'll tell yer of the chap that was hanged yesterday fur murderin' his aunt; his chum squealed on 'im, he did."

"Anyone squealed on me, I'd rip his heart out with them nails", said Merry Miss holding ten thread-like fingers up for inspection. "Gosh, don't bother about the hangin'--thar's the moon. Jest ain't she clean! I seen a clean gal once an' she looked like that, white an' bright."

"You never seed no clean gal!" said the Hawk. "Yer must allers be lyin."

"I did", hissed Merry Miss. "She was dead, an' Grannie Towzle washed her. I'd most die to be fixed up like her, I would. Why yer could see all of her face tor once, yer could. Gosh! the moon's ter'ble pretty! I guess she's stole away from God tor let us see her!"

She, the moon, sailed across the bleak attic window, in a majesty of glory such as Merry Miss had never seen before; and crouching on the floor the child followed the majestic vision until her eyes ached, closed, and she slept. The Hawk slumbered also, and like a carved image the form of George St. Dalmás rested in the full flood of white light, while in the ebony shadows at his feet slept the grimmer shadows of the city, infant want and infant crime, in the lean persons of Merry Miss and her brother.

Softly, pathetically, joyously, the Christmas bells shook out their song from spire and tower, and as they sang themselves into silence the Hawk rolled over on the floor in his sleep, clasped Mr. St. Dalmás's leg in his lean arms and muttered in his dreams, "Bully fur the Bells! He was good tor us an' they know it an' afe a tellin' it tor the crowd. Bully fur the Bells!"

.....

"The atmosphere seems full of electricity. Is it the stirring of life in this sealed bud that shakes the air? If it would only burst now how I should enjoy the sight."

She was a slim woman of twenty-five, picturesque in a sombre dress of velvet. A silver Pompeian lamp which she held above her head threw fine waves of light down her warm, coppery brown hair; and on her spirited face with its intent, laughing eyes and serious scarlet mouth, the eyes of Shakespeare's Rosalind, the delicate rose-bar lips of Longfellow's Puritan Maiden Priscilla.

It was the Palm House at the Chateau St. Dalmas and the young lady was the orphan peeress, Miss Marsdale, who had bought the estate when it came to the hammer. Her companion was her aunt and chaperon whose external attributes might be summed up in two words, dimples and diamonds. The rays of the lamp gilded here and there a graceful plume of a "fronded palm" but its faint, mellow light was concentrated on a large, round marble tank occupying the center of the circular crystal chamber. In this floated in dark majesty the gigantic leaves of a vast blossom of the aquatic lily tribe which had been brought by a former St. Dalmas from his wanderings and explorations in South America. It flowered rarely, and the great bud lay, a silver mystery, on the black greens of the huge leaves. Mrs. Frith put up her glasses and looked with disfavor at the plant. "Very superb indeed, Anna, but I prefer our more familiar flora. These foreign plants have an uncomfortable air of mystery, but still, it really is magnificent."

"Hearken!" said the Spirit to St. Dalmas. They hovered airily so close to the women that St. Dalmas could look straight into Miss Marsdale's sweet and laughing eyes, could lay his shadowy palm on her bare, round, white arm.

"Yes, and you know this plant has a very bad reputation indeed as a bringer of ill-luck", said Miss Marsdale laughing. "Pat, our new undergardener, told me the story this morning in his delicious Cork brogue: "Shure, Miss" said he, "that shly baste of a furrin blosshom is at the beginnin' an' the ind. of a soight ov throuble, so they insinse me, Miss. Ould Madame St. Dalmas, the grandmother of the young gentleman that the mortgages got the better of, come sailin' in to see it blow, fifty years ago, wid a fairy's fortin of a di'mond hangin' to a bit of a chain round her neck. Well, Miss, shure whin she wipt to her bed, the di'mond wor gone, an' there's thim as sez shure it wor that shly furrin baste of a blosshom that brought the ill luck to the family. Shure, they tell me, the mortgages grew loike piatties in a hill afther that, Miss. An, och, its little yez can expect from a plant that's only afther puttin' on the smole of a flower wanst in tin or twinty years."

Mrs. Frith laughed until her dimples and diamonds scintillated.

"I wish", said Anna Marsdale, with a little compassionate sigh, "we might find this lost treasure and restore it to its rightful owner. In our last mail from Uncle Lightburn he says he fears Mr. St. Dalmas is not prospering--poor fellow!"

"Anna", said Mrs. Frith, "bring your lamp closer. I think the sheath of the bud is about to burst."

"In honor of Christmas mornin'", said Anna gaily, "it is

almost that now."

"Behold!" said the Spirit, triumphantly. There was a sharp light explosion, vibrating like elfin music along the crystal walls of the Palm house, an agitation of the whole monstrous bud, and the greenish sheath burst, and let out the glorious mystery of petals and a piercing flood of leaping fire. Anna Marsdale gave a shrill cry and almost dropped her silver lamp as she sprang erect, pointing breathless and panting to the dusky mat of the huge leaves on which the opened bud reposed.

From the unsealed lips of the blossom had rolled a star, a flame, a fire, that blazed in unspeakable glory from the dull and raft-like leaf. "Lo, the Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas", said the Spirit. "I have kept my word."

Miss Marsdale was pale as the moon rolling overhead. She lifted her hand solemnly, her face, her radiant eyes upwards.

"Oh, thank God!" she said, "it is the lost St. Dalmas Diamond; and it is I who am to restore it to its ruined owner. Aunt, I never saw Uncle Lightburn's friend, but how I have compassionated his blighted life none can ever tell."

She smiled, the lovely tears running down her face, the diamond in her palm.

Whirled like a leaf in a strong wind by a sudden impulse, George St. Dalmas, forgetting that he was a mere impalpable shadow, rushed forward to cast himself on his knees before her, to kiss her hand, her dress, in gratitude for the lovely pity in her voice and eyes, when suddenly, piercingly jubilantly the Christmas bells sang out across the land like the voices of strong and joyous seraphs.

He felt a shock like a terrible stroke of electricity. Anna's lovely figure, the diamond, the plumed palms, faded into heavy wreaths like undulating vapor and then all was blank.

George St. Dalmas awoke, the jangle of bells in his ears, his bones aching, his brain reeling from the excitement of his vivid dream. The room was full of sunlight, Lightburn's jar undisturbed on the slab, the revolver, unloaded as usual, on the floor under the table. On the board the banquet arranged for him by the Hawk and Merry Miss, who, however, had vanished.

"And so it was all a brandy-born dream", he said with a half groan, half laugh as he gathered his senses together, "the dear Anna, the genii of the jar and all; and it's simply Christmas morning and my assets are--fifty cents and a skinful of aching bones. Hullo!"

"Come right down, yer wantin', the Hawk's a dyin'", panted the messenger. "A grand young lady were comin' to see you, Mr. Sin Damus, an' the Hawk he run a pin in one ov the 'osses legs ter see it prance an' he's all broke up, the big sleigh went kerswosh over him it did, an' he wants you, he does."

In a moment he was out in the keen air, on the squalid sidewalk.

The Hawk's head moved languidly from the shoulder of a richly dressed girl who knelt in the slush supporting him, and sought the refuge of his friend's breast.

"Death ain't nuthin", said the Hawk oracularly, in quite his old way. "Nuthin' es bad es bein' hungry. Mr. Sin Damus, you'll 'dopt Merry Miss, you and--her."

He followed the child's fading glance and saw the Anna of his strange dream, in the girl who knelt beside him on the pavement.

"Oh yes! my poor, poor child, yes!"

She took one of Merry Miss' dirty paws in her hand, and held it, weeping. "You take the other, Mr. Sin Damus."

He obeyed silently.

"I guess Merry Miss hes good p'int's", said the Hawk reflectively, "though I never could find none, I couldn't. My! ain't them bells bully! Kiss me, Mr. Sin Damus. Death--ain't--nuthin'. It's jest a great--light an--lots of--singin'--Death is."

He lifted his face from the dead one with the "great light" upon it, and looked at Miss Marsdale. Between them, the Hawk's legacy, stood Merry Miss, a hand in each of theirs.

Miss Marsdale looked at him gently, piercingly.

"She will come home with me", she said. "Come to the Chateau this evening, Mr. St. Dalmas. I have something to restore to you, and we can then arrange as to the future of--our ward."

George St. Dalmas never told his strange vision, until the following Christmas Eve when he and his wife stood in the Palm House together and he was certain of a sympathetic listener. They formed the theory that the lost diamond had fallen into the tank, become involved in the organism of the plant, and after half a century of darkness had burst into light from the opening blossom.

George's dream admitted of no accurate explanation, and they contented themselves with regarding it as a mysterious and beautiful archway through which both had passed to a new and lovely life.

APPENDIX B

"NARRATIVE II"

I

Without, the West drew flaming gates across
The grey, gaunt distance of the wintry street;
Low down were welded fast against the sky
Dull, purple bars that held the first, fine snow.
Lower, the old, unutterable pray'r 5
That glows in golden script behind the day
Stretch'd its still strength about the dark'n'ing world,
And as a cobweb delicately spun
Bare black thin boughs hung orb'd against the sky;
And in their subtle lacings seem'd to cling 10
Arachne-like, the round, full Evening Star.
Dark on near hills the primal forest heav'd.
Its haughty heart against the City's claws
That lengthen'd towards its ramparts day by day;
Dark on near sands the tideless waters stood 15
Meek with dun mist, moaning against wan wharves
Dying to dumbness, as the fierce young frost
Gaz'd on the shud'ring world, ere serpent-wise
He coil'd chill crystal folds about its breast.
On such an eve despair seems no strange growth, 20
But a chief vein that feeds the chilling heart,
With pausing billows stiff'ning as they burst,
And Hope an alien flame fall'n from the wick
Of a cold lamp that chills the failing hand.
Dust, sharp as spear points in the rising frost, 25
Whirl'd in keen simoons; and, sudden orbs
The base stars of the city lamps, leap'd up.

II

Where's speech in anguish? O she never throve
On the high swell of Sorrow's bursting heart.
Two groans are hers that give themselves to speech; 30
"God, God!" With this she wails Him up before
Her Bar of Desolation. Then "Why? Why?"

Bursts thro' her hollow'd graves and empty shrines...
 For who will fling the iron doors apart
 Where naked sorrow sits and free her shriek 35
 To beat in strength against the granite world?
 One caught the mutter of his cag'd despair
 And, passing, struck a light, lascivious palm
 Upon his arm, and serpent-like her glance
 Curv'd at him over plump and ruddy cheeks 40
 For she no draggled weed, but tense and hale
 Strong Flow'r of Vice, and foliag'd soberly
 In rich demureness of all sombre hues--
 A fine aesthetic motion of the mind
 To suit her colours to the tow'ring walls 45
 Of Churches, Churches pressing on her path
 And the grave grey-beards tott'ring in her wake.
 Behind the springing of her sudden look
 She solv'd swift problems on the problem, man.
 So laugh'd and pass'd, and looking at the gates 50
 He stood by; mutter'd, "Aye, he freezes now
 In some blast that burst some shard apart
 And let the half-blown, half-seen bud he lov'd
 Swing all its stinging poison on the air.
 Lord, what an interchange of wonderment 55
 There is when man finds ev'ry woman foul."
 She had the full, fell frankness of her kind
 Nor made a rose-ball of the saucy "No"
 She flung across her tea-cup at his heart.
 She had within the strong stone of her soul 60
 A little feeble seed of womanhood,
 That stir'd, and pitied when the blow went home.
 "Now, now," she said, "for comfort here's a tale.
 For some fell tyrant's freak, once was a man
 Condemn'd to crucifixion. In deep dark 65
 They laid his long, strong limbs upon a cross
 And bound his great thews to it with thin cords.
 Then said, "lie there, thou valiant fool, and die."
 And so he lay, and wither'd inch by inch,
 In the dense dark--nor mov'd a finger-tip. 70
 To test the ropes that bound him. Came a day,
 The sultan miss'd his beauty and his sword,
 And said, "If still he live, why, bring him forth."
 Then the grim gaoler flash'd a torch on him,
 And seeing he still liv'd, cried, "Up, and come-- 75
 The sultan needs thee." As the light stream'd wide
 He saw his cross--a shadow built of wings
 Of moth and butterfly, and wither'd limbs
 Of feeble rose-vines--and about him blaz'd
 The long, free halls that once had own'd him lord 80
 And nought had held him to his deadly cross;
 And Liberty had waited for one leap

Of his into wide arms--a Sultan's jest,
 With death its grim wit-sparkle. Come, my friend,
 Leap from thy phantom little cross of love, 85
 Burst on the world unshackl'd by thy dreams,
 My 'No' the torch to light thy freedom up.
 Love is the deep dense darkness of the soul
 Beaten by arms that passionately grope
 And catch the void. Away with Love, away!" 90
 "And give us up Barabbas" said the man,
 Looking to where the other lover lean'd
 A portly shoulder by a distant door;
 And cup in hand, laid all the little light
 Of dull and dreamy eyes--not on his love 95
 But on the phantom of the dead days "deal",
 On stocks and margins, "long" and "short" and all
 The licens'd weapons of the world's wild war
 Against large Plenty, when, all pitiful,
 She holds to Want the wealth of weighty sheaves. 100
 She laugh'd--the light, shrill laughter of her kind,
 The fell frank music of a hard, high soul
 That knows not Love, Lie, tenderness nor shame.
 "Barabbas was a robber. Lack-a-day!
 We of the golden tissues floating far 105
 And sandals jewel-lac'd--we need our thieves,
 Our Benedict Barabbas, who can steal.
 With such bland gestures, and wise brows bent down
 In plans financial, that the feeble folk
 Stand all at gaze in envy and delight. 110
 Yes--even while he plucks the crusts from lips
 Blue with their torture for it. Away with Love,
 Dark God of voids--and if his frame be knit
 Of any tissue tougher than a dream
 Crucify him--pierce him to death with doubt. 115
 Loose us Barabbas--we of the jewell'd coifs!"
 She sleek'd the pansy darkness of her robe
 With the pale pearl of a rose-lin'd palm
 And drove the rubied arrow thro' the dusk
 And stormy purple of the raven braid 120
 That built its blackness over falcon eyes
 Hooded by lashes like the fall of night
 Over sharp, shining waters. Then she smote
 Him in the heart with that keen, kindly smile
 (Sharp coup de grace for many a sturdy stag) 125
 Of wider wisdom. And she knew he knew
 Her soul was blind, and could not look on Love.
 "Blind, blind; so safe," she answer'd to the scorn
 That slowly rose against her in his gaze,
 "If there be pits, I pass them on a hair; 130
 If there be heights, they breed no whirling brain;

If Love bask like a serpent by my feet,
 If Love lie like a lion in my way,
 If Love lure like a lily to dark deeps,
 I see him not--so, blind and blessed pass!" 135
 "So creeps the slow-worm, blind and blessed thing,
 Not knowing heights nor depths, nor if it cling
 To the peak'd mountain lording all the land,
 Or to the leaf that rolls along the mire
 In Autumn's blast. But you, fierce falcon soul, 140
 You pluck the jewell'd hood across keen eyes
 And dash bold wings against the face of God
 Who loos'd you to the air--and cry 'Blind blind!
 Blame not the blind!', and when you plunge your beak
 In some strong quarry breasting up the sky 145
 You cry for pardon with that lying plaint
 'Blind, blind, blame not the blind!' O keen-wing'd curse,
 Blind by strong willing that you will not see!"
 She drew the golden glamour of a rose
 Across her eyes. "Hooded with Joys and blind 150
 To dreams and ghosts and phantoms of delight.
 Where is this Love? God! if he have his birth
 As Love--but watch him as he walks the world
 And see him at the end, stretch'd stark, and chang'd
 To Hate, and dead, with cold veins virus-fill'd. 155
 These wedded lovers--like twin seraphs clasp'd
 Within the arms of a meek, bright moon
 Whose light is honey dripping from clear cusps,
 Eternity is theirs--until Time rounds
 Some twenty fiery pathways round the world 160
 Lo, then the man--why, watch him stand at gaze
 At ev'ry budding girl that matches May,
 His wife the pale, wan priestess at a shrine
 Whose star has faded to a ball of dust
 Dead in dark space! O if Love be born 165
 Strangle the imp while yet the dimples stray
 Across full, baby cheeks--before he change
 And Woman weeds her dreams away and thro'
 Clear spaces sees the strong, smooth tiger, man.
 Tush, let him be--he's in the wonder-throe--" 170
 The sharp dust caught, and veil'd her, and she pass'd.

 III

The bitter eve grew vocal as he went.
 The infant city nursing on the breast
 Of unhewn woods--found virile voice to shout
 The cry of eighteen hundred years ago. 175

The Church towers roan'd it on their evening chime,
 "Loose us Barabbas! he will rear us high;
 Will lay his gold upon our organ pipes;
 Will beat his stolen silver in our bells;
 And stain our windows with the blood he robs,
 From the free Helot's heart. O Christ, O Christ!
 Thy robe is sordid and Thy palms are hard.
 Hang on thy cross! Loose us Barabbas, ye!
 And while Christ hangs, the thief shall build to Him."
 "Loose us Barabbas", all the busy marts
 Buzz'd with the cry, "for none but robber thews
 Can wrestle with fierce Fortune, now-a-days."
 Vice rear'd its supple, serpent head and hiss'd,
 "Loose us Barabbas--let our fellow free."
 Want, lean, lank giant, honest, hunger-blind,
 Stood groaning t'ween the cries, and questioning,
 Might not Barabbas be a newer Christ?
 With newer gospel fitter for the time.

IV

With the illimitable wilderness around
 From the close city hives rang up the groan,
 "So little space! we starve, we faint, we die!"
 Lord! Lord! to see the gaping city sewer
 Beaded with haggard heads--and hungry eyes
 Peering above the heaving of the drains
 And hear the harsh, unreasonable cry,
 "We starve! we starve!" while half a world lay fresh
 And teeming, out beyond the city gates!

V

Alas, for him who feels a Samson's soul
 Within the sinews of a medium mind
 And lays weak willing hands on lion jaws
 And clasps strong columns in a flaccid arm.
 One such there was--the Samson in him grew
 At sight of pillars bearing wrongs aloft
 On firm flint shoulders, and of lions crouch'd
 To guard grim evils, tott'ring on their staves.
 By the fierce, tender wonder of his mind
 That what man calls "a man" should choose to have
 The city ke[]els with his priceless bones,
 To lick the city dust with siccous tongue,

To raven at its flesh marts with fierce eyes, 215
 And feel the iron soles of rushing feet
 Crush his lean breast, trample his puny babes
 And bring the dark divorce of hunger pangs
 Between all life and him--while prairie breasts
 Mounded, all teeming with the milk of life, 220
 And forests shouted to his leaden ears
 Of food and shelter. He who pities man
 Has keener sword pricks on his tender breast
 Than the gaunt bosom of the victim bears,
 Aye, though the sword is hilt-deep in his heart. 225
 And he that sees the mountain reel and fall
 Has more of death than him that falls with it.
 For Hugh, the giant in him hurl'd the clay
 He groan'd in, blindly up against the rocks,
 And flung it on the level'd spears, and thrust 230
 It close against the furnaces, and played
 A thousand antics with the shade of earth
 It scorn'd, and lov'd and loath'd, and the poor ghost
 Of flesh and blood lay at the strong soul's feet
 Trembling to dust, and smitten with despair. 235
 Then, almost free, the soul had clearer light
 And lifting high the pale clay on its breast
 Mourn'd the young fury of its holy rage.
 And on its necessary brother blew
 The strong breath of its mouth, and sought to slip 240
 The vital fetter in its place again.
 "Up, up, thou weakling! wouldst thou lay thy palms
 Against a stubborn world, to hurl it fair
 Into a truer orbit--up, up and forge
 Strong sinews for the deed: I, fed of God, 245
 Grow lusty--feed thy fainting flesh beside
 His lowlier fountains running for thy lips--
 Weld strength with strength, so let us face the world.
 I err'd in hate of thee--arise--forgive!"
 So spake his soul, and pluck'd him from the town 250
 With its young walls and venerable sins.
 The smell of primal woods upon its air,
 The groans of Ancient Famine in its slums.

VI

There came an April day all tremulous
 And shaking like a ruddy reed between 255
 Two soft winds blowing at it with purs'd lips
 That drove its polish'd stem now into shade
 Now into sunshine. Then there came a night
 That bore between its dark still palms a cloud

Bright, in the sunset, as a yellow gourd. 260
 She bore it to the peak of midnight--there
 With thunder claps she burst its darken'd sides.
 And thro' warm blackness fell and bless'd spring balm
 Of rain upon the world. All thro' the night.
 Life loos'd the awful fountain of his heart, 265
 And earth grew tremulous with pulsing seeds
 And, leaping stems, and juices rushing up
 From her wide veins along the barren woods.
 And all the budding boughs in that short night
 Did dimple with small leaves a dew drop large. 270

VII

Hugh caught the dove of Spring between his palms,
 And unasham'd before his large-thew'd soul
 Drew her soft plumes against his worn breast
 And held her to his ear to coo her rune.
 Of deep green woods, and creeks and purple hills. 275
 "I'll plunge to drowning depth in leaf built waves,
 And let them wash me from this clanging world
 That shrieks with steam--where mostly men are merely ghosts
 That tend on iron tyrants--solid kings
 That turn and rend the dream-like flesh and blood 280
 That forms and serves them. I saw one monster take
 A serf that serv'd it, in its mighty maw
 And comb his sweating flesh sheer from his bones.
 With glitt'ring fangs. The leafy waves shall wash
 The roaring of the city from my ears 285
 And drive before their sibilant strong rush
 The weak despair that sickens all my soul
 Bores thro' my brittle bones, and nips apart
 The very sinews of my straining mind.
 Then will I come again when I am heal'd 290
 And shout such gospel of the woods and plains
 As, like the music of the lean Hindoo,
 Shall drag from sewers and drains and noisome holes
 The worm-like men who bore their abject way
 In pain and darkness thro' the city mire. 295
 Who crack their stiff'ning sinews for a crust
 And need an alms to screw their coffin lids.
 I'll have them out! a saviour of their flesh--
 Yes--even while they howl about the streets,
 'Loose us Barabbas--we will cheapen toil 300
 For him, and throne the robber on our necks.
 I'll have them out! God, knit my sinews up."

VIII

The primal savage in him shook his gyves
 And stirr'd great shoulders in his narrow cell
 And star'd with lusty looks about the earth 305
 And like a hawk peer'd up the very sky
 For quarry; and asham'd Hugh felt great throbs
 Wing his dull heels behind the scudding deer
 Beat at his wrists above the bending rod
 And leap from out his very breast along 310
 The keen, clear sky behind some dappl'd wing.
 What honey was the marrow of the food
 He chas'd and slew (and like a hunter God
 The fumes of little lives rose round his heart
 And strengthen'd it.) And from the very leaves 315
 Joy wrung strong wine into his weary soul.
 "Now see," he said to one that shar'd his tent,
 "How buxom Hope becomes with Dian's bow
 Laid on her shoulder, and her rosy foot
 Inlaid with dew from f[] and from flag. 320
 Come, grasp her hand, and stumble to your feet."
 "Nay" answer'd his plagu'd friend. "Hope built to brawn
 From venison and trout and oxygen
 Has so much clay knit in her throbbing flesh
 That clay will pluck her back to clay again. 325
 Could I clasp Hope, she should be all a god
 The Builder not the built, and move strong wings
 Wide as a world cleft into semi-spheres
 And have great arms to thrust malignant stars
 Back from her course along the universe 330
 And a broad foot to crush the serpent's head
 That lifts, and spits his poison in her face.
 Hope, less the Godhood--bury her for me!"
 "There cries a loon," said Hugh. "And all our tent
 Glows shiftingly; and on its canvas roof 335
 Dance the dark shadows of deep leaves above.
 Come, burst our linen lintels, and behold
 Hope swimming up the dawn upon the world!"
 "Strong with deer's flesh," laugh'd Ion, "and the curd
 Of tricky trout--stand you, my friend, at gaze. 340
 I'll build the fire, and brew the natant maid
 A draught to cheer the kernel of her heart.
 Hope, without breakfast, has a swooning trick."
 Dawn swam the east; against her breast the night
 Broke purple, and her curving arms beat back. 345
 The starry surf--she reach'd the shining shoals
 And slipp'd the crimson of her lusty foot
 On the firm ground; and from her breast and knee,
 Her opal shoulder, and the ruddy palms
 That smote the misty tresses from her eyes 350

Light fell, in half-heard music, on the earth.
 Naked, a second, on the shore she stood
 With all the innocent, small feather'd things
 Flying to touch the scarlet, lucid bars
 Of her stretch'd fingers, and against her knees 355
 Rubbed the soft-sides of shadowy deer, and high
 The squirrels chatter'd at her from rich boughs.
 Then warmer wound the blood wide in her veins.
 She mov'd an ardent palm, and drew the mists
 From lakes, and swamps and valleys; and their folds 360
 Spic'd with the cedar and the balsam--bright
 On their curl'd edges with a saffron dye--
 She upward drew along her rosy knees,
 Her ivory thighs, the silver of her breast.
 So veil'd and drap'd she waited for the Sun. 365
 "These mists are prophets of a torrid day,"
 Said Ion, wearily, "A fierce, red day
 Of zenith summer, shorting in sharp peals
 Of dry, short thunder, as a stallion snorts
 At gaze at midday on an arid plain, 370
 The herd afar. Wher'ere the fever'd palm
 Falls on him. leap an artery of fire.
 What see you in the Dawn--come, prophet, speak!"
 "I see dead night," said Hugh, "and tears that dry
 In aching eyes turned on the growing light." 375
 "But that dead night!" said Ion, "many slaves
 Died at his burial; where may be their dawn?
 Stark at his feet they lie--their leaping hearts
 Dust on his sere cloths! Lo, for some the Dawn
 Is nam'd despair--and you--you call her Hope!" 380
 "Aye Hope," said Hugh, "and to her sturdy side
 And ruddy kirtle clings my flutt'ring soul.
 No Goddess she--but God's own very breath
 Shaped into one grave splendour of the East.
 Come, Ion, love her! Clasp strong palms with her." 385
 "Your Dawn," laughed Ion. "Oftentimes she bites
 The last nail in the gallows--and the wretch
 Wakes to the rope beneath her rosy palms.
 O God, your Hope! a smoke wreath of the soul.
 Despair a firm flint rock beneath the feet! 390
 Give me despair's strong certainty--I'll stand
 On that grim cliff, and dominate the world,
 Aye--use it tripod-wise, and sybil-like
 Look from it through the universe, and see
 The birth of ruins, and the horrid flames 395
 Of bursting worlds--the man who hopes and laughs
 Is nature's fool and wears her motley well.
 "Then am I grateful for my cap and bells,"
 Said Hugh, "and Nature's zany is her king!
 Shame, Ion, shame! You of the feeble folk, 400

Who lend their own weak knees and wav'ring spines
 To God, and chitter-chitter of despair,
 Of ruins and of chaos--nor have sheer strength
 To clamber up God's breast, and look abroad
 From thence across the universe, and see
 All His broad purpose." "An ultimate of calm,"
 Said Ion, "and a plain of stolid peace
 The world dew-pure--and stormy souls of men
 Tether'd with rose-boughs--the tiger's tawny paw
 Laid round the lamb for love--the lion's cub
 Cradl'd with babes. O mild millennial days
 Your round ey'd Hope may see their dulcet-dawn
 Strong with prime venison she, and tip-toe with
 Warm wealth of blood, and wine of kindness .
 Despair is cold and lean, and logic-full,
 Seasons her rue with reason--from the past
 Builds up the dreadful future--O God, your Hope
 Full-fed and prating peace from dimpling lips."
 "Aye so," said Hugh, "and mild millennial days
 When brawny Peace shall lie, fair and full stretch'd
 Upon charg'd gatlings, smiling in the sun,
 And ev'ry man shall sit beneath his vine,
 A snug torpedo buried by its roots
 To greet a foe with! So my round ey'd Hope
 Sees Peace in her best prime upon this world.
 Not on this shaping place of souls broods Peace
 Unarm'd--As in the horrible long crash
 Of falling mountains and conflicting seas
 God shapes His earth--so are the souls of men
 Caught from the secret spaces, in the war
 Of circumstances rudely moulded, and sped on
 Along eternity from sphere to sphere
 Polish'd in speeding. O this clanging world
 Is no snug nest for doves! My Hope, you see
 Faces eternities--Archangels hold
 Her torches high against the mysteries
 Their soaring wings still seek--and yet she smiles
 Into the daisy drying on the grave,
 And leaves the dewy jewel of her dawn
 Starr'd in its with'ring breast. Despair, Despair!
 Have I not seen that hooded spectre steal
 Among my many graves? have I not fought
 His misty arms? Where be your rounded graves
 That hold the seeds of sorrow? O patience yields
 To see you standing in the very sun
 And chanting lamentations! While neck deep
 The Many from a blackness reach at Hope."
 "I hope," said Ion, "faith, so keenly hope
 I see some half-hour hence the flashing trout
 Yet snug in yonder pool--yield mellowly

His rose-leaf flakes, and opal curds to us.
In the meanwhile I'll sing the Dawn I love.

A startl'd stag, the blue grey Night,
Leaps down beyond dark pines.
Behind, a length of yellow light;
The hunter's arrow shines.
His moccasins are stain'd with red
He bends upon his knee
From cov'ring peaks his shafts are sped
The blue mists plume his mighty head!
Well may the dark stag flee!

The pale moon like a snow-white doe
Bounds by his dappl'd flank;
They beat the stars down as they go
As wood-bells growing rank.
The winds lift dew-laps from the ground
Leap from dry shaking reeds
Their hoarse bays shake the cedars round
With keen cries on the trail they bound.
Swift, swift the dark stag speeds!

Roar the rent lakes, as thro' the waves
Their silver warriors plunge
As vaults from core of crystal caves
The vast, fierce maskelonge.
Red torches of the Sumagh glow
Fall's council fires are lit
The bittern, squaw-like scolds the air
The wild duck splashes loudly, where
The waving rice-spears knit.

Shaft after shaft the red Sun speeds--
Rent the stag's dappl'd side,
His breast to fangs of hoarse winds bleeds
He staggers on the tide.
He feels the hungry waves of space
Rush at him high and blue
The white spray smites his dusky face
Swifter the Sun's swift arrows race
And pierce his strong heart, through.

Away! his white doe far behind
Lies wounded on the plain
Yells at his flank the nimblest wind--
His large tears fall like rain
Like lily-pads small clouds grow white
About his darkling way;

From her, bald, nest upon the height
 The red-ey'd eagle sees his flight
 He falters--turns--the antler'd night
 The black stag stands at bay!

His feet are in the waves of space
 His antlers broad and dim;
 He lowers, and turns his velvet face
 To front the hunter Sun;
 He stamps the lilled clouds and high
 His branches fill the west--
 The lean stork sails across the sky--
 The shy loon shrieks to see him die
 The winds leap at his breast.

His antlers fall--once more he spurns
 The hoarse hounds of the day.
 His blood upon the crisp blue burns
 Reddens the mounting spray;
 His branches smite the wave--with cries
 The shrill winds pausing, flag.
 He sinks in space--red glow the skies,
 The brown earth crimson as he dies,
 The stout and lusty stag!

IX

Later they laid the silver birch canoe
 On the fresh tide--and paddl'd from the shore .
 "Hush, hush," said Hugh. "O paddle, noiseless slip
 Thro' velvet waters dusky, deep and still, 520
 As hearts of unblown flow'rs: and thou, canoe,
 Make smooth thy birchen sides, and like a beam
 That pushes night all noiselessly aside
 Part the still lake--Lo, all the little isles
 Seem at a mid-air, mystic anchorage 525
 Sky lav'd at granite plinth, and cedar crest
 As tho' a God stood doubting--holding them
 Between the wave and sky: 'And shall I pluck
 Them up to give my calm immortal lakes?
 Or shall I spare them yet a space to man?' 530
 Eastward the large, long shadows lie and gaze
 Into brown waters. Westward on gold feet
 The sultry light stands on the polish'd lakes
 And eyes the raven thunder cloud that flies
 With plumes all rent far down the curving wave. 535
 Ion, behold!--here lies the old moss'd crib,
 Knit to yon isle by weft of reaching vines,
 Frang'd with round lilies; and a bubble floats
 On the sleek wave--a little rainbow-world
 With isles and pines and lilies set in it! 540
 Cool, cool, the smooth brown shadows! lo, how quakes
 Yon lily in the deep core of the shade!

There drop the line--there lurks the spangl'd fin!"
 Said Ion, "we will bait the hook with Hope
 And with keen hope the trout will nibble it! 545
 And then to one--despair--to trout of man!"
 "The trout is welcome to the hope a trout
 Can nibble from the hook," Hugh laugh'd, "now draw
 The paddle in--like a swan's foot it shines
 And frights the fish: Against this fily' bed 550
 We'll lie--and silence gild our dangling bait."

X

Hugh's eyes held all the heritage of light,
 From Council fires that fac'd a thousand moons,
 And warm'd the tribal wisdom into life, 555
 From age to age--so lov'd he prairie crests
 And awful forests, and the might of hills,
 The surfs of quaking lakes--and like a net
 His heart cast out at men to draw them up
 From swarming city shallows--light the locks
 Of Saxon yellow fell on Saxon brows. 560
 And the stern honour of the Saxon stood
 Built of firm flint within his steadfast soul.
 With flames to leap against a trial touch
 Of cynic steel, and all his creeds and faith
 Had flinty feet, and iron in their veins. 565
 For Ion, ere the age of despair
 Shook his young soul, the hale and healthy pang,
 Fame-famine, nipp'd him, thro' the very mists of Death
 He saw, with eager vision, and beheld
 The white, strong swan-wings over Lethe's wave, 570
 And heard the mighty music of their sweep
 As down the dark they hurl'd--beheld the bird
 Seize from the dreamless terrors of the stream
 His name, his name! And upward from the mists
 Bear it, star-burning, to immortal fanes 575
 To blaze across all ages to all men--
 Nor knew the longest fame the longest death.
 Yet fame's keen pang is pulse of God that stirs
 In the strong soul that fain would help to mould
 A universe, or, like the Titan, leave 580
 An awful foot-print sunken in the rock,
 God-eloquent of Giants in the earth.
 He lov'd the wilds, Athenian-wise, so lov'd
 His little Athens more--his canvas best.
 His patient and impatient eyes beheld 585
 The leprosy of Nature, and her soul
 Of beauty hidden under twisted limbs
 And so his spirit at his canvas stood
 And painted spirit--never burst a vine
 Of spring beneath his brush, but men beheld 590

The grapes of Autumn on it, and foresaw
 The vintages, and felt the soft winds move
 Behind its leaves, and all its juices steal
 Luminous from the pulses of the God.

Then Love came troublous with his languid lutes
 And danc'd before Despair, whose canker'd feet
 Bled on Love's arm'd roses. And Ion flung

595

His canvas to the dust. And being young
 Built a large pompous guest-room on his heart
 For bleak Despair; and Love, well mask'd in weeds
 And prettily demure, with dimples danc'd

600

With ashes, and his arrows hidden in
 A cypress wreathed urn, play'd the page part
 To the grim guest, and waiting for his day
 Laugh'd in the darkness of the tyrant's shade.

605

And Ion wing'd his heels, and hurried far
 Into the wilds from his false falcon love.

"His cedar paddle scented red
 He thrust down thro' the lily bed.

Cloak'd in a golden pause he lay
 Lock'd in the arms of the bay.

Trembl'd alone his bark canoe
 As shocks of bursting lilies flew--

Thro' the still pulses of the tide,
 And smote the frail boat's silv'ry side.

Or when, beside the sedges thin
 Flash'd the sharp jewel of a fin.

Or when, a wizard swift and bold
 A dragonfly dash'd out in gold

And fire and flame, the wid'ning rings
 Of waters whisp'ring to his wings.

Or when, like wing'd and burning soul
 Dropp'd from the gloom an oriole

On the cool wave, as to the balm
 Of the Great Spirit's open palm

The freed soul flies! Soft silence clung
 To the still hours as tendrils hung,

In darkness carven, from the trees
 Sedge-buried to their burly knees.

Stillness sat in her lodge of leaves,
Clung golden shadows to its eaves,

And on its spicy floor like maize
Red-ripe fell sheaves of knotted rays.

The wood, a proud and crested brave,
Bead-bright, a maiden, stood the wave.

And he had told his tale of love
With voice of eagle and of dove.

Of loud, peak'd pines his tongue had made,
His lips soft blossoms of the shade.

That kiss'd her silver lips--hers cool
As lilies on his inmost pool.

(Till now he stood in triumph's rest
His image in her crystal breast.

One isle, tween blue and blue did melt
A bead of wampum from the belt

Of Manitou. A purple rise
On the far shore slipp'd up the skies.

His cedar paddle scented red
He drew up from the lily-bed.

All lily-lock'd, all lily-lock'd
The light bark on the blossoms rock'd.

Their cool lips round the sharp prow sang
Their soft palms to the pale sides sprang.

With breasts and lips they wove a bar--
Stole from her lodge the Ev'ning Star

With golden hand she grasp'd the mane
Of a cloud on the azure plain.

It by the con'd red sunset flew
Cool winds from its bright nostrils blew.

They sway'd the high dark trees and low
Swept the lock'd lilies to and fro.

With cedar paddle, scented red
He push'd out from the lily-bed!"

XI

Thus Ion sang, and rustl'ing thro' the rice
 They met the shining fingers of the moon 665
 Thrust thro' the woods to touch the shining lake:
 She lifted mellow lips to dying day
 And all her kisses quiver'd into stars.
 Then from the large rose of the lake leap'd up,
 A million little lillied mists that play'd 670
 And curl'd before the prow; like naiad hands
 Bore the birch bark in snowy palms, and hid
 The rice, the lilies, and the flashing wave.
 A camp-fire flar'd far on an ebon spear
 Of pine-black land that split the lake, and pale 675
 Their tent gleam'd in the light. And Hugh beheld
 And sang a paen to its canvas eaves.

"There stands my tent secure between
 Two pointed pines, twin guards of green.

My palace of mid-June delight!
 The canvas walls no longer white.

By smoke from camp-fires keenly kist
 Into a dim, dim coil of mist.

By past long summers, bronz'd as brown
 As cones from pine peaks shaken down.

Would I thy mellow walls exchange
 For snowy canvas fresh and strange?

Perish the thought! there's not a rent
 Or stain I'd spare from thee, my tent!

Lo, that long wound heal'd with a seam
 Thou had'st it in Walpurgian dream

Of branches bellowing thro' the night
 As when strong, leafy giants fight.

A smitten pine, his dying grip
 Laid on thee with faint finger tip--

And jagg'd thee sore--That russet stain
 The fire-kiss of a flaming plain!

That patch--t'is Victory's squalid flag
Against thee hurl'd the hounded stag--

Fangs at his throat--he reels! he falls!
His antlers in thy yielding walls.

Thy linen lintel bears a blot
I would not move a single jot.

On misty, mellow, murm'rous eves,
On crook'd sticks displum'd of leaves

Lung beneath thy trembling thatch,
The scaly treasures of my 'catch'!

The speckl'd sweetmeat of the stream--
The darling of the angler's dream.

The silver spirit of the creek
That leaps, a pale nymph, from the peak

Of woody hill, and on her way,
Snares such sun flashes, as she may;

And from the glitt'ring rays, small doubt
Evolves her jewell'd sprite, the trout!

Then later, simple ecstasy
That grew between my pipe and me.

Implention of serene content--
Joy to thy smoky walls, 'my tent!'"

XII

So sped the eve, and lying on pil'd spruce
Beside the red camp-fire, Hugh mus'd and plann'd;
And Ion smok'd, or sang his sorrow songs
That sounded merrily to say the least.
Thus Hugh, with eyes large on the ebon woods,
"A fine, full soil--free grants for every soul--
Pure water--timber--hills for little towns--
Shelter for cattle in the valley dips
I'll search no further--hither my colony
Shall tramp; here tent, and touch red Plenty's robe."
Thus Ion, "Yes--and yonder frowning isle
That burst the lake so furiously at birth,
The wave still hisses round it--there your jails

725

730

Can cage their birds--Oh, all fits well!
 Heights for your towns and temples--rugged rocks
 To hold your ready rogues, meek murderers, 735
 Your multi-marri'd, and the hory' heads
 That whiten'd Churches, while their hungry hands
 Pluck'd at the public placket--or betray'd
 The orphan's trust--Oh! all fits very well!
 Prepare the wilderness for crime--and man!" 740
 "Nay--man and crime," said Hugh. "Name man the first--
 He is the stronger--yield him all his rights."
 "O Optimist! O owl that thro' the pitch
 Of midnight gazes the clearest! And small doubt
 Sees the grim ruins gay to his round orbs!" 745
 Then Hugh, "Behold this bay--how firm the sweep
 Of the high headlands heav'd from its deep heart.
 Here wharves shall grow, and docks, and sails shall set
 To this large shelter--from the furious leaps
 Of yon unsalted sea." "True, true" said Ion, "true, 750
 And to their slimy lips shall steal at night
 Lost mothers with their bastards at their breasts--
 And stare a moment at the town behind,
 A moment at the stars--then make their choice
 Of filthy water. Spurn'd merrily by Fate 755
 The madmen of Despair shall leap from thence
 And rotting ships, brave in fresh paint, shall swing
 Loose from them to the wrecking. Thus it holds
 In my young, leafy Athens--thus it holds
 In Babylon." "And thus," said Hugh, "it holds 760
 Round our rude star--from hurricanes slip up
 Sleek calms, the healthier airs--and hideous slimes
 Labour with lilies--O God's moulding place
 Is full of riot, roar of furnaces,
 Glaring of metal, running in fierce tides 765
 Smoke, violence, and strife--but ever tends
 The storm to music, and the strife to peace
 Mayhap the music sounds dim aeons hence,
 Perchance the Peace shapes on immortal shores."
 "Hope is your creed," said Ion, "and you cling 770
 To rainbows, like the elves in picture books!
 You ride the moth, and clasp the trembling reed!"
 "Ion, I worship--sets my soul that way;
 And Hope is Pythia to the God I know
 Utters His will; and looks along His Hand 775
 Stretch'd thro' the Coming Ages shaping them.
 Shall I pass sentence and condemn myself
 To Present Hell, and consort with damn'd souls?
 Kiss future fiends? and touch the tender hand
 That yet shall glow in torment? bow before 780
 The sage, and see him, kernel-wise, set in
 Ripe flames? Nay, pledge my constant friend

And see, by faith, the wine kiss on his lips
 Already hot with Hell? Shall I behold
 The earth round out with dust by devils shed 785
 And dwarf tremendous Hope to that slight thing
 That from man's billions culls her, here and there,
 A soul she fancies? God is God and Hope
 His chiefest Prophet!" "Prove that!" said Ion,
 "I'll be your pupil then--yes, faith, I will". 790
 "Proof, proof!" said Hugh, "nay, work the problem out
 Alone; not waste your toil on it unless
 You feel at times the passionate plain pang
 Of adoration painting all your soul.
 And hear 'Tis well to worship!' from her lips. 795
 Then seek my God, and you shall find His Hope.
 In the mean-time, roll up that lusty log
 Astride the flames--the night grows pale and chill".

XIII

Hugh lay and dream'd, with movements of the feet
 And starting fingers; and with pricking ears 800
 Full of the crash of stags, thro' brush and fern
 And ripping of deep waves by dappl'd breasts
 And so his spirit struggl'd with the earth
 Then upward burst to the clear airs of sleep.

XIV

He clung against the blackness of a cliff 805
 With bat-sharp nails, and felt against his lips
 The awful granite that he could not see.
 Against his naked soles he felt a cloud,
 Rub its dark down as if an eagle pass'd.
 Thunder fill'd space: the Thunder Spirits roll'd 810
 Their balls in such hot sport, the roaring orbs
 Smote side to side--Then to the south some sped
 A riot of red arrows rushing down
 On the swift bird that ever flies before
 Their ruddy shafts yet never drops to them. 815
 Below him leap'd the thunders of the Lake;
 Against his breast, reverberant, the cliff
 Belch'd brittle echoes; Burst from ev'ry pass
 Responsive floods of sound, as to the Joy
 Of the wild thunders they lent their rocky throats: 820

Night! was this Night, or some space set apart
For lasting dark scorch'd with the lightning's blast.
His soul stood tip-toe for the groan of woods
For forests grow by sun, but stone and wave
Made all this world--and thunders all its voice. 825
Deep dawn of newer darkness fill'd the east
Till like a swamp-bred monster's hide, the sky
Grew wrinkl'd with them--and the lightning's shafts
Broke on their thicker blackness--wave on wave
He sprang as a brawny buck leaps upon his foe 830
That fights him for his mate, and rearing high
Grew lank against his stretching foe, and roar'd
And with white branches lock'd they strove and reel'd
And crash'd to death together--Then there fell 834

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Emma Naomi Crawford

"The garden sloped downward toward the lake. . . ." May 2, 1872.

"I will say that missus was just one of the crabbedest old things. . . ." 1872.

"The Major's Mistake".

"We began the business modestly".

Isabella Valancy Crawford

A Poems

"Angry Jack" and other cautionary poems for children.

"The Burgomeister's Well", "Farmer Downs Changes his Opinion", "Mary's Tryst", and "The Helot". Written on the back of a previously written draft of The Halton Boys.

"Her bright smile haunts me still". With musical setting.

"Lorne an' Louise".

"Malcolm's Katie". Fragments preserved because she has used the back of the manuscript for a draft of The Halton Boys.

"Today the Doge".

"Without the West drew flaming gates across. . . ." Catalogued as, "She had the full, fell frankness of her kind".

B Short Stories and Sketches

- "After a few weeks sojourn in that gayest of cities. . . ." Incomplete, 55 pp. Attributed by Margo Dunn to Sydney Scott Crawford. This story fills all but three pages of Stephen Walter's exercise book, in which he has written on page 2, "Make your letters all the same size, March 4, 1869, Lakefield, Smithtown"; and on page 3, "I believe the Penitentiary will be your early doom."
- "Aunt Dorry's Potporri". Incomplete, n.d., 7 pp.
- "A Bar of Sunset". Toronto, n.d., 13 l.
- "Dreams and Manifestations". July, 18, 1876, 2 pp. On the same leaf is "Mrs. Hay's Ghost".
- "The Golden Locket; or, The Story of a Nun". Incomplete, n.d., 24 l.
- "Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter". Incomplete, n.d., 4 l.
- "The Grasshopper Papers, No. One". n.d., 22 l.
- "Her Whole Life Long". Jan., 18, 1876, 62 pp.
- "Huldah's Arrow". Peterborough, May 13, 1873, 14 l.
- "In the Breast of a Maple". Returned by the Pictorial Times on January 31, 1887. 23 l.
- "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas". n.d., 32 l.
- "Pussie Corder". Chapter 2, n.d.
- "A Rose in His Grace". Incomplete, n.d., 6 l.
- "Ruby and Snow". Incomplete, n.d., 18 pp.
- "Some years after my Aunt's marriage. . . ." Incomplete, n.d., 31 l. Attributed by Margo Dunn to Sydney Scott Crawford.

C Fairy Tales

- "How the Nightingale and the Parrot Wooed the Rose". n.d., 16 l.
- "The Owl and the Elf". Peterborough, n.d., 18 l.
- "Prince Papillon, or the Charitable Violet". n.d., 11 l.

C Fairy Tales

"The Rival Roses". n.d., 10 l.

"The Rose and the Rainbow". n.d., 6 l.

"The Waterlily". Signed, "I.V.C., 18, North Douro", 21 l.

"Wava, the Fairy of the Shell". n.d., 22 l.

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