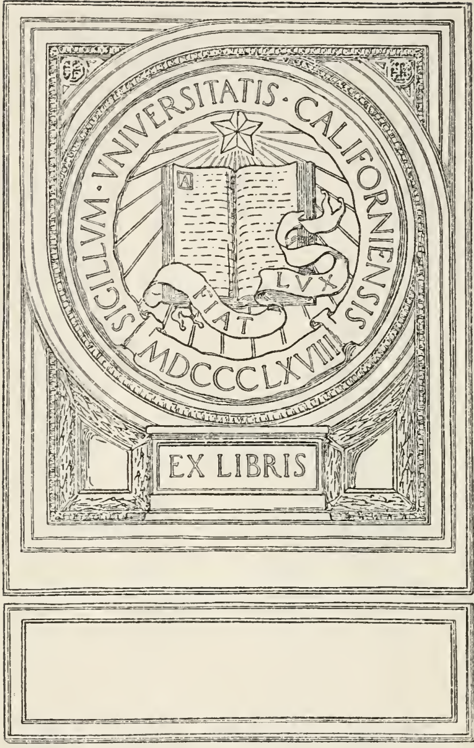
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Rudyard Kipling

AN ATTEMPT AT APPRECIATION

BY

G. F. MONKSHOOD

(W. J. CLARKE)

LONDON

GREENING & CO.

20, CECIL COURT, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

1899

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Dedicated

(WITH PERMISSION)

TO

THE HON. SIR AUCKLAND COLVIN

K.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

LATE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE

NORTH-WEST PROVINCES OF INDIA

AND CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF OUDH

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PREFACE

Mr. Kipling having been approached as to whether he would care to honour this book by a prefacial "note," has (after kindly reading through a special copy) written to the author a characteristic letter—"One view of the Question"—saying:—

"I have read your type-written book with a good deal of interest, and I confess that I greatly admire your enthusiasm. But does it not seem to you that a work of this kind would be best published after the subject were dead?

"There are so many ways in which a living man can fall from grace that, were I you, I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man. . .

"Please do not think for a moment that I do not value your enthusiasm; but considering things from the point of view of the public, to whom

after all your book must go, is there enough to them in anything that Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?"

To this, only one answer could be, and has been, made. And a simple stone-squarer stands wondering at the humility of a "master builder" who, having passed through all the mysteries of his craft, has sat for years on the right hand of success.

I have been greatly helped, with suggestions and doings for the better writing of this book, by Mr. George Gamble, author of "A Farrago of Folly," etc. Such help has been of particular value in the setting forth of the two first chapters; also in the obtaining of scarce Kiplingana. For this, and for many aids not recorded, I here thank Mr. Gamble.

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Arundell House
Tisbury
Wilts.
Nov. 21. 94

Dear Mr Clarke.

I've been busy beyond answering letters or I'd have acknowledged the Cope books before.
I don't know how to thank you but it made me mournful to think that the man who wrote "The City of Dreadful Night" could have wasted his powder & shot in "A Jewish Fusion." I can't see where the fun or wit comes in and there's a notion in my head it's been done better before. Don't you go over to that kind of atheist — its cheap. The other booklets I liked but I want to get the taste of "The Jewish Fusion" out of my mouth. Many thanks for the kind thought that led you to send 'em

Very sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE MAN HIMSELF

"Who *is* Rudyard Kipling?"
—*Old Saying.*

RUDYARD KIPLING—the man from nowhere and everywhere—was born at Bombay, on December the thirtieth in 1865.

He is the son of John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E.: who has filled the posts of Architectural Sculptor, Bombay School of Art, 1865–1875; Principal, Mayo School of Art; Curator, Central Museum (both at Lahore), 1875–1893; and who is well known as the author and illustrator of "Beast and Man in India," and as designer of the drawings in the two "Jungle Books" and on the covers of the "Rupee Books"; and who has been

described as a genial, artistic, generous, literary cynic; and whose son has written, in the Preface to "Life's Handicap," that of those tales "a few, but these are the very best, my father gave me." Also, Rudyard Kipling is the son of his mother: who has been described as a woman of sprightly, sometimes caustic, wit; and to whom her son addressed those noble stanzas that are on the forepage of "The Light that Failed" —after having made her the dedicatee of "Plain Tales from the Hills," under the designation of "The Wittiest Woman in India." This is well known. But it may not be quite so well known that Rudyard Kipling's sister, Alice (now Mrs. Fleming), has written two novels—"The Heart of a Maid" and "A Pinchbeck Goddess"; nor that a bust of herself, executed by the father—although a perfect resemblance—has been mistaken for one of Mary Anderson: which is not unlike a real compliment. In addition, his mother's two sisters had the happy discernment to marry, the one, Sir Edward Poynter, the

other, Sir Edward Burne Jones. Wherefore, it may be seen that Rudyard Kipling is not precisely an oasis in a desert.

While upon the subject of relationship, one must not overlook a certain reference to his connection with Dr. Parker. When the statement that is quoted below was first made, the "Pall Mall Gazette" (at that time, with the exception of the "National Observer," quite the wittiest paper alive) published these random rhymes:—

POOR MR. KIPLING:

OR, THE LIMITATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Kipling is a relation of my wife's; though he does not know it."—Dr. Parker: in interview in "Idler."

The secrets of the sea are his, the mysteries of Ind,
He knows minutely every way in which mankind has
    sinned;
He has by heart the lightships 'twixt the Goodwins and
    the Cape,
The language of the elephant, the ethics of the ape;
He knows the slang of Silver Street, the horrors of
    Lahore,
And how the man-seal breasts the waves that buffet
    Labrador;

He knows Samoan Stevenson, he knows the Yankee
Twain,
The value of Theosophy, of cheek, and Mr. Caine;
He knows each fine gradation 'twixt the General and the
sub.,
The terms employed by Atkins when they sling him from
a pub.;
He knows an Ekka pony's points, the leper's drear
abode,
The seamy side of Simla, the flaring Mile End-road;
He knows the Devil's tone to souls too pitiful to damn,
He knows the taste of every regimental mess in "cham";
He knows enough to annotate the Bible verse by verse,
And how to draw the shekels from the British public's
purse.
But, varied though his knowledge is, it has its limitation,
Alas, he doesn't know he's Dr. Parker's wife's relation!

In the early days of Rudyard Kipling's entrance into the world of English Writers of To-Day it was often implied and avowed that he was writing under a pseudonym: a fanciful mistake arising probably from the fact that there is a Rudyard in Stafford and a Kipling in Yorkshire: when the noting querist encounters some such 'scrap,' his seduction is swift and sufficing. That there is property in a name—especially to a literary

man—is an unfaltering truth that should pass into a proverb; our hero being cited as an excellent example thereof. But rich and rare though the name may be, another Kipling dwelled in the land long and long ago. His name franks him to notice: Doctor Thomas Kipling, Dean of Peterborough. This whilom wonder of the Church has been accorded a niche in a collection of re-told travesties: he was a pedantic theologian, no less rated for ignorance than for bigotry; his mighty opus was the publication in fac-sim. of the "Codex Bezæ"; he committed so many solecisms that a 'Kiplingism' was long an expression for a Latin blunder. Parenthetically, blunder is scarcely the word associated in these days with a 'Kiplingism.' However, suffice it that interest is attached to even the least-worthy of the now famous name: for he was satirised by Richard Porson! And—just for the sake of the 'snippist'—a few slight matters may be mentioned concerning our subject's Christian appella-

tion. There is a Rudyard of no mean note in Browning's "Strafford"; and in Siborne's capital book on "Waterloo" a Major Rudyard holds a good place. And last, there is a Lake Rudyard: beside whose "placid" waters the father and mother of Mr. Kipling are alleged (by imaginative newspaper women) to have plighted their troth; and to have christened their son with its name in remembrance thereof.

To leave fancies and to come to facts, let it be recollected that Mr. Kipling is a man somewhat below the medium height, but of rather sturdy build. He is dark, and blue-eyed, and possessed of a once-sallow Anglo-Indian complexion that has now been tanned by sun-rays of east and west and north and south, and by winds that have blown from *every* point of the compass. His face—or rather, his portraits and photographs—all know well. Everybody is aware of those gold-rimmed spectacles with the "split-sights"; and of that rugged, more than ragged, moustache: which a girl

has described as being so fearsome a thing that "you would have to like the owner very much to let him kiss you." And everybody is aware of that large close-cropped head, and of those kindly smiling humorous eyes, and of that resolute jaw and square chin with the cleaving dimple, and of that rather low but extremely broad forehead: a formation that phrenologists tell us is indicative of the most complete powers of intuition.

As a young man, Mr. Kipling is alleged to have had a pronounced stoop—through much bending over writing tables; and to have been noticeable for his jerky speech and abrupt movements, and for his shyness and avoidance of the company of strangers. Also, he is said to have been remarkable for a certain sensitiveness, and for an everflowing delightful humour. In short—even apart from his early-developed genius—he seems to have been, if not a very alluring youth, at least a youth most interesting and likable.

And he was as industrious as talented. The story may not be perfectly true, but it is highly characteristic—that he carved upon his desk the words: "Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee." This is a sentence mentioned by Longfellow as having been found rudely cut into an oar—an oar supposed to have once belonged to a galley-slave.

However, the life of Mr. Kipling had best be taken in due rotation. Not that there is a great deal with which the public are concerned—except "land-travel and seafaring, boots and chest and staff and scrip." Especially scrip!

At the age of five, he came over from India and dwelled in Southsea. Thence he went to the United Services College at Westward Ho!—not far from Bideford, Devonshire. While there, he edited a school paper, and contributed to a North Devon journal; the first money he ever received for his literary wares coming from "The World" in payment for a sonnet. It would appear that he declined to be entered at an

English university: the wisdom of which decision, after-events have fully justified: it is difficult to figure to oneself the future poet of Imperialism, the future energetic world-encircler, lounging along the "High" o' afternoons, or pencilling early erotic poems in a punt on the Cherwell. However—! At the age of sixteen—when some boys have not long thrown away their tops—Master Kipling was back in India, and engaged on the staff of "The Civil and Military Gazette" at Lahore: where he was compelled to toil under a man that is said to have appreciated his talents very little, and to have kept him on work that was for the most part rather uncongenial. A while before that, he had written some "Schoolboy Lyrics"; and at the age of eighteen he produced a tiny volume of parodies called "Echoes": all now nearly vanished. Later, he became special correspondent to "The Pioneer" of Allahabad: which is a good-class daily newspaper, in the first flight of Indian journalism; devoting especial care to

military matters, and circulating—among the official classes, aristocracy, nobility—throughout the country.

Day by day, in the two journals with which Rudyard Kipling was associated, appeared certain "Plain Tales" and "Departmental Ditties." But it seems that the editors of both papers (with that "dulness of blinded sight" of which we have Scriptural knowledge) preferred to obtain from their talented contributor matter-of-fact leaders and paragraphs, rather than his fine and rare imaginative work; only using *that* as a favour, and regarding its production as mere eccentricity.

In 1885, Rudyard Kipling, conjointly with his father and mother and sister, produced a little book entitled "The Quartette"; *his* contribution being that supremely startling story "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes." In 1886, "Departmental Ditties" were published in book form; in 1888, a like dignity was accorded to "Plain Tales from the Hills": both volumes were read.

In 1889, one by one—sudden and brilliant as rockets—burst forth the "Rupee Books"; in 1889, the name of Rudyard Kipling was known—as are the words used in households—from Cashmere to Colombo, from Calcutta to Bombay; in 1889, the people of England began to ask: "Who *is* Rudyard Kipling—and why? What has he done—and how? Where shall we learn—and when?" In 1890, they knew. In 1890, other people knew that there had appeared "Letters of Marque" and "The City of Dreadful Night": two "Rupee Books" of journalistic sketches, which the author, soon afterwards, deemed sufficiently immature to be suppressed. In 1891, appeared "The Light that Failed"; and a few half-baked people in surprised cities ran up and down whimpering that the thing must be called "The *Book* that Failed": which was a silliness. That silliness Rudyard Kipling answered, in the same year, with "Life's Handicap."

Long previously he had left India and

set out upon some travels; going by way of China and Japan to America. There he saw things; and wrote of them: in the "Detroit Free Press." His articles were afterwards paid the unremunerative compliment of an American pirate-edition: in which was used Robert Louis Stevenson's eerie tale, "The Bottle Imp"—to pad out the volume!

San Francisco was the city he dealt with first. The reporters—inquisitive as ubiquitous—appeared to have annoyed him. He says that it was precisely like talking to a child—a very rude child: every sentence was begun with "Wael, noaw, tell us something about India." Also, the hideous voices disturbed him. He declared the Americans' accent to be some queer snort of delight that a just Providence had fixed in their nostrils because they pirated books from across the water. . . . Concerning that piracy, it may be remembered that a certain New York firm declined his "Plain Tales"; but that later, when the book had become famous,

they published a stolen edition and sent the author—ten guineas: which were returned. . . . The Bunco-steerer, and his failure to steer Rudyard Kipling, makes most amusing reading. As for the girls, he says, about them, things good but qualified. . . . "Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating, for all their demureness, the damsels of France—clinging closely to their mothers, and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent, in her own place and to those who understand her, is the Anglo-Indian 'spin.' in her second season: but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever; they can talk—yea, it is said that they think! Certainly they have an appearance of so doing: which is delightfully deceptive." . . . But he rather objected to their ruling the house. He pointed out that he came to see the fathers; the fathers answered that, if *that* were his desire, he must call at the office: he said he

would. In this same article, the American negro, and brag and bombast at a public dinner, are alike treated with that staccato virility and vivid shrewdness that we now know as the "Kipling manner."

From San Francisco he travelled to Portland, and did some salmon-fishing; from Portland he travelled to the Yellowstone Geyser, and did some sight-seeing. After that, he went to Salt Lake City: whence he wrote of the Mormons, and of that arch-impostor and wholesale libertine Brigham Young—once of Utah; now, possibly, with God. Next, he visited Chicago: to which city he objected—as does everybody—even those who live there—barring the Jews and other people of easy virtue. Also, he objected to the plush fittings and drawing-room ornamentations that he saw in a certain church, and to the preacher that praised God as being above all an excellent man of business. And his description of the cattle-killing is vivid as flame in the darkness, and shocking as blood in the sunlight.

He concluded this particular set of journalistic letters at Buffalo: where he discoursed of America's comparative immunity from invasion and of the defenceless condition of her sea-coast; ending with this striking sentence: "No man catches a snake by the tail—because it may sting; but you can build a fire round a snake that will make it squirm."

Before the year 1891 was over, he was in England; dodging interviewers of celebrities and hunters of social lions, and communing only with relations and a few choice spirits.

On January the eighteenth in 1892, he was quietly married to Miss Carolyn Starr Balestier. Her brother, some time previously, had helped him to write "The Naulahka"; and, not long before the wedding, had died—in the very spring and promise of life. But, as his collaborateur said of him, Wolcott Balestier was a man "who had done his work and held his peace, and had no fear to die."

In the April of 1892 (memorable time!)

"Barrack-Room Ballads" were offered to the public as a *book*—a real live book; and in the July, "The Naulahka," which had run through the "Century Magazine," was published volume-wise.

But long before that, Mr. and Mrs. Kipling had started on a voyage round the world. They appear to have gone first to New York. At any rate, a letter of description that by the unresting author was contributed to "The Times" of April 13th, 1892, shows them to have passed that way. It was fine weather. Somebody told him that, if he wanted *real* weather, he should go North. He went. Soon he was "Within sight of Monadnock." His power of word-painting is exhibited in this letter to the full; and he concludes with his usual "trick" of first finding the *un*usual and of then commenting upon it in an unusual manner. A friend said to him: "All my snow-shoe tracks are gone; but when that snow melts, a week hence, or a month hence, they 'll all come up again and show where I 've been." And

Rudyard Kipling immediately imagines a murder being committed, and snow falling on the footsteps of the fugitive, and the path that Cain took becoming revealed, weeks after, by the melting of the uppermost snow right to the end of the trail.

By July the travellers were in Yokohama. "Great is the smell of the East!" writes Rudyard Kipling. "Railways, telegraphs, docks and gunboats cannot banish it; and it will endure till the railways are dead. He who has not smelt that smell has not lived." In this same letter there is a delightful Japanese baby: who, being Oriental, makes no protest when its father prevents it from being drowned.

It was an intention of Rudyard Kipling's to have visited Robert Louis Stevenson at Samoa. What a glorious confabulation would have been there! But the failure of the Oriental Bank interfered most potently with his plans; and lost him, among other things, all sight and touch of that lovable genius: who greatly admired his younger

fellow-craftsman's work, and, in "The Ebb Tide," actually praised him by the sincerest form of flattery.

Before November was past, the world-encirclers had voyaged from Yokohama across the North Pacific to Vancouver and travelled by the C.P.R. to Montreal. From there the great Imperialist wrote: "We *do* possess an Empire . . . . an Empire that is *not* bounded by election-returns on the North and Eastbourne-riots on the South."

Then he went on to treat of a township boom, and to say: "Cortes is not dead, nor Drake, and Sir Philip Sidney dies every few months—if you know where to look. The adventurers and captains courageous of old have only changed their dress a little and altered their employments to suit the world in which they move. Meantime, this earth of ours—we hold a fair slice of it, so far—is full of wonders and miracles and mysteries and marvels; and, in default of being in the heart of

great deeds, it is good to go up and down seeing and hearing tell of them all."

And now (at the end of 1892) Mr. Kipling pitched his tent about four miles from Brattleboro', Vermont. There, near the abode of his wife's uncle, he had a house built. It was called "The Crow's Nest"—by the newspapers. But Mr. Kipling laughingly denied that appellation—without vouchsafing the true name. However, *there* was born his first child, a girl, christened Josephine.

In 1893, "Many Inventions" appeared; and in 1894, "The Jungle Book." By that time, Mr. Kipling was in England; staying at Tisbury, Wiltshire: where, in an interview (or rather, a friendly chat) with a "Pall Mall Gazette" writer, he spoke of having visited Bermuda; and smilingly answered a question concerning that most sickening of subjects, "The New Woman," by saying that "those people are shouting for a cause that's already won: a woman to-day can do exactly what her body and soul will let her."

In 1895, was published "The Second Jungle Book," and in 1896 (Nov. 5th) rolled forth "The Seven Seas." May their waters never subside!

In 1897, "Captains Courageous" appeared in book form, after having run serially in "Pearson's Magazine." In 1898 (January) Mr. Kipling and his family steamed by the "Dunvegan Castle" to Cape Town. Afterwards, he went north as far as Bulawayo. By the summer, he was back in London: where he made a speech: which made 'copy': which made 'talk.' By the autumn, he was on a man-o'-war; watching the naval manœuvres along the south-west coast of Ireland. By the winter, he was reposing at Rottingdean, four miles from Brighton; and the public were laying aside "The Day's Work" to look at "A Fleet in Being." And by the February of 1899, the world-famous author and his wife and children were on board the "Majestic"—steaming at nineteen knots an hour straight for New York and pain and sorrow.

Of Mr. Kipling's heartache, it is not my (nor your) business to speak—at any length. We—you and I—must merely leave our cards, with a few straight simple words of condolement and regret; and then—go away. Not always is a writer's heart to be judged by his brain; but, in Mr. Kipling's case, the author is the man. And they that have read the first paragraph of the third portion of "Without Benefit of Clergy," will realize what, to the sincere soul that conceived those touching words, the loss of a child must truly mean. As proof that Mr. Kipling can be sensitive and sympathetic in life as well as in literature, the following reprint is given from the "Daily Chronicle": "'M. A. P.' publishes a letter from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, which is especially interesting in view of the author's recent bereavement. It appears that the little son of a gifted writer, whom Mr. Kipling had aided in gaining the ear of the public when all seemed against him, died on the very day when the long struggle was over, and his

father's first book was published. Mr. Kipling promptly wrote a long letter to the sorrow-stricken father, from which 'M. A. P.' is permitted to quote the following passage:

"'As to the matter which you have done me the honour to tell me, I can only sympathise most deeply and sorrowfully. People say that that kind of wound heals. It doesn't. It only skins over; but there is at least some black consolation to be got from the old and bitter thought that the boy is safe from the chances of the after-years. I don't know that that helps, unless you happen to know some man who is under deeper sorrow than yours—a man, say, who has watched the child of his begetting go body and soul to the devil, and feels that he is responsible. But it is the mother who bore him who suffers most when the young life goes out.'"

Of Mr. Kipling's illness, one *may* speak. Two nations have watched, by proxy, beside the sick-bed of the man that has so endeared himself to all Anglo-Saxon hearts; and knowledge of his fight with Death is property of the public. Discussion of his health is a penalty peculiar

to his position — a penalty that he must pay.

He does not belong to himself, as do you and I; he is part of the Country—as is a great sailor, a great soldier, a great scientist, a great statesman. And, although there is much monstrous cant babbled about the sorrow and suffering felt by the Public when a famous man departs this life, it is indisputable that, had Rudyard Kipling died, the hearts of millions of men would have ached with an agony of loss.

Those are big words; but they concern a big thing. There are thousands that *do* write; there are dozens that *can* write: but there is only one Rudyard Kipling.

Even if his later stories have not pleased his spoilt readers quite so well as did his earlier ones, they are still awaited with all the old avidity. And so—like little children sitting at the feet of their father—we ask for more; and by the aid of love and science and the stricken man's unquenchable spirit, we shall *get* more. And we shall be de-

lighted; and we shall be enthralled; and we shall be grateful.

Why has the late supreme tribute of anxiety and sympathy been paid to merely a practitioner of the craft of the writer? The answer springs to the tongue. Because of *his* anxiety and sympathy, for and with, the well-being and struggles of the men that build the British Empire. Certainly they do it for promotion and pay: we know that; and so does Rudyard Kipling. But they do it so supremely well that the matter is exalted to something finer than mere social and monetary consideration. And that is what Rudyard Kipling has seen; and that is what Rudyard Kipling has described; and that is what Rudyard Kipling has believed, besung, belauded. In return, the men of the Empire have belauded Rudyard Kipling. For they have looked upon *his* work; and lo, they have seen that that also is good!

"Patriotism," growled Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." But we all know of whom that was said, and under

what conditions; and so we all judge accordingly. Non-patriotism is the first blunder of a fool. If a man does not stand up for and fight about his own country, he will pay in the long run a heavy penalty for that thing that is worse than a crime. Nothing leads so swiftly and so surely to racial bankruptcy as does indifference to the doings of the native land. And as such indifference—which so often results in self-detraction—is largely the outcome of sheer ignorance, Rudyard Kipling was perfectly justified in asking: "What should they know of England who only England know?"

He set out to teach them. He first discovered India; then, he found Canada, South Africa, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand and the thousand and one pieces of land surrounded by water that make up the Greater British Isles. The Empire was a map; Rudyard Kipling made it a fact. The British Possessions were marked in red—plebeian red; Rudyard Kipling painted them purple—imperial purple.

And so he is not only a patriot himself, he is the cause of patriotism in others. He is an *articulate* man, and has told us what we only knew; he has brought it to our notice till we have realised it. He has expressed what you and I have merely felt. But (and there is as much virtue in "but" as in "if") some there were who did not feel at all. Them he has taught *what* to feel—what they have a *right* to feel.

Listen to others! Emerson's "English Traits" are packed with encouragement and commendation: "I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes." . . . "They are bound to see their measure carried, and will stick to it through ages of defeat." . . . "He sticks to his traditions and usages; and, so help him God, he will force his island by-laws down the throats of great countries." . . . "They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, or any desperate service which has daylight and honour in it; but

not, I think, at enduring the rack, or any passive obedience—like jumping off a castle-roof at the word of a czar." . . . "The stability of England is the security of the modern world." . . . And so on, and so on. Even two French writers recently, and separately, glorified the perfidious English; and this, at the expense of their own nation. And many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea, a Spanish chronicler, writing of some English archers that were fighting side by side with his fellow-countrymen, set down words to the effect that—these men magnified their chieftain, the Lord Scales, beyond the highest of the Spanish grandees; that they were not good companions in the camp, but were fine fellows in the field; and that they went into battle slowly, and persisted obstinately, seeming never to know when they were beaten.

It is precisely this element of strength that Rudyard Kipling has treated so insistently and so well; it is precisely this

element of strength that he has brought home to a "sheltered people's" business and bosoms—strength of body, heart, brain, soul—strength that makes the English race—makes it what it is. Consequently, apart from his merits as a teller of tales and a singer of songs, Rudyard Kipling possesses other values. He is a Friend, a Force, a Future: he has praised us to a greater self-reliance; he has inspired us to efforts yet more potent; he has pisgah-sighted us to lands of our desire. But (to return to the Friend) he has also warned us—warned us against an overweening confidence. And, long before he wrote "Recessional," he had reminded us that we are "neither children nor gods, but men—in a world of men."

That last word brings me to women. I have never met a woman that was a Kiplingite; and I should not have believed it if I had. The writings of Rudyard Kipling do not appeal to women: perhaps, because they are not intended so to do. In the first place, he does not think that

gynarchy is a greatly good form of government, does not believe that Woman is the salt of the earth (however much She may be the sugar), does not avow Her superiority over that brutal despot, man—with a small 'm.' In the second place, he does not know that women made the British Empire for men to enjoy, does not know that women build bridges, design docks, invent ironclads; but he does know that, despite the fact that women can find fault with the pattern of the buttons on the carriage-paddings, it took some nasty, helpless, silly men to scheme out and produce the rather useful locomotive. In the third place, he does not write of adulterous entanglements prettily, does not powder the nude or perfume the noisome, does not glorify the places where "the half-drunk lean over the half-dressed," does not exhibit a study of sex-repression labelled religious fervour, does not re-crucify Christ in order to enumerate the drops of sweat and blood upon "His muscles": all of which most women

like, and *some* women 'adore.' In the fourth, fifth, sixth place, Rudyard Kipling writes for men. Yet, after all, he has written a thing called "The Story of the Gadsbys," and another thing called "Without Benefit of Clergy"; and, in his piece of "rhymed journalism," "An Imperial Rescript," he has voiced well a certain desire and deed general to civilised man: "We will work for ourselves and a *woman* for ever and ever, Amen!"

Still, this brings us to one of his limitations. Has he *any* limitations? Oh, yes!

As a matter of truth, it is quite a difficult thing to depict women *faithfully*, and yet *interestingly*. Few have done it; and women themselves least of all. George Eliot is perhaps among the best of the feminine novelists (Balzac is probably chief among the masculine) that have performed this feat of combination. Concerning their women, the two giants, Thackeray and Dickens—if one excepts their naggers, imbeciles, grotesques, shrews, sharpers, schemers

—wrote mostly of dolls and anæmics. And what of the revolting daughters and shrieking sisterhood of our day? They are libels; and by their own sex. George Meredith and Thomas Hardy are, without doubt, the most *faithful* yet *interesting* delineators of women in the present. And even they endow them—the one, with an amazing wit that is all his own; the other, with an astounding caprice that is too dramatic to be wholly life-like.

But to return to Rudyard Kipling! It is a truth that he has not given us a woman well-observed, sweet, pleasant, human, strongly-weak, and, above all, distinctly feminine. ("William the Conqueror" quite deserves her masculine name, and is only one of the author's men be-petticoated.) But because he *has* not, is scarcely to say that he *can* not. I have known certain critics to weep and cry and fail to wipe their collective eye in regard of Robert Louis Stevenson's supposed inability to write a woman—till they read about two

people named Barbara and Catriona. And something similar to that is what I trust may yet happen in the case of another author.

Rudyard Kipling has small veneration. That is as it should be. There is much, very much, in this our world to love and enjoy and admire, but there is very little to venerate; and so Rudyard Kipling has seen, and so Rudyard Kipling has inferred: which is why the smug ones of that vast nation of hypocrites, the British, going softly under the stars, have not only objected to his inferences, but have denounced them as being either over-statements or downright lies. In the early days (by those self-same smug ones) he was often numbered among the mighty army of know-all-and-know-nothings, often accused of a certain intolerable cocksureness, often branded with the crime of being young; and this last not at all in the sense that Littimer inferred that David Copperfield was young. Those charges were made through Rudyard

Kipling's own fault: they were the outcome of a serious omission on his part. He should have begged, borrowed or stolen a grey wig—better still, a white one. Then would he have been hailed as a seer and a sage; then would he *not* have been called a phenomenal infant, a terrible child, a clever but impertinent boy. But there! We now hear little of that sort of elderly envy—born mostly of matured incompetence. And why should we? Youth is told that it does not know everything—which is right; but it is told so in a manner that implies that it knows nothing—which is wrong. Because wisdom and information are to be measured only by years, is why William Pitt was made Prime Minister of England at the age of twenty-four.

Undoubtedly Rudyard Kipling, once upon a time, occasionally wrote a domineering, I 've-told-you-so-and-you-needn't-attempt-to-deny-it-for-you-can't-get-round-it sort of style; undoubtedly Rudyard Kipling, even now, occasionally "writes at the top of his

voice." But he has a reason. Thomas Carlyle—who was scarcely a fool—long since saw, and demonstrated, that if anybody wishes to be heard above the rest (like Corney Grain's choir-boy) it is necessary to shout the loudest. And (this by the way) has Rudyard Kipling ever been confuted?

It is not to be denied that before his Spring he garnered Autumn's grain, that he saw the sunset ere men saw the day, that he was too wise in that he should not know: this, if only because he himself has poetically but personally said as much. And it is also not to be denied that the old head upon his young shoulders was hardly always well poised, was hardly always truly balanced. But if he did not see life quite steadily, if he did not see life quite whole, at least, even in his earliest days, he imitated Keats' Isabella, and "did not stamp or rave."

He is English. He has blood and bone, bowels and brains: which give him force, power, compassion, genius—all controlled, all

healthy. He has neither the hysteria of the Celt nor the neurosis of the Norman. He is Saxon to the marrow. He is pre-eminently wholesome and unconventionally sane.

It would appear (his affectionate depiction of Mulvaney notwithstanding) that Rudyard Kipling is rarely dazzled by the undeniable virtues of the Sons of Erin into not seeing their equally undeniable vices: he omits to forget, as example, that Ireland has never long wanted for a native Judas. Still, he is aware that the "disthressful counthry" has had troubles — troubles often in no way merited; and so he sympathises. As for the Scotch, them he duly admires and respects. But the inmost heart of him goes overwhelmingly out to the English. Them he loves. It is a rooted opinion of his— never expressed but often inferred—that the arising of the Englishman is the finest thing that has happened in all the world; and there are records not a few, set down in printed books of History, that rather go to warrant his belief.

Concerning an alleged defect. He is not academical. And that is the rock upon which so many of his critics—friendly or otherwise—have split and foundered. It has been asserted—and with truth—that (to keep to his prose) he has no style; that he has no majesty, no complexity, no balance, no rhythm. Therefore, because a man does not write like De Quincey, or Pater, or Macaulay, or Stevenson, he cannot write at all! But if an author's manner fits his matter, surely that is a supreme feat of style. And who, with any knowledge of their subject, can truthfully deny Rudyard Kipling's achievement of that feat?

Because he is not academical is why he has not been treated academically in the following chapters: which are left to speak for themselves.

It is reported that James Anthony Froude once said of Rudyard Kipling words to the effect that he was very smart—particularly in his verses; but that he (Froude) should think that he (Kipling) had had no real

education. Now, this is amusing when one remembers that Froude's gilded and bespattered idol, Thomas Carlyle, had little Latin and less Greek; and it is more amusing still when one remembers that, with the exceptions of Defoe and Balzac, no novelist of any time exhibits such a vast knowledge as does Rudyard Kipling of the circumstances of life among different ranks and conditions of men, of the various ways in which they earn their living or squander their existence, of the patter of their pastimes, the slang of their sports, the technicalities of their trades, of the thousand and one manners in which they speak, move, feel, think, live, and have their being.

Though not a great scholar, Rudyard Kipling is a great artist. He has been labelled as the "English Maupassant." This is the finest compliment ever paid to —Maupassant: one third of whose work is unmitigated filth; another third, all out of proportion; a last third, the product of a supreme talent. Rudyard Kipling's work is

sometimes brutal, but never base; sometimes unduly compressed, but never unduly contorted; and it is the result of an observation and insight more faithful and keen than was possessed by even the great writer that wrote "Bel Ami."

Rudyard Kipling's 'secret' is very simple: he puts an 'idea' into every sentence. He suggests more than describes; he infers more than tells; he insinuates more than declares. He is often boisterous, and he has no repose; but, although he may irritate, he will not bore. Never, never does he commit the sin—unpardonable in a novelist *or* poet—of being dull.

Judging him as a teller of tales, the hats of Rudyard Kipling's fellow-craftsmen fly off at the mere sound of his name. Of course he has had failures; but these are few and comparative, and are largely the result of his being an innovator and an experimentalist. At his best, he is among the greatest. He is a master of plot and narrative, description and dialogue; he is a master of

surprise and contrast, suspense and conclusion. He is astoundingly fresh: almost beyond all other men, he can supply the anciently-modern hunger for a new thing. He is supremely original: which makes it quite difficult to phrase him comparatively: here is not a case of "Heine writing with the pen of Charles Dickens"; nor one of Shakespeare dabbling with the inkstands of women. He is never guilty of using stereotype; he keeps the fingers of the smartest comp. perpetually a-flutter for unusual combinations of letters and words. His vocabulary is like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar; also it is strikingly appropriate and wonderfully informed. He has a great gift of adjective, and a greater gift of verb. He can phrase and differentiate every kind of movement, and most outward expressions of emotion, with astonishing freshness and fidelity—two things that in combination are rare. He has mastered the short sentence. Which, sometimes, has mastered him. Be-

hold, you have an example! To put a full stop where another sign of punctuation should be, is neither brilliant nor correct; it is merely smart and tricky. As for his paragraphs, he now and then forgets that a paragraph is not a heap but a structure: which lack of form, combined with their plenitude of brevity, partly accounts for their lack of dignity. But because he does not use the long-winded methods of our earlier writers, preferring his own breathless ways, is scarcely to prove himself in the wrong. Although Stevenson contrived to effect a splendid compromise, we must not blame Rudyard Kipling for omitting to be the man that wrote "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Virginibus Puerisque"—to name nothing else. On the contrary, we must hug to our bosoms the "Rupee Books" and one or two other things, and thank our gods for them. And when "the youngest critic has died," and the eldest has been superannuated, or scorned, there will still be others to repeat—as I have done—that Rudyard

Kipling's manner fitted perfectly his matter: which as a feat of style is rather like success.

He is not often a wit: that is to say he does not deal in paradox and epigram. But he *is* a humorist: that is to say, he can write farces and comic songs. Those he does to perfection. Comedy, however, true comedy, is rarely on his palette: which is too much occupied with the primaries to leave any room for those delicate half-tints that go to the painting of manners—such manners as go to the making of comedy. Still, let it be remembered that Rudyard Kipling is, first and last and all the time, an Ironist—a great Ironist.

As for his pathos, it is always as obvious to the reader as to the author; but it is never, never obviously stated. He does not squeeze the sponge. However, few writers of our day can so unerringly bring to the throat the lump that brings the groan: this, by that very abstention referred to in the previous sentence, and by a steady deter-

mination to refrain always from any kind of Bleat.

Studying his power of exhibiting character, one discovers that his range is narrow. What he does treat, he treats well; what he does know, he knows perfectly. But his sympathies and observations are directed in so circumscribed a manner that he draws from but two or three models only. The majority of his heroes are all alike. They are ironical, brusque, and abrupt; they are strong, masterful, and limited; they love work more than song, work more than wine, work more than woman. Now and again the ecstasy of conviction is upon their author, and then he extols their brute-force virtues with an insistence that comes near to being tiresome. But although not wholly lovable, they are wholly admirable; and they stand—adroit, alert, alive—always flat upon their feet, firm-planted as the men that they are. And should you ever want a friend, take care to select him from some such men as these: for to do you a service he would storm,

single-handed, the red-hot gates of Hell. . . . As for Rudyard Kipling's women, viewed beside his men they seem conventional. One or two of them are of the stage stagey. I could name actresses who would impersonate such women more than well: because they have played like parts so often. But those that are not artificial make good reading, and are always interesting; and three or four of them are supremely desirable. . . . Rudyard Kipling's children (those in the books) are the best that have been born (in print) for years and years. Of course, some of his boys are merely pocket-editions of his men; but others (including the girls) are children from the soles of their pink feet to the top of their curly heads. And even if your Philoprogenitiveness be only average, either you swear that these most lovable little ones are nearly as good as your own, or you pray to Heaven that soon you will be blest with —say one man-child and one girl-child to place beside them.

Let it be clearly understood that most of

the above statements are mainly tentative. Rudyard Kipling is still in solution—fortunately; and so cannot yet be crystallised. But—to keep to his power of exhibiting character, especially masculine character—I venture to submit that he will not greatly change. In the first place, he often finds it difficult to escape from himself; in the second, he is often self-revealing in his presentments: which latter assertion is, of the former, a repetition made deliberately. It is sometimes stated that Rudyard Kipling is among those that are entirely impersonal in their art. This is wrong. Time and again, the writer jumps through the paper; time and again, the hand is the hand of Esau but the voice is the voice of Jacob. For proof, read Rudyard Kipling's works, and then rejoice that such is so.

Who are the writers that have influenced Rudyard Kipling? Several. Who are the writers that Rudyard Kipling has influenced? Scores. As Baudelaire said of Balzac's characters, he is "loaded to the muzzle with

will"; and, as Henry James said of Balzac himself, in the years to come, it will be seen that "he passed that way, and that he had incomparable power." The writers that have influenced Rudyard Kipling are, chiefly, William Ernest Henley, James Thomson, Bret Harte, Macaulay, Defoe, Dickens, the compilers of the Bible and Rudyard Kipling. William Ernest Henley "showed him the way to promotion and pay" and helped him to chant "The English Flag" and "A Song of the English"; James Thomson brought home to him the awesome things that exist in "The City of Dreadful Night"; Bret Harte drew his attention to the literary picturesqueness of vagabonds; Macaulay flashed the spark that fired his genius for proper names; Defoe taught him the trick of using minute details and exact terminology to gain verisimilitude; Dickens inspired him to sympathise with the lowly, and to see the humour that dwells in small things; the compilers of the Bible gave him a large share of his diction, and showed him the

value of a cunning simplicity; and Rudyard Kipling gave him his irony of the under-statement, his flash-light powers, his crafts-manship, his industry, invention, insight, and ability to make a dream come true and a lie seem something else.

Listen to Robert Louis Stevenson! "There is a lot of the living devil in Kipling. It is his quick-beating pulse that gives him a position very much apart. Even with his love of journalistic effect, there is a tide of life in it all."

Precisely! "A tide of life in it all"! "There—that is the secret. Go to sleep. You will wake, and remember, and under-stand." You will understand that this man —who is alleged to be unequal to making a sustained effort, who because he does not commit a poem of twenty thousand lines, or a novel of a quarter of a million words, is told that he is good only as one capable of dashing things off, things as short-lived as soon-made—you will understand that this man can paint pictures of *Life* seen by flashes

of intuition, can sing songs of *Life* timed by beatings of the heart, can make things that will live as long as the language because they deal again and again with *Life,* and once more *Life!*

Despite certain statements to the contrary —despite their seeming sincerity—I still believe that the quick publication of his early books of verse, written when quite a boy, indicates that Rudyard Kipling even then possessed the superlative idea so necessary for success and greatness: The Determination To Emerge. He seems from the very first to have resolved to express himself—no matter how or when or where.

"They shall hear me; they shall know me; they shall acknowledge that I am I!" When this dominant thought has once come to a man, he cannot look back: there are no returning steps. He *must* go on—forward, forward, forward: unhasting, perhaps, but certainly unresting. Peace of mind he may know never; but he will know success and fame; and he will stamp his personality upon

his fellows. . . . "Yes?" can be asked. "And when he has won to that which he wants, what is it worth?" Well—that is for him to decide. At all events, he will not be as those of whom it is written:

> "They toil through many years; then, on a day,
> They die not—for their life was death—but cease,
> And round their narrow lips the mould falls close."

Of course, it must not be forgotten that the fairies presiding at the birth of Rudyard Kipling were as generous as they were gracious. His "good-luck" has been enormous. First, to be endowed with his especial early-blossoming gifts; then, to be led by the hand of that self-same dowering Chance to comparatively unknown places among comparatively unknown peoples (and such places and such peoples!) was fine fortune supreme. Of course, it was not unexceptional. Other writers have had much the same sort of opportunities; other writers have performed much the same sort of seizures. And there is this to be considered:

Rudyard Kipling would have written well and strikingly about whatever men and things existed in whatever hole and corner of the globe he himself chanced to be placed. Nevertheless, I repeat that his "good-luck" has been enormous: if only because he was so fortunate as not to be driven to eat out his heart in some utterly unapposite office, or some utterly uncongenial workshop; if only because Poverty did not scar and maim him before his life's work began—before he found his right groove; and if only because he won to fame and fortune in the days of his youth—in the days when such things have a value complete as untainted. However, of that said "good-luck" he has taken all possible advantage; and this not merely to gain his own ends, but to inspire and pleasure a vast majority of his fellow countrymen.

Rudyard Kipling's fight for Emergence, though soon ended — speaking by almanac — was soon begun, and lasted many toilsome years. Even unto this day his gospel

of work is practised by its preacher—practised without pause and without palter. And not one of his many rewards is undeserved. Therefore, let us honour the name of Rudyard Kipling. Then, let us humbly petition that he give us more and more and more: not from the West—others can do that; but from the East, the all-enchanting East. And peradventure the over-mastering glamour of the early days will be ours again; and when we have once more glorified the man that consolidated the British Empire in song, we shall bless anew the man that told us "Plain Tales from the Hills" and gave us the "Rupee Books" and sang us the "Barrack-Room Ballads," and songs of our sea.

THE POETRY BOOKS

If I have longer stood the battle's brunt,
If I have longer waited for the light,
Shall I not have a greater need than those
Who calmly slept them thro' the long dark fight?

Was it for naught I worked those years of dole,
Weaving a web of sorrow for my soul?
Was it for naught I fought with discontent
Day, week, month, year; until the tale was spent?

—*Nightshades.*

A FEW there are who assert that Rudyard Kipling cannot write poetry at all. Such assertion is not a mistake; it is a falsehood —a falsehood born of malice and envy, or of ignorance and apathy, or a mere love of the conventional. True he sometimes becomes journalistic, true he occasionally indulges in slang, true he actually makes chief use of "story and character."

It is muttered, in certain quarters, that Rudyard Kipling is a mere tapper of drums, a mere agitator of cornets. His Muse, it is avowed, hath her abode only in the barrack-room and the dockyard, only in the port and the camp. That is to say, only in the places where sojourn those uncultured persons that guard us while we sleep, only in the places where live and die those valiant hearts whose owners so well police the British Empire: in order that you and I may assert, in very truth, that "Fair is our lot, O goodly is our heritage!"

Quite interesting would it be to learn what the average Professor of Poetics really thinks of Rudyard Kipling as a National Balladist. But there! People *do* say that the average Professor of Poetics lives merely to lament the "undue ardour that characterises the sonnet-sequences of Shakespeare." . . . In the eyes of the literary academician, poetry must of necessity rhyme, kiss and bliss and dove and love; must of necessity treat mainly of birds and bees and butterflies, of

songs and souls and stars. . . . As to form —well, Rudyard Kipling has not yet written a "Hades of an Epic," nor an "Ode on Threading a Darning Needle"; and it is devoutly to be hoped that he will not now even attempt to try. Also, it is devoutly to be hoped that he will not now even essay to walk in the pleasant paths of that garden where nestle the song-birds—really admirable and fine—that trill so tunefully among the clipped hedges and dwarfed trees; and that fly so freely amid the trammels of foreregulated rhymes and pre-numbered verses. Let others—good men and true, wearing their self-placed shackles with ease and dexterity—let those be rondolists and sonneteers, let those be makers of triolets and quatrains: they can manage such matters so much better than could Rudyard Kipling: who, in turn, can perform feats that to them would be not at all difficult but only impossible. And his achievements —the obvious retort notwithstanding—are things of joy and glory.

Let us consider them. The majority of those that have read the Poetry Books of Rudyard Kipling will thus have pleasure of recognition; the majority of the others, delight of introduction.

"Schoolboy Lyrics," as their name may perhaps imply, were first of his poems; and were printed, for private circulation only, when the author was but sixteen. They are possessed of the flow and force of right words that mark so strongly his later work; but, as might be expected, the trail of a boyish decadence is over all. However, the "cynicism" is in no wise silly; and among these youthful outpourings are things, not a few, worthy of a grown man. The most memorable—the most memorable to me—deals with a dual scheme of Creation. The poet theorises that every time the Lord created a living thing, the Devil created its travesty or parody. Thus, when God made man, Satan made the anthropoid ape; and so on.

"Echoes" I can say very little about. It

happens to be the one printed book of Rudyard Kipling's that I have not possessed, or perused. The volume is remarkably scarce. A copy was sold not long ago for over thirty-three pounds. It was published at Lahore in the writer's eighteenth year. By Kiplingites, "Echoes" is understood to be a bookling of poetic parodies.

"Departmental Ditties" were the subject of Mr. Kipling's "Idler" article ("My first book") in 1892. Their history is narrated with many picturesque and witty touches. It was really the firstling of his flock, and he was rightly proud of it.

Figure to yourself:

"A sort of a book, a lean oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D.O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all Government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these 'books' we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply-postcards, printed

the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order-form on the other, and posted them up and down the Empire, from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. . . . Each edition grew a little fatter, and, at last, the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back, and was advertised in the publishers' poetry department.

"But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby, with a pink string round its stomach; a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights in India, plotting and scheming to write something that should 'take' with the English public."

The courteous dedicatee of this book is thanked for a gift of the first "Ditties." By that (and by the author's own statement) I know that the cover bore the words: "Departmental Ditties. On Her Majesty's Service Only (*erased*) No I of 1886. To all Heads of Departments and all Anglo-Indians. Rudyard Kipling, Assistant. Department of Public Journalism, Lahore District." Two newspapers were thanked for permission to reprint. There

were twenty-six poems only; but a genuine copy will soon be worth a pound a poem!

Of course, the volume best for real use is that containing the "other verses," and the vocabulary. It is dedicated to the "dear hearts across the seas" in a few simple sincere verses, beginning:

> "I have eaten your bread and salt,
> I have drunk your water and wine,
> The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
> And the lives that ye led were mine."

In the opening "General Summary," there is a satirical reference to the similarity existing between the Official sinning of the arrowhead age and present spacious times. The theme is rich in sardonic possibilities.

The first ditty that draws sharp attention is "The Story of Uriah." As the title foreshadows, the story is the old-new one of a coveting third person, collusion and then—another husband put in the forefront of the

fight. The lawful owner of the present Bathsheba was one Jack Barrett.

> "And when the Last Great Bugle-call
> Adown the Hurnai throbs,
> When the last grim joke is entered
> In the big black Book of Jobs,
> And Quetta graveyards give again
> Their victims to the air,
> I shouldn't like to be the man
> Who sent Jack Barrett there!"

Even the "Quarterly" praised the note of real anger in this last verse.

"The Man who could Write" and, "The Rupaiyat of Omar Kalvin" show that if Mr. Kipling paid much attention to political penning, he would be no feather in the scale against his Opposition. His Carlyleian faculty of marking his man with a name, that, thrown as a burr, sticks like a javelin; and his knowledge of official nomenclature, (important item,) would make him feared in all Forum fighting.

In "The Man who could Write," the Bengali Babu, who is ever trying to blow

himself out bullock-size, is labelled as Boanerges Blitzen of the ready pen. Mr. Kipling thoughtfully points out to him, that men do *not* float Simla-ward in paper ships upon a stream of ink, but need still something more: "Wicked wit of Colvin, Irony of Lyall."

Parenthetically, the Babu is a fowl of wonderous feather: a particular product of India, and worthy of a Monograph. Freighted from earliest days with some such fearful name as — Bandarjee Ajib Kitabkhana, he writes books, serried ranks of them (only the White Ant could get through them), and sends "My Notes on India" (pp. 550) in dozens to everybody who is anybody — from the Lieutenant-Governor, down to the latest imported M.P. "More English than the English," he has been known to correct the pronunciation of them that taught him. So much for Boanerges Babu and his futile fluency and impertinent ignorance. If you wish for a more working knowledge of the breed, read

"Babu English," and that screaming farce—"India in 1983." Meanwhile, stand assured that, in a time of stress, the Babu will snap like singed thread.

"The Rupaiyat of Omar Kalvin" has in its title a Persic pun, that may overpass the ears of many. The verses are very clever. Written straight at the head of the "wicked, witty" Chief-Commissioner of Oudh, they could not fail to attract attention—apart from their merits. And "Pagett, M.P.," is possessed of a like personal note. The name of the slayer of Abel, spelt with an added "e," occurs to one instanter on reading about the fluent man who came on a four months' visit to study the East—in November; and who spoke of the heat of India as the Asian Solar Myth. It is with joyous hate that one reads of his after troubles with sand-flies, mosquitoes, dust-storms, liver, fever and dysentery. And it is with solemn glee that one follows the narrator's discomfiture of "Pagett, M.P.," and joins in with the ultimate stanza:

"And I laughed as I drove from the station; but the mirth died out on my lips
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of their 'Eastern trips,'
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly misgovern the land;
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into my hand."

The gargoyle grotesquerie of "La Nuit Blanche" and "Divided Destinies" shows us their author's fine sense of farce. "La Nuit Blanche" describes, with matter and manner quite unique, the results that accrue from a state of alcoholic saturation. (It is to be noticed that, in the hands of most rhymers, this class of poem is usually treated in the classic bacchic style or in the language of the Halles—of Music.)

"In the full, fresh fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall;
Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard grey leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing."

Here is the real veritas of the vine! "Divided Destinies" is full of quaint philosophy. It is a comparison between the ape and derided man. The local Simla references in this, and other poems, in no way impede the reading: "Change but the name and the tale is told of yourself."

The ape apostrophises:

> "Oh man of futile fopperies—unnecessary wraps!
> I own no ponies in the Hills, I drive no tall-wheeled traps,
> I buy me not twelve-button gloves, short-sixes eke, or rings,
> Nor do I waste, at Hamilton's, my wealth on pretty things."

So I answered:

> "Gentle Bandar, an Inscrutable Decree,
> Makes thee a gleesome, fleasome Thou and me a wretched Me.
> Go! Depart in peace my brother, to thy home amid the pine;
> Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change his lot with thine."

Striking, for their concentrated style, and more for their subject matter, are

"Certain Maxims of Hafiz." They will bear many readings, memorising even. Consider Maxim Fifteen and the grand breadth of the teaching therein. The Queen (of one's heart) can do no wrong, he says. At all costs her honour and glory are to be kept undiminished. There is a creed in this final couplet:

"If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the blackest can clear,
Lie, while thy lips can move, or a man is alive to hear."

"The Unknown Goddess," "The Lovers' Litany," and "A Ballad of Burial" are of the lighter society verse *genre*. The first of this triad recalls the best work of that charming and fortune-favoured poet Locker-Lampson. Of course, the tender pathos of "Christmas in India," and the humorous backsliding of "Jock Gillespie" should be especially noted. It is safe to predict that in the anthologies of after-ages the "Lovers' Litany" and the "Fall of Jock Gillespie" will hold a proud place. As always, the "Envoy" should be specially commended. But, to my mind, the three best pieces of

work in the volume are: "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House," "The Grave of the Hundred Head," and "The Galley Slave." In the two first is exhibited the author's delicious 'brutality'; in the last (allegorical though it be) is struck, with no bloodless hand, the note of sympathy and rejoicement with all the men that toil —the note that has recurred so persistently throughout much of Rudyard Kipling's after-work. And in all three is to be found, not for the first time, that true and original grip and force, compression and literary power that is so inseparably associated with most of their craftsman's later-wrought productions.

In "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House" we find that gift of adjective and verb, and that genius for proper names, and that startling irony which I have mentioned elsewhere.

> "That night, when through the mooring-chains
> The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,
> To blunder down by Garden Reach
> And rot at Kedgeree,
> The tale the Hughli told the shoal
> The lean shoal told to me. . . .

"Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
But 'Anne of Austria' looted first
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm."

In "The Grave of the Hundred Head" we find that piquant mixture of an old-world form and an up-to-date substance that Rudyard Kipling has made peculiarly his own.

"There 's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son;
There 's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun;
And there 's Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Who tells how the work was done. . . .

"A Snider squibbed in the jungle—
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head."

In "The Galley Slave," partly allegorical but wholly human, we find, addressed to a certain section of society, that strong pity

and tender praise that has been answered (even by others than that said section) with not only admiration but support, encouragement, love.

"It was merry in the galley, for we revelled now and then—
If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like men!
As we snatched her through the water, so we snatched a minute's bliss,
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lover's kiss.

"Our women and our children toiled beside us in the dark—
They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved them to the shark—
We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the galley sped
We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn our dead. . . .

* * * * * *

"It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row once more—
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.

> But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then?
> God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with men!"

Of course, some of these "Ditties" bring with them remembrances of many poets that we have long counted among the list of the elect on the lower slopes of our Parnassus: Aleph Cheem, Bon Gaultier, Praed, Calverley, W. S. Gilbert, Locker-Lampson. But is this not recording for them praise real as kind? At any rate, it is of interest to know that a man as authoritative as Sir W. W. Hunter (writing in the "Academy," 1888) said: "Mr. Kipling's 'Ditties' well deserve the honour of a third edition [*now* raised to a tenth]. They are true, as well as clever. . . . In the midst of flippancy and cynicism, come notes of a pathetic loneliness and a not ignoble discontent with himself which have something very like the ring of true genius There are many stanzas, and not a few poems, in the little volume which go straight

to the heart of all who have suffered, or are now suffering, the long pain of tropical exile. . . . Taken as a whole, his book gives promise of a literary star of no mean magnitude rising in the East." Prophecy is usually the most gratuitous form of folly; in this case, the risk was worth running—and was justified. The potentiality was in nowise over-stated; if anything, it was under-stated: what arose in the East was not a star, but what is peculiar to the East—a sun.

With "Barrack-Room Ballads" Mr. Kipling widened by thousands the rather select circle of readers who in his early days knew him to be a true poet. Although in the "Ballads" there is some "caviare," the soldier-songs alone have secured a truly notable audience. It is said that over fifty thousand copies of this book has been the demand. The verses that have been set to music have won a name out of their original gallery. The "Barrack-Room Ballads" proper are written mostly in a short

staccato metre; and they all have a very trenchant "refrain" or ritornel. Thomas Atkins is not yet educated up to the uses of the "dulcet decasyllabic." The other Ballads have all the command of metre, rhyme, and rhythm that singled out Macaulay as a balladist of the front rank. And each has a splendid "tale to tell."

Let us consider some of these verses fully; keeping mostly to those not quite so well known as their more favoured fellows. First, in order, is the poet's dedication to his late collaborateur Wolcott Balestier. It is a noble and vigorous eulogy of the man who, "Borne on the breath that men call Death," went from him, and from us, with only half his fame fulfilled. This dedication shadows forth once more that great Gospel of Work that pulses through so much of Mr. Kipling's very best writing. He gives you work as a gospel with "First deserve and then desire" as the golden text. The pink-faced fatuities that disgrace the name of Man are stripped and whipped thoroughly in many

of these pages. He says of his dead fellow-worker:

> "To those who are cleansed of base desire, sorrow and lust and shame—
> Gods, for they know the hearts of men, men, for they stooped to Fame,
> Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came."

The éloge ends with a triumphant pæan of praise:

> "Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness hurled,
> Farther than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
> Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His world."

Then follow the "Barrack-Room Ballads" proper—twenty in number. These are now so well known, through constant quotation and musical settings, that it will not be necessary to speak of them at great length. But they must not be passed entirely in silence, these poor beggars in red:

because, as one of them mentions (while admonishing the world in general to walk wide of the Widow at Windsor—for the half of Creation she owns) they have bought her the same with the sword and the flame, and have salted it down with their bones. Poor beggars! It's blue with their bones! Therefore, let us once more shake hands with the men that watched, and suffered as they watched, the hanging of Danny Deever —with the men that are "drunken and licentious soldiery" in the piping times of peace, but that are transformed into a thin red line of heroes when the drums begin to roll—with the men that made the square that was crumpled by the only thing that doesn't give a damn for a regiment of British infantry, the men that *re-formed* that said crumpled square. Let us once more shrug shoulders with the fellow of the true philosophy who advised the girl, that was lamenting her slain lover, to take him (her informant) for her new love. Let us glance, in passing, at the guns that fancy themselves at two thousand, those guns

that are built in two bits; and at the man that was there in the "Clink" for a thundering drink and blacking the Corporal's eye; and at the man that so truly appreciated the water carrier Gunga Din: who, in the place where it is always double drill and no canteen, will be squatting on the coals giving drink to poor damned souls, and thus enable the narrator to "have a swig in Hell with Gunga Din." Let us be vulgar and natural, and wink the other eye at the man that advises his comrades to loot in pairs: which, although it halves the gain, much safer they will find—as a single man gets bottled on those twisty-wisty stairs, and a woman comes and clubs him from behind. Let us commiserate with "Snarleyow," who, at the desire of his mortally wounded brother, drives the gun-wheel across his chest to put him out of pain; and with the man that was in a row in Silver Street and saw the poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the boys were sorry for him. Let us shudder once again at the advice to the young British soldier who,

should he be wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains, and the women come out to cut up what remains, must roll to his rifle and blow out his brains, and go to his God like a soldier. Let us share our regrets for the thousandth time with that hungry-hearted man who, when the "blasted Henglish drizzle" wakes the fever in his bones, hears the temple bells a-calling and fain would be on the road to Mandalay where the flying fishes play, and the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. Let us "smile some more" with the happy wight who admonishes the lovely Mary-Ann not to grieve for him—as he will marry her "yit" on a fourpenny-bit as a time-expired man; and with Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha! who, quite ignorant of what the war was about, assisted to break a king and to build a road, and who knew only that a courthouse stands where the regiment "goed," and that the river is clean where the raw blood flowed when the Widow gave the party. Let us pity again the inconsolable hussar that,

through no fault of his own, left his mate for ever, wet and dripping by the ford. And let us remember the man whose name is O'Kelly, and who has heard the "revelly" from Leeds to Lahore.

> "Think what 'e's been,
> Think what 'e's seen,
> Think of his pension, an'——
> Gawd save the Queen!"

"Gentlemen Rankers" must have full attention accorded it. The life of those men, gentlemen, who have tired out families and friends by excesses and disgraces, is therein very grimly recounted. Mr. Kipling has a real respect for an English Gentleman. His respect and, where possible, admiration, are accorded unhesitatingly. "Gentlemen Rankers" shows in tense phrases one more aspect of the pathos of the "withheld completion" that awaits those who cannot learn to live their lives aright.

> "We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,
> We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
> And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.
> God help us, for we knew the worst too young!

Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that
brought the sentence,
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf
enfolds us
And we die, and none can tell Them where we died.

"We 're poor little lambs who 've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We 're little black sheep who 've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa!
Gentlemen Rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!"

Yes—"Gentlemen Rankers" is a grim unhappy song. It is not cheering to dwell upon the subject of "the men who were." The late Mr. Story's sad, but musical, stanza occurs to the memory anent this same pathos of man's fall:

"Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose
hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at,
who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied,
unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o'er their Failure, and all
but their faith overthrown."

"The Ballad of the King's Mercy" and "The Ballad of the King's Jest" first appeared in "Macmillan's Magazine" under the pseudonym of "Yusuf." It would be interesting to know how many recognised the author's touch at this time!

"The King's Mercy" was like unto the mercy of that King in the Scriptures who heaped upon his suffering subjects the "mercy" of increased impositions and harassings. A poor wretch condemned to death by stoning, beseeched that the King would give orders for him to be shot. Moved by his agonies, the executioners sought the King even in that holiest place, the Harem, and asked for an order to fire. Out of the greatness of his mercy the King consented, and the dying man glorified the King with praise.

"They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease him of his pain,
And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he blessed the King again.
Which thing the singers made a song for all the world to sing,
So that the Outer Seas may know the Mercy of the King."

"The King's Jest" is a story equally hideous, told in a splendid manner and showing full knowledge of the nomadic life of the East and of the sardonic way in which justice was meted out in the days of one-man despotism. The King while holding Durbar, or Council, is excitedly told by one Wali Dad that the Russians are on the road. The King orders him to mount into a peach tree and duly apprise them of the enemy's approach. The tree is ringed round with spearmen; and on the seventh day Wali Dad drops, insane, upon the spear points. A gruesome theme; but in its exposition some wondrous rhyming and sound philosophy are given us.

> "Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
> To warn a King of his enemies?
> We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
> But no man knoweth the heart of the King.
> Of the grey-coat coming, who can say?
> When the night is gathering all is grey.
> Two things greater than all things are,
> The first is love and the second War.
> And since we know not how War may prove,
> Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!"

And now for some thought of that arrestive piece of work: "Tomlinson." An average man, cursed with the curse of the non-producer, living a life of boredom and pococurantism, dies at his house in Berkeley Square. The soul wings its way to Heaven's Gate, and is denied. Thence, It goes to Hell; and we are finally told that, after pronouncing a shortened commination service upon It, His Highness of Hades sends the wretched soul back to re-inhabit the body. Tomlinson was found too rich in vice for Heaven, but too poor in it for Hell! The language used for the imparting of the tale is perfectly plain, brutally frank. And there are fifty couplets, at least, that haunt the memory like a tune.

Peter questions:

"'Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,' he said, 'and the tale is yet to run;
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer what ha' ye done?'" . . .

Tomlinson answers:

"'O this I have felt and this I have guessed, and this I have heard men say;
And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norroway'" . . .

Peter concludes:

"'Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for doom has yet to run,
And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square uphold you, Tomlinson!'" . . .

Satan questions:

"'Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must pay?' said he,
'That ye rank yoursel' so fit for Hell and ask no leave of me?'" . . .

Tomlinson answers:

"'Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice at the grip of the Grave,
And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head that men might call me brave.'" . . .

Satan concludes:

"'Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back with an open eye,
And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever ye come to die:
That the sin they do by two and two they must pay for one by one,
And . . . the God that you took from a painted book be with you, Tomlinson!'"

The reasoning of the poem is relentless. There is an uncanny touch about it all that causes a strong sense of discomfort. It may

be commended to students of Eschatology: it may help them to re-arrange their ideas of the ordering of "the lands the other side the sun and under where we stand."

The remaining works in the volume are chiefly Eastern border-ballads, satiric verse, and some grim stories of the shipmen who have knowledge of the sea. "The Ballad of East and West," "The Conundrum of the Workshops," and "The Ballad of the 'Bolivar'" fairly represent these three kinds. For rollicking humour of the type found in the pages of Lever and Lover, it would be hard to beat the verses on the Ark, the ape and the D——l. And for a shocking attack upon wrong, and a splendid defence of right, as may be found in the pages of Swift and Pope, it would be harder still to beat "The Rhyme of the Three Captains." In this (though ever allegorical and impersonal) the author does not call a burglar a kleptomaniac—does not hesitate to brand the pirate-publisher as a hypocrite and a liar, as a scoundrel and a thief.

Of a certainty it may be said that there are stanzas and lines in this volume of poetry that we can never spare.

But what shall be said of "The English Flag"? Only this! Learn the poem from "Winds of the World give Answer!" to "Ye have but my waves to conquer—go forth, for it is there!" Then, teach it to others. Accept as a truth that "The English Flag" is worth reams and reams of "Rule Britannia"s. It is inspiring; it is not theatrical. It is concrete; it is not anæmic. It is brave; it is not bombastic. It is good; it is fine; it is true. And, above all, it is literature.

In any special study of the verses apart from actual subject-matter, a number of beauties in rhyme and rhythm, metaphor and simile, are noticeable at once. The first three long ballads are rich in many of those jewels of literature we term figures of speech, fancies and graces. Clear, strong, fresh, is the expression throughout. For example: Kamal's son who "trod the

ling like a buck in spring and looked like a lance in rest"; "And like a flame among us leapt the long, lean Northern knife"; "Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we—Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!"; "That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped—dropped as a cloth upon the dead"; "As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through deep water"; and so on, and so on.

For power, beauty and unerring verse-craft some passages in these ballads cannot be surpassed in all modern poetry. From the tender and grave "Oraison funèbre" with which it opens to the unflinching satire with which it ends in "Tomlinson," this book of ballads must be considered a gift of price.

If "Barrack-Room Ballads" has had any superior in the last twenty years, that superior is surely "The Seven Seas"—and that only. Some there are who assert that the first was the better: they were spoilt; they were made too exacting. As a matter

of truth, the two books—taken on the whole—are equal.

Let us rapidly bring to mind the most striking flotsam and jetsam of "The Seven Seas." Following a recital of things done and of things that will be done, Rudyard Kipling exhibits the men who have done them and the men who will do them. There are the merchantmen, who, all to bring a cargo up to London Town, have sailed coastwise, cross-seas, round the world, and back again. Then comes M'Andrew with the prayer that God will forgive his steps aside at Gay Street in Hong Kong, and with the hope, nay the belief, that God has left in the world a glimmer of light by which Man shall yet build the Perfect Ship. Later, we have the little cargo-boats—the cargo-boats that would still be engaged in home and foreign trade even if the Liner (who is a lady, by the paint upon her face) were not made—the cargo-boats that, if they were not here, the Man-o'-War would not have to fight for home and friends so dear.

Then follows Mulholland the cattleman, whom the skippers accuse of being crazy—because he has "got religion"; but who is given charge of the lower deck with all that doth belong: which they would not give to a lunatic—and the competition so strong! Afterwards we make the acquaintance of William Parsons, who used to be Edward Clay, and who heard the feet on the gravel—the feet of the men that drill—and said to his fluttering heart-strings—said to them, "Peace, be still!" Then comes the man with a dreadful pre-vision of what will happen after the battle—with a shocking knowledge that the jackal and the kite have a healthy appetite, and you'll never see your soldiers any more—that the eagle and the crow they are waiting ever so, and you'll never see your soldiers any more! ('Ip! Urroar!) And now arrives, to stay in our memories for ever, the kind of a "giddy harumfrodite"—soldier and sailor too—the sort of a "blooming cosmopolouse" who stood and was still to the Birkenhead drill:

which was a damn tough bullet to chew. After that we get the sappers, who are the men that do something all round. And then comes the man that for certain well-defined reasons wishes he were dead before he did what he did, or saw what he saw that day; followed by the mournful ironist of the cholera-camp, who points out that there is a deal of quick promotion on ten deaths a day. Nor can we cease to remember that the backbone of the army is the non-commissioned man; and that, in the matter of women, what you may learn from the yellow and brown will help you a lot with the white. And we all have a fellow-feeling for the man who oft-times stood beside to watch himself behaving like a "blooming" fool. And as for the hero of the "Sestina of the Tramp Royal"—well, read that Sestina; if you have, read it again.

There are many other things in "The Seven Seas" that help to make the book the equal of its predecessor: notably the fine "Hymn before Action"; the song

of "The Jacket"; the dramatic "Rhyme of the Three Sealers." And there is the magnificent study of character entitled "The 'Mary Gloster'": to which mere quotation would do injustice. And the same must be said of the "Rhyme of True Thomas": which contains a not too occult meaning—apart from its legend. But the "Song of the Banjo" is perhaps the more popular; and not without reason. Listen! The banjo—"the war-drum of the White Man round the world"—is speaking.

"I am Memory, and Torment, I am Town,
I am all that ever went with Evening-Dress . . .
In the silence of the camp before the fight,
When it's good to make your will and say your [prayer,
You can hear my strumpty-tumpty overnight
Explaining ten to one was always fair."

* * * * * *

"Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!
Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?"

And so on, and so on: till in all verity the song of lost endeavour that it makes is *not* hidden in the twanging of its strings.

And now we must consider the number with which the book opens. In his foregoing volumes of verse Rudyard Kipling had exhibited that he was a singer of songs and a maker of ballads—ballads that enthralled, songs that haunted. In the first number of "The Seven Seas"—"A Song of the English"—Rudyard Kipling exhibited that he was a Voice.

"If," growled Carlyle upon a certain occasion, "if a man has anything to say, for God's sake let him say it, and not sing it!" If a man has anything to say of the nature of Rudyard Kipling's saying—well, for God's sake let him sing it!

"Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth.
Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the Earth!"

Well, we—you and I—have heard that song ("A Song of the English") and we—you and I—have thanked our Gods that the thing is about Us. It is addressed to me, it is addressed to you; it is ours. And lo, it is written that we shall not forget!

Read this! Of course you have read it before; but do so again.

"Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guard-ports of the Dawn!
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us main to main,
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!"

* * * * * *

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she hails us still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all our waves
But marks our English dead.
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Good God, we ha' paid in full!"

Later in the poem, occurs the song of the sons:

> ". . . Mother be proud of thy seed—
> Count, are we feeble or few?
> Hear, is our speech so rude?
> Look, are we poor in the land?
> Judge, are we men of The Blood?"

England answers:

> "Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;
> Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man. . . .
> Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether;
> But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together. . . .
> Now ye must speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
> After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.
> Stand to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
> Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
> Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
> Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men!"

So much for "A Song of the English": which, after "The Flag of England," was

the first thing to proclaim that Rudyard Kipling was a Voice.

There are some other verses that have not yet been gathered into a book, but that will make a demand for the volume long before it appears. Among them is the true and fine eulogy of Lord Roberts, and the spirited account of the Sergeant What's-his-name, who drilled a black man white and who made a mummy fight; and there are "White Horses," and "Kitchener's School," and "The Destroyers," and "The Feet of the Young Men," and "The White Man's Burden"—a burden of new-caught sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child—and that noble as splendid piece of work, "Recessional," reminding us of our dominion over palm and pine, and telling us to walk in circumspection—lest we forget. And there is more than one man who would like to see resurrected (from the pages of the dead, and ever-to-be-mourned "National Observer") the ballad that told the story of "The Dove of Dacca."

The argument (taken from a Bengal legend) is something as follows: A Hindu Raja, the last of his race, is attacked by Muhammadan invaders. He goes out bravely to meet his enemies, carrying with him a pigeon: whose return to the palace is to be regarded by his family as an intimation of defeat, and as a signal to burn the palace and put themselves to death. The Raja wins the battle; but, while he is stooping by a river to drink, the bird escapes and flies home. The Raja gallops madly back in pursuit, but is just in time only to hurl himself on the all-consuming pyre.

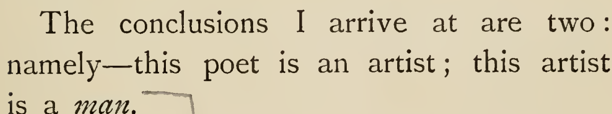
What is to be said as a general summary of these Poetry Books? Firstly, they are not only books but pictures of life; secondly, they are not only poetry but expressions of sympathy. They exhibit character in nearly every line. Not the catch-word, actor's-make-up character so peculiar to literature; but that queer jumble of heart, brain, soul, temperament, environment, heredity so peculiar to life: a certain

section of life, be it understood: where the men are mostly uncouth, brave, rough, devoted, illiterate, strong, coarse, tender, and, above all, manly. These poems, though sometimes brutal in phrase, are always sympathetic in tone. They show a masterly knowledge of the irony and cruelty so often dealt out by Chance, Providence, Fate (call it what you will) to the majority of the world's workers and fighters. And they show a fellow-feeling with these men—a fellow-feeling of suffering at their defeats and sorrow, and of rejoicement at their victories and gladness. Not once are they unreal; not once are they intolerant. And always they are brave, inspiriting and manly.

Concerning their artistry. While, on the whole, wonderfully well-sustained, they are, in parts, somewhat unequal. Here and there, a line marches with its fellows with an effect incongruous and startling—as a private marching among generals. But it must not be forgotten that such abrupt intrusions are often a matter of character-

drawing. Rudyard Kipling himself does not (at any rate, in his latter-day work) see language all on one plane; it is the people with whom he deals that say such things as: "Through all the seas of all Thy world *slam-banging* home again." And so, of course, no sensible man sets down these descents as being on the debit side of our author's poetry. What is sometimes objected to—and for cause—is the technicalities with which many of the verses abound. Now and then, this trick of using exact terminology degenerates into mere cataloguing. But even the Sun has spots. And therefore these few blemishes of workmanship are as naught compared with the amazing mastery of rhythm, rhyme and reason that appears throughout the Poetry Books.

The conclusions I arrive at are two: namely—this poet is an artist; this artist is a *man*.



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> He needs no ship to cross the tide,
> Who in the lives about him sees
> Fair window prospects opening wide
> O'er history's fields on every side
> In Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece.
>
> —J. R. Lowell.

With these little booklings, issued firstly, with indifferent type and paper, from the Pioneer Press, Allahabad, Rudyard Kipling may be said to have laid in England the plinth of that fame to which he has added so fine a shaft and capital. Published nominally at a rupee, literally at a shilling, "Soldiers Three" and its co-partners, quite early in the day, achieved a splendid success. Good men and true were not long coming to a knowledge of what these slate-hued brochures portended; and as soon as issued

they were bought up with an eagerness that must have recalled to the book-people the glorious days of the Dickens parts. The first to be famous was the one containing the further adventures of those "esteemed friends and sometime allies" Privates Terence Mulvaney, Stanley Ortheris and John Learoyd.

"I want to read all of the 'Soldiers Three' stories," I once heard Lord Randolph Churchill say, during a spirited criticism of Rudyard Kipling.

His Lordship (whose own wit ranged easily from the "Lords of pineries and vineries" to the "mere chips" of the Woodman of Hawarden) had in his pretty and valuable Library everything that Rudyard Kipling had then published.

The desire of the famous statesman is the desire of a hundred thousand, and shows very clearly how far behind Rudyard Kipling has left that "bookstall" vogue the "Quarterly" referred to so mistakenly.

Whimsically reminding one of that Athos,

Porthos and Aramis who once made the world wonder, these latter-day Musketeers have won their way largely because they illustrate the same idea as their forerunners, by Dumas, namely comradeship frank and free through woe or weal, and staunch to the backbone—each of the triad. From preface to envoi, neither page nor paragraph should be missed. There are seven stories in the book, and from them we gain an understanding of mighty-hearted Mulvaney, lazy Learoyd and keen-witted little Ortheris caught up from our great Metropolis. Mulvaney the Multivagant, who holds the picture place in the Kipling pantheon, takes our love the first, and, perhaps, will hold it longest. A masterpiece is this man. Theseus of free-lances, a pipe-clayed belted musketeer of the masses, and as adventuresome and amorous as those much-harassed men of Dumas. I think he shines well always, even in his misdeeds. We have him in many moods, and even the sadness and heartache of modern existence is not strange to him. "The God from the

Machine," "The Big Drunk Draf" and his Incarnation as Krishna show him to be of infinite resource and daring. In such stories as the "Courting of Dinah Shadd" and "With the Main Guard," we touch the man more personally and the motley gear gives place to hodden-grey. Whether as jester, philosopher, or freelance, fearless of all comers, Terence Mulvaney is always a fellow-soul, well met.

"The World" laid special stress upon "Soldiers Three," saying: "What will naturally be most appreciated by the public are those stories the majority of which have appeared under the title of 'Soldiers Three'; for, fine as these are in conception, they never wander by one hair's-breadth from the facts as they are, even when by so doing their effect might be enhanced. No one hitherto has attempted to treat Tommy Atkins as a separate human entity, instead of the eight-hundredth or nine-hundredth component part of a whole; and the freshness of the characters of Mulvaney,

Learoyd and Ortheris are of course the more acceptable from their novelty. Mulvaney is the man after Mr. Kipling's own heart, with whom he has intense untiring sympathy. To write of him is no labour, but a delight; and the big soldier, great in all matters of discipline, comes out in full accoutrements from the storehouse of his creator's mind, at first call, sometimes even unbidden, and, as his maker avers, 'stops all other work.'"

The happily named "In Black and White" is also one of the most happily written of the "Rupee Books."

It bears in the opening pages a very droll thing in the way of proems, written by the author's Khitmatgar, or butler. This book is also made especially distinguished in that it contains two of the very finest tales ever written by Rudyard Kipling, or anyone else; "On the City Wall" and "The Sending of Dana Da." But I will speak of them further on.

There are eight tales in all here: a tragedy of revenge, five tragi-comedies of

the cunning, avarice and general impiety of the dark people, then that wise and masterly satire "The Sending of Dana Da," and last the puzzling, panoramic "On the City Wall."

"Dray Wara Yow Dee" is a tragedy that it would be hard to surpass with even the horrors of Æschylus. A tragedy was originally a song in honour of Bacchus. The one under notice is one sung in honour of blood and hatred. It has the grip and intensity of meaning that Edgar Allan Poe is well remembered for, and all his fine feeling for the tragic sense.

The native from whose mouth the tale is spoken says, "Whence is my sorrow? Does a man tear out his heart and make Kabobs thereof over a slow fire for aught other than a woman?"

He had wedded a woman of the Abazai, partly to staunch an open inter-tribal feud. But she had a lover. (Yes, it's the old tale of the ever-eternal triangle). She was with this lover one night when her husband

returned. The lover, Daoud Shah, escaped into the dark; but swift doom came to the woman: "for jealousy is the rage of a man." Her husband struck off her head and cast the body to the Kabul river. Then began the hunting of Daoud Shah. From place to place, his only light his burning heart, the betrayed man went, always seeking Daoud Shah, always crying for the life of that one man.

> "What of the hunting hunter bold?
> Brother, the watch was long and cold.
> What of the quarry ye went to kill?
> Brother, he crops in the jungle still." . . .

He prays for the day of vengeance, glorying in the contemplated death he will deal. "I would fain kill him quick and whole with the life sticking firm in his body. A pomegranate is sweetest when the cloves break away unwilling from the rind. Let it be in the daytime, that I may see his face and my delight may be crowned."

This awful "goat-song" has running through it "Dray wara yow dee," *all three*

are one; and the simple sentence acquires a mighty meaning. The story as a whole shows in lurid light the unrelenting hatred of the East where their women-folk are concerned. It is a fearful *conte à trois coins.*

The next five native tales hold one by their colouring of scene and speech. Not once does their author permit either to lose in clearness or cohesion of part and part. In particular do I refer to the stories of "Howli Police Station" and "In Flood Time." There is something very pathetic in "The Judgment of Dungara" and the frustrate life that Justus Krenk had to moan, but Mr. Kipling makes ample amends in the side-shaking picture of that plexus of craft and simplicity Afzal Khan, who fought with Dacoits at the Thana of Howli. Of "Gemini," the tale of the twins, one can say in its praise that it reads like one of the pages of Burton's "Nights." Burton had the keenest scent for a well-told tale.

The "Sending of Dana Da" is a story that should come as a special joy to certain

people of importance: those supersubtle adepts who can see books in the muddiest brooks, sermons in stones, and the phallic triad in everything. The story opens in a fine satiric strain, subject Theosophy; which is labelled in the Carlyleian vein, The Tea Cup Creed, from H. P. B.'s incident of the teacup hidden at Simla.

"This Religion approved of and stole from Freemasonry; looted the Latter-day *Rosicrucians* of half their pet words; took any fragments of Egyptian philosophy that it found in the Encyclopædia Britannica; annexed as many of the Vedas as had been translated into French or English, and talked of all the rest; built in the German versions of what is left of the Zend Avesta; encouraged White, Grey and Black Magic, including spiritualism, palmistry, fortune telling by cards, hot chestnuts, double-kernelled nuts and tallow droppings: would have adopted Voodoo and Oboe had it known anything about them, and showed itself, in every way, one of the most accommodating arrangements that had ever been invented since the birth of the Sea."

Well, from out of the unknown into the known there came one Dana Da to weave

a part of the pattern of this creed-encumbered cult. Dana Da, the man from nowhere, came, and, finally fastening himself to an Englishman, expounded the faith that was in him; a special self-made creed built upon a dissent from that of the Tea Cups.

For whisky and rupees, Dana Da agreed to send a Sending that should greatly disconcert one Lone Sahib, a disturber of the Englishman aforesaid.

A Sending is "a thing" sent by a wizard, and may take any form, but, most generally, wanders about the land in the shape of a little purple cloud till it finds the Sendee, and him it kills by changing into the form of a horse, or a cat.

The Englishman agrees, first to send a letter of warning to Lone Sahib to open the ball. Then the Sending is sent. It takes the form, or forms, of kittens, and Lone Sahib had a private plague of them, organised solely for his behoof. The kittens came everywhere, never in all the land had

so many kittens been gathered together in the name of Pasht or Bubastis.

Now, Lone Sahib, who is in touch with the Heads of Houses of the Tea Cup Creed, makes this Visitation known. Finally after a grand demonstration — the coming of twelve kittens—the Sending ceased. Then Dana Da explains everything to the Englishman who has kept him in Rupees and Whisky all through the Sending. It is the very best satire of its kind since Richard Garnett's "Prophet of Ad."

The last tale of "In Black and White" differs materially from the other seven, and should receive full praise for its many charms. In *précis*, it is a story having for backbone one Lalun, a Laïs in little, or scripturally to speak, a "Strange Woman." She is the puppet-puller in a pocket conspiracy to bring about the escape of an imprisoned native kinglet; the teller of the tale and one Wali Dad being her aiders and abettors therein. Upon the night of a great religious festival it is all carried out and the

escape effected. The object of their ministrations was not particularly grateful and, in fact, returned to his captors voluntarily. There are many side issues to the story, and *en passant* a study is made of the deep-bred fanaticism that often underlies the western wisdom of such very wise young men as Wali Dad.

"He possessed a head that English artists at Home would rave over and paint amid impossible surroundings—a face that female novelists would use with delight through nine hundred pages. In reality he was only a clean-bred young Mahommedan, with pencilled eyebrows, small-cut nostrils, little feet and hands, and a very tired look in his eyes. By virtue of his twenty-two years he had grown a neat black moustache, which he stroked with pride and kept delicately scented. His life seemed to be divided between borrowing books from me and making love to Lalun in the window seat. He composed songs about her, and some of the songs are sung to this day in the City from the Street of the Mutton Butchers to the Coppersmiths' ward."

The portrait of Lalun as below quoted is a passage the like of which is rare in the

stories. For Mr. Kipling does not dwell at any length upon descriptions of women. A few bold lines in *macchia*, a hasty touch of colour, and—the rest is left to you. That other Lalun, the Dainty Iniquity, however, was well pourtrayed and her picturesque accessories caught up with delightful touches. But Lalun has not yet been described.

"She would need, so Wali Dad says, a thousand pens of gold, and ink scented with musk. She has been variously compared to the Moon, the Dil Sagar lake, a spotted quail, a gazelle, the Sun on the Desert of Kutch, the Dawn, the Stars and the young bamboo. These comparisons imply that she is beautiful exceedingly, according to the native standards, which are practically the same as those of the West. Her eyes are black and her hair is black, and her eyebrows are black as leeches; her mouth is tiny and says witty things; her hands are tiny and have saved much money; her feet are tiny and have trodden on the naked hearts of many men. But, as Wali Dad sings:—'Lalun *is* Lalun, and when you have said that you have only come to the Beginnings of Knowledge.'"

From my angle of vision, "On the City Wall" appears to be one of the best stories

that Mr. Kipling has given us. In about twenty pages are comprised the lives of Lalun and Wali Dad, a satire upon the Supreme Government, the wonderful house on the City Wall, subtle, swift-limned sketches of the loungers in the little lupanar, a religious riot and a sardonic account of Khem Singh, native kinglet and Our captive. The whole being woven into a story that reads with deepest interest from the first word to the last. The dedication, which closes the little volume, is to Lockwood Kipling. Quaint both in wording and phrasing, it is a welcome novelty in dedications.

It was said of Victor Hugo once, in highest praise, that he was "Child-lover and the lord of human tears," and well might the sonorous phrase be applied to Mr. Kipling for his gallery of children.

Coming to "Wee Willie Winkie," we meet with the closest portrayal of child life and character. And it will be remembered that there are other children in the

works: such as the unhappy Little Tobrah, and that noticeable story of Mohammed Din. The deep love that the world has for "the fair faces of little children" is partly shown in the fact that "Wee Willie Winkie" reached a greater number of editions in England than all the other Rupee Books. The keynote of character in these children of Kipling seems to be their understanding and precocity. They take a different place to almost all the children that penmen have given us.

Dickens dwelt upon the lovable part of children, in the main; their sharpness or shrewdness appealing but little to him.

Perhaps, after Dickens, Habberton was the best child-lover who stood to the front. The babies of Helen are "classic," their babies' phrases have been caught up and treasured lovingly "wherever an English tale is told."

Bret Harte, too, has been very successful with many child characters in both song and story; his young girls having an especial

fragrance and charm: they are often like flowers shut within the leaves of a book of storm and stress and direful deeds. Perhaps the only "book of children" that has been as successful as Mr. Kipling's in these days, is that truly delightful "Timothy's Quest" by Kate Douglas Wiggin. It has its place on book-shelves side by side with "Helen's Babies." Reviewing child stories as a whole, one gains the impression that to succeed in this difficult branch of human literature high qualities and a patient and peculiar temperament are needful. Patience, perhaps, most of all. Of the four stories that make up the book "Wee Willie Winkie," I think that "His Majesty the King" is the one that will be loved longest. He is such a *dear* little fellow. Moreover, he acts as a sort of avenging angel or Nemesis, and by bringing remorse to the parents who slighted him casts domestic happiness once more in the Austell home. His Majesty, the King, or Master Austell, lived and ruled sole monarch in the nursery, adored by his

English teacher, but left severely alone by a self-absorbed mother, and a very busy Departmental father.

"At the door of the nursery his authority stopped. Beyond, lay the empire of his father and mother—two very terrible people who had no time to waste upon His Majesty the King. His voice lowered when he passed the frontier of his own dominions, his actions were fettered, and his soul was filled with awe, because of the great grim man who lived among a wilderness of pigeon-holes, and the most fascinating pieces of red tape, and the wonderful woman who was always getting into or stepping out of the big carriage."

One unhappy day His Majesty opened a post-packet, and requisitioned for future amusement a diamond tiara, that had been sent to his mother by her cicisbeo. When ill and conscience-stricken, his theft was discovered, and good resulted; it brought the husband and wife together upon a happy footing; and His Majesty became loved of both.

The story is full of the quaint speeches and turns of thought that obtain in childhood-

land, its pleasures, so small and simple, and yet so deeply absorbing,—as in the lizard shikar with playmate Patsie.

> "Tum 'long Toby! Zere 's a *chu-chu* lizard in ze chick, and I 've told Chimo to watch him till we tum. If we poke wiz zis wod his tail will go wiggle-waggle and fall off. Tum long, I tan't weach."

And then its sorrows, which are so real, and its faults of such exaggerated magnitude!

Yes, a patient and peculiar temperament is needful to interpret the ways and words of childhood. The resourceful Willie Winkie, Tods the Tearful, defiant Black Sheep, and Little Tobrah and the poor pathetic figure of tiny Mohammed Din-Budmash, give Mr. Kipling every right to that praise which was given to one, who was, for all the glory of his high estate, a lover of the ways and words of little children, and hence a lord of human tears. Suffer little children . . . . .

"Under the Deodars," in the social byways of Simla, is a book concerning itself chiefly with women-folk; five of the stories

being wholly studies in gynarchy. The first and fifth stories bringing Mrs. Hauksbee; chief among all the women-kind of Rudyard Kipling. In the face of certain studies of George Meredith's, to wit Diana Merrion and Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson, the character of Mrs. Hauksbee can hardly be termed a "creation," among the women of fiction. Of Mrs. Mountstuart (who is only Diana grown older) Mr. Meredith says:—

"She was a lady certain to say the remembered, if not the right thing. Again and again was it confirmed on days of high celebration, days of birth or bridal, how sure she was to hit the mark that rang the bell; and away her word went over the country; and had she been an uncharitable woman she could have ruled the country with an iron rod of caricature, so sharp was her touch. A grain of malice would have sent county faces and characters awry into currency. She was wealthy and kindly, and resembled our Mother nature in her reasonable antipathies to one or two things which none can defend, and her decided preference of persons that shone in the sun. Her word sprang out of her; she looked at you and forth it came; and it stuck to you, as nothing laboured or literary could have adhered."

And might not Mrs. Hauksbee be known by the same portrait? Mrs. Mountstuart, Diana and Mrs. Hauksbee hold their chief ambition in common: an overweening desire to act as a force, a dynamic force in the world around them, to "bring things to pass," to be goddess from the machine—in fact anything but the old, static, hearthside influence that rocks cradles and, in the end, *really* rules worlds. Diana pulls the strings of a puppet politician and sells his secrets, acting in the double rôle of Diana—Delilah: a truly awesome combination: Mrs. Mountstuart sways the circle of which Patterne is the centrum. Mrs. Hauksbee queens it over social Simla and acts a part in all its passing show, from Government to Guards Burlesque. Mrs. Hauksbee can be very, very witty, as you can see from several of the stories of "the English in India," and from that long fascinating story "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out." Chiefly is she brilliant in tongue-tip fencing and, even as Diana of the Crossways, can become inspired by another woman.

"'Polly, I'm going to start a *salon*.'

"Mrs. Mallowe turned lazily on the sofa, and rested her head on her hand. 'Hear the words of the Preacher, the son of Baruch,' she began.

"'Will you talk sensibly?'

"'I will, dear, for I see that you are going to make a mistake.'

"'I never made a mistake in my life—at least, never one that I couldn't explain away afterwards.'

"'Going to make a mistake,' went on Mrs. Mallowe, composedly. 'It is impossible to start a *salon* in Simla. A bar would be much more to the point.'

"'Perhaps, but why? It seems so easy.'

"'Just what makes it so difficult. How many clever women are there in Simla?'

"'Myself and yourself,' said Mrs. Hauksbee, without a moment's hesitation.

"'Modest woman! Mrs. Feardon would thank you for that. And how many clever men?'

"'Oh—er—hundreds,' said Mrs. Hauksbee vaguely.

"'What a fatal blunder! Not one. They are all bespoke by the Government.'"

Mrs. Mountstuart cannot shine till she is self-conscious *and* sex-conscious, as in the passage of arms saying Patterne's intended is "a Dainty rogue in porcelain."

"'Why rogue?' he insisted with Mrs. Mountstuart.

"'I said—in porcelain,' she replied.

"'Rogue perplexes me.'

"'Porcelain explains it.'

"'She has the keenest sense of honour.'

"'I am sure she is a paragon of rectitude.'

"'She has a beautiful bearing.'

"'The carriage of a princess!'

"'I find her perfect.'

"'And still she may be a dainty rogue in porcelain.'

"'Are you judging by the mind or the person, madam?'

"'Both.'

"'And which is which?'

"'There is no distinction.'

"'To be frank, rogue does not rightly match with *me*.'

"'Take her for a supplement.'"

Mrs. Hauksbee has longings for the laurels of Madame Recamier and Madame Mohl. In Simla she would found a Salon, lift the bushel from hidden lights, and act the *conservatrice* to any man who interested her *à la* the dear "Mamma" of the youthful Rousseau. But Mr. Kipling *has* knowledge of

a truer sweeter woman than all this: though he very rarely attempts to write about her: a woman fitted to rank as the partner of that clean-bred, frank, fearless English gentleman who figures in his stories to such advantage. Hints of this "other woman" are not wanting. She flashes in and out of "Cupid's Arrows," "False Dawn," "The Light that Failed," "The Gadsbys," and she is the May Holt of "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out." An English girl, demure, not at all divine, not at all wise, but clear in heart, head and repute, pretty and lovable from head to heel. England has not been moulded as it is by women who can hold a Salon together by their eyelashes, and we should bear this fully in mind; having wholesome fear of the *demi-vierges* that are such powers behind the thrones.

"At the Pit's Mouth," "A Wayside Comedy," (what a "Song of the Village" is here!) and "The Hill of Illusion" are further studies of the woman and her works. Witty, sardonical, with an ache in all their

hearts, the characters in these stories bring to us something of the pain of their own *blasé* and *borné* existences. The pessimism of Russia, the despair of Norway and the persiflage of Paris have their echoes in this most striking triad of tales. The women are neither good nor lovable. The trail of Eden's serpent stains them all, and they are of those who would rather talk to the Serpent than become *ennuyée* with Adam. Marriage lines are to them but a new form of letters of marque and dauntless reprisal. Having married their husbands from various mistaken motives, they are willing to do the next best thing for the first men who perceive this and dilate upon it.

After laying down "Under the Deodars," one's thoughts fly almost unconsciously to Ibsen and his relentless pourtrayal of triangular friendships in small towns and marriage knots that the fragile fingers of women so deftly turn into a running noose.

"The City of Dreadful Night" and "Letters of Marque" may aptly be spoken

of together. They are both books of travel-talk, land-talk, or sea-faring, and they have both been withdrawn from circulation. "The City" is of Calcutta, "the many-sided, the smoky, the magnificent." There are also chapters upon the Railway Folk and the Coal Miners of India, and a visit to an opium factory. The Calcutta part of these entertaining little books is an object-lesson in the "writing up" of a big city. When the author has unwound a string of details—statistics even—that the pens of most writers would wreck pages with, there is a shake of the cap and bells, and we read on, unwearied, with many side laughs at his scholia upon 'Cutta in relation to odours and olfactics quite alien to Piesse or Rimmel.

Early in the book, the note of "exile" is struck deeply. Listen to the *heimweh* of it.

"All men of certain age know the feeling of caged irritation—an illustration in the *Graphic*, a bar of music, or the light words of a friend from home may set it ablaze—that comes from the knowledge of our lost heritage of London. At

home they, the other men, our equals, have at their disposal all that Town can supply—the roar of the streets, the lights, the music, the pleasant places, the millions of their own kind, and a wilderness full of pretty fresh-coloured Englishwomen, theatres and restaurants. It is their right. They accept it as such, and even affect to look upon it with contempt. And we, we have nothing except the few amusements, that we painfully build up for ourselves—the dolorous dissipations of *gymkhanas* where everyone knows everybody else, or the chastened intoxication of dances where all engagements are booked, in ink, ten days ahead, and where everybody's antecedents are as patent as his or her method of waltzing. We have been deprived of our inheritance. The men at home are enjoying it all, not knowing how fair and rich it is, and we at the most can only fly westward for a few months, and gorge what, properly speaking, should take seven or eight or ten luxurious years. That is the lost heritage of London; and the knowledge of the forfeiture, wilful or forced, comes to most men at times and seasons, and they get cross."

The talk sweeps on with many reflections, upon the decent ordering and administering of such a city: Calcutta Councils, (very satiric this) Calcutta's craft, the shipmen

that have knowledge of the sea, Calcutta police and patrols, and some pathetic comments upon one Lucia, the Eurasian quarter, and the sole Eurasian poet, Henri Derozio.

Of all this, and the chapters after, one's attention is most attracted by the account of the patrolling with the police "while the city sleeps." Here is described the visit to the House of the Dainty Iniquity.

"A glare of lights on the stairhead, a clink of innumerable bangles, a rustle of much fine gauze, and the Dainty Iniquity stands revealed, blazing—literally blazing—with jewellery from head to foot. Take one of the fairest miniatures that the Delhi painters draw, and multiply it by ten; throw in one of Angelica Kaufmann's best portraits, and add anything that you can think of from Beckford or Lalla Rookh, and you will still fall short of the merits of that perfect face. For an instant, even the grim professional gravity of the Police is relaxed in the presence of the Dainty Iniquity with the gems, who so prettily invites everyone to be seated, and proffers such refreshments as she conceives the palates of the barbarians would prefer. Her Abigails are only one degree less

gorgeous than she. Half a lac, or fifty thousand pounds worth—it is easier to credit the latter statement than the former—are disposed upon her little body. Each hand carries five jewelled rings, which are connected by golden chains to a great jewelled boss of gold in the centre of the back of the hand. Ear-rings weighted with emeralds and pearls, diamond nose-rings, and how many other hundred articles make up the list of adornments. English furniture of a gorgeous and gimcrack kind, unlimited chandeliers, and a collection of atrocious Continental prints—something, but not altogether, like the glazed plaques on *bon-bon* boxes—are scattered about the house, and on every landing—let us trust this is a mistake—lies, squats, or loafs a Bengali, who can talk English with unholy fluency. The recurrence suggests—only suggests, mind—a grim possibility of the affectation of excessive virtue by day, tempered with the sort of unwholesome enjoyment after dusk—this loafing and lobbying and chattering, and smoking, and unless the bottles lie, tippling among foul-tongued handmaidens of the Dainty Iniquity. How many men follow this double, deleterious sort of life? The police are discreetly dumb.

* * * * *

And indeed, it seemed no difficult thing to be friends to any extent with the Dainty Iniquity,

who was so surpassingly different from all that experience taught of the beauty of the East. Here was the face from which a man could write *Lalla Rookhs*, by the dozen, and believe every word that he wrote."

"Letters of Marque" have not yet been published in England. In his bright lightning-sketch manner, Mr. Kipling touches on road and rail-faring, temples, horses, elephants, and monkeys, the talk of the trains, and men and manners *en route* generally. At the latter end of the voyaging he encounters two "Officers of Her Majesty's Navy—midshipmen of a Man-o'-War in Bombay—going up country on a ten days' leave! They had not travelled much more than twice round the world, but they should have printed the fact on a label. They chattered like daws, and their talk was as a whiff of fresh air from the open sea, while the train ran eastward under the Arcavalis." . . . It was not until they had opened their young hearts with infantine abandon, that the listener could guess from

the incidental *argot* where these pocket Ulysseses had travelled. South African, Norwegian, and Arabian words were used to help out the slang of Haslar, and a copious vocabulary of ship-board terms, complicated with modern Greek. . . .

Now that the Diary is dead, and Letters have sunk into a decline, it is a pity that letters of marque and reprisal are not more often taken out by privateers of the pen, for the benefit of longing listeners in England.

But would they cruise in such waters as Mr. Kipling, and could they set down a tale as plain and pleasing? So much depends on the angle of vision, and the selection of the picture-plane.

I have not heard truly why these two travel-books have been suppressed. Unlike certain other book "suppressions" we know of, this is genuine, and both books when found, go into the catalogues of the cognoscenti at a noteworthy figure. If the publishers would issue "The City," "The Letters," and that book of American travel,

which lies embalmed in the sheets of Luke Sharp's paper, all in one volume, we should then have a book to rank well with the travels of Kinglake, Steevens, Verestchagin, *et alia.*

The Story of the Gadsbys, stated to be a tale without a plot, is a story in some eighty pages of a typical Anglo-Indian officer, his wooing, his wife, and his work. All told with many new touches of craftmanship and in that easy conversational Clublandic tongue, peculiarly our author's own. Gyp has succeeded with this subject and style, but few others.

"The Gadsbys" is split up into seven sketches or scenes. As each scene adds its quota of evidence the interest deepens, and the hopes and fears of the dear little Featherweight, Mrs. Gadsby, become our own.

Simply, the story is of the affairs of heart of Captain Gadsby, who, after acting as *cavalier servente* to Madam Threegan, falls in love with Minnie, her daughter, as

only the *blasé* and *ennuyé can* fall in love. There are certain attachments to be sloughed off by the Captain before the way to the Altar is clear, and then at last they marry. "High hopes faint on a warm hearthstone." After a severe struggle, Captain Gadsby determines to sell out of the beloved Army: his love has put into him the fear—the awful fear of danger, and of death. Quite a gamut of sensations are to be found in this volume of the Indian Library. Wit, wisdom, genial sarcasm, and very true and tearful pathos are found here. Our attention is held easily while Gadsby discusses even the cutting down of harness weight and the maxims of Prince Kraft, master of the Three Arms: Mr. Kipling can dress up the dry bones of detail, here and elsewhere, into something akin to ivory. A strong man is Captain Gadsby and a man of meaning, but the fragile clinging fingers of a young wife become more to him than all the tactics, strategics, or logistics known to Moltke, Kraft, or Maurice. Says Mr.

Kipling, acting as Choragus, after the fall of the curtain:

> "White hands cling to the tightened rein
> Slipping the spur from the booted heel,
> Tenderest voices cry 'Turn again,'
> Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel,
> High hopes faint on a warm hearthstone.
> He travels the fastest who travels alone."

Now to speak of The Phantom Rickshaw. Our knowledge of the ethics and economics of the other world, the risen dead, twilight glimpses and dream-warnings have been strongly reinforced in recent days by the strenuous exertions of Mesdames Florence Marryatt and Annie Besant, "Psychical Research" and "Borderland." The old-fashioned and endeared ghost story, has now a literature of its own and the pomp and circumstance of a bibliography. In Mr. Kipling's view of the ghost story there is no echo of aught of the foregoing. His tale is told in "straight-flung words and few," as a tale should be told. He neither footnotes nor annotates these eerie tales;

knowing full well that the subject should not be submitted to the arbitrary strain of fact and date.

"The Phantom Rickshaw" (and other eerie tales) must have a noticeable place among what is termed (*alla Tedesco*) shudder-literature.

In company with the sorrowful story of "The Phantom Rickshaw" is found "My Own True Ghost Story," "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," and lastly that great story, "The Man who would be King."

Of these four, two are certainly master-pieces that have helped forward materially the fame of their creator. I allude to the two last.

Coolly, and with all the circumspection that comes of a craft held in restraint, Mr. Kipling begins his account of the life-endings of Pansay and his quondam love, Agnes Keith-Wessington who, after death, haunts him in the public places in a rickshaw and with bearers as phantasmal as herself.

The refrain that is ever upon the phantom

lips and the reproach that lies at the back of the phantom eyes are dwelt upon with a sombre and relentless touch as the author warms to his work and shows us a mystery and a punishment that carry with them meaning and warning palpable to all.

The scene brought before us in which the man Pansay, his dead paramour, and his living love go over some passages in their past, stamps itself upon the mind with a gruesome insistence. It is so awful. One recalls Swinburne :

> "The Burden of Dead Faces. Out of sight
> And out of love *beyond the reach of hands*,
> Changed in the changing of the Dark and Light
> They walk and weep about the barren lands!"

I can only think of one other man who could tell such a tale in such a manner—Edgar Allan Poe. He and Kipling often associate in one's mind.

In lighter vein, by far, and yet not without its touch of the grim and grey, is the author's "own" ghost story. It has a most cunningly

contrived climax and is quite a study of the Dâk-Bungalow as a home and a haunt.

"The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" though not a ghost story is ten times more eerie than many that are. Out into the desert rode Morrowbie Jukes and there he fell (literally) into the company of the dead who are not dead: human beings condemned and branded with disease, unfit for society at large. From this hideous village of the condemned there is but one way of escape with life, unaided. This way of escape was found on the body of one who had died there; a veritable legacy of life for any who could avail themselves of it. But Jukes escapes by other and quite unforeseen means, and by his lips is the tale told. The description of the "Village," its cowering inhabitants, rascally Gunga Dass, the attempts at escape, the plan and its murdered owner are told with power and circumstance. "Thus and thus it was" says the author and you believe him, thoroughly—you cannot help yourself.

Concerning the fourth and last of the stories, "The Man who would be King," let it be said that a long and very appreciative criticism is its just desert. In its own particular line of narrative it readjusts the understood standards and alters the values. It is of a certain class of tale that has always obtained considerable success: The "idea" of men, citizens and commoners, plotting or fighting their way to a throne and crown has always in both life and literature, possessed great fascination for us.

In India, the knowledge that two men were sanely and soberly planning to seize and subdue Kafiristan, or any other kingdom, would scarcely cause a thrill of surprise.

There a man may sit in an editor's chair (your only true throne nowadays) and see pass a complete procession of the primal passions, lusts, hatreds, famines or battles of breed and creed, and yet, not necessarily, lose a point in his cue-play through it.

Wherefore when Dravot and Carnehan, blackguards both, calmly say they are going to be Kings of Kafiristan the only rebuff they receive from their hearer is an account of the hardship of the travelling to be done ere they win to their kingdom. The men consult maps and books, determine their route and on the morrow disguised as Mullahs set forth on their perilous journey.

A matter of two years later one traveller returns, Carnehan, and his parched lips and bruised and broken body (he had suffered crucifixion) have just sufficient strength to tell his tale.

When he had made an end he produced his evidence :—

"From a mass of rags round his bent waist he brought out a black horsehair bag embroidered with silver thread; and therefrom shook on to my table—the dried, withered head of Daniel Dravot! The morning sun that had long been paling the lamps struck the red beard and blind sunken eyes; struck, too, a heavy circlet of gold studded with raw turquoises that Carnehan placed tenderly on the battered temples.

"'You behold now,' said Carnehan, 'the Emperor in his habit as he lived—the King of Kafiristan with his crown upon his head. Poor old Daniel that was a real monarch once!'"

Carnehan died two days later in the Asylum. There are many fine critics who consider this story of the Kings of Kafiristan to be the best, in every way, among Mr. Kipling's earliest successes.

THE OTHER STORIES

"It must be a delicious sensation to know that one has emerged; that one has done supremely well what so many try and fail to do. I can imagine nothing more inspiring, more satisfying, than to have realised one's dreams, and made a great artistic success."—LUCAS MALET.

THE stories other than the Indian Library set are as follows:—"Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Light that Failed," "Life's Handicap," "Many Inventions," "The Naulahka," and "The Jungle Book."

Of this volume about three-fourths of its forty tales are of the English in India, the remainder being stories of Natives.

Simla is certainly a revelation to us. It has been stated and repeated, with sufficient frequency to pass it into a proverb, that the average Englishman's idea of the exact sciences is derived from fiction! This certainly applies with regard to geography, and

such wondrous lands as, say, California, Africa, Australia *are* known to us mainly in their intimate features by the vivid and powerful descriptions of Bret Harte, Rider Haggard, Olive Schreiner and Rolf Boldrewood. But it was left to Rudyard Kipling to take in hand our great Indian Empire and its Simla and bring it in books to our library table. While reading many of the stories of Simla proper I supplemented my knowledge of it by a reference to two notes of the now very famous summer capital in the Hills. The first is from the pen of an "Unknown," and for the second, one must thank Marion Crawford. It is from the latter's vivid and picturesque romance of modern India "Mr. Isaacs."

"The Station of Simla in the Hills has a population of something like fifteen thousand. Its inhabitants sometimes refer to it as a 'sanatorium.' It is, out there, much the same as our Hydros are here—for people to frequent who fancy their labours have

laid them up. Also for the culture of the gentle art of the Flirt. Part of Simla was retained by Us at the wind-up of the Gurka affair, *circa* 1816.

"Lieutenant Ross seems to have been the man especially ordained to discover Simla, and plant there a thatched cottage early in this century.

"Lieutenant Kennedy, and other officers, built there also, later, and in 1826 Simla became a Settlement. Some lordly officials took their ease with dignity there, and then it soon became popular with Europeans. From the spacious times of Lawrence (1864) Simla has become a summer capital of India numbering over 500 European residences. These are upon a crescent-shaped ridge of five miles. At the foot of the ridge is a sharp descent to a well-watered valley. The outer west of the Station owns Jutagh, a little military post perched on the point of a steep hill; here are Head Quarters of Mule Batteries (Mountain Artillery). A mile or so off Jutagh is Prospect Hill, 7000 feet above

sea-level. The same distance to the East of this place is Peterhoff, the Vice-regal residence. West of Peterhoff is the Observatory. The Library, established 1859, is a mile from the Viceroy's House. The Club is near to Combermere Bridge. The hill Jakko lies east of the Club and is 8000 feet above sea-level. Lowrie's Hotel, the Band Stand, the Church and the Club are all fairly close to one another. The Mall is the public promenade. The Simla scenery (of which we have sketch-etchings dotted through Mr. Kipling's tales) is of a strange beauty and possesses some magnificent views; the Ambala Plains, Kasauli Hills, etc. Beneath the eye-level many ravines lead into the deep valleys which mark out the mountain sides. To the North a confusion of chains in rising ranges are crowned at the back by snow peaks in high relief against the sky."

Mr. Crawford charges his palette with warmer colour in painting his picture of Simla.

"But in India whatever the ailing, low fever, high fever, 'brandy pawnee' fever, malaria caught in the chase of tigers in the Terai or dysentery imbibed on the banks of the Ganges, there is only one cure, the 'hills'; and chief of 'hill-stations' is Simla.

"On the hip rather than on the shoulder of aspiring Himalayas, Simla—or Shumla, as the natives call it—presents during the wet monsoon period a concourse of pilgrims more varied even than the Bagnères de Bigorre in the south of France, where the gay Frenchman asks permission of the lady with whom he is conversing to leave her abruptly, in order to part with his remaining lung, the loss of the first having brought him there.

"'Pardon, madame,' said he, 'je m'en vais cracher mon autre poumon.'

"To Simla the whole supreme Government migrates for the summer—Viceroy, council, clerks, printers and hangers-on. Thither the high official from the plains takes his wife, his daughters, and his liver.

There the journalists congregate to pick up the news that oozes through the pent-house of Government secrecy, and failing such scant drops of information, to manufacture as much as is necessary to fill the columns of their dailies.

"On the slopes of 'Jako'—the wooded eminence that rises above the town—the enterprising German establishes his concert-hall and his beer-garden; among the rhododendron trees Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott and Mr. Sinnett moved mysteriously in the performance of their wonders; and the wealthy tourist from America, the botanist from Berlin, and the casual peer from Great Britain, are not wanting to complete the motley crowd. There are no roads in Simla proper where it is possible to drive, excepting one narrow way, reserved when I was there, and probably still set apart, for the exclusive delectation of the Viceroy. Everyone rides—man, woman and child; and every variety of horseflesh may be seen in abundance, from Lord Steepleton

Kildare's thoroughbreds to the broad-sterned equestrian vessel of Mr. Currie Ghyrkins, the Revenue Commissioner of Mudnugger in Bengal.

"But I need not now dwell long on the description of this highly-favoured spot, where Baron de Zach might have added force to his demonstration of the attraction of mountains for the pendulum. Having achieved my orientation and established my servants and luggage in one of the reputed hotels, I began to look about me, and, like an intelligent American observer, as I pride myself that I am, I found considerable pleasure in studying out the character of such of the changing crowd on the verandah and on the Mall as caught my attention.

"All visits are made on horseback in Simla, as the distances are often considerable. You ride quietly along, and the sais follows you, walking or keeping pace with your gentle trot, as the case may be. We rode along the bustling Mall, crowded with men and women on horseback, with numbers

of gorgeously arrayed native servants and *chuprassies* of the Government offices hurrying on their respective errands, or dawdling for a chat with some shabby-looking acquaintance in private life; we passed by the crowded little shops on the Hill below the church, and glanced at the conglomeration of grain-sellers, jewellers, confectioners, and dealers in metal or earthen vessels, every man sitting knee-deep in his wares, smoking the eternal 'hubble-bubble'; we noted the keen eyes of the buyers and the hawk's glance of the sellers, the long snakelike fingers eagerly grasping the passing coin, and seemingly convulsed into serpentine contortion when they relinquished their clutch on a single 'pi'; we marked this busy scene, set down like a Punch and Judy show, in the midst of the trackless waste of the Himalayas, as if for the delectation and pastime of some merry *genius loci* weary of the solemn silence in his awful mountains, and we chatted carelessly of the sights animate and inanimate

before us, laughing at the asseverations of the salesman, and at the hardened scepticism of the customer at the portentous dignity of the superb old messenger, white-bearded and clad in scarlet and gold, as he bombastically described to the knot of poor relations and admirers that elbowed him the splendours of the last entertainment at 'Peterhof,' where Lord Lytton still reigned. I smiled, and Isaacs frowned at the ancient and hairy ascetic believer, who suddenly rose from his lair in a corner, and bustled through the crowd of Hindoos, shouting at the top of his voice the confession of his faith—'Beside God there is no God, and Muhammad is his apostle!' The universality of the Oriental spirit is something amazing, customs, dress, thought, and language are wonderfully alike among all Asiatics west of Thibet and south of Turkestan. The greatest difference is in language, and yet no one unacquainted with the dialects could distinguish by the ear between Hindustani, Persian, Arabic and Turkish."

In the usual library books about India there is very little to be found about Simla or its people "in their costumes as they live." I quote a little paragraph from the book of some Major-General (name forgotten) who appears to have had some dim idea of the literary possibilities of the subject.

"Who that has visited Simla can forget its pine-covered hills and cultured valleys, gleaming away far below the mountain sides into the misty 'straths' and purple glens and gorges; its flush of rhododendron forest and groves of oak and ilex, its wild flowers and breezy ridges—haunts of the chikôr? The glory of novelty has long since faded from the writer's mind, and he finds it difficult to impart to his words the enthusiasm of youth as formerly felt on viewing these fair mountains.

"As regards the social aspects they must be left to the traveller, novelist, or social critic. Who of the *ancien régime* could not draw on his memory for reminiscences of

old Simla, Queen of Indian 'watering-places!' Its provincial magnates and little great men, its exotic swelldom, and dandies male and female! Let them pass."

Very fortunate must we account it that Mr. Kipling did not also let them pass without first taking toll or tribute.

Early in "Plain Tales from the Hills" we meet the man Strickland, who, after Mulvaney, takes high place in this Hindu Pantheon.

The character of Strickland is an amazing one, and I think the possibilities and potentialities of it have impressed even Mr. Kipling himself. Strickland was in the Police and turned his daily calling into high art, and this was partly the manner of man he was when at work. He was perpetually "going Fantee" among natives, which, of course, no man with any sense believes in. He was initiated into the *Sat Bhai* at Allahabad once, when he was on leave; he knew the Lizard Song of the Sansis, and the Halli-Hukk dance, which

is a religious *cancan* of a startling kind. When a man knows who dance the *Halli-Hukk*, and how, and when, and where, he knows something to be proud of. He has gone deeper than the skin. But Strickland was not proud, though he had helped once, at Jagadhri, at the Painting of the Death Bull, which no Englishman must even look upon; had mastered the thieves'-patter of the changars; had taken a Eusufzi horse-thief alone near Attock; and had stood under the *nimbar*-board of a Border mosque and conducted service in the manner of a Sunni Mollah.

In this story in which he first figures, "Miss Youghal's Sais," he enacts a prime part in the assumed garb of a groom, the better to be near the presence of his beloved, Miss Youghal, whom he afterwards married. The story seems designed to introduce Strickland and the attributes peculiar to him. We do not really see him at work until he reappears in the Bronckhorst Divorce Case and that awesome study "The Mark of the

Beast." The great fault of the Strickland stories is that there are so few of them.

"His Chance in Life" is a joco-serious story of a lower grade of the Eurasian people. It is a quaint account of the Dutch courage once shown by one Michele whose blood has a dash of the white in it—our white. He is desireful of marrying in his proper caste and colour and the lady is a Miss Vessis. The description of this saintly creature need not be here emphasised.

This story shows clearly how its writer can step aside and fixing his attention upon some side scene or underplay of the great tragic-ironic, study it apparently in mass, but really in minutiæ. If it is a Sect we have its dominant faith, its work and its daily hopes and fears, what part it really plays in the general scheme and with what hope of success: the characterisation and conversation leavening the whole. "Plain Tales" has several of those studies, almost entirely oriental, that are the abiding relief Mr. Kipling has brought to the aid of our romantic literature.

"In the House of Suddhoo," "Beyond the Pale," "The Bisara of Pooree," "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows," and lastly that very curious account of the out-casted Englishman Jellaludin McIntosh in "To be Filed for Reference." In reading Suddhoo there comes again a shuddering remembrance of that lurid genius Edgar Poe and his imaginings of things darksome and full of dread, in fact, through almost all the above-mentioned stories there is a thought haunting one that the actors in the several dramas live and have their being in some land akin to Jinnistan, where ghoul and dhoul wait ever upon the destinies of man, and where no one is quite safe from that "trembling of the balance" betwixt clean, clear sanity and—outer darkness. In one of his epigraphs Mr. Kipling seems to acknowledge and anticipate the shudder that will greet these gazings *into* the windows of the East and into its inmost life.

Very fascinating and tantalising is the story of the Bisara of Pooree. Tantalising

because (like that stone, the Naulahka, Tarvin searched for so well) we could follow its vicissitudes through a hundred pages and yet have to be content with about five. Again we see how Mr. Kipling has caught and trained by his handicraft an idea long laying about in the world's "unused literature." I mean the idea of tracing the history of a Talisman or Fetish, and its influence upon its owners' lives. Think what princely reading the history of (say) the fateful De Sancy stone would make, which went from prince to prince shining through centuries, until it rested with a great and gracious lady. Says Mr. Kipling, describing the Bisara:

"Some natives say that it came from the other side Kulu, where the eleven inch Temple Sapphire is; others that it was made at the Devil-Shrine of Ao-Chung in Thibet, was stolen by a Kafir, from him by a Gurkha, from him again by a Lahouli, from him by a *khitmatgar*, and by this latter sold to an Englishman, so all its virtue was lost; because to work properly, the Bisara of Pooree must be stolen—with bloodshed if possible, but at any rate, stolen.

"These stories of the coming into India are all false. It was made at Pooree ages since—the manner of its making would fill a small book—was stolen by one of the Temple dancing girls there, for her own purposes, and then passed on from hand to hand, steadily northward, till it reached Hanlè: always bearing the same name—the Bisara of Pooree.—In shape it is a tiny square box of silver, studded outside with eight small balas-rubies. Inside the box, which opens with a spring, is a little eyeless fish, carved from some sort of dark, shiny nut and wrapped in a shred of faded gold-cloth. That is the Bisara of Pooree, and it were better for a man to take a king cobra in his hand than to touch it."

Possibly, strong-minded people will laugh with derision, at the gravely-stated belief that a fetish can ever act as an influence in one's life. Yet Fetishism flourishes strongly enough, and the meaning it has for even seasoned thinkers is hinted at by Kipling in Heldar's lucky coin in "The Light that Failed"!

"To be Filed for Reference" is a story which has an interest above many others in the book, in that it is designed to act as

the prelude, or proem, to a larger work from Mr. Kipling: "The Book of Mother Maturin," to wit, handed to him, we are asked to suppose, by a Mohammedanised Oxonian, Jellaludin McIntosh. It is difficult to say whether it is meant to be pessimistic or merely sardonical. Unfortunately the full meaning of Jellaludin yet waits, for "The Book of Mother Maturin" has not come to us.

"The Light that Failed," held by so many critics to be a doubtful or debatable success, I consider without question to be a really fine performance and a sound criticism of the work-a-day world and its ways viewed from the eyes of two men who had to fight life in her fiercest moods. The chief character Dick Heldar is a very fascinating one indeed. A true cosmopolitan is this man (reminding one of Stevenson's Loudon Dodd—the man who worked up from tin-types to treasure-trove). Heldar and Maisie passed their early days together under the rod of an old petticoated terror. They early realise

something of the meaning within them, which on one side, at any rate, developed into love. Dick walks out to view created cosmos, and plays the solivagant for about ten years—an undaunt ugly duckling of a fellow!

He returns after many days, a successful war-artist, and when in London, throws in his lot with Torpenhow—another seeker after bubble reputation at the pencil's point. Dick draws for the papers, paints for pleasure, and covers his face with fatness. Talks wondrous talks with Torpenhow: brush-and-palette talk, war-and-travel talk, with an occasional digression concerning the manners and misdeeds of the Ego. Now comes a truly troublous time; for Maisie returns from out of the years and Dick's forgetfulness is severely reproached. Naturally helpful, onward work is much neglected, and Heldar uses many panderings to the emotions, which retard considerably.

Some useless over-work and some fate-sent over-worry, bring about illness, and

finally (an old sabre-stroke helping) blindness. A pretty little conflict, Eros *v.* Ego, ends in Maisie coming to help "and in her eyes show pity for his toil." A significant fact is that poor "B. V.'s" work "The City of Dreadful Night" forms so much of the backing of one part of the book. There is pathos here when one remembers the vastly different receptions and appreciations accorded the two authors.

There are many things in the conversations of Heldar that are worthy of often being repeated. "If we sit down quietly to work we may, or we may not, do something that isn't bad. A great deal depends on being the master of the bricks and mortar of the trade. But the instant we begin to think about success and the effect of our work—to play with one eye on the gallery—we lose power and touch and everything else. . . . See!" etc.

This story passed from the pages of "Lippincott's Magazine" to the pomp and pride of a book-form Edition, altered and

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enlarged, with the author's statement that this was the story as originally conceived. In its new form it has a long, important conversation of the war-correspondent's and in place of Heldar's marriage his journey to the Soudan seat-of-war, and death. These are the two chief alterations. The life of Heldar (in whichever form you prefer to read it) possesses a strong fascination which the tense phrases of the diction heighten. Take the long and carefully worked out scene between Heldar, Torpenhow and the Nilghai after the return of Heldar from unhappy lovemaking at Fort Keeling. As he sits listening with aching heart to the wit and banter of his confrères the *motifs* of Roving life, Restless love and Untouched work, act and react upon him, torturingly, until the coming of Despair. The "pull" of the old days of darkness and unsuccess, the woman who would not wed and the masterpiece that would not create itself: *dray wara yow dee.* He stifles all but the longing to paint the masterpiece

that shall make him accepted of his love. The subject chosen to be a Melancholia inspired by that awful woman of "The City of Dreadful Night." From inception to completion this picture has a little history of its own. Then the blindness comes, and he turns aside from a chance there is to marry Maisie, and the old *leit-motif* of wandering struggling life returning he goes out to the Egyptian War and from the darkness of sightlessness to the last darkness of Death. Much of the soul-weariness of poor Bysshe Vanolis and his Dreadful Dream, finds its way into these pages, with the inevitable result that one wishes to know of the life and labour of a writer whose vision, philosophy and literary form accords so much with the exacting intellect of Kipling.

Although I had once read the rare "City of Dreadful Night," in the early days, I returned to its perusal and moreover gathered some notes of its writer and his tragic life and death. In *précis* I repeat

these notes and give the base of supplies for more.

James Thomson, the second, ("B.V.") was born at Port Glasgow in 1834 of Scotch parentage both ways. When about twenty years old he was enlisted as an army Schoolmaster, firstly in connection with a South Devon Regiment. He appears to have been an excellent teacher, and in all matters chiefly referring to mental training to have had great grasp. He taught himself French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and the usual "little Latin and Greek." After great vicissitudes James Thomson reached the period in which his now world-famous poem was penned. "The City of Dreadful Night," written between 1870 and 1874, has been accepted as the masterpiece of its Author,—and rightly. . . . We feel in reading "The City" that we are in the presence of one who has not only been profoundly awed by the mysteries of existence, but who has seen, as only a great poet can see, and who, moreover,

is gifted with the rare poetical faculty of translating his vision into words which impress themselves on the mind of the reader with the vividness and intensity of a picture.

The object of "The City of Dreadful Night" as set out in Thomson's proem is twofold:—in the first place to set forth the "bitter, old and wrinkled truth" of pessimism, and secondly to speak a word of fellowship and comfort to the other wanderers in the city; "and feel a stir of fellowship in all disastrous fight." . . .

I think it may fairly be said that the allegorical meaning of "The City of Dreadful Night" is, in the main, sufficiently clear, though as in most other allegories the precise significance and inter-connection of some of the details may not admit of easy explanation. "The City of Dreadful Night" is symbolic of the gloom of pessimistic thought: the dwellers in the city are they whose despondent mood has been so persistent as to become a second nature. Like

Bunyan's Pilgrim, they are the prisoners of Giant Despair, but they have no key by which to effect their liberation.

The workmanship of the poem is a wonder and delight.

I am grateful to an excellent work upon "B. V." written by H. S. Salt for some matter quoted above; the completest account of his Life, Letters, and Poems will be found in Mr. Salt's book which can be recommended to all lovers of good books.

In the volumes "Life's Handicap (Stories of Mine Own People)" and "Many Inventions" Kipling has given us of his very best, particularly in the first named. I consider that it shows its author at the height of his present power, both in prose and poetry, for the verses in the Envoi are among the sweetest and the subtlest in all the works. They touch with a strange, wonderful touch upon the work, the word-wizardry, of their writer. But to speak of the body of the book. The preface tells us, with the unmatched touch that we get to

know and love so well, that, "these tales have been collected from all places and all sorts of people, from priests in the Chubara, from Ala Yar the Carver, Jiwun Singh the Carpenter, nameless men on steamers and trains round the world, women spinning outside their cottages in the twilight, officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and a few, but these are the very best, my father gave me." The preface is in itself a story—and a study. The twenty-seven stories comprise in their range most of the subjects so assimilated by Kipling, and in this respect it is the most representative of all his books. It is a set of masterpieces. Early in the book Terence Mulvaney, his wondrous Incarnation as God Krishna, and his very human courtship as a private person, have first call. The "unhistorical extravagance" and splendour of the first story is in curious contrast to the Mulvaney who went courting with his heart at his lips, and many of its truest promptings shining in his honest eyes. "Without Benefit of Clergy"

may be described as a love-study rather than story. It has a conviction and a completeness that causes the loves of John Holden and Ameera to take form of flesh and come before us as in that powerful story of the painter's Passion in the Forest that Zola tells.

John Holden, officer of Her Majesty in India, loved a Mussulman's daughter, purchased by him. His love was returned twentyfold and a child was born. Then, when love was at its height, there came the Harvester-by-Night in the similitude of a Plague. Both child and mother succumb, and John Holden goes back to the life he knew before. There is a ghastly mother-in-law and one Pir Khan, guardian of the gate, who help to explain some of the less manifest things. That is all the story. But listen to this, to gain an idea of the force and feeling in the telling :

> "When there is a cry in the night, and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, Heaven-born! It is the black cholera!"

Holden galloped to his home. The sky was heavy with clouds, for the long-deferred rains were near and the heat was stifling. Ameera's mother met him in the courtyard, whimpering, "She is dying. She is nursing herself into death. She is all but dead. What shall I do, Sahib?"

Ameera was lying in the room in which Tota had been born. She made no sign when Holden entered, because the human soul is a very lonely thing, and when it is getting ready to go away, hides itself in a misty borderland where the living may not follow.

The black cholera does its work quietly and without explanation: Ameera was being thrust out of life, as though the Angel of Death had himself put his hand upon her. The quick breathing seemed to show that she was either afraid or in pain, but neither eyes nor mouth gave any answer to Holden's kisses.

There was nothing to be said or done, Holden could only wait and suffer. The

first drops of the rain began to fall on the roof and he could hear shouts of joy in the parched city.

The soul came back a little and the lips moved. Holden bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," said Ameera. "Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of receiving in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee for ever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words in his ear—"that there is no God but—thee, beloved!"

You will remember John Holden as being one of the best types of the English officer and gentleman in India. Ameera as a painstaking consistent portrait of the better type of native womanhood, and Tota as

another study of early childhood worthy of the pen that created "Mahommed Din" and "Little Tobrah."

"At the End of the Passage" is a triumph in "atmosphere." As the full meaning of the lives of these four slaves-of-office lies bare it seems as though there has been described a Song of the Sun more awesome than even Thomson's "Night."

It is with great pleasure after the preceding horrors of, say, "The Mark of the Beast," the ghoulish "Bertram and Bimi" Insomnia, Leprosy and Beast-madness, that one turns to the repose and fabulistic play of fancy in "The Finances of the Gods."

There are two more stories: "The Amir's Homily" and "Naboth" that are both signal successes in tragedy and comedy, respectively. Tragedy as sombre and unlifting as that hunting of Daoud Shah in "Dray Wara Yow Dee." Comedy of that delicious vein shown in "Pig" and "A Friend's Friend."

It is His Royal Highness Abdur Rahman,

Amir of Afghanistan, who delivers the Homily and thereby takes us at a sweep back to just and fearless Al Raschid, Caliph, of blessed memory. As the Amir sat counselling and judging one day, a man was brought before him accused of theft. The mighty ruler shows no mercy and to prove his justness he tells the assembled court of nobles how he had once "wrought day by day bearing burdens and labouring with his hands" tempted and tried, driven to the money-lender and yet remaining honest through all the awful days before he came into his kingdom. . . . "But he, this bastard son of naught, must steal! For a year and four months I worked, and none dare say I lie, for I have a witness." . . . Then rose in his place among the Sirdars and the nobles one clad in silk, who folded his hands and said:—"This is the truth of God, for I, who by the favour of God and the Amir, am such as you know, was once clerk to that money-lender." There was a pause, and the Amir cried hoarsely to the

prisoner, throwing scorn upon him, until he ended with the dread "Dar Arid" which clinches justice. . . . "So they led the thief away, and the whole of him was seen no more together; and the Court rustled out of its silence, whispering 'Before God and the Prophet, but this is a man!'"

"The Amir's Homily" should stand as a record and high mark in the art of precise if not indeed perfect, expression through the medium of simple narrative prose. It is distinguished, dignified, and helps forward towards that high belief in the power and glory of the writer's craft that pleads so passionately in that Proem to "Many Inventions" and the Envoi of the present book.

I have said above that "Naboth" is of the genre of "Pig" and "A Friend's Friend." In subtlety of style, yes: but in subject-matter it is another of those keen portraits of Hindu rascality that form the chief feature of the earlier work "In Black and White."

"Naboth" brings the "poor Gentoo" forward with the laughing satire and deft

strokes that Bret Harte used when he gave an admiring world "Ah Sin!"—crystallising for ever certain characteristics of the child-like Chinee.

There is a certain part of the art of Kipling very noticeable in "Life's Handicap" to which I have not done justice. I refer to his ability to take up "the least of little things" and fabricate a song or story that shall be a dear delight. Take a glance at literature behind or around and interest yourself in noting how many people of the pen have this power.

Remember how Dickens gave a deep interest to the dreary mental struggles involved in the study of Shorthand: Thackeray built up pages of delectable reading from merest Club customs and chatter: Burns wrote a sheaf of song from the memorised lullabies, and knee-songs of his mother. James Thomson possessed this faculty in a high degree. Theophile Gautier, too, takes an inch of mythos from peerless Lemprière and creates Le Roi Candaule; another inch

of history and gives us "Une Nuit de Cleopatre." . . . And so with Rudyard Kipling. His "central fact" is often of the very simplest possible kind: a Waterbury Watch, departmental data, an archery score, a police trick, or poison-plant, or as in "Naboth" a *cause célèbre* from the scriptures.

Kipling takes leave of his labours in "Life's Handicap" with quite as fine a set of verses as any we have yet been gladdened by. The incidental verse that is found occasionally in great works of prose is overshadowed by its easier read and more insistent prose kindred. I quote the third verse of the Envoi to "Life's Handicap":

> "One instant's toil to Thee denied
> Stands all Eternity's offence,
> Of that I did with Thee to guide
> To Thee, through Thee, be excellence,"

and the final "Credo":

> "It is enough that through Thy grace
> I saw naught common on Thy earth."
>
> "Take not that vision from my ken;
> Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
> Help me to need no help from men,
> That I may help such men as need!"

Containing "My Lord the Elephant," "A Matter of Fact," and "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" (to name three notables) the book of stories entitled "Many Inventions" could hardly fail to find fame. The general epigraph is from Ecclesiastes: "Lo! this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." The title is certainly one of happy choice, for these tales are for the most part concerning those who have gone very far from their original uprightness. The first story, "The Disturber of Traffic," being of a monomaniac, the second an Egotist, the fourth a bombastic ambassador of the Chateaubriand type, while "Love-o'-Women" and the "Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" are both terribly grim stories of the influence of the wrong-doer on human fate and fortunes. The story of the "Embassy of Shafiz Ullah Khan" (One View of the Question) is distinguished by being the wittiest piece of work extant in that section of literature known as Lettres

Persanes. The foremost effort in this direction was, of course, accomplished by Montesquieu. It can safely be said that since Robert Morier wrote that highly-humorous book "The Adventures of Hadji Baba," in England nothing really good has been done with the "*lettre persane*" as a stalking-horse for the satirising of the English. Hadji Baba (who should be much more widely read) was a creation: a sort of Persian Gil Blas, adventuresome, resourceful, and very witty. The attention that Mr. Kipling has drawn to the Indian Native, Morier drew to the Persian, with great success. In Mr. Kipling's "*lettre persane*"—"One View of the Question"—the satire, however, is more marked than in Hadji Baba, and hard knocks are given to some of our Home idols. Shafiz Ullah Khan, who is on a mission to England from His Highness the Rao Sahib of Jagesur, writes a long letter to Jamal-ud-Din, Minister, and speaks of the English in England with no uncertain sound, and

with a very certain and very mordant satire. This *compte rendu* is full of "good things," for Shafiz Khan is both a wit and a philosopher.

So masterfully can Rudyard Kipling speak of them that go down to the sea in ships, and "old sea wings ways and words in the days of oak and hemp," that it seems a pity he did not tell the story of the naval adventures of Charlie Mears in "The Finest Story in the World" without its present framing, ingenious though it is. Charlie Mears is a clerk who is sickening for the irritable fever of Poesy. In moments of dreamy abstraction, Mears has remembrances of a previous state of existence. These remembrances are of value because of the correctness of their materiel and personnel, as the tacticians say, and, moreover, of the deep human interest underlying them. But upon a day Mears falls in love. The power of his passion completely enfolds him, thought and deed. The dream of the past, "half forgot and half foretold," fades from his

mind; and he awakes in a very sober state from his course of day-dreams eager for the more concrete pleasures of a woman's love. "He tasted the love of woman that kills remembrance," and "the finest story in the world was never written down from his lips."

The story is interwoven and given completeness of presentment by its author's special and peculiar power of giving the most improbable theme *vraisemblance.* Moulded by him, those characters that would be the veriest puppets in others' hands live for us in his pages, and have a reality that is one of the most enduring tributes to their creator's genius. But a final word upon this last story. Mears, as before hinted, was by way of being a poet, and he is supposed to have written a spring song, which is fully quoted. This song of the awakening of Love and the Earth is so fine that I wonder the longing fingers of the musician have not closed upon it ere this. It is a song with all

the wild warmth and sweetness of young spring blood, a *Renouveau* in the strict meaning of the word:

> "The day is most fair, the cheery wind
> Halloos behind the hill,
> Where he bends the wood as seemeth good,
> And the sapling to his will.
> Riot, O wind! there is that in my blood,
> That would not have thee still.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Red cloud of the sunset, tell it abroad;
> I am Victor. Greet me, O Sun!
> Dominant master and absolute Lord
> Over the soul of one!"

"A Matter of Fact" is one more reading of the Great Sea Serpent belief. To invest an old-time myth (that has already had a great work written upon it) with a new interest, and, moreover, a deep human interest, is an achievement indeed. In "A Matter of Fact" the monster plays his part to the danger of the limb and life of the beholder; and, by means of the narrator's power of description, the Kraken (our old

friend of the deep sea fauna) is again given life, and death, with eldritch effect.

After "In the Rukh" (the forerunner of the Jungle stories) and "Love-o'-Woman," a Baudelairean study of physical passion, disease and Death, we come to that "Record" of Badalia Herodsfoot that set the reading world and the critics in a commotion when, some years ago, Mr. Kipling published it in the Christmas number of the "Detroit Free Press." It was said that, one morning, this disappeared from the bookstalls. The then Editor of the "Detroit Free Press"—Mr. Barr, I have no doubt, remembers the incident—asked the reason for this sudden swoop of the censorship; he was told that *one person* had written to Smith and Son complaining of the sale of such shocking impropriety. Well, some of us took a different view; and, armed with certain expressions of public opinion, Mr. Barr invited Smith and Son to remove their interdict. They had the courtesy to comply; and "Badalia" flourished once more on the bookstalls, 'blemishes' and all.

It may, perhaps, be best described as a most masterful use of the methods of Realism applied to English, and London, life. The vogue such stories have is undeniable. A year or so after "Badalia," the "Esther Waters" of George Moore and "Tales of Mean Streets" by Arthur Morrison show that this painfully real side of life is receiving a considerable amount of attention.

"Many Inventions," which is fairly full of the *sturm und drang* of modern life, ends, as it began, with true romance. Satiric farce and eerie naturalism give place at the last to the fairy fancy of "The Children of the Zodiac." Turning again to the opening of the book and the parable unfolded in the lines "To the True Romance," I think I have mentioned elsewhere that it is a noble-spirited and passionate pleading for the Author's culture and craft of pure romance, told with a choice of word and phrase that makes a stately melody, lit by many unusual passages of beauty—as in the opening verse :—

> "Thy face is far from this our war,
> Our call and counter-cry,
> I shall not find thee quick and kind,
> Nor know thee till I die.
> Enough for me in dreams to see
> And touch thy garment's hem;
> Thy feet have trod so near to God
> I may not follow them."

A sweeter defence of Romance, it would be hard to find in any language—The Comfortress of Unsuccess: the Handmaid of the Gods.

> "Devil and brute, thou dost transmute to higher lordlier show
> Who art in sooth that utter Truth the careless Angels know!"

In a scholarly, but lengthy, study of the works of Thomas Hardy, Lionel Johnston insistently says that it is a delicate and difficult thing to make studies of the art of a living writer. Granted. But I consider it to be a much more delicate and difficult thing to make a study, or even an apprecia-tion, of the works of those who labour in collaboration. With "The Naulahka" (a story

of West and East) this difficulty fronts one. Which part of the book did Rudyard Kipling write? Surely the matter dealing directly with the great gem the Naulahka, surely the splendid scene between Nicholas Tarvin and the Ranee of Rhatore, and most assuredly the frequent snatches of melody? The story was once re-cast for Opera. In the latter form, it has not yet publicly appeared. It was tried *in camera.* The Quest of the Great Naulahka by Tarvin, an adventurer of unbounded resource, shows the spirit of American enterprise *in excelsis.* Beyond doubt the death of Wolcott Balestier, its part Author, removed one who would have been a force in literature worth reckoning.

The perusal of the "Jungle Book" recalls the fact that in certain parts of his works Kipling has been greatly attracted by the possibility of developing the Fable as a medium. In "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out" and "The Bridge-Builders," the flora and fauna are called in to help the exploiting

of the main theme of the story, and in "Many Inventions" there is that curious story "In the Rukh" where commences the series of Jungle adventures that form the subject of the "Jungle Books." In laying a claim to the laurels of the fabliast, the many-sided intellect of our author carries his art back to the very beginnings of things. The great "Father of all Fables" the Hitopadesa he has always had with him, and to its influence, it may be, we owe the studies of "Hide and scale and feather" in the "Jungle Books." It will be remembered Sir Edwin Arnold theorises that the Hitopadesa is the direct exemplar from which inspiration has been drawn for the fables of Æsop, Pilpay, and that world-famous fable of Reynard the Fox that figures in most languages. Be that as it may, the fable-stories begun by Kipling in "In the Rukh" and continued in the "Jungle Book" are a distinct and rare gain to literature. The book is built upon a new plan; each story, or section, having a rhymed envoi which acts as an

explaining Choragus. Among these verses there are, of course, some that could only have been written by the author of "Barrack-Room Ballads." Particularly fine is "The Road Song of the Bandarlog, or Monkey-folk." It has an unflagging spirit and swing, and a quaint charm or felicity in its wording.

Among the Epigraphs are many musical versicles, such as "The Seal Lullaby" which follows :—

"Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green,
The moon o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow,
Oh, weary wee flipperling curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas!"

The second "Jungle Book" is, of course, a continuation of the first "Jungle Book," although each is complete in itself. It is built upon the same plan (story and song alternating) and illustrated by Lockwood Kipling. The chapter that arrests one's attention first is that bearing the title :

"The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," a long story of man, beast and the forces of nature.

Purun Dass, a Prime Minister of a native state and loaded with honours, suddenly renounced all place and power and became a begging priest or pilgrim. He lived in a hut, and there made friends with all who came near, whether man or beast. His wonderful knowledge of the ways of animals and their fears warned him one night of a great landslip, the falling away of a hill, by which he had dwelt for years. He was able to warn the inhabitants of the village, whose lives were saved, but he lost his own through the perils of the landslip, and the people built a temple upon the place of his death.

From this very strange story of renunciation of the world and return to nature, with its picture of self-denial in the wilderness culminating in one sublime act of loving-kindness, we turn with a kind of relief to the lighter stories of "Quiquern," "The King's Ankus," "The Spring Running," and others.

This second "Jungle Book" is made notable in the memory by the story of Purun Bhagat, by the lovely Ripple Song :

> "Foolish heart and faithful hand,
> Little feet that touched no land,
> Far away the ripple fled,
> Ripple—ripple—running red!"

The Eskimo story "Quiquern" contains, at the end, the following delightful piece of literary make-believe—perhaps the most distinctly Kiplingite piece of prose in the whole book.

"Now Kotuko, who drew very well in the Inuit style, scratched pictures of all these adventures on a long flat piece of ivory with a hole at one end. When he and the girl went north to Ellesmere Land in the year of the Wonderful Open Winter, he left the picture-story with Kadlu, who lost it in the shingle when his dog-sleigh broke down one summer on the beach of Lake Netilling at Nikosiring, and there a Lake Inuit found it next spring and sold it to a man at Imigen, who was interpreter on a Cumberland Sound whaler, and he sold it to Hans Olsen——"

and so on to the end of the tale.

SOME EARLY CRITICISMS

"The critics cackled. . . . For it was a new sort of egg, an unexpected egg; and their smartness and knowledge of the world, and literary gifts, and artistic acumen, notwithstanding, they were really at a loss to determine what kind of living creature might be inside it. One section of them, the younger, more progressive, and daring, declared that it undoubtedly contained an eagle."—THE WAGES OF SIN.

THIS is the place to say that an especial gratitude should be felt towards the "World," the "National Observer" and the "Pall Mall Gazette" by all lovers of Rudyard Kipling: for these three papers have done more to help forward that writer in England, than all the others combined. "Vanity Fair" could not fail to welcome one who had so much of the wit and style of their own lamented Ali Baba whose papers, "Twenty-one Days in India," appeared in their pages. In the "National Observer" (which will go down

to posterity as one of the few journals that bear reading in bound-up copies) were published most of the Barrack-Room Ballads, and an appreciative article dealing generally with "the man and his work." Of course, the "Quarterly Review" article, of which I will speak presently, gave him that *cachet* that he wanted—in the eyes of those devoid of judgment. With, I think, the sole exception of Robert Buchanan and W. D. Howells, the voice of the magazinist was cordial, even grateful, throughout the pages of long articles. Howells in "Harper's Magazine" is here quoted.

"It is a pathetic fact that with such artistic and important books within our reach, the great mass of us prefer to read the Rider Haggards and Rudyard Kiplings of the day; but, it cannot be denied, of these two the new fad is better than the old fad: but he seems a fad all the same: the whim of effete Philistinism (which now seems the æsthetic condition of the English), conscious of the dry-rot of its conventionality and

casting about for cure in anything that is wild and strange and unlike itself. Some qualities in Mr. Kipling's tales promise a future for him; but there is little in the knowingness and swagger of his performance that is not to be deplored with many tears; it is really so far away from the thing that ought to be. The thing that ought to be will be vainly asked, however, of the English of Smaller Britain, or of any part of the English race which her bad taste can deprave. With one of Mr. Kipling's jaunty, hat-cocked-on-one-side, wink-tipping sketches, he will find the difference between painting and printing in colours. Or perhaps he will not; it depends very much upon what sort of reader he is. But it is certain that his preference will class and define him, and that if he should prefer the Kipling sketches he had better get some sackcloth and ashes and put them on, for he may be sure that his taste is defective. The conviction need not lastingly affect his spirits: bad taste is a bad thing, but it is not sinful."

Julian Hawthorne, in "Lippincott," is of another way of thinking. He surrenders himself to the charm of Kipling, and devotes pages to describing him. He says:—

"If Mr. Kipling recalls anyone, it is Bret Harte; there is a similar self-possession and sagacity in the style; he is never crude; he has the literary touch; whatever he writes becomes literature through his manner of putting it. He is manly masculine, and consequently has an intense appreciation of the feminine in nature: he never touches a woman but we feel the thrill of sex. Thomas Hardy has the same faculty in this regard; but Mr. Kipling here surpasses Bret Harte, who seems not to like women, or not to respect them, and has contributed no lovable or respectable woman to literature (*sic?*). Mr. Kipling has been brought up in the best society, which is better (for a writer) than to get into it after being brought up. He has also been brought up in, or born in, a literary atmosphere; I must return to this; he is a born writer; he

knows just how a story must be told; just what not to say; just how to say what is said. He is as easy and conversational as a man lounging among friends in his own smoking-room; but he never makes a mistake of tact, his voice never rings false, he has more self-control than his reader. He has a great imagination, of the least common sort. It is so quiet and true that its power is concealed; we think all the time that we are reading about real people."

The much-discussed "Quarterly" article which appeared in that astute compilation in 1892 is not one that could have impressed anybody very much. Like a certain well-known study of Thomas Hardy, it is chiefly noticeable by its great wealth of reference—and irrelevance, which, of course, is properly characteristic of the "Quarterly" and its compeer the "Edinburgh." After the fashion of his kind the Quarterlyist presses into service Sainte-Beuve, Balzac, Molière, Aristotle, *cum mult. al.*, quite early in his article. Only after considerable shilly-shallying do we get his

real opinion. How valuable this opinion of many pages is can easily be judged by the following transcript :—

. . . "We should hesitate to put his stories into the hands of a woman, however accomplished; neither do we think that the best women (and we mean such as have brains) would feel any pleasure in them."

However—to give the Reviewer his due, and in order to credit him with more perception than the above cutting presupposes —I will now quote a longer passage from the end of the article where the writer drops, for a time, the lukewarm style in which he has handled Kipling's work :—

"There are the elements of a great poem scattered in the finer stories. The price which we pay for an Eastern Empire has a terror and a magic which are not only sung *because hitherto the singer has been wanting.* Heine observes in his correspondence that although the English are encamped upon the Sacred Ganges and watch the lotus blossoms as they float along its deity-haunted

stream, they feel no intoxication coming upon them; they still look upon the Gods with prosaic eyes; the scent of the enchanted flower does not make them dream, he says, or startle them from the enjoyment of the tea-kettle which they fill with consecrated water, for the afternoon draught. . . . At all which rhapsodies of the Romantic Jew, Mr. Kipling would certainly laugh, for he is the coolest of Englishmen by profession. Yet, when he had remarked upon the absurdity of touching Ganges water till it was boiled, he might think to himself that some of his own tales, both Native and British, were better than Heine could have written, and had the Indian charm in them besides. For he has many a touch of the weird and even pagan spirit, testifying to what he has seen or what others have believed—*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,*—all the marvels which by one gate or another pass into the 'City of Dreadful Night' which we call the Hindu imagination. Things about which the European

has no doubt (for he does not believe in them) have under the Himalayas a steadfast air of reality."

One section of them, the younger, more progressive and daring, declared that it undoubtedly contained an eagle. So wrote Mary Kingsley of James Colthurst in her masterpiece: and an eagle it was; that dared to soar upward and stare in the face of the sun. And as with Colthurst so with Rudyard Kipling in his day.

BY WAY OF EPILOGUE

> Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
>   Or strive in virtue others to excel,
> If none should yield him his deservèd meed—
>   Due praise that is the spur of doing well?
> For if good were not praisèd more than ill,
>   None would choose goodness of his own free will!
>
> *Tears of the Muses.*

SINCE the last of the foregoing chapters was written three more books by Mr. Kipling have appeared: "Captains Courageous: A Story of the Grand Banks"; "The Day's Work," a collection of reprinted stories; and "A Fleet in Being: Notes of Two Trips with the Channel Squadron."

"Captains Courageous" I do not propose to discuss at any great length, believing it to be a novel that will not appreciably increase its writer's fame. It is, of course, striking as a piece of sustained descriptive-writing giving a good insight into an un-

familiar byway of life; but its scene and action is so restricted and the "outcome" of the whole story is so slight in its effect upon the reader's view of life that one is surprised Mr. Kipling stuck to the story for so long. Viewed as a piece of work—literary craft—and not as a mere tale, the sheer cleverness of "Captains Courageous" is to be found in the very limited space that its author allows himself; nearly the whole of the action taking place upon a small fishing vessel, manned by three or four men.

"Captains Courageous," tersely told, is a story of the Gloucester Fishing Fleets and of the daily and nightly life on board a sloop (the "We're Here") in the fishing season off the Banks of Newfoundland. The principal character, Harvey Cheyne, the sixteen year old son of an American man of money, falls overboard from an Atlantic Liner and is picked up by the aforesaid "We're Here." The boy is put to work on the vessel and made to learn and labour for

his food until the close of the usual fishing season. The work, the life and the curious pastimes of his leisure, as well as the training and the democracy and the rough kindness of his new companions, help make a man of the lad; and the simple upright living of the fisher-folk shows him how paltry is the veneer of latterday selfish indulgent loafing in towns. He returns, after a while, to his own place and people; and so the book ends.

In this work peeps out the note-book: the note-book of a novelist; but nevertheless a note-book. Although in his previous writings he enumerated detail upon detail, his matters of fact never appeared to be set forth, but always seemed to be permitted to occur. In "Captains Courageous," again and again he lets his story drift, what time he plays with his collection of terminologies, details, facts, statistics. However, the book has its compensations, and is something more than the work of a tricky fellow writing for the magazines, or even than that of a clever man writing to amuse himself. The descrip-

tive matter, if at times a trifle tedious, is quite wonderful in its mastery of language and truth. The tastes, touches, sights, smells, sounds of ocean and ship are reproduced with all our author's power over verb and adjective, things and perceptions. And the book is full of well-presented studies of fine (if somewhat restricted) characters. To sum up, it exhibits Rudyard Kipling's command of episode, and his ability to engage attention; but it does not satisfy.

With the book that followed "Captains Courageous" we were able to welcome warmly the old matter and the old manner: for "The Day's Work" unquestionably contains stories worthy to be considered equal to, say, "Life's Handicap"—or any of the earlier volumes. It is the Kipling of ten years ago; but strengthened, more closely observant, more sure of eye and hand, more serenely and strongly grave. For with the exception of the two short stories "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" and "My Sunday at Home," this book is a

grave one. It deals with the larger life of strenuous effort for high stakes and a well-defined goal; it deals with the Work men can do when they hear the first faint call of Fame, and have spent sleepless nights praying to the God that made them for ability, resource, and strength, sufficient to help them "emerge." Such are the ideas that, to the present writer, inform with life and deepest human interest the stories "The Bridge-Builders," "The Tomb of His Ancestors," and "William the Conqueror." Of the complete success of these stories there cannot exist any doubt; and so with "The Day's Work" Rudyard Kipling's fame as a teller of tales, *and as a writer*, gathers force and volume.

The sea stories are excellent. Not even the men who have lived the life and afterwards come to make tales about it—such as Joseph Conrad, and Louis Becke—not even *they* write better accounts or descriptions more faithful or more characteristic. I have talked with sailor-men who have *done*

the things about which Rudyard Kipling has written; and they each and all testify to his ability and power and truth—they each and all agree that he knows precisely what he is talking about: which is the highest praise that such men can accord. And to their pleasure of recognition and their admiration of the man who has set down these things in language understanded of the people, I can add my little word of praise concerning the artistry that informs the mere writing, the literary power that moves us to read of matters which otherwise we might neglect. And because I come of the race that has mastered every ocean of the world, and because I have walked and talked with the very men that are helping to keep that race precisely where it is, I am made—whenever I read the sea stories of Rudyard Kipling — both extremely proud and extremely grateful.

The writing in "The Brushwood Boy" is sheer delight. It has the glamour of style, the quaint thought, and the choice

of word and phrase that is so closely connected with all those stories by which our author is best known. The story *qua* story is slight. Every man that is wise dreams of some one woman in whom, gathered up, are his finest thoughts upon womanhood, and who is to him that which no other woman ever is, or ever can be, while life lasts; in "The Brushwood Boy" the "one woman" came out of the land of dreams and was made flesh, and the souls of the Brushwood Boy and the Brushwood Girl met even as their lips met. To bring together for ever a man and a woman each of whom has lived in the dreams of the other is fine and daring; it exacts as much craft from the writer as it does reverence from the reader. As a love-story it has the same touch of freshness and fragrance that is seen in Heldar's love for Maisie in "The Light that Failed"; nor is the pathos wanting that was found in the earlier novel. The dream-song that the Brushwood Girl sang is exceedingly beautiful,

and it would be difficult to describe it by words more apt or more true. It has the qualities of a great poem: beauty, word-music, reverie, and the "tears that are in mortal things." Few men could read this poem and resist its appeal: for in sensitive beauty it is of the kind found most easily in the verses of the greatest masters of the lyric.

One day, Mr. Kipling may collect into a volume the songs that are placed in his stories. Then, this song of "the edge of the purple down" must have a proud pre-eminence. Read again its first stanza and note the magic and the daring of its pauses and its fancies.

> "Over the edge of the purple down,
>   Where the single lamplight gleams,
> Know ye the road to Merciful Town
>   That is hard by the Sea of Dreams—
> Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
>   And the sick may forget to weep?
>   But we—pity us! Oh, pity us!—
>   We wakeful; ah, pity us!—
> We must go back with Policeman Day—
>   Back from the City of Sleep! . . ."

Equally unforgettable are some of the lyric snatches in "The Naulahka," such as:

"Strangers drawn from the ends of the earth, jewelled and plumed were we;
I was the Lord of the Inca Race, and she was the Queen of the Sea.
Under the stars beyond our stars where the reinless Meteors glow,
Hotly we stormed Valhalla, a million years ago."

For those who assert that Rudyard Kipling cannot write poetry, cannot make things dainty and pretty, I here remind them of the following. One is from "The Naulahka"; the other is the epigraph to "On Greenhow Hill."

"Wind of the South, arise and blow,
From beds of spice thy locks shake free;
Breathe on her heart that she may know,
Breathe on her eyes that she may see.

"Alas! we vex her with our mirth,
And maze her with most tender scorn,
Who stands beside the gates of Birth,
Herself a child—a child unborn!"

This epigraph—apart from its truth and beauty—has the additional merits of appositeness and originality.

> "To Love's low voice she lent a careless ear;
> Her hand within his rosy fingers lay
> A chilling weight. She would not turn or hear;
> But with averted face went on her way.
> But when pale Death, all featureless and grim,
> Lifted his bony hand, and, beckoning,
> Held out his cypress wreath, she followed him;
> And Love was left forlorn and wondering
> That she, who for his bidding would not stay,
> At Death's first whisper rose and went away."

The last of the three books mentioned at the beginning of this chapter was contributed to the "Morning Post" in the form of articles, each complete in itself yet all of them connected by the personality of their writer. This forms the fourth book of travel-talk and personal adventure that Rudyard Kipling has contributed to the periodical press: the others being "Letters of Marque," "The City of Dreadful Night," and "American Notes" (the two former,

as previously mentioned, now suppressed, the latter as yet unreprinted, and, in England, never published). "A Fleet in Being," as its name may imply, deals with "the sailor men that sail upon the seas to fight the Wars and keep the Laws"; and with their ships. The key-note of the book is its writer's particular and peculiar ability to accept and assimilate a new phase of life; to step into it, so to speak, and at once settle down, receptive, observant, and diligent in making records: creating, almost at once, even from unlikely matter, pictures of the life around him destined to interest and enthral thousands who have looked upon the objects he has here written down, but have been unable to *see* them—as he sees them. When observation and receptivity are trained to work in the leash of a literary style, we get pieces of prose as clear, strong, and yet imaginative, as the following:

"No description will make you realise the almost infernal mobility of a Fleet at sea. I

had seen ours called, to all appearance, out of the deep; split in twain at a word, and, at a word, sent skimming beyond the horizon; strung out as vultures string out patiently in the hot sky above a dying beast; flung like a lasso; gathered anew as a riata is coiled at the saddle-bow; dealt out card-fashion over fifty miles of green table; picked up, shuffled, and redealt as the game changed. I had seen cruisers flown like hawks, ridden like horses at a close finish, and manœuvred like bicycles; but the wonder of their appearance and disappearance never failed."

In "A Fleet in Being" the reader is much impressed by the vividness with which things are seen, the animation, almost exuberance, with which events are watched and followed. This, of course, is of real value when the things and the events can be adequately recorded and other eyes made to see almost as keenly as the author's own. To some minds this faculty or ability seems only to be "special reporting"; to other minds it seems to be sheer genius. It is probably neither; but is the practised craftsmanship of the writer, the man who can

describe—for those who lack the power of description and who are, outside their own little world, inarticulate—things seen, heard and experienced.

And, now, note the way it is done; and, if you are sufficiently capable, kindly go and do likewise—with *any* subject. And I promise you that all will read and praise and recommend.

"FOUR HOURS AT FULL SPEED.

"The swell that the battleships logged as light (Heaven forgive them!) began to heave our starboard screw out of the water. We raced and we raced and we raced, dizzily, thunderously, paralytically, hysterically, vibrating all down one side. It was, of course, in our four hours of full speed that the sea most delighted to lift us up on one finger and watch us kick. From 6 to 10 p.m. one screw twizzled for the most part in the circumambient ether, and the Chief Engineer—with coal-dust and oil driven under his skin—volunteered the information that life in his department was gay. He would have left a white mark on the Assistant-Engineer, whose work lay in the stokehold among a gang of new Irish stokers. Never but once have I been in our engine-rooms;

and I do not go again till I can take with me their designer for four hours at full speed. The place is a little cramped and close, as you might say. A steel guard, designed to protect men from a certain toothed wheel round the shaft, shore through its bolts and sat down, much as a mud-guard sits down on a bicycle-wheel. But the wheel it sat on was also of steel; spinning one hundred and ninety revolutions per minute. So there were fireworks, beautiful but embarrassing, of incandescent steel sparks, surrounding the Assistant-Engineer as with an Aurora Borealis. They turned the hose on the display, and at last knocked the guard sideways, and it fell down somewhere under the shaft, so that they were at liberty to devote their attention to the starboard thrust-block, which was a trifle loose. Indeed, they had been trying to wedge the latter when the fireworks began—all up their backs.

"The thing that consoled them was the thought that they had not slowed down one single turn.

"HIS HOURLY RISK.

"The gentleman with the little velvet slip between the gold rings on his sleeve does his unnoticed work among these things. If anything goes wrong, if he overlooks a subordinate's error, he will not be wigged by the Admiral in God's open air. The bill will be presented to him down

here, under the two-inch steel deck, by the Power he has failed to control. He will be peeled, flayed, blinded, or boiled. That is his hourly risk. His duty shifts him from one ship to another, to good smooth and accessible engines, to vicious ones with a long record of deviltry, to lying engines that cannot do their work, to impostors with mysterious heart-breaking weaknesses, to new and untried gear fresh from the contractor's hands, to boilers that will not make steam, to reducing-valves that will not reduce, and auxiliary engines for distilling or lighting that often give more trouble than the main concern. He must shift his methods for, and project himself into the soul of, each; humouring, adjusting, bullying, coaxing, refraining, risking, and daring as need arises.

"Behind him is his own honour and reputation; the honour of his ship and her imperious demands; for there is no excuse in the Navy. If he fails in any one particular he severs just one nerve of the ship's life. If he fails in all the ship dies—a prisoner to the set of the sea—a gift to the nearest enemy.

"And, as I have seen him, he is infinitely patient, resourceful, and unhurried. However it might have been in the old days, when men clung obstinately to sticks and strings and cloths, the newer generation, bred to pole-masts, know that he is the king-pin of their system. Our Assistant-

Engineer had been with the engines from the beginning, and one night he told me their story, utterly unconscious that there was anything out of the way in the noble little tale.

"'NO END GOOD MEN.'

"It was his business so to arrange that no single demand from the bridge should go unfulfilled for more than five seconds. To that ideal he toiled unsparingly with his Chief—a black sweating demon in his working hours, and a quiet student of professional papers in his scanty leisure.

"'An' they come into the ward-room,' says Twenty-One, 'and you know they've been having a young hell of a time down below, but they never growl at us or get stuffy or anything. No end good men, I swear they are.'

"'Thank you, Twenty-One,' I said. 'I'll let that stand for the whole Navy if you don't mind.'"

Rudyard Kipling, by his literary power, not only commands our admiration for the men and things he writes about, but excites our sympathies as well. I ought to have written *re*-excites: for no true-minded Englishman has anything other than sympathy for the men here written of—unless it be admiration.

"'MEN LIVE THERE.'

"Next time you see the 'blue' ashore you do not stare unintelligently. You have watched him on his native heath. You know what he eats, and what he says, and where he sleeps, and how. He is no longer a unit; but altogether such an one as yourself—only, as I have said, better. The Naval Officer chance met, rather meek and self-effacing, in tweeds, at a tennis party, is a priest of the mysteries. You have seen him by his altars. With the Navigating Lieutenant 'on the 'igh an' lofty bridge persecuting his vocation' you have studied stars, mast-head angles, range-finders, and such all; the First Lieutenant has enlightened you on his duties as an Upper Housemaid, and the Juniors have guided you through the giddy whirl of gunnery, small-arm drill, getting up an anchor, and taking kinks out of a cable. So it comes that next time you see, even far off, one of Her Majesty's cruisers, all your heart goes out to her. Men live there."

To those highly superior persons who allege that Rudyard Kipling can only spin a yarn and sing a song—can, in short, do anything but *write,* I commend the following.

"BOAT-RACING.

"Our whaler would go out between lights under pretence of practising, but really for the purpose of insulting other whalers whom she had beaten in inter-ship contests. Boat-racing is to the mariner what horse-racing is to the landsman. The way of it is simple. When your racing crew is in proper condition, you row under the bows of the ship you wish to challenge and throw up an oar. If you are very confident, or have a long string of victories to your credit, you borrow a cock from the hen-coops and make him crow. Then the match arranges itself. A friendly launch tows both of you a couple of miles down the bay, and back you come, digging out for the dear life, to be welcomed by hoarse subdued roars from the crowded foc'sles of the battleships. This deep booming surge of voices is most moving to hear. Some day a waiting fleet will thus cheer a bruised and battered sister staggering in with a prize at her tail—a plugged and splintered wreck of an iron box, her planking brown with what has dried there, and the bright water cascading down her sides. I saw the setting of such a picture one blood-red evening when the hulls of the fleet showed black on olive-green water, and the yellow of the masts turned raw-meat colours in the last light. A couple of racing cutters spun down the

fairway, and long after they had disappeared we could hear far-off ships applauding them. It was too dark to catch more than a movement of masses by the bows, and it seemed as though the ships themselves were triumphing all together.

"THE BEAUTY OF BATTLESHIPS.

"Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam, nor join those who lament the old sailing days. There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon, and we must be thankful for both. A modern man-of-war photographed in severe profile is not engaging; but you should see her with the life hot in her, head-on across a heavy swell. The ram-bow draws upward and outward in a stately sweep. There is no ruck of figure-head, bow-timbers or bowsprit-fittings to distract the eye from its outline or the beautiful curves that mark its melting into the full bosom of the ship. It hangs dripping an instant, then, quietly and cleanly as a tempered knife, slices into the hollow of the swell, down and down till the surprised sea spits off in foam about the hawse-holes. As the ship rolls in her descent you can watch curve after new curve revealed, humouring and coaxing the water. When she recovers her step, the long sucking hollow of her own wave discloses just enough of her shape to make you wish to see

more. In harbour, the still waterline, hard as the collar of a tailor-made jacket, hides that vision; but when she dances the Big Sea Dance, she is as different from her Portsmouth shilling photograph as is a matron in a macintosh from the same lady at a ball. Swaying a little in her gait, drunk with sheer delight of movement, perfectly apt for the work in hand, and in every line of her rejoicing that she is doing it, she shows, to these eyes at least, a miracle of grace and beauty. Her sides are smooth as a water-worn pebble, curved and moulded as the sea loves to have them. Where the box-sponsioned, overhanging, treble-turreted ships of some other navies hammer and batter into an element they do not understand, she, clean, cool, and sweet, uses it to her own advantage. The days are over for us when men piled baronial keeps, flat-irons, candlesticks, and Doré towers on floating platforms. The New Navy offers to the sea precisely as much to take hold of as the trim level-headed woman with generations of inherited experience offers to society. It is the provincial, aggressive, uncompromising, angular, full of excellently unpractical ideas, who is hurt, and jarred, and rasped in that whirl. In other words, she is not a good sea-boat and cannot work her guns in all weathers."

No summarising of the splendid work done in literature by Rudyard Kipling can be quite complete if it does not consider his relationship to the other writers who have worked in the Anglo-Indian school of letters. Undoubtedly some good work was done there in pre-Kiplingite days, but no one of any note happened to see such work, and attempt the discovery of its source, or the brilliant writings of Torrens, Mackay, and others, would be better known to us. In prose fiction Meadows Taylor certainly stands high, although in comparison with the modern fiction of Anglo-India he appears rather heavy. He seems to have been attracted mostly by the historical aspects of India. Between his books and those now before us lies a mass of Mutiny fiction as appalling in details as in magnitude. But wiser wits got to work, and clever books written by Mrs. F. A. Steele—to name one of the most important novelists—and others, exist and testify. Before Kipling some of the best known books dealing with the

English in India were "The Chronicles of Dustypore," "Twenty-one Days in India," and "Budgpore." These were prose. In verse, perhaps "Aliph Cheem's Lays of Ind" and "Verses Written in India by Lyall" are the finest. In the former book there is much very amusing writing of the Gilbertian, or Bon Gaultier, type. "The Chronicles of Dustypore" have been highly praised by the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was ever keenly alive to literary excellence. "Twenty-one Days in India" by Sir Ali Baba (George Aberigh Mackay) is one of the wittiest books ever written. It appeared originally in "Vanity Fair." It is a series of delightful satires of Departmental people in India, from the Viceroy downwards. Speaking of one official, Ali Baba says:—

"Thus he became ripe for the highest employment, and was placed successively on a number of Special Commissions. He enquired into everything; he wrote hundredweights of reports; he proved himself to have the true paralytic ink flux, precisely

the kind of wordy discharge or brain hæmorrhage required of a high official in India. He would write ten pages where a clodhopper of a collector would write a sentence. He could say the same thing over and over again in a hundred different ways. The feeble forms of official satire were at his command. He desired exceedingly to be thought supercilious and he thus became almost necessary to the Government, was canonised, and caught up to Simla."

The best of the Anglo-Indian verse is much the same as those "blossoms of the flying terms" that flourish and fade in Undergraduate Journals, Sir Alfred Lyall's poems excepted. *They* are masterpieces. What glorious verses were those he gave us as "Written in India"! By one poem alone, "I am the God of the Sensuous Fire," his fame as a poet was assured. William Watson wrote of Sir Alfred Lyall, a while ago,—

"Amongst our subject millions in the East, Sir Alfred Lyall has not made a point of cultivating in his own person that majestic

vice of mental insulation which has earned for Englishmen the character they enjoy of being unsympathetic and spiritually non-conducting in their relation with foreign and especially with dependent races. Whilst remaining a thorough Englishman he has, nevertheless, felt intensely the fascination, curiously shot through with repulsion, which the mysterious Eastern nature exercises over all impressionable Western minds. . . . This strange people who call us master, with their subtle, sinuous intellects, their half-developed moral sense, their profound mysticism, underlying the barbarous rites and grotesque forms of a monstrous mythology, have been very real to him. The spectacle of their immemorial nationalities jostled by our hard, shrewd, bustling civilisation — modified by it, yet never coalescing with it— has been to him inexhaustibly interesting."

An "appreciation" of the writings of Rudyard Kipling can hardly help being of the nature of a "free rendering." To apply

cold canons or any Critique of Pure Criticism would result in a heartless production—academic as an Oxford essay. Calmest analysis of Dialogue, Vocabulary, Hyperbole etc., would weary, exceedingly.

As there be Gods many and Lords many, so there be critics many and criticasters many; and the hands of the latter have not laid light upon Mr. Kipling's works. "It would be hazardous to say what place Kipling will occupy in the Literature of the future" seemed to be the stock shibboleth of the latter class of writers. They looked upon him as a rough-and-ready public juggler, and were minded to pen him up for causing a crowd to congregate.

And, even at this late day, from certain quarters come certain hostile mutterings. But, when all is hinted in regard of the Cult of the Bounder and the Bayonet and the Butt, when all is alleged in regard of Britons and Brutality, Beer and Butchery, when all is exhausted in regard of any abuse whatever—alliterative or otherwise—we are brought

back to the truth that, although Rudyard Kipling does not happen to be William Shakespeare, does not think it good to endeavour to ape Shelley and to fail at mimicing Sterne, yet, wherever he has found love, honour, truth, strength, merit of any kind, he has proclaimed it with literary power and greeted it with loud-voiced, strong-handed applause. And, although, of late, he has exhibited a slight tendency to preach — which error he should leave to those compounds of actor and bully that succeed so well in alluring many women to certain churches — Rudyard Kipling is, nevertheless, quite innocent of up-stirring any sort of "Anglo-Saxon rowdyism" whatever; and, while he remains the man and the artist that he is, Rudyard Kipling will continue to be innocent of all such Hyde Park oratorism and social and racial misbehaviour.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that you must read for yourself those wondrous stories of the Hills and Plains of India; the Lands and Seas of the World;

must meet Mrs. Hauksbee, that engaging cross between a spiritual wife and Lady Hamilton, Lalun, that little Asian Aspasia, whose house was upon the city wall, The Soldiers Three, Strickland, Jellaludin McIntosh, and all the tribe of subtle swarthy Hindus; must meet Tarvin and Kate, Heldar and Maisie, Torpenhow and the red-haired impressionist girl; must meet Findlayson, John Clisson, Mr. Wardrop, McPhee, the Brushwood Boy, Harvey Cheyne, and all the loving and lovable children—boys and girls, black and white; must read the things they do, and the things they sing, and the lives they live, and the deaths they die—as the case may be.

You will never tire: for there is alternating speech of Men, Women, Animals, Work and War, the forest and the desert, religions and politics, and indeed the manifestations of the Human Spirit from the almost bestial to the almost Divine. Nor will the *milieu* chosen for giving this knowledge pall upon you. And manner is as

much varied as matter: for the author ranges from the Chaucerian to the Cockney and Clublandish dialects. The *conte* and *chronique* are handled, too, in such wise as they have not been handled since the days of Maupassant and the good Gaultier. Whatever the subject under the eye, people and their conversation, natural phenomena, animal studies, etc., one can find something rare, outside of us and all our life: a strange matter told in a strange manner that has, at times, a curious uncouthness belonging to some far earlier bardic or balladic age. And what subjects. When one can turn from, say, the primal passions and horrors of "Dray Wara Yow Dee" to "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out," wherein are the strategies of Sanatorium Simla, shot through and through with comedy chatter and keenest characterisation; when one can turn from, say, the uncanny shocks of "The Mark of the Beast" to the tender thrills of "Without Benefit of Clergy"; when one can turn from, say, "The Light that Failed"

to the magic and mystery of "The Finest Story in the World"; when one can turn from, say, the ragged prose of "Badalia Herodsfoot" to the silken poetry of "The Brushwood Boy"; when one can turn from, say, the social squabbles in "Departmental Ditties" to the splendid shouts in "The Seven Seas."

I have attempted to sound a fair and full note of appreciation; but no words of mine can thoroughly describe the enduring charm of these writings. They hold to the full that *desire to experience and to express* and that "clean clear joy of creation" that should find the truest reception from all who are desirous of widening the life of intellect and effort and achievement. And they are destined to live; and they should be enjoyed during their youth; and their maker should be acclaimed while he is in a position to note such acclamation.

I would not have it thought that the foregoing writing is considered by myself to be the fullest justice that can be rendered

to Rudyard Kipling. Far from it. You will recall that after our great Poet-Critic had written a whole book upon Hugo, he still found it desirable to write afterwards a lengthy essay upon merely "L'Homme Qui Rit!" It is so hard to say the last word of these men whose intellects have the facets of a rose-diamond, its beauty and light, and offer so many sides to the sun.

What I have thought and wrought here is just what I have believed, according to my angle of vision. There are many things yet to be said of the real genius and fine talents of Rudyard Kipling. He paints from a great palette. The pigments are ground from the hearts of exhaustless things. And he has neither worked himself out, nor shown any signs of ever doing so.

Consider, then, this book of mine as being the praising comments of a playgoer, *while the play progresses*, who will listen none the less intently to the lucubrations of the stalled critic, speaking in a more "stretched metre" in the morning.

THE LIST OF BOOKS

"Fiction is in no sense the trivial thing which it is popularly considered. It is an educational factor of peculiar importance, one whose influence may be salutary or the reverse; moreover, it is the complement of a nation's annals, that insight into daily life which the ancient monarchies neglected to prepare for us."

—EDGAR SALTUS.

FOLLOWING is a list of the books of Rudyard Kipling to the end of 1898.

This list is not compiled as perhaps the Queen's Bookseller would compile it. It is simple, but quite sufficient, and does not leave out those items of the earliest days that are virtually unobtainable. The Scheme of the Short Stories may give an idea of what Mr. Kipling has done under certain headings. Under Kiplingana (for beginners) only the most interesting articles are men-

tioned. There are, of course, Kipling Burlesques, etc., by the dozen, to be found in the usual haunts.

Schoolboy Lyrics. 1880.
Echoes. 1884.
Departmental Ditties. 1886.
Plain Tales from the Hills. 1888.
Soldiers Three. 1889.
The Story of the Gadsbys. 1889.
In Black and White. 1889.
Under the Deodars. 1889.
The Phantom Rickshaw. 1889.
Wee Willie Winkie. 1889.
The City of Dreadful Night. 1890.
American Notes. 1891.
Letters of Marque. 1891.
The Smith Administration. 1891.
The Light that Failed. 1891.
Life's Handicap. 1891.
Barrack-Room Ballads. 1892.
The Naulahka. 1892.
Many Inventions. 1893.
The Jungle Book. 1894.
The Second Jungle Book. 1895.
The Seven Seas. 1896.

Captains Courageous. 1897.
An Almanac of Sports. 1897.
The Day's Work. 1898.
A Fleet in Being. 1898.

SCHEME OF THE STORIES

"With the fever of the senses, the delirium of the passions, the weakness of the spirit; with the storms of the passing time and with the great scourges of humanity."—JOUBERT.

SOLDIER STORIES.

Soldiers Three.
The Light that Failed.
The Taking of Lungtungpen.
The Daughter of the Regiment.
The Madness of Private Ortheris.
The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.
The Courting of Dinah Shadd.
On Greenhow Hill.
My Lord the Elephant.
His Private Honour.
Love-o'-Women.
The Mutiny of the Mavericks.

NATIVE STORIES.

In Black and White.
The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes.
Lispeth.
His Chance in Life.

In the House of Suddhoo.
Beyond the Pale.
The Bisara of Pooree.
The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows.
The Head of the District.
Without Benefit of Clergy.
The Return of Imray.
Namgay Doola.
Through the Fire.
Finances of the Gods.
The Amir's Homily.
Jews in Shushan.
The Limitations of Pambé Serang.
Moti-Guj, Mutineer.
Bubbling Well Road.
Naboth.
One View of the Question.
In the Rukh.
The Jungle Books.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

The Gadsbys.
Under the Deodars.
The Man Who Would be King.
Three and an Extra.
Thrown Away.
Miss Youghal's Sais.
Yoked with an Unbeliever.
False Dawn.

The Rescue of Pluffles.
Cupid's Arrows.
Watches of the Night.
The Other Man.
Consequences.
The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.
A Germ-Destroyer.
Kidnapped.
The Arrest of Lt. Golightly.
His Wedded Wife.
The Broken-Link Handicap.
In Error.
A Bank Fraud.
In the Pride of his Youth.
Pig.
The Rout of the White Hussars.
The Bronckhorst Divorce Case.
Venus Annodomini.
A Friend's Friend.
On the Strength of a Likeness.
Wressley of the Foreign Office.
By Word of Mouth.
To be Filed for Reference.
The Man Who Was.
The Mark of the Beast.
The Wandering Jew.
Gorgie Porgie.
The Dream of Duncan Parrenness.
The Bridge-Builders.

The Tomb of His Ancestors.
William the Conqueror.
The Maltese Cat.
The Naulahka.
His Father's Son.
Bitters Neat.
The Enlightenments of Pagett M.P.

GHOST STORIES.

The Phantom Rickshaw.
My Own True Ghost Story.
At the End of the Passage.
The Lost Legion.

CHILD STORIES.

Wee Willie Winkie.
Tod's Amendment.
Mohammed Din.
Little Tobrah.
The Children of the Zodiac.

SEA STORIES.

A Disturber of Traffic.
A Matter of Fact.
Judson and the Empire.
The Ship That Found Herself.
The Devil and the Deep Sea.
Bread Upon the Waters.
Captains Courageous.

AND

Bertram und Bimi.
Riengelder and the German Flag.
The Finest Story in the World.
A Conference of the Powers.
Brugglesmith.
The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot.
The Lang Men o' Larut.
A Walking Delegate.
·007.
An Error in the Fourth Dimension.
My Sunday At Home.
The Brushwood Boy.
Of Those Called.
The Pit that They Digged.
The Track of a Lie.
The Legs of Sister Ursula.
The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood.
The Smith Administration.

KIPLINGANA

"The Press errs, no doubt, now and then, but it is, on the whole, honest, independent, and able; and as long as this is the case, the English Press, with all its faults, must remain what it is at present—one of the ornaments of our public life."

CHAS. PEBODY.

World, "Celebrity at Home."
Pall Mall Gazette, "Lions in their Dens."
National Observer, "Modern Men."
Vanity Fair, "Men of the Day."
Bookman, "The Suppressed Works."
St. James's Gazette, "A Talk with Kipling."
Pall Mall Gazette, "A Day with Kipling."
Detroit Free Press, "A Chat with Kipling."
Cassell's Saturday, "Celebrities of the Day."
Idler, "My First Book."
Quarterly Review, "Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Tales."
Atlantic Monthly, "Rudyard Kipling."
Academy, "The Unknown Kipling."
Globe, "Rudyard Kipling."
Outlook, "The New Kipling."
Golden Penny, "A Girl's Impressions."
Star, "The School of Kiplingites."

Daily Mail, "XXth Century Men."
Star, "A Chat and some Letters."
Forum, "Mr. Kipling's Work so Far."
Cosmopolis, "Vom Englischen Büchertisch."
Bohemian, "Bohemian Bookmen."
Great Thoughts, "The Art of Rudyard Kipling."
Daily News, "Rudyard Kipling in the Eighties."
Revue de Paris, "Rudyard Kipling."
Literature, "Un Poète de L'Énergie."
St. James's Budget, "Mr. Kipling as a Schoolboy."
Pall Mall Gazette, "A Glimpse of Simla."
Literature, "Kipling as a Journalist."
The West-End, "The Lost and Earliest Works of Rudyard Kipling."

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