

*Newspaper  
Cuttings.*





2008

List of Original Articles

- The Last Relief
- My First Book
- In the Neolithic Age
- The Legend of Sister Ursula
- Two Letters to A. P. Watt
- On Mark Twain
- A Song of The English
- Soldier and Sailor Too
- The Gathen
- Winning the Victoria Cross
- White Horses
- Bread upon the Waters
- The Destroyers
- The English flag
- Recessional

C  
D  
E  
F  
G  
H  
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## RUDYARD KIPLING.

Some one has asked lately the pertinent question, "What becomes of all the young poets?" They publish a first volume with a good many defects in it, of course, but full of promise, and somehow they never publish a second, and are heard of no more. The most probable reason is that they become discouraged. The indifference of the public to true genius is profound and normal, and to nothing is it so indifferent as poetic genius. When young poets find that they sing to the winds and the waste, that they pipe in the market-place and no one dances to them, that not a living soul cares a sou for anything they may write, then a paralysing disheartenment overcomes them. It may be said of them as a friend said of that brilliant man of genius, Henri Frédéric Amiel: "At twenty he was proud, timid, and melancholy; discouragement took possession of him very early." They drift away into other pursuits, and become second-rate journalists or third-rate essayists. Few of them have the serene self-confidence of Browning, who went on publishing book after book amid universal indifference, and never made a penny by his writings till he was over fifty. It must be owned that this is a terribly testing experience to the man of genius, and few there be that survive it.

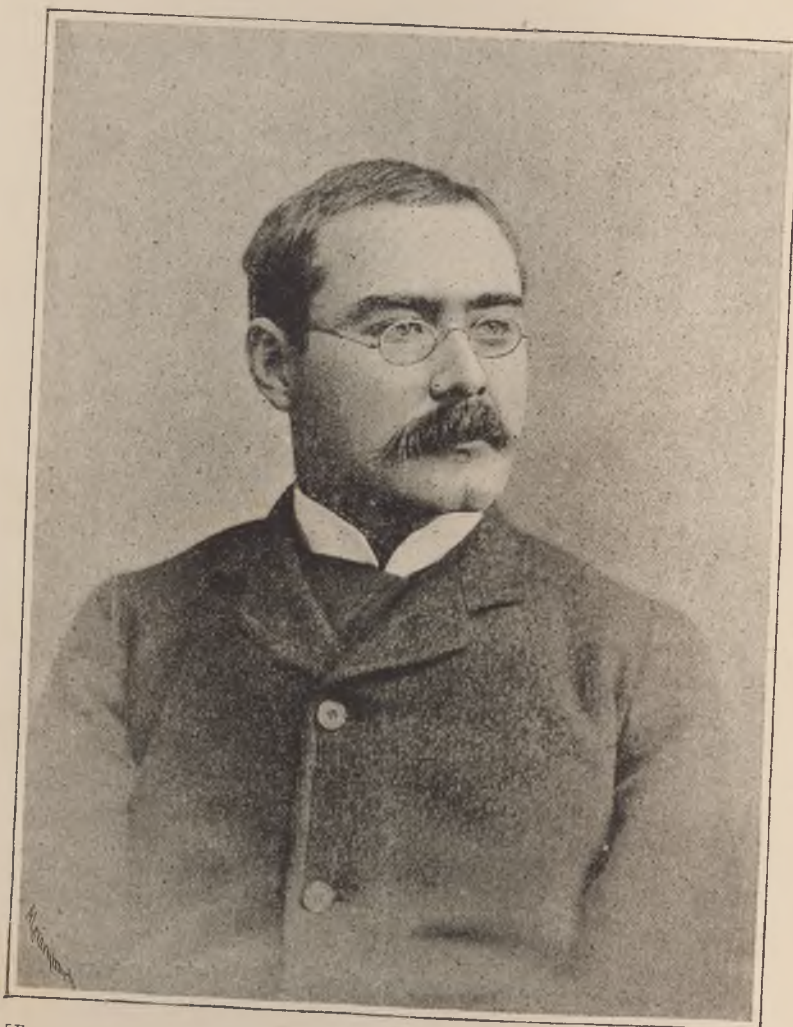
There is, however, another experience not less severe and testing. It is Amiel who says that the world has two ways of ruining us: by granting us everything we desire, and by denying us everything. It is hard to say which inflicts the most terrible discipline upon the man of genius. To awake and find yourself famous is a dream dear to youth, but it may be doubted if his is not the happier lot who has had time to lay the foundations of character sure and steadfast before the searching light of fame is flashed upon him. However, it has been Rudyard Kipling's fate to experience the former fate. He is the proud subject, perhaps the victim, of a "boom." In the critical world there are always watchers who search the sky diligently for the rising of a new star. They lament the dearth of genius, and eagerly await the first symptom of its reappearance. They ask, "Where is the Dickens, the Thackeray, the George Elliot of today?" And in their haste to find a new god they often bow down before a creature whose feet are clay.

Thus the literary boom arises. Some one reports that a new genius has arisen, and the critical pulse grows feverish, and praise becomes delirious. For the critic must have an object of worship. A little time ago Rider Haggard was

trumpeted in every journal of the land. Then came a wave of enthusiasm for George Meredith, and the world hastened to read a group of most brilliant novels, to which it had been strangely indifferent for a couple of decades. After a period of stagnation then came the Kipling boom. All at once a new name was shouted round the world in every note of critical applause. One of the first organs of English literary opinion declared that a new Charles Dickens had at last arisen, and a tale of this new writer's was announced as the finest thing that had appeared "since Charles Dickens laid down his gifted pen." Who was the new writer? No one knew. What had he written? A book of short tales, and some rather halting ballads. Where did he come from? No one could reply. He was christened "The Man from Nowhere." The very lack of information about him, perhaps the slightness of his literary performance, fanned the fever of public curiosity. But there the fact was; whatever he had done or not done to deserve it, in a few months that which old novelists had never gained was his; everybody else's stories were forgotten for the time, and the name of Rudyard Kipling was made familiar to two continents, and a considerable portion of a third.

Now it must be admitted that this process of the "literary boom" is as bad as bad can be alike for author and reader. The public mind is violently excited, and criticism loses the serenity, sanity, and delicate discrimination which give it worth, and win for it respect. You read the new author with such huge expectation that there is sure to be some reaction, and often a violent and unjust reaction. Such a reaction is now seen in regard to Rider Haggard. His books have ceased to be the rage, and he is gradually sinking to the position which he can occupy by right. And the process is equally pernicious to the author. As soon as a man's name becomes of great marketable value, the whole world clamours round him for "copy," and the temptation to over-write himself, to produce trashy and inferior work which does no real justice to his powers, is immense and almost irresistible.

It is the temptation which Mr. Kipling himself has so vividly described in his masterly delineation of Torpenhow in *The Light that Failed*. Dick paints a bad picture, and knows that it is bad, but excuses himself by saying that it will bring in "the very desirable dollars." "You've no notion," he says, "what the certainty of cash means to a man who has always wanted it badly. I've worked for this, I've sweated and



[From a Photograph by  
Messrs. Elliott & Fry,  
55, Baker Street, W.]

Sincerely  
Rudyard Kipling

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I've starved for this, line on line, and month after month. And now I've got it (*i.e.* his brief fame as a painter). I'm going to make the most of it while it lasts. Let them pay. They've no knowledge." "Unless you take precious good care," his friend grimly retorts, "you will fall under the damnation of the cheque-book, and that's worse than death." And this is what a sudden burst of fame such as Rudyard Kipling has experienced often leads a man to. It is to be hoped that he has sufficient coolness of head and artistic temper to avoid the evil he so powerfully depicts. Yet one has doubts. When we read some of the very poor and obviously hasty articles which he is now writing in the *Detroit Free Press*, another sentence of his occurs to us. "Why do you want to work on a weekly paper?" says Torpenhow's friend to him. "It's slow bleeding of power."

Now the literary "boom" cannot, after all, be accomplished on nothing; and whether Rudyard Kipling has been over-praised or not, it seems by this time pretty clear that he is worth a large degree of praise, and is likely to become a force in literature. Of his antecedents, little is known, and that little may be put in a sentence or two. He is the nephew of Burne Jones, and spent some portion of his younger years in the house of a distinguished Wesleyan minister, at Southport. His life has been mainly passed in India, of which his tales afford sufficient evidence. The knowledge of art which he displays in the *Light that Failed* may perhaps be attributed to his relationship to Burne Jones, and there are many incidental touches in his writings which show that he understands some aspects of the religious life, and especially missionary life in India. Like most ambitious youths, he found his first opportunity of literary expression in the Press. His tales were written for the Press of India, and he was known there as a smart writer long before England hailed him as a man of genius. He is said to be not more than five-and-twenty. Briefly put, these are all the available facts that one can glean. How much he owes to environment, no one can decide, and no author has given us fewer glimpses of his real self in his writings.

Perhaps this impersonal character of his work is one of the things that strikes the reader most. If Miss Amelia Edwards is right in her verdict that the didactic novelist is a nuisance, and that the only duty of the novelist is to paint life as he sees it, then this must be conceded to Kipling for artistic righteousness. He holds the mirror up to nature, and simply reflects what he sees. He does this with astonishing truth and daring. In sheer power of observation there is hardly any writer of fiction who can compete with him. He reviews all the insignificant details as well as the

larger aspects of things, and he puts them all down. He knows that they tar the mouths of cannon, that you cannot taste tobacco in the dark, that charwomen patronise three kinds of soap, "yaller, an' mottled, an' disinfektink," and a hundred other absurdly insignificant trivialities of common life. He puts down the conversation of people as they do really talk, and omits nothing out of regard to good taste. He is brutally photographic in his methods of procedure. He has no care to conceal the seamy side of things: what he has seen he is determined you shall see too in all its nakedness, its "palpitating actuality." He can give you a character in a phrase. Mrs. Jennett, in the *Light that Failed*, occupies no space in the story, but we know her through and through with all her suave cruelty, her smooth hypocrisy, her cat-like deceit. Still more clever is the figure of "the red-haired impressionist girl." She has no name. This phrase is all we know her by; yet so vividly is her figure drawn that I think I should know her if I met her in the street. These are great gifts, and no one who has given any attention to Mr. Kipling's stories can doubt that he possesses them. His power of observation is extraordinary, and is of the highest order.

The quickness of his eye is matched by the quickness of his ear. I do not know what acquaintance Mr. Kipling may have near London, but I know no one who has rendered the dialect of low London life with such precision. He has a genius for picking up the tricks of phrases. Nothing in *Soldiers Three* is more remarkable than this. We have Learoyd the Yorkshireman, Mulvaney the Irishman, and Ortheris the Cockney. In each the dialect is perfectly rendered. To confuse one with another for a single instant is impossible; their speech bewrayeth them. So too in *Badalia Herodsfoot* the vernacular of the London coster is unmistakable. And this is a much rarer power than is supposed. Even Dickens failed to catch the right accentuation of the Yorkshire dialect. Kipling never fails in matters like these. His ear catches the trick without effort, and he reproduces it with an almost startling vividness. He carries the art almost to excess. His spelling becomes occasionally so intricate that we have to consider it twice before we know what it stands for. This mastery of dialect is again evidence of the alertness of his perceptions. He sees his subject with searching distinctness; and while he is thus intensely realistic, yet there is also great imaginative power about him. The *Record of Badalia Herodsfoot* is a fine instance both of imaginative sympathy and observation. It is, I think, the finest study of low London life which I have ever read. I do not know anything quite equal to it in fidelity, completeness of depiction, truth of observation, and tragic power.

This, at least, is something that Dickens would have been proud to have written, and perhaps no one else could have written it; and the touch of mournful irony with which the curtain is rung down on poor, ignorant, martyred Badalia has genuine poetry in it too. "It was a seven pound fifteen shilling funeral, and all Gunnison Street turned out to do it honour. All but two; for Lascar Loo's mother saw that a Power had departed."

Take, again, the seven stories called *Soldiers Three*. How vivid is the whole picture! The material is commonplace enough, and is even repulsive at times, but we feel that here is the truth of things. Tommy Atkins, the poor private soldier, by whose unconsidered suffering and unrewarded valour the greatness of the empire has been built up; Tommy Atkins, in his ignorance, his coarse environment, his low temptations, his hard lot, his simple heroism, his redeeming nobleness in the hour of peril, is here painted as no human hand has ever painted him before. With what sympathy does Kipling handle him. He is true to his method; he is brutally photographic still; but he attains to the higher art of showing us the very worst of his three heroes, and yet of leading us rather to remember their best—the real, virile, heroic manliness that is hidden under the coarse exterior of his very questionable *protégés*. But in all that he has to do with war and soldiers his delineation is masterly. Let any one read the story called *With the Main Guard*, or the account of the fight in the desert in the *Light that Failed*, and he will see what I mean. It is war indeed, but not in its glory; not in its meretricious splendour as presented for home consumption; but in its brutality, its hideous lust of slaughter, its barbarism and blackguardism, and in its infinite courage too. The realism is at times too powerful. The thick human steam of the mass of struggling men, writhing and trampling and stabbing in the "gut between two hills, as black as a bucket, an' as thin as a girl's waist," is too much for us, and makes us sick with disgust. The picture of the Englishman gouging out the eyes of his Arab assailant, and coolly wiping his thumbs on his trousers, inspires revulsion, horror. Nevertheless this is war, and it is painted in its grim reality. I can conceive of nothing more likely to help the propaganda of the Peace Society than that these passages should be read everywhere. We look, as we read, on the unleashing of every savage passion in man, "the dogs of war" indeed. It is a saturnalia of brutality. Mulvaney accurately describes it when he cries, "They was mad—mad—mad! Crook sits down in the quiet that fell when we had gone down the valley, an' covers his face wid his hands. Prinsintly we all came back again according to our natures and dispositions, for they,

mark you, show through the hide av a man in that hour." And yet amid it all we never lose sympathy with the poor private soldier who spills his blood so readily in the quarrels of others. Not only of the savage, but the heroic deeds of the battlefield, and of the share that Tommy Atkins has especially in the latter, the words of Mulvaney are worth memory: "By my faith, there's a dale more done in the field than iver gets into field orders!"

The finest element in Kipling's work is this understanding sympathy which interprets the best side of bad natures, and brings into prominence the noble qualities which may accompany great defects, infirmities and vices. I once heard a lady declare that Rudyard Kipling's sympathy with the common soldier was a Christ-like sympathy, and one of the noblest things in modern literature. I am not inclined to dispute the saying. It is to me the most beautiful element in his work. Perhaps he carries it to excess occasionally, as Bret Harte does, but the excess never occurs in relation to the common soldier. Tommy Atkins is drawn to the life, and the curious thing is that this soldier of reality, with all his glaring faults, his coarseness and profanity, is nevertheless a more noble figure than the idealized soldier of romance. On the other hand, I am bound to admit that Mr. Kipling's sins against good taste, and even against good art, are many. Is it really necessary to put down all a man's oaths in order to teach us that he is profane? Is there no more artistic way of conveying to us the fact that he is a man of unclean lips? Does not really fine art deal with these things by implication rather than by the method of naked, unabashed reporting? Sometimes, too, the way in which the thing is put is vulgar and disgusting. It is an offence against good taste to tell us that the man who has been drunk overnight feels next morning as though a cat had littered in his mouth. No wonder people who are most desirous of doing justice to Mr. Kipling's powers say that he is vulgar, and cast him aside with contempt. And the cynicism of Rudyard Kipling is frequently unpleasant also. He writes too often in the *blasé* fashion of the used-up voluptuary. It is rarely that he sketches a really fine and pure character. He would fain have us believe that the world he knows is throughout what Mr. Runciman calls "bitterly bad." Perhaps this is the shallow cynicism of extreme youth, which a wider experience will correct. There are multitudes of good men and pure women in the world, and it is time that Mr. Kipling showed us he was not unaware of their presence. And though it may be the highest art to be impersonal in fiction, yet I confess that I should like to get an occasional glimpse of the real

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Golden and Gaiter Too  
The Gathen  
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White Horses  
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The Destroyers  
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heart of the writer. I should like to know whether he himself has any intelligible theory of life, any moral conviction, any religious faith. I do not think that his writings would suffer by the introduction of this personal note here and there. We cannot read Dickens, or George Eliot, or especially Thackeray, without feeling the throb of the writer's heart behind the creatures of fiction, and the personal element in these writers is not a loss but a gain to the general effect of their writings. But we may fairly hope that time may teach Mr. Kipling many things. At five-and-twenty the finest genius has not altogether made the round of creation, nor found the best methods of artistic expression; and with a writer who shows so much genuine power much may be expected from the "years that bring the philosophic mind."

For, whatever defects Mr. Kipling may manifest, one thing he incontestably possesses, and that is power. He has copied no one, he is individual, and he has genius. Here and there, apparently by accident, he manages to strike the highest note of art. There is a wonderful chapter in the *Story of the Gadsbys* called *The Shadow of Death*. I have read it carefully more than once, and I think it one of the most pathetic things which any modern novelist has produced.

Shall I be believed, and, if believed, shall I be ridiculed, for saying that it made me think of Shakespeare's immortal study of the madness of Ophelia? I am not foolish enough to compare the two things, but that the one should recall the other is surely the highest praise. And in the thrilling pathos of the sick woman's incoherent words there is an echo of the Shakesperian method. One feels in reading such a passage that there is no knowing what such a writer may achieve, that indeed the very greatest things are possible to him. But it is much too early to form any definite judgment, and prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error. If Mr. Kipling is not intoxicated by his sudden fame, if he knows how to purge himself of his faults, if he has sufficient moral fibre to turn aside from the adulation of the public to the study of the artist, and there in seclusion, in fruitful silence and resolute painstaking, set himself to the vigilant development of his powers, writing not for fame, nor money, but for art, toiling not to win ephemeral applause, but to make his work as perfect as he can,—if he can do these things, he has a genius which may carry him very far. No one knows better than he the temptations of the artist. It is for him to show us that he also knows how to overcome them.

W. J. DAWSON.

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By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.,  
MINISTER OF THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON.

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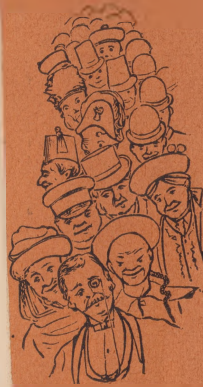
### CHAPTER III.

I HAVE warned you against confusion. That is an enemy that may come in at any point. It is needful, therefore, that you should drill yourself in habits of order all round. By that I mean, do not be orderly in one direction only, but in all. Know where everything is. Carry the whole business as a mental picture, and see every tittle of it with your mind's eye. The first requisite is integrity, and the second is order. Integrity will not save a man from bankruptcy. Some of the most upright men in the world are simply incapable in business. I called upon a man sixty years of age, and found that for twelve hours he had been addressing envelopes to his customers! I knew in a moment that such a man, at such an age, doing such a work, must

fail. A boy at threepence an hour would have done the envelopes as well, and the principal could have been doing some other work, which no one else could have done. The man's industry was wasted. He had employed a steam engine to thread a needle; or he had engaged a blacksmith to crack an egg; or anything else you like that would represent disproportion of force or waste of energy. Always remember that whilst only one man may be able to write the letter, any honest man may be trusted to put it in the post office. I know a man who is so faddy about little things that he pays no attention to great ones. He is particularly anxious to guard the house against burglars by keeping the skylight well fastened, but he leaves the front door wide open. He expends his anxiety on the wrong ob-

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- The Gathen
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- White Horses
- Bread upon the Waters
- The Destroyers
- The English flag
- Recessional





Complaint of Indian Troops

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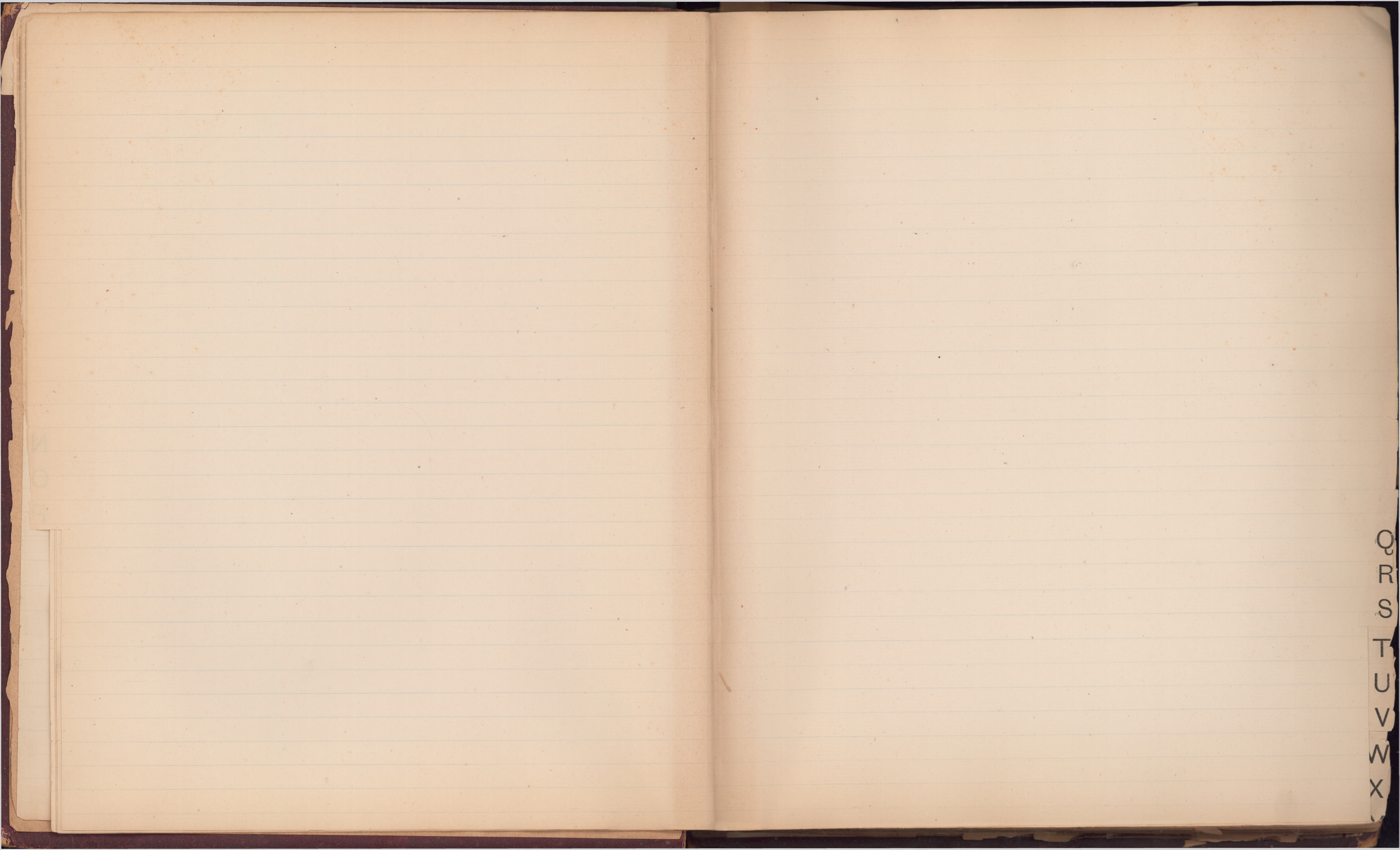


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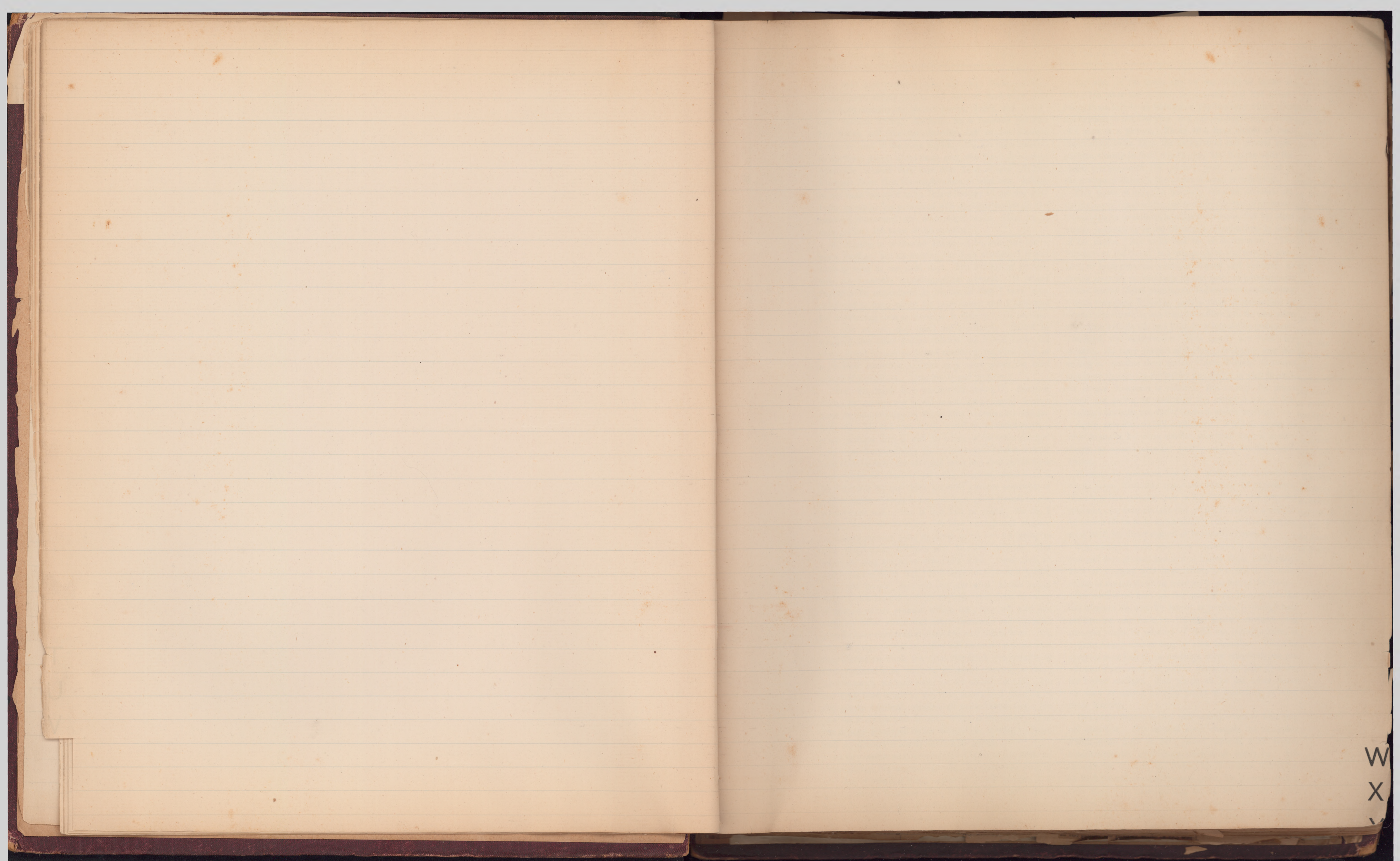


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type, mess-room practical jokes, and dingy Simla scandals. These I shall simply ignore. All his best work might well have been wrought into his two books, 'Black and White' and 'Soldiers Three.' Secondly, he is furiously popular. His books sell like the *Sporting Life* or Dr. Farrar's Sermons—and to the same buyers. He has been cuddled by the lewd people of the baser sort, who fancy themselves Athenians because they rave over *Τι καυώτερον*—Robert Elsmere, Shes, Hes, Hermaphrodites, or what not. Lastly, he has been imported as an Infant Prodigy all the way from India, where he has performed with applause before all the crowned, uncrowned and discrowned heads. Here we at once get into the heart of the question.

Mr. Kipling is neither an Infant—if he ever was one—nor a Prodigy; but his training has been prodigious, if you like—at least in our sleek days. His writings as yet contain no avowedly autobiographical element. It would therefore be impertinent to repeat all that I have been privileged to learn about his early career, and I apologise for mentioning even so much as is directly to my purpose. His gifts of eye and mind are hereditary. Exiled to England like other Indian children he at last broke his chain, found his way back, and sacrificing the advantages of a finished education entered as a mere youth the hard school of journalism. Thus much, and no more.

"But oh, think how wonderfully young!" Granted. Young he was—young he still is—in savage energy, fearless dash, careless confidence; but in other respects old—wonderfully old. He had seen much, heard much, noted much—more perhaps than is well for a lad—while other youthful eyes were riveted mostly on lexicons and cricket-stumps. And that too in a land of varied races and rival civilisations and strange old obsolete, yet living religions, where even a boy who will see and think becomes perforce somewhat of a philosopher. True, he has not been ground small in our educational mill. But is that loss or gain? To us, I think, almost wholly gain. We have enough and to spare of prize graduates, quite as clever as he, who are going to turn out Bacons, Gibbons and Matthew Arnolds. But somehow they are all so dreadfully alike. Send them to India—as we do in fact. Tell them to look at a jungle, or a Jain temple; they will see just what Ruskin taught them to look for and nothing beyond. Bid them discourse of sepoy, priests, zenanas, village life; they will give you only the same views that other cautious, well-expressed persons have cautiously expressed so well before them. Ask them to judge, to criticise; they will try to tell you not what they themselves think, but what they think the majority of their cultured tribe must be thinking. Among so many Levites surely we have room for one sturdy Ishmael. He has never been taught to see, hear, reflect and describe in the proper Levitical, academical, second-hand way. He just has to do the best he can. What is that best? How has it been developed by his exceptional training? Space only permits me to hastily touch a few points.

As an observer and recorder Mr. Kipling is not really an Impressionist, but rather a Selector. He does not—even in his 'City of Dreadful Night'—give us a mere sidelight on a passing mood; he seems to see the whole, and make us see it too, by selecting and dashing down a very few intensely significant points. I do not mean that he draws a skeleton

of the man or the landscape for our fancy to clothe at will. He takes the skeleton for granted, and just accentuates those half-dozen features of physiognomy which give the keynote to our first view and our last lingering memory of a man or a picture. Those who have visited or read much about India have the background and general composition already in their mind's eye; Mr. Kipling adds the magic touches—and the picture lives. His method is the reverse of Balzac's, but to me at least, as satisfying.

This power of selection naturally involves dramatic art, the instinct of construction and the ineffable tact of omission. These gifts he sometimes misuses and abuses, and too often wholly neglects, as in the ill-judged introductions to some of his stories. But at its best his art is supreme. 'The Finances of the Gods' is a master-piece—so tiny, so compact, so homogeneous—prologue, legend and epilogue, so simply graceful, so paternally tender, such an interior—one almost fancies Metsu painting an Indian conversation-piece—such a seeming lightness, such a deep undercurrent of significance—nothing less than the infiltration, the saturation of a nation's whole life by a Faith to us impossibly grotesque! You think this exaggeration? then clearly you have only skimmed the story instead of studying, analysing, and dissecting it. Another short sketch, 'Little Tobrah,' illustrates still more signally the instinctive knowledge of what to omit. Its intense directness is electric. But enough, for pages would not suffice for analysing the varied forms of Mr. Kipling's dramatic art, varied because unconventional.

Again, note his youthful confidence. Right or wrong he never hesitates, balances, shuffles, sees both ways at once—clearly he never practised writing essays for the headmaster.

Humour he possesses, but it is of the grim, broad, not wholly happy, Yorkshire type—the humour of experience. His wit is less striking, save in his felicitous and pregnant epigrams; for example take this—"the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt," or this—"East of Suez, some hold, the direct control of Providence ceases."

His narrative style may lack symmetry and taste, but now and then phrases flash out of native force and beauty. This of a caged wild beast asleep—"troubled by some dream of the forests of his freedom"—or this of the Amir—"His word is red law; by the gust of his passion falls the leaf of man's life, and his favour is terrible"—though here perhaps we may trace an Oriental model. Indeed, long passages might be selected of vivid, nay majestic force, or pathetic beauty marred only by a few blemishes. When he observes most keenly, he describes most eloquently, as you will own if you study the perfect sentence on page 37 about the Indian starlight. And above all he has never learnt the trick of reeling off neat pages of something or other about nothing.

One other feature is his rich variety—variety, look you, not versatility. His method never changes, but he applies it with equal force to such varied material, such diverse experiences—for experiences they must surely be. His German, his Fenian, his Rajah, his Yorkshire Methodist, his Malay murderer, his Burmese priest, his Moslem mollah, even Bimi the orang-outang, are as Shaksperian as his Soldiers Three—that is, each is a veritably individual specimen of a distinct generic type. Once rightly conceive the

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relations of individual, species and genus—that is, if you can—and you may conjure up a living man in ten lines, instead of manufacturing him in a whole chapter.

The final result of this peculiar self-training is an attitude, a manner, a style of presentation wholly personal and individual. There is something like it in much of the nervous, high-pressure work of the best American, and probably also Anglo-Indian, journalism. Yet not quite the same. Mr. Kipling will of course find imitators, but among his predecessors, can we point to a single page which could be mistaken for his best work? Whether it be good, whether it be bad, he has added yet another to the many forms of English literature.

Such are the more obvious merits of his books, viewed from the purely literary and artistic side. But he has also *les défauts de ses qualités*. These, and with them far deeper and more suggestive questions—the moral significance, the human interest, the philosophic bearing, the present achievement and the future promise of his work—remain yet untreated. Y. Y.

#### BEHIND A BOOKSELLER'S COUNTER.

IT seems rather a sad thing to say that in spite of all the Reviewers who review books, and all the Critics who criticise them, the public are generally bewildered by the multitude of their advisers as to what books they should buy. Now what should they do? Why, go to their bookseller and ask his advice, and I am glad to say they do. I am very sorry for the reviewers, and I am sure they would be sorry for themselves to find that in spite of all their proffered help to the reading public, the bookseller is assailed all day long with the query, What have you got new? Many booksellers pin their faith to the *Athenæum*, but, as a rule, a bookseller's judgment of a book is arrived at by a process unknown to the reviewer, and I hardly think it is my business to detail that process here. It may, however, be sufficient to say that before a book is published an early copy is submitted to him, and after glancing at the volume, he is very quickly able to say whether the book promises to be a success. Of course he is frequently wrong, but, as a rule, a bookseller never makes a mistake in purchasing too many copies of a book. Now this brings me back to the reviewer. We frequently find elaborate reviews of a book which bring the customer to the point of purchasing the volume, but alas for the wasted efforts of the reviewer, the price of the book is found to be quite beyond the means of the purchaser. Now why in the name of common sense does not the reviewer mention the price of the book? It can be very easily ascertained, and be the means of saving the reader and the bookseller a great deal of trouble.

It was said at one time that a review in the *Times* was sufficient to carry off an edition, but these days have gone, if they ever existed. It still has a considerable influence on the sale of the book, and I had an experience the other day which will show its power. A customer called and said that there was a book reviewed in the *Times* that morning, he could not remember the name of the book, and on being questioned as to the subject-matter of the book, he could not remember that either, but all the same he wished a copy of the book. My experience taught me that there had been some happy phrase or sentence in the review which had

THIS attempt to estimate the work of Mr. Kipling shall be mainly illustrated from his last book, 'Life's Handicap,' which is fairly representative, and will be freshest in the reader's memory. Is such an estimate premature? Is it unfair? I think not, and for this reason. If his career is not yet closed, at least one phase of it is. Nothing he may yet do is likely to alter, to enhance or impair, the rank he has already taken as an Observer and Recorder of what he has seen of Nature and Man. For such he is—nothing less, nor more.

On the very threshold lie three stumbling-blocks. First, the perplexing form in which his work has been presented to us. From time to time his stray stories have been hunted up and issued in small volumes, arranged on no apparent principle. Many were not worth re-printing—mere dotting-Colonel-yarns of the nullah-in-the-foreground

#### THE BOOKMAN.

OCTOBER, 1891.]

#### THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

DIARY OF A READER.

Sept. 30th.—Another batch. Rudyard Kipling at last! Yes, one has to wait for him. And no wonder. "Sweet after showers" of Oscar Wilde's squibs and innuendos is the frank, healthy naturalness of Rudyard Kipling. Here is our "young barbarian all at play"! And we have all grown to love the young savage; we allow him a chartered liberty of phrase and episode; we let him shake his sides with laughter and use strong language in a way that would have been considered crude and vulgar in a London-born writer. All Grub Street stands amaze. Perhaps, then, after all, London is not the only place where one can acquire a literary style of one's own and rise to a solid income by writing! I am inclined to agree with their profound conclusion. Our great debt of gratitude to Rudyard Kipling arises from the fact that he has come to save us from the monotony of London literary work—the work that never escapes the atmosphere of these endless grey streets and their eternally leaden sky. And here, buried in these stories, I have spent several hours in the glowing sunshine of the East, girt round with the sense of romance that lives in that atmosphere and dies in this.



for his children. This was borne out by the many letters of Mr. Brontë's which she showed me, but I am bound to say that Mr. Wemyss Reid is supported by others well acquainted with the facts. When Dr. Wright publishes his book on 'The Brontës in Ireland,' we shall no doubt understand some things better.

The last portrait is that of the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls (originally Nicholl), Charlotte Brontë's husband, and was taken about the time of his marriage. Mr. Nicholls has been long resident in Ireland, and still occasionally preaches. He has maintained a resolute and honourable silence on the romance of his life.

I deeply regret that I cannot add a portrait of the greatest genius among the sisters, Emily Brontë. Martha Brown possessed a very clearly and boldly drawn pencil sketch of Emily by Charlotte, which I in vain endeavoured to purchase. After her death, what she left was divided among four sisters, with all of whom I communicated without succeeding even in tracing the picture. In course of the search I had in my hand some of Emily Brontë's manuscripts, which show her to have been a good mathematician—some of the figures being from the eleventh book of Euclid. Martha Brown had also the desk—a very small common one—on which "Wuthering Heights" was written. V.

#### THE WORK OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

IT has been already hinted that Mr. Kipling has the defects which spring from his merits. His quick, bold style of presentation often strains and fatigues the attention; his scenic construction, when extended to trifles, sometimes sinks to burlesque; his dogmatic assurance and daring satire is bound to stab many a respectable prejudice. Further, a self-formed style must always seem a tacit outrage upon the great accepted models unless itself rises to the rank of a model. Mr. Kipling's style is no model, nor is it even quite original. Tainted with the flippancy of journalism and the distressing smartness of trans-Atlantic buffoonery, it is by no means that of the artless child of Nature who "pipes but as the throstles sing." Superfine vulgarisms have called him vulgar. Vulgar he is not. His occasional untowardness or frowardness has no real affinity to the innately vulgar and subtly vulgarising tone of a Charles Reade or a Theodore Hook. To me, indeed, his errors of taste seem but the price we pay for the unconventional evolution of his genius. And so far we gain more than we lose.

Good print is well; good style is better; best of all is good matter. Such, at least, is the due order of excellence in the eyes of the sober Bookman, who would not love books so well, loved he not knowledge more. In Mr. Kipling's manner I have pointed to some admirable qualities marred by a few glaring yet pardonable blemishes. It remains to ask what is it that he has to say—wherein and how far are we the richer or the better for it?

One verdict has been given already. The big battalions of railway-readers on whose *popularis aura* our writers are now wafted to fame—that myriad-eyed Argus intent on Tit-bits, Scraps and Orts, has long since decided with the enviable promptitude to be expected of a critic who sees his

by the hand. It seems—nay, it is. For correctness is not truth. The practised eye may detect in these native portraits many discrepancies, errors, and omissions; the outsider, rightly or wrongly, will feel them to be true, and deny that even genius can make bricks without straw. He will even doubt whether the high official mind can fully gauge the opportunities for seeing and hearing which a varied, more or less Bohemian, unofficial life may have afforded. On these Mr. Kipling has built up a definite body of opinion. Little of personal reminiscence can be detected, save in his short novel; most of his stories have been picked up, some wholly invented, but into each he weaves the already arranged and labelled results of his observation—each at least reads like a first-hand experience. Whether an Observer or a Creator, he is equally original. It may be that, like Darwin with his Cirripedia, he at first concentrated himself on a few typical characters, and by this training matured his power of rapidly discriminating each new type he comes across. He does not present, of course, George Eliot's close analysis of complex and conflicting motive—his men are active animals, not ruminants—but in a masterly way he does single out what we may call the main efficient cause of conduct, whether it be a ruling passion or a momentary impulse. And to find it he goes down to the very depths.

Mark, too, his careful racial discrimination. He never confounds the turns and tricks of thought of his Irish, Yorkshire, and Cockney soldiers, or of his varied Orientals. How boldly in 'Pambe Serang' does he contrast the Malay and African traits! How grandly he brings out in the 'Amir's Homily' the secret of Eastern despotism! How exquisitely in the last pages of 'Without Benefit of Clergy' that loveliest of Oriental traits, the courteous, unobtrusive, reverent sympathy with one stricken of God. Vambéry, Burton, Morier, even Palgrave, no doubt bring us nearer to the secret of Moslem character; he alone is at home with all sorts and conditions of men. Take the rigmarole evidence of the coolies (p. 12); there you have the Bengali as ages of servitude have made him, a well-meaning, fawning, crafty, yet transparent liar—the liar by instinct of self-preservation. Or take 'Through the Fire,' or 'Little Tobrah'; how utterly un-European is every feeling, every motive, every standard of conduct, yet how utterly human! Correct or not, it is—surely it must be—true.

And it would be truer still if he dared. We live a century too late and too soon for speaking out; but sometimes, as in 'On the Wall,' he throws off the fetters. Bold or reticent by turns, he never discloses his ethical system. Probably it is yet incomplete. Like Zola, he never comments or moralizes, but so artfully arranges the facts that the inferences become irresistible. In 'Without Benefit of Clergy'—the very title is polemical—those inferences amount to a homily.

If his ethics are obscure, they are always manly. Courage, endurance, fidelity, discipline, the joy of living, of working, of fighting—every spring of virile conduct he delights in. This naturally implies a certain tincture of brutal coarseness, already sufficiently bewailed by the critics. I will therefore only say—and say emphatically—that to this coarseness we owe the purity, the depth, and the intensity of his pathos. In that superb *ody*, 'Greenhow Hill,' are

a few lines, the death of 'Liza when for a brief moment the Woman survives the Saint, to which I know no parallel whatever in literature, so poignant its feeling, so profound its philosophy, so instinctive its truth. He only who has studied the coarse animalism of strong men can understand and pourtray their flashes of supreme tenderness and their numb, speechless grief. Herein we trace the only true affinity to the work of Mr. Bret Harte. Rugged yet affecting pathos is perhaps the highest attribute of Mr. Kipling's genius, and it comes of his penetrating insight into the hearts of men, not indeed the whole heart—a Tito Melema is beyond his grasp—but its inmost part, its most strenuous pulsation, the secret of its very self.

I pass lightly over his two most obvious errors of conception, both results of an imperfect training. Sometimes he stoops to the Supernatural, sinking as low as the prophecies in 'Dinah Shadd,' the dog rubbish in 'Imray,' the snake lies on page 232, and that vile tale, 'The Mark of the Beast.' Again, he has not yet shaken off his morbid love of journalistic "horrors," "shocking discoveries"—that is to say, putrid corpses, painful suffering, and spilled blood. Such "horrors" do not shock—they only disgust.

Finally, his attitude towards the world of men is very much that of an eager, attentive, observant, sharp-eyed sight-seer. Much in him that looks like sympathy is really only strong interest. He always preserves a certain cynical aloofness; he never, like Dickens, fondles his puppets; none of them, not even Mulvaney, seems dearer to him than another. Hence his somewhat repellent, unfriendly personality as an author. Contrast him with Lamb or Montaigne or Rabelais; of them in no sense could Flaubert say—"l'œuvre est tout, l'homme est rien." And why? Because no one doubts the rounded completeness of the philosophy which Rabelais chose to conceal, or disdained to explain. Mr. Kipling's reticence is less suggestive. I doubt whether he yet has, or ever will have, a philosophy—a broad universal scheme into which all his thoughts and experiences can be harmoniously fitted. But without it no great creative work is possible. Fielding had his great, tender humanity, Dickens his sentimental optimism, Goethe his belief in Spirit, Scott his trust in providential justice—one has the Christian Faith, another fatalism—but all have some sheet anchor. Mr. Kipling, like so many of us, has none. And mark this—it is just when genius after its first daring flights is settling down for maturer triumphs that the lack of early discipline is felt. As it is with the painter so is it with the author. For then the mind, grasping to attain some higher, firmer, wider standpoint, falls back upon the half-forgotten, long-despised, but never wholly eradicated teaching of school and college; self-discipline reproduces an echo of the ferule; law, order, precept, method, system, resume their sway, and Genius, now heated to fluidity in the fires of life, at last pours smoothly into the matrix chiselled for it by the master-spirits of all the ages. The scholar has become a man, both are fused into the philosopher. I wish, but dare not hope, that Mr. Kipling may yet attain that rich, ripe, sober, benevolent spirit, that repose of the heart, that balance of the brain, which makes the great humanist. His fresh start, 'The Light that Failed,' was a false one. He may go on multiplying for our delight his Indian experiences; he may study new types in the West;



way at a glance into the inmost Secret of Bradshaw. 'Life's Handicap' has amused and excited him—what more would you have? Yet the oracles of the smoking carriage are truer than their echoes in the penny press. The morning paper which at present I take in, in a brief notice just admires and quotes the (really unsatisfactory) Preface, decides that the stories are "very smart and imbued with a strong worldly philosophy," and closes by singling out three as "especially striking," of which the first, I own, is excellent, the second peculiarly inartistic and repulsive, the third the one palpable failure in the series. Yet even such criticism serves its turn. Few care to dig deeper. The popular interest in Humanity is mainly centered on its choicest specimen — oneself. Millions ride in cabs; only hundreds criticise the horse; only tens study the cabman. Smart and worldly—such is the very last word of the railroad-critics who only read as they run.

He who leisurely turns the pages will seek and will find more than amusement. Much that seems, much that is, wholly new will startle him; he will ask himself—are these things true? how did the author get hold of them? what does he really think about them? what would he have me think? what do I think? Of some such train of thought, limited to his best prose work, here are a few results.

His avowed purpose is described in the Preface thus—"Chiefly I write of Life and Death, and men and women and Love and Fate." This is true enough, though the Preface is but a disingenuous mystification contradicted by its business-like last sentences—a mere clever *jeu d'esprit* composed to bind together a random collection of stories. Men, and in a less degree women and children—even brutes, as dogs, apes and elephants, in so far as they present inchoate human elements—are Mr. Kipling's absorbing theme.

His peculiar attitude towards Nature proves this. True, he has the artist-eye. His reading of Indian scenery is, I am assured, not less exactly truthful than it seems. But he has nothing of the Wordsworthian, vague, yearning sympathy with Nature. His marvellous, often terrible, pictures of elemental phenomena—seasons, heat, cold, rain and flood—are always drawn in the light of man's enjoyment or misery. If ever his landscape lacks some foreground figures their place is supplied by a human suggestion of loneliness. He is no pious Pantheist to whom the earth is but a great globular god, with Rydal Mount for its pole—an all-sufficing Paradise sadly marred by the intrusion of Adam's children with their odious railways and waterworks. True, in a splendid night description he says—"the earth was a grey shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals and the movement of the wind in the tamerisks"; but then he adds his touches of human interest, the "fitful mutter of musketry-fire leagues away," a "native woman singing in some unseen hut," and the "mail-train thundering by." For this "even breathing of the crowded earth" is not the charming repose of flowers and trees and pretty birds; he is thinking of the mighty Indian soil strewn with myriad tired, stark men, as it were some vast beach at the tremulous pause of the low tide of humanity. To him the earth is

the Lord's and the fulness thereof, but that lord is Man-kind. No mystical hypostatic union of the human Soul with the divine Nature of sunsets, waterfalls, larks, and lesser celandines: Nature, the world, is simply the home, the environment of man, the mere scenery of the supreme drama of human struggle, failure, or success.

In what spirit, by what method, has he studied men? The answer is involved in the further question of his veracity. And here I find myself at fault. On the one hand a high—perhaps the very highest—authority on India tells me that Mr. Kipling's portrayures of native character and opinions are simply brilliant imaginative creations based only on limited and superficial observation. On the other hand, I confess that my own experience seldom clashes with his European characters, and that his Oriental element, which is infinitely the more interesting, seems to strengthen, but never conflict with the impressions left by such masters as Burton and Meadows Taylor, and by the only Hindu of first-rate intellect and real learning whose mind I ever studied at leisure. This presumption I do not justify, but may fairly palliate by large concessions. I grant that in his coarser work Mr. Kipling has contented himself with conventional types like his Simla flirts, and wooden officials; that he has never penetrated the inner working of the mighty machine of Government; that of the highest class, both native and English, he has little to say, and that mostly in a vein of comic exaggeration and contemptuous railery, for all this is patent. For instance, he makes the "Very Greatest of All the Viceroy's" promote a native pet from the Bengal to the North West Service. Surely this was beyond the power even of the Most Mischievous of All the Mediocrities, though the satire is fair enough in principle. Again, in his satirical and allegorical sketches he takes strange licenses; for example, in 'Namgay Doolah' a savage family with three-fourths of Thibetan and only one-fourth of Irish blood, all have red hair, and by pure hereditary instinct cut off cows' tails, wear black masks, and take blood-money to betray their own kin. But this, like 'Naboth,' is clearly allegory. Again, elephant-yarns are probably the Indian equivalent for English dog-stories; hence the farcical exaggerations of Moti Guj. Granted, too, that so young a man cannot possibly have studied profoundly and exhaustively every inch of the ground he covers, granted much more—for these concessions are but my own suggestions—the dilemma remains, either a creative genius well-nigh incredible, or a very considerable basis of experience. For my own part, inclining to the latter, I would fain combine both views, and in this way. Where Mr. Kipling is careless, or deficient, or wrong is precisely where we have no lack of trustworthy guides. Great men, great matters, great theories—not such are his true province, but the infinitely little, yet supremely significant trifles which cling closest round the core of humanity. Of these, the statesman, the statistician, the traveller is silent. They will tell you correctly all about the Native—his land-system, his creed, his literature, his social system, his customs, his manners, his general un-Englishism—and you wonder at the odd creature. The Story-teller takes up the lifeless image, adds a few bold touches, making it odder than ever, but you cease to wonder—it seems after all but a man of like passions with yourself, to be either familiarly kicked, or taken

but can a man feel a youth's quick impressions, or describe them with a youth's audacious energy? He may strengthen, but cannot alter his place in literature. That place is not beside the great masters of imperishable fiction, but high among those vivid, veracious, but fragmentary painters of life and manners by whose inestimable aid, as de Caylus aptly says, "on sait vivre sans avoir vécu." Y. Y.

#### BEHIND A BOOKSELLER'S COUNTER.

LIBRARIES—HIGH-PRICED BOOKS—MINOR POETS—SHORT STORIES.

THE question is frequently raised as to whether the great circulating libraries exercise an injurious influence on the sale of books by the booksellers. For my part, I think that in many cases they confer a benefit on the bookseller. Many people acquire a taste for reading by having a subscription at a library, and when they have read a book which has afforded them any enjoyment in its perusal they frequently manifest a desire to possess it. High-priced novels, biographies, and travels are, of course, chiefly read at the libraries; but when these books are re-issued at a moderate price, the advertising which they receive from being in large circulation has a very considerable influence on the sale among the booksellers. I would instance Lucas Malet's 'The Wages of Sin.' I do not believe it would have had so large a sale as it has had at six shillings, if it had been originally issued at that price, for the simple reason that booksellers and the public would not have known how remarkable a book it was unless the inveterate three-volume novel reader had not perused it and then talked about it.

I suppose most bookbuyers have observed how few highly-priced books are now to be seen in booksellers' shops. The reason is not far to seek. They are now only produced for the libraries, and a bookseller finds that the books which sell most readily with him are priced at 6s. or 7s. 6d. as a maximum. When a publisher is remonstrated with about issuing his books at exorbitant prices, the bookseller's view of the matter is too frequently treated with scant courtesy. The French publisher is more alive to the wants of the bookseller and the public, and very rarely is a book issued at a higher price than 7 fr. 50 c., and no doubt he reaps his reward. I should very much wish to see an English publisher issue an important work at 7s. 6d. instead of 30s. or 42s., and after forming an estimate as to what the sale would be at the latter price, give us the results of the sales at the lower price.

Who buys all the works of the minor verse writers which are issued every season? I for one cannot tell. But in spite of their non-success the supply is increasing. The bookseller can't sell them, and the "remainder man" won't look at them. And yet I very much question if they should cease to be published, as now and again we find a writer of real power crop up among the host. We are all poets nowadays (to paraphrase Sir William Harcourt), and every one has written, and perhaps published, a few poems which have not been appreciated. Hence the antipathy to other minor poets who write somewhat in the same style. This is the only explanation I can give as to the disdainful way in which a customer throws down a new poet's volume when it is shown to him. The remembrance of his own want of success is perpetual gall and bitterness.

It is a singular thing to note that while volumes of short stories are extremely popular in America and France, there is not the slightest demand for them in this country. It is quite useless labour for a bookseller to attempt selling them, although the publisher disguises them by printing a single name as the title of the book, and obscuring the fact that the volume is composed of a number of stories. The success of volumes of this kind in France may be explained



THE *Spectator* says:—"As a wholesome corrective to what may be called the oleographic style of depicting military life now so much in vogue, Mr. Kipling's brilliant sketches of the barrack-room, realistic in the best sense of the word, deserve a hearty welcome. Here be no inanities of the officers' mess, no apotheosis of the gilded and tawny-moustachioed dragoon, no languid and lisping lancer, no child-sweet-hearts—none, in fact, of the sentimental paraphernalia familiar to readers of modern military fiction. Here, instead, we have Tommy Atkins as the central figure, and not Tommy Atkins on parade, but in those moods when the natural man finds freest expression—amorous, pugnacious, and thievish—a somewhat earthy personage on the whole, but with occasional gleams of chivalry and devotion lighting up his clouded humanity. Too many so-called realists seem to aim at representing man as continuously animal without any intervals in which his higher nature emerges at all. But Mr. Kipling happily does not belong to this school. The actualities of barrack-room life are not extenuated, but the tone of the whole is sound and manly. The author does not gloss over the animal tendencies of the British private, but he shows how in the grossest natures sparks of nobility may lie hid.

"The perusal of these stories cannot fail to inspire the reader with the desire to make further acquaintance with the other writings of the author. They are brimful of humanity and a drollery that never degenerates into burlesque. In many places a note of genuine pathos is heard. Mr. Kipling is so gifted and versatile that one would gladly see him at work on a larger canvas. But to be so brilliant a teller of short stories is in itself no small distinction."

The *Saturday Review* says:—"The 'Story of the Gadsbys' is well constructed and humorous in a high degree, and exhibits the author's thorough acquaintance with Anglo-Indian life. Most readers who like sequels will, no doubt, prefer his own story, where they will meet again the Irishman, Mulvaney, and his brother musketeers."

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Rudyard Kipling and his bride, Carolyn Balestier, the younger sister of the late Wolcott Balestier, arrived in New York on February 11th, and started a day or two later for San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling are on their way to Samoa to visit Mr. Stevenson, and will continue their journey around the world. Mrs. L. B. Walford writes as follows to the *Critic* about the wedding:

That the marriage of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Miss Carolyn Balestier should have been private in the strictest sense of the term, was, under the circumstances, only to be expected. The day, the hour, the place, were all jealously guarded from public notice; and such of us as were bidden received merely a few ambiguous lines, posted late the night before—so late indeed that one which had further to go than the rest did not arrive till the ceremony was actually over, and to my great regret, I was not present. Mr. Henry James gave the bride away, in lieu of his lost friend, her brother; but neither her mother nor sister were able to be there, being too ill of the prevailing malady to leave their beds. Only ten people were in the church—"the saddest, most touching little ceremony," wrote one, "you ever saw. We were all thinking of dear Wolcott."

244 THE THEATRE. [APRIL 1, 1881.]

OUR BOOK-SHELF. By A. Kipling ... .. 243

Our Book-Shelf.

"Nell, On and Off the Stage." By B. H. Buxton. London: Tinsley Brothers.

IN Mrs. Buxton's latest novel, "Nell, On and Off the Stage," she takes her readers once again into the world to which she introduced them in a former work, and establishes still more firmly the reputation already gained by "Jennie of the Prince's."

The characters and subjects of which she treats are not new, but they have so frequently been exaggerated and misrepresented by the novelists that a writer who is thoroughly familiar with the one, and draws the other from nature with skill and fidelity, gives to her work an original charm. The life of an actress, on and off the stage, has a fascination for most people, and the readers who follow Nell through the experiences and difficulties with which these volumes will make them familiar, may feel assured that in Mrs. Buxton's charming heroine they have no mere fancy sketch, but a real character, as true to life as an actual portrait. It is impossible not to sympathise with Nell, as, from within and from without, at home and on the stage, troubles and anxieties surround her, each in turn to be met and overcome by her gentle strength of character and firm integrity of purpose. She is equally admirable in her home-life, made difficult by the well-meant interference of her weak-minded loving mother; and in her professional life, whose inevitable trials are augmented by bitter personal experiences, for a time inextricably mingled with it.

Nor is the heroine the only character which the reader will feel to be true to the life. In Miss Eliot it is not difficult to recognise a portrait drawn with loving care from a well-known original, and in Rosamond and Jack Clifford the authoress has given two admirable creations. The contrast between Nell—actress by profession, true and tender by nature—and Rosamond, who acts a part while seeming to live her own life, is very effective; and Clifford—the accomplished male flirt, blown hither and thither by the fickle winds of fancy—is made interesting, in spite of the repulsion naturally felt towards such a character.

How Nell's lovers, young and old, melt away to give place to the lover who is really worthy of her, must be left for the readers of her story to discover for themselves. Though in these volumes we only follow her history for three short months, and her career is but beginning at the last page, Mrs. Buxton has contrived to make Nell so attractive that we part from her with regret; and the assurance that the woman is "happy, prosperous, and successful," scarcely reconciles us to the disappearance of the girl, in whose existence we come to believe as we read her story in these interesting volumes.

A. KIPLING.

versing with, and learning much from, the peasantry. This gentleman shares with Mr. G. A. Sala the enviable reputation of producing the clearest "copy" in London.

Mrs. Deland, author of 'John Ward, Preacher,' is preparing a new volume of short stories.

It is not generally known that there is in *Miscellaneous*, existence a small pamphlet, bound in pink paper, entitled, 'Verses by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.' The date is 1881, and in place of the publisher's name the words, "London: Privately Printed," appear. The booklet consists of two poems only—the first, an undated lyric of three stanzas (five lines to each), entitled, "At the Fall of the Leaf," and the second a sonnet dated 1859, and headed, "After the French Liberation of Italy." The booklet is, we believe, very rare, only a few copies being in existence, and those for the most part in the hands of personal friends of the poet's.

The *Star* has discovered that the writer of a series of 'Confessions of a Duffer' in *Punch* is Mr. Lang. The writer of the 'Confessions' quoted some lines as part of a satire called the 'Logrolliad' he had written on the authors of the day. The *Star* found the lines in an anonymous poem by Mr. Lang, contributed to the *St. Andrews University Students' Magazine*. The satire should not be taken too seriously. Here it is:—

Still am I mute, while Logs go Rolling round  
And fill the Weekly Papers with the sound,  
While Haggard scrawls with blood in lieu of ink,  
While Mallock teaches Marquises to think,  
While yet Lang tells, and illustrates the tale  
By precept and example *How to fail*,  
While Leighton's pictures are for Chantry bought,  
While thoughtful Hutton still is full of thought,  
While female Sceptics scream with acrid scoff  
Their faith that *Miracles do not come off!*  
And then refute the story which they tell  
By this weird portent—that *their* stories sell;  
While senile statesmen scribble in Reviews,  
And guide the doubtful verdict of the Blues,  
Still am I silent! Yet if e'er an age  
Called for the cauterly of poetic rage,  
That age is Ours; and is M'Stimey mute,  
Or twanging on the unregarded lute?  
"Not so!" the Muse satiric answered bland,  
And laid the *fascos* in my eager hand.

While Yankees British Copyright disdain,  
While boomsters praise the 'Deemster' of Hall Caine,  
While parsons over 'Robert Elsmere' nod,  
While Harry Quilter deems himself a god,  
While sweet Lynn Linton deigns to moralise,  
I, too, must shoot at folly as it flies.

The infinitely Little let me sing  
My tiny tribute to the Trumpery bring,  
To Oscar's locks apply the tardy shears,  
Hum, a mosquito, in the longest ears,  
A slave, behind the twopeenny triumph wait,  
And to the victor hint the word of Fate.  
Who first shall mount the block? In eager search  
I scan the schoolboys and I wave the birch.  
Kipling! Come up! The world may praise thee well,  
But know thy fault, rash boy, thy stories sell.



THE *Spectator* says:—"As a wholesome corrective to what may be called the oleographic style of depicting military life now so much in vogue, Mr. Kipling's brilliant sketches of the barrack-room, realistic in the best sense of the word, deserve a hearty welcome. Here be no inanities of the officers' mess, no apotheosis of the gilded and tawny-moustachioed dragoon, no languid and lispering lancer, no child-sweet-hearts—none, in fact, of the sentimental paraphernalia familiar to readers of modern military fiction. Here, instead, we have Tommy Atkins as the central figure, and not Tommy Atkins on parade, but in those moods when the natural man finds freest expression—amorous, pugnacious, and thievish—a somewhat earthy personage on the whole, but with occasional gleams of chivalry and devotion lighting up his clouded humanity. Too many so-called realists seem to aim at representing man as continuously animal without any intervals in which his higher nature emerges at all. But Mr. Kipling happily does not belong to this school. The actualities of barrack-room life are not extenuated, but the tone of the whole is sound and manly. The author does not gloss over the animal tendencies of the British private, but he shows how in the grossest natures sparks of nobility may lie hid.

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OUR BOOK-SHELF. By A. Kipling

Our

"Nell, On and Off the Stage."

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The characters and subjects of the novel have so frequently been exaggerated that a writer who is thoroughly familiar with nature with skill and fidelity. The life of an actress, on and off the stage, and the readers who follow Nell with which these volumes will meet in Mrs. Buxton's charming heroine, real character, as true to life as she sympathise with Nell, as, from the stage, troubles and anxieties overcome by her gentle strength of purpose. She is equally admirable in her well-meant interference of her professional life, whose inevitable experiences, for a time inextricable.

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Vulgar, debased, impossible thy tale  
That makes the shilling purchaser grow pale,  
While Hindustani jargon soils the page,  
And youth must emulate the faults of age;  
There swish, and swish, begone! and in disgrace,  
While Black and Besant tremble in thy place.  
This, Besant, for thy humanistic rant,  
That, for thy sheer vulgarity, Besant!  
And Black, take this for every sunset touch  
That gilds the Western Highlands far too much;  
That for each anecdote of Fish and Fly,  
And that and that for vulgarising Skye.

And now for much-belauded Meredith,  
There is no lack of rods to lash him with;  
The cultured darling, vaunted through the land  
By all who praise what none can understand,  
Go, learn thine English Grammar; in thy stead  
Send Hardy, much bepraised and never read:  
That for thy tedious rustics, that and that  
For many a novel dull, and tame, and flat.  
Enough! enough! I lack the pith of Keate  
Who flogged the whole school round from head to feet,  
Enough to-night! the dripping rod is red,  
And many a fool's cap waits the dunce's head,  
But ere the evening's discipline be done,  
Lock up the tops and toys of Stevenson.

"In reference to your remark on p. 166 of February BOOKMAN," says a correspondent, "as to the keeping of advertisements, is it worth noticing that in this way one also sees how long certain standard works take to come to completion? A notable instance of this is Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament. The first occurrence, if I mistake not, of the advertisement is in 1857, when I find it in the announcements at the end of Maurice's 'St. John,' where it is marked 'Preparing.' It is more fully advertised in front of the advertisements in Westcott's 'Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles' (1859), in the same words that are given on the title-page of the work issued in 1881, with, of course, the alteration in the case of both editors of M.A. to D.D. In this, as in his other works, the Bishop of Durham has not given that which hath cost him nothing."

"PULVERIS EXIGUI JACTU COMPRESSA QUIESCUNT."

So used the Roman Virgil  
To hush the strife of bees,  
When hive with hive contended  
Beneath his Mantuan trees:  
They meet like human armies,  
Like men they charge, they thrust:  
To quell the war, you sprinkle  
A handful of dry dust.  
O fitful man's emotion,  
O changeful hopes and fears,  
O tears that end in laughter,  
O laughter worthier tears,  
O stormful fateful passions,  
Ambition, hatred, lust,—  
How very still ye slumber  
Beneath how little dust.

G. A. CHADWICK.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER VI.

*Carlyle on Politics and the Press*—John Forster, the 'Daily News' and the 'Examiner'—Lady Bulwer on Fonblanque and Forster—Forster's imitation of Macready—Growth of Carlyle's intimacy with him—Difference in their views of Cromwell's coup d'état.

GOETHE has said somewhere that the most trying situation for a man is to find himself in completely altered circumstances without being mentally and otherwise in the least prepared for the change. One fine day this was my painful predicament. With good-will towards me Carlyle harboured a strong dislike for the person to whom the perplexities of my position were mainly due, so that sympathy and antipathy combined to induce him to interest himself in my behalf. "You may lead," he said to me, "a wild Ishmaelitish life as a man of letters," a vocation for which I felt little fitted. For a man of letters, he was of opinion in his then mood, "historical research or to guide the people onward from day to day"—through the press, of course—was the worthiest employment. Historical research was in my circumstances out of the question. When in regard to his other alternative I pleaded my ignorance of politics, he replied, "Politics are the grandest of all things," though it might be well for me to wait a little before meddling with them. These opinions of his on politics and the press he modified profoundly in the course of not many years. He offered, as what he could do best for me, to introduce me—and introduce me he did—to two friends of his, both of them connected with the newspaper press, John Forster and John Robertson.

Forster was then one of the busiest of London journalists, and Carlyle's influence was needed to procure for an obscure aspirant easy access to him. To begin with, he had only recently entered on the editorship of the *Daily News*, at that time a very troublesome post. Charles Dickens having had some differences with his old allies of the *Morning Chronicle*, projected a new daily paper, which was to be more thorough-going than the Whig *Chronicle*, and to combine a strenuous support of Corn Law repeal with philanthropy of the familiar Dickens kind. The result was the issue of the *Daily News*, with Dickens for its editor-in-chief. He was soon disgusted with the uncongenial and embarrassing task, for the performance of which few men of his miscellaneous literary experience were more unfitted. In a very few weeks he threw up the editorship, rather abruptly, but not before he had induced his faithful and loyal friend Forster to become his reluctant successor. Forster did not retain the post many months, but while fulfilling its duties with his usual energy, he continued his work on the *Examiner*, of which he had been for many years the literary and dramatic critic, and which partly through him, but still more through the pungent political articles of its proprietor and editor-in-chief, Albany Fonblanque, had, after a period of decadence, regained the old position won for it by Leigh Hunt and his coadjutors. In his own department Forster had brought things so far



# The Fires

By Rudyard Kipling

An introductory poem to the one-volume edition of Mr. Kipling's verse

MEN make them fires on the hearth  
 Each under his roof-tree,  
 And the Four Winds that rule the earth  
 They blow the smokes to me.

Across the high hills and the sea  
 And all the changeful skies,  
 The Four Winds blow the smoke to me  
 Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes  
 And my heart is wellnigh broke;  
 For thinking on old memories  
 That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind  
 The homesick memories come,  
 From every quarter of mankind  
 Where I have made me a home.

Four times a fire against the cold  
 And a roof against the rain—  
 Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold  
 The Four Winds bring again!

Copyright, 1907, by Rudyard Kipling

How can I answer which is best  
 Of all the fires that burn?  
 I have been too often host or guest  
 At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,  
 On any man's hearthstone?  
 I know the wonder and desire  
 That went to build my own!

How can I doubt man's joy or woe  
 Where'er his house-fires shine,  
 Since all that man must undergo  
 Will visit me at mine?

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong  
 And know that this is true,  
 Stoop for a little and carry my song  
 To all the men I knew!

Where there are fires against the cold,  
 Or roofs against the rain—  
 With love fourfold and joy fourfold,  
 Take them my songs again.

THE SATURDAY

## NEW BOOKS.

### BARRACK ROOM BALLADS.\*

The Barrack Room Ballads make up rather more than a third of the volume; half the rest is in the vein that Mr. Kipling's readers know, and there are some experiments. The dedication to Wolcott Balestier is one of these. Like everything Mr. Kipling has written hitherto, it is sparkling and vigorous; it is sufficiently melodious and suggestive, and very disappointing. He seems to wish to play with Christian traditions like the Norse Sagamen. Their stories how Christ and St. Peter went about the world like Odin and Thor are amusing, and not really irreverent; the tellers more than half believed them. But who, when he reads of the glorious dead:

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Arael's  
 outposts are,  
 Or buffet a path through the Pil's red wrath when God goes out  
 to war,  
 Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned  
 star,

can conjure up half the quarter of the ghost of a belief? If Mr. Kipling himself had any germ of a belief in the first two lines of his ringing triplet, could he have added the third? Tomlinson is another experiment, and a more successful one, though there, too, Mr. Kipling wastes much skill upon being brilliantly incredible:

"A spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him far away,  
 Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of the Milky  
 Way:  
 Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down and drone  
 and cease."

At Hell-gate it is the same:

"And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against the night  
 The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-mouth light;  
 And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw beneath his  
 feet  
 The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-mouth heat."

What an admirable way of saying what never ought to have been said. And all the rest is so horribly true. Tomlinson lived in Berkeley Square, a respectable, almost a distinguished life—all at second hand, for which reason he is shut out from Heaven and Hell. He had thought himself qualified for the one place because he had been on good terms with his clergyman; for the other because he had a mistress. When asked what good he had of his own:

"This I have read in a book," he said, "and that was told to  
 me,  
 And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in  
 Muscovy."

And when further pressed:

"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 Norro-  
 way."

His personal sins are like his attainments:

"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."

The devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it aside to cool:—  
 "Do I think I would waste my good pit-coal on the hide of a  
 brain-sick fool?"

"... this I ha' heard," quo' Tomlinson, "and this was noised  
 abroad,  
 And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the word of a dead  
 French lord."

At last he is handed over to

Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face the fire,  
 And back they came with the tattered Thing, as children after  
 play,

And they said: "The soul that he got from God he has bartered  
 clean away.

We have threshed a stook of print and book, and winnowed a  
 clattering wind

And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his we cannot find."

\* 'Barrack Room Ballads, and other Verses.' By Rudyard Kipling.  
 (Methuen.)

St. Peter had sent him away to the Devil:

"And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square uphold  
 you, Tomlinson!"

The Devil sends him back to earth:

"And . . . the God that you took from a printed book be with  
 you, Tomlinson!"

It is strange that a man who can write like that should think the crude pretentious cleverness of *Evarra and his Gods* or *The Sacrifice of Er-Hob* worth printing. Even *The Gift of the Sea*, musical and pathetic as it is, hardly rises above the very highest level of magazine poetry; *The Explanation* how Love and Death mixed their arrows when drinking at the tavern of Man's Life, is not so pretty but more personal; there is the flavour of bitterness, which is never absent long from Mr. Kipling's prose or verse. In this volume there is a good deal of spleen. Mr. Kipling is one of the penmen who takes the side of Captain Sword. Tomlinson is an earnest sermon on the emptiness of culture; *The Conundrum of the Workshops* is a jesting sermon on the emptiness of criticism; *Cleared*—a capital piece of railing, looks like a protest against the indispensable and insincere amenities of parliamentary life. If one agrees with it there is still the question, is it worth while to speak when you cannot act, or to think what is better unsaid? *An Imperial Rescript* will always be amusing, whether or no it turns out to be true that all state attempts to limit the hours of labour must fail, because the needs or ambitions of *pères de famille in esse or in posse* will always be too strong for class feeling. *The Rhyme of the Three Captains* and *The Ballad of the Clampherdown* are rhyming journalism, and the point of the first is not clear.

Five or six romantic poems, if *The Lament of the Border Cattle Thief* counts, are new in their way; Mr. Kipling has chosen to show what he could do with picturesque force and fluency, instead of the dry reserve that added so much to the effect of the grim pathos or the bitter jests of his prose tales of India. Something of the old irony lingers in *The King's Mercy* and *The King's Jest*, two anecdotes of the quaint shrewd tyranny of Abdhur Rahman, very well told, though the telling hardly helps us to think or feel more than a newspaper paragraph to the same effect; no doubt the subjects are poetical, and it takes a poet to find apt words for what a poetical subject makes us all think and feel, but there are poems which are a revelation. The immortal *Wee Willie Winkie* was a revelation in prose; we are reminded of him by the courage of the Colonel's Son in *The Ballad of East and West*, which is an exceedingly brilliant and successful poem, and we ought not to complain that the Afghan chief and the Colonel's Son are both as eloquent as Scott's Highlanders and Homer's heroes. We are reminded of Scott again in a stanza of *The Last Sutte*—

"All night the barons came and went,  
 The lords of the outer guard:  
 All night the cressets glimmered pale  
 On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,  
 Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,  
 That clinked in the palace yard."

When Sir A. Lyall writes about the Rajpoots, the verse is pitched in a lower key, as if the writer was thinking more of his subject than his poem.

Mr. Kipling is all his inimitable self in *The Ballad of Boh Da Thone*—

"He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,  
 He filled old ladies with kerosene:  
 While over the water the papers cried,  
 The patriot fights for his countryside!"

till a fat and frightened *Babu* in charge of a bullock train  
 tumbled on him off a dray which the Boh attacked:

And twenty stone from a height discharged  
 Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

So the *Babu* sent his head with a letter in exquisitely appropriate English to a captain who had once said he would give a hundred rupees for it, and it arrived in the honeymoon.

True or false, the average Thomas Atkins in the Barrack Room Ballads is a revelation, brawling, or fighting, or marching, making love to Mary Ann or dreaming of

Mandalay, preaching to the young recruit or bragging in a quiet way of the Widow of Windsor's party, or grumbling over camels in India and the disrespect paid in public-houses to the Queen's uniform, he is always unmistakably alive—much more so than Dibdin's Tom Bowling, though he was better company than Tom Atkins or the crew of the *Bolivar*. Both too often tempt us to say, "What heroes and what brutes"—that seems to be the one moral of *The Ballad of the Bolivar*. One sighs for Mulvaney and his mates. Still Mr. Atkins has a soul, he can appreciate Fuzzy Wuzzy, the Soudanese, and Gunga Din, the water-carrier, who dies in saving the soldier who bullied him:

"I hope you liked your drink, sez Gunga Din,  
 So I'll meet him later on  
 At the place where 'e is gone—  
 Where it's always double drill and no canteen;  
 'E'll be squatten on the coals,  
 Giving drink to poor damned souls,  
 And I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din."

There is nothing better than Gunga Din in a book that contains Tomlinson and Boh Da Thone.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Probably Mr. Rudyard Kipling has inherited some of his poetical talent. At Sleights, near Whitby, there is living an uncle of his, an old man named Kipling, who in his day was a popular local preacher in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist denomination, and who wrote poems occasionally which were thought very racy by his friends and neighbours, and some of which were printed in the local papers. *Bookman July 1892.*

We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling will not continue their journey round the world. Indeed, they have already returned from Japan to America. Mr. Kipling was unfortunately one of the depositors in the New Oriental Bank. His description in the *Times* of the way in which the news of the failure was received in Japan is one of the most graphic things he has ever written. *Bookman Sept 1892.*

American journalists are seriously exercised **Journalism.** about Mr. Rudyard Kipling's unwillingness to be interviewed. A reporter from the New York *Globe* had been sent to Brattleboro', Vt., to interview Mr. Kipling. He had driven out to the Bliss Farm, a little story-and-a-half cottage painted white with green blinds, which is his temporary residence, and found that Mr. Kipling was roaming in the woods. He went along the wood in the direction of "Crow's Nest," the house Mr. Kipling is about to build in a lonely spot, and on a plan of his own, one story about the plan being that the house is to be a single room wide and about eighty feet long. As he drove quietly along the road there appeared to the reporter the form of a somewhat sturdy Englishman wearing spectacles, with a market basket on one arm and a five foot high sapling on the other. "It is an outrage," said Mr. Kipling, "to assault a man like this on the public highway. If you have any questions to ask, submit them in writing and present them at my house."

On a sheet of paper the reporter inscribed the following protest:—"I respectfully submit that your treatment of me was rude and boorish when you were approached as one gentleman would approach another. Will you kindly talk with me five minutes man to man? What you say in that time shall not be used unless I have your permission."

Mr. Kipling appeared and said, "I decline to be interviewed. American interviewing is brutal and immoral. It is an outrage to be assaulted on the public highway and asked to give the details of one's private life. I am not a Dickens—I know that very well. I am one of the little fry, and all I ask is to be let alone. Your copyright laws have swindled me out of considerable money. Is it not enough to steal my books without intruding on my private life? When I have anything to say I write it out and sell it. My brains are my own."

The *Boston Advertiser* comments on this: "Rudyard Kipling writes himself down a boor. The strokes in the autograph are so large and sprawling, are so distinctive in native blackness, that no one would mistake the word—it is boor." But the *Boston Record* says: "There must be some recourse for persons whose privacy is invaded by reporters, some remedy as against the persons who employ them."

Mr. Kipling is staying in Brattleboro' because it is the home of his wife, whose family have lived there in summer for fifteen years.

Opinions of the Press.

Opinions of the Press.



The Last Relic  
p. 54

-THREE-PENCE-

# The LUDGATE MONTHLY



Contributions  
BY  
Rudyard Kipling,  
Florence Marryat,  
James Greenwood,  
etc., etc.,  
and Song by  
Frederic E. Weatherly

Edited by Philip May



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Opinions of the Press.

## My First Book.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. S. BOYD AND G. HUTCHINSON.



THE NEWSPAPER FILES.

AS there is only one man in charge of a steamer, so there is but one man in charge of a newspaper, and he is the Editor. My chief taught me this on an Indian journal, and he further explained that an order was an order, to be obeyed at a run, not a walk, and that any notion or notions as to the fitness or unfitness of any particular kind of work for the young had better be held over till the last page was locked up to press. He was breaking me into harness, and I owe him a deep debt of gratitude, which I did not discharge at the time. The path of virtue was very steep, whereas the writing of verses allowed a certain play to the mind, and, unlike the filling in of reading matter, could be done as the spirit served. Now a sub-editor is not hired to write verses. He is paid to sub-edit. At the time, this discovery shocked me greatly; but, some years later, when I came to be an editor in charge, Providence dealt me for my subordinate one saturated with Elia. He wrote very pretty, Lamblike essays, but he wrote them when he should have been sub-editing. Then I saw a little what my chief must have suffered on my account. There is a moral here for the ambitious and aspiring who are oppressed by their superiors.

This is a digression, as all my verses were digressions from office work. They came without invitation, unmanneredly, in the

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K K



The Last Relic  
p. 54

But there are formidable difficulties in the way. Difficulties that the bravest hearts and the noblest courage have hitherto found insurmountable. It remains to be seen if William the Conqueror, with his capable officers and his valiant legion, and his well-filled treasure chest, will be able to fulfil his promise and achieve to the full what every one else has partially failed in. No man, least of all the writer, will grudge him his laurels, should he succeed in utterly routing the enemy.

Meanwhile, it will not be unseasonable to review matters as they at present stand.

In the limited space at my disposal in these pages I purpose dealing with Life in Darkest London on a plan that, though by no means novel, will give the reader who is entirely unacquainted with the subject, a compact and general idea of what it is really like. It need not be said, to do the wretched slumite justice, and write his autobiography fully and completely would be to fill a volume of very considerable bulk. Still, to a writer who has for many years been familiar with the individual in question, and made a somewhat exhaustive study of him, as well as of his haunts and homes, his habits and manners, it will perhaps be not difficult to tell his story in brief, and at the same time omit nothing that shall stamp the sketch as being flagrantly imperfect.

To know all about the typical alleyite, with a view to deciding what had best be done for him, he must be considered in his several distinct stages of existence. As a child he is particularly worth attention. Indeed, to my thinking, this is the most important feature of the whole great question. It should be borne in mind that the benighted bantling of our back settlements is not as the ordinary child born under more favourable conditions. It is

not deemed necessary to take the latter resolutely in hand, with a view to shaping his future until he is six or seven years old. Previous to that he is regarded as incapable of comprehending the duties and responsibilities of human existence.

But the babe born in squalor is quite another creature. In his case the process of bending the twig so that the tree may be properly inclined must, to prove effective, be begun while the tender growth is green. It toughens and becomes inflexible in an incredibly short time. At an age, my dear madam, when your own darling is not as yet thought too big for the nursery, and the grave question of knickerbockers to supersede frocks has not at present suggested itself, the infant of the slums has learnt, in its lisping way, how to curse and swear, and can invent a lie, and could not plead guiltless to an indictment for picking and stealing. We will, therefore, in the next issue, start with child life in "darkest London," and let go the infantile hand to take that of the prematurely shrewd young ragamuffin of the streets, and must somehow — his parents give themselves no concern on that score—pick up a living for himself or go hungry.

Then we will take him in his next stage, the most dangerous of all, when he has arrived at hobble-de-hoyhood, and has acquired a relish for all the vices that are within his reach. He may develop a preference for gaining a livelihood by work, or he may become a shiftless loafer, or he may drift altogether to the bad, and join the regular army of professional cadgers and thieves. In either of the last mentioned capacities he may take up his abode at a common lodging-house, or he may marry and set up a home of his own. We will follow him, at all events, and note what becomes of him to the end.



nature of things; but they had to come, and the writing out of them kept me healthy and amused. To the best of my remembrance, no one then discovered their grievous cynicism, or their pessimistic tendency, and I was far too busy, and too happy, to take thought about these things.

So they arrived merrily, being born out of the life about me, and they were very bad indeed, and the joy of doing them was payment a thousand times their worth. Some, of course, came and ran away again, and the dear sorrow of going in search of these (out of office hours, and catching them) was almost better than writing them clear.

Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading-matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: "Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length today. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page."



"YOUR POETRY VERY GOOD, SIR; JUST COMING PROPER LENGTH TO-DAY."

Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as "Ek aur chiz"—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindoo does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's,

And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper. I was in very good company, for there is always an undercurrent of song, a little bitter for the most part, running through the Indian papers. The bulk of it is much better than mine, being more graceful, and is done by those less than Sir Alfred Lyall—to whom I would apologise for mentioning his name in this gallery—"Pekin," "Latakia," "Cigarette," "O.," "T.W.," "Foresight," and others, whose names come up with the stars out of the Indian Ocean going eastward.

Sometimes a man in Bangalore would be moved to song, and a man on the Bombay side would answer him, and a man in Bengal would echo back, till at last we would all be crowing together like cocks before daybreak, when it is too dark to see your fellow. And, occasionally, some unhappy Chaaszee, away in the China Ports, would lift up his voice among the tea-chests, and the queer-smelling yellow papers of the Far East brought us his sorrows. The newspaper files showed that, forty years ago, the men sang of just the same subjects as we did—of heat, loneliness, love, lack of promotion, poverty, sport, and war. Further back still, at the end of the Eighteenth Century, Hickey's *Bengal Gazette*, a very wicked little sheet in Calcutta, published the songs of the young factors, ensigns, and writers to the East India Company. They, too, wrote of the same things, but in those days men were strong enough to buy a bullock's heart for dinner, cook it with their own hands because they could not afford a servant, and make a rhymed jest of all the squalor and poverty. Lives were not worth two monsoons' purchase, and perhaps the knowledge of this a little coloured the rhymes when they sang:

"In a very short time you're released from all cares—  
If the Padri's asleep, Mr. Oldham reads prayers!"

The note of physical discomfort that runs through so much Anglo-Indian poetry had been struck then. You will find it most fully suggested in "The Long, Long Indian Day," a comparatively modern affair; but there is a set of verses called "Scanty Ninety-five," dated about Warren Hastings' time, which gives a lively idea of what our seniors in the service had to put up with. One of the most interesting poems I ever found was written at Meerut, three or four days before the Mutiny broke out there. The author complained that he could not get his clothes washed nicely that week, and was very facetious over his worries.

My verses had the good fortune to last a little longer than some others, which were more true to facts and certainly better

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COPY



The Last Relief  
p. 54

# The Last Relief

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

"He rode to death across the moor—  
Oh, false to me and mine!  
But the naked ghost came to my door  
And bade me tend the kine."

"The naked ghost came to my door  
And flickered to and fro,  
And sync it whimpered through the crack  
Wi' 'Jannie, let me go.'"

OLD BALLAD.



this difficulty crops up at unexpected seasons. Then the great empire staggers along, like a North Sea fishing smack, with a crew of two men and a boy, until a fresh supply of food for fever arrives from England, and the gaps are filled up.

Some of the provinces are permanently short-handed, because their rulers know that if they give a man just a little more work than he can do, he contrives to do it. From the man's point of view this is wasteful, but it helps the empire forward; and flesh and blood are very cheap. The young men—and young men are always exacting—expect too much at the outset. They come to India, desiring careers, and money, and a little success, and sometimes a wife. There is no limit to their desires, but in a few years it is explained to them by the sky above, the earth beneath, and the men around, that they are of far less importance than their work, and that it really does not concern themselves whether they live or die, so long as that work continues. After they have learned this lesson they become men worth consideration.

Many seasons ago the gods attacked the administration of the Government of India in the heart of the hot season. They caused pestilences and famines, and killed the men who were deputed to deal with each pestilence and every famine. They rolled the small-pox across a desert, and it killed four Englishmen one after the other, leaving thirty thousand square miles masterless for many days. They even caused the cholera to attack the reserve depôts—the sanitarium in the Himalayas—where men were waiting on leave till their turn should

**N**OTHING is easier than the administration of an empire, so long as there is a supply of administrators. Nothing, on the other hand, is more difficult than short-handed administration. In India, where every man holding authority above a certain grade must be specially imported from England,

## THE LAST RELIEF.

come to go down into the heat. They killed men with sunstroke who otherwise might have lived for three months longer; and—this was mean—they caused a strong man to tumble from his horse and break his neck just when he was most needed. It will not be long—that is to say five or six years will pass—before those who survived forget that season of tribulation, when they danced at Simla with wives who feared that they might be widows before the morning, and when the daily papers from the plains confined themselves entirely to one kind of domestic occurrence.

Only the Supreme Government never blanched. It sat upon the hill tops of Simla, among the pines, and called for returns and statements as usual. Sometimes it called to a dead man, but it always received the returns as soon as his successor could take his place.

Ricketts of Myndonie died, and was relieved by Carter. Carter was invalided home, but he worked to the last minute and left no arrears. He was relieved by Morten-Holt, who was too young for the work. Holt died of sunstroke when the famine was in Myndonie. He was relieved by Damer, a man borrowed from another province, who did all he could, but broke down from overwork. Cromer, in London on a year's leave, was dragged out by telegram from the cool darkness of a Brompton flat to the white heat of Myndonie, and he held fast. That is the record of Myndonie alone.

On the Meonee Canal three men went down; in the Kahan district, when cholera was at its worst, three more. In the Divisional Court of Halimpur two good men were accounted for, and so the record ran, exclusive of the wives and little children. It was a great game of general post with death in all the corners, and it drove the Government to their wits' end to tide over the trouble till autumn should bring the new drafts.

The gods had no mercy, but the Government and the men it employed had no fear. This annoyed the gods, who are immortal, for they perceived that the men whose portion was death were greater than they. The gods are always troubled, even in their paradises, by this sense of inferiority. They know that it is so easy for themselves to be strong and cruel, and they are afraid of being laughed at. So they smote more furiously than ever, just as a swordsman slashes at a chain to prove the temper of his blade.

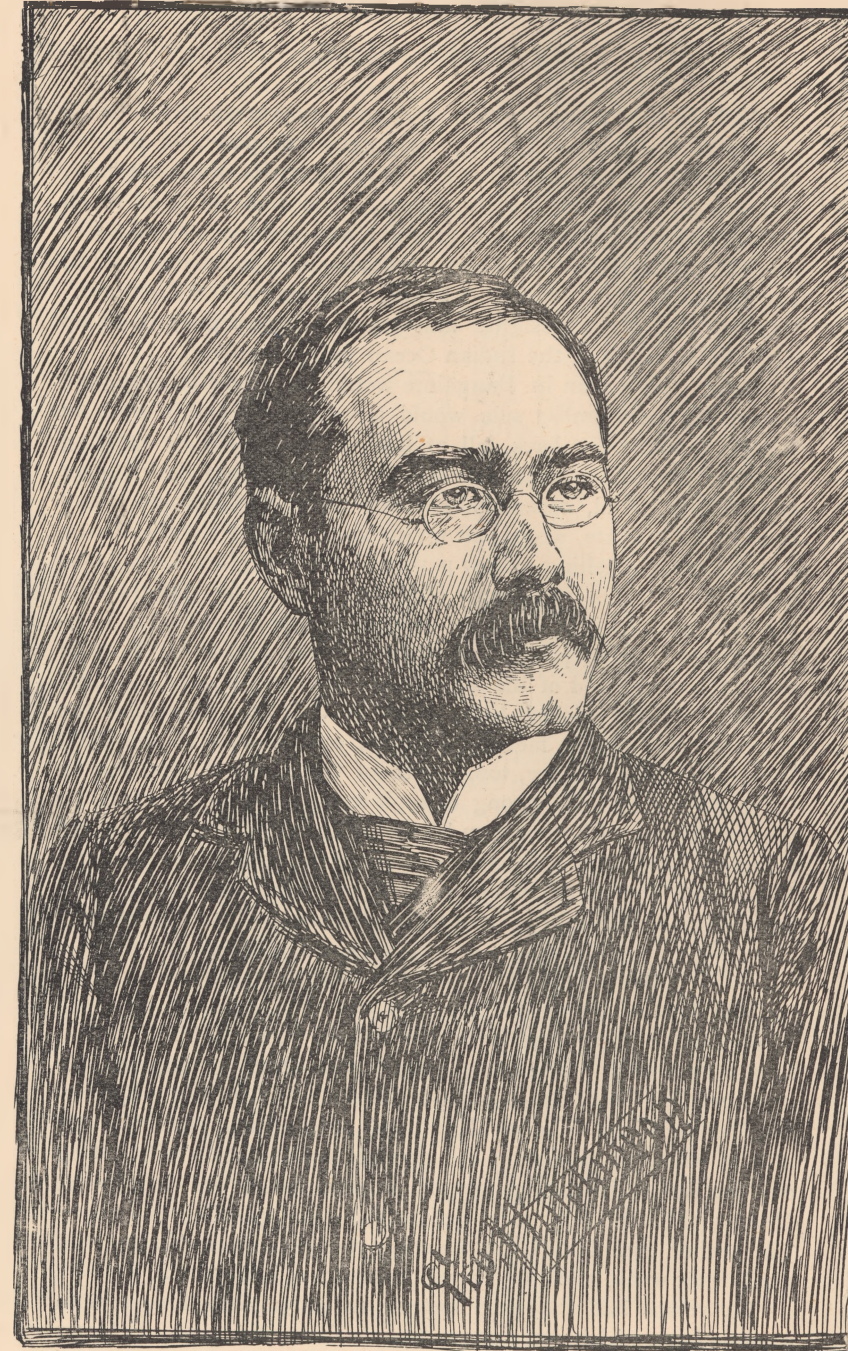
The chain of men parted for an instant at the stroke, but it closed up again and continued to drag the Empire forward, and not one living link of it rang false, or was weak. All desired life, and love, and the light, and liquor, and larks, but none the less they died without whimpering. Therefore the gods would have continued to slay them till this very day, had not one man failed.

His name was Haydon, and, being young, he looked for all that young men desire;



RICKETTS OF MYNDONIE DIED.

most of all he looked for love. He had been at work in the Girdhauri district for eleven months, till fever and pressure had shaken his nerve more than he knew. At last he had taken the holiday that was his right—the holiday for which he had saved up one month a year for three years past. Keyte, a junior, relieved him one hot afternoon. Haydon shut his ink-stained office box, packed himself some thick clothes—he had been living in cotton-ducks for four months—gave his files of sweat-dotted papers, saw Keyte slide a piece of blotting paper between the naked arm and the desk, and left that parched station of roaring



RUDYARD KIPLING

## MY FIRST BOOK.

workmanship. Men in the Army, and the Civil Service, and the Railway, wrote to me saying that the rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to the banjoes round camp fires, and some had run as far downcoast as Rangoon and Moulmein, and up to Mandalay. A real book was out of the



"SUNG TO THE BANJOES ROUND CAMP FIRES."

question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. Also, I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books, of which I was part owner, and had lost nothing. So there was built 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. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathising with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements. The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding cut the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but Heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged



dust-storms for Simla and the cool of the snows.

There he found rest, and the pink blotches of prickly-heat faded from his body, and being idle he went a-courting without knowing it. After a decent interval, he found himself drifting very gently along the road that leads to the church, and a pretty girl helped him. He enjoyed his meals, was free from the intolerable strain of bodily discomfort, and as he looked from Simla upon the torment of the silver-wrapped plains below, laughed to think he had escaped honourably, and could talk prettily to a pretty girl, who, he felt sure, would in a little time answer an important question as it should be answered.

But, out of natural perversity and an inferior physique, Keyte, at Girdhauri, one evening laid his head upon his table and never lifted it up again, and news was flashed up to Simla that the district of Girdhauri called for a new head. It never occurred to Haydon that he would be in any way concerned, till Hamerton, a secretary of Government, stopped him on the Mall, and said "I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that you will have to drop your leave and go back to Girdhauri. You see, Keyte's dead, and—and we have no one else to send, except yourself. The roster's a very short one this season; and you look much better than when you came up. Of course, I'll do all I can to spare you, but I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that you will have to go down." The Government, on the other hand, was not in the least afraid. It was quite certain that Haydon must go down. He was in moderately good health, had enjoyed nearly a month's holiday, and the needs of the state were urgent. Let him, they said, return to his

work at Girdhauri. He must forego his leave, but some time in the years to come the Government might repay him the lost months if it were not too short-handed. In the meantime he would return to duty.

The assistants in the *Hara-kiri* of Japan are all intimate friends of the man who must die. They like him immensely, and they bring him the news of his doom with polite sorrow. But he must die, for that is



KEYTE NEVER LIFTED HIS HEAD AGAIN.

required of him.

Hamerton would have spared Haydon, had it been possible, but indeed he was the healthiest man in the ranks, and he knew the district. "You will go down tomorrow," said Hamerton. "The regular notification will appear in the *Gazette* later on. We can't stand on forms this year."

Haydon said nothing, because those who govern India obey the law. He looked (it was evening) at the line of the sun-flushed snows forty miles to the east, and at the palpitating heat haze of the plains fifty miles to the west; and his heart sank. He wished to stay in Simla, to continue his wooing, and he knew too well the torments that were in store for him in Girdhauri. His nerve was broken. The coolness, the dances, the dinners that were to come, the scent of the Simla pines and the wood-smoke, the canter of horses' feet on the crowded mall, turned his heart to water.

He could have wept passionately, like a little child, for his lost holiday and his lost love, and, like a little child baulked of its play, he became filled with cheap spite that can only hurt the owner. The men at the club were sorry for him, but he did not want to be consoled with. He was angry and afraid. Though he recognized the necessity of the injustice that had been done to him, he conceived that it could all be put right by yet another injustice, and then . . . and then somebody else would have to do his work, for he would be out of it for ever.

He reflected on this while he was hurrying down the hill-sides, after a last interview with the pretty girl to whom he had said nothing that was not commonplace and inconclusive. This last failure made him the more angry with himself, and the spite and the rage increased. The air grew warmer and warmer as the cart rattled down the mountain road, till at last the hot stale stillness of the plains closed over his head like heated oil, and he gasped for breath among the dry date-palms at Kalka. Then came the long level ride into Umballa, the stench of dust which breeds despair, the lime-washed walls of Umballa station, hot to the hand, though it was eleven at night, the greasy rancid meal served by the sweating servants, the badly trimmed lamps in the oven-like waiting room, and the whining of innumerable mosquitoes. That night, he remembered, there would be a dance at Simla. He was a very weak man.

That night Hamerton sat at work till late in the old Simla Foreign Office, which was a rambling collection of match-boxes packed away in a dark by-path under the pines. One of the wandering storms that run before the regular breaking of the monsoon had wrapped Simla in white mist. The rain was roaring on the shingled, tin-

patched roof, and the thunder rolled to and fro among the hills, as a ship rolls in the seaways.

Hamerton called for a lamp and a fire to drive out the smell of mould and forest undergrowth that crept in from the woods. The clerks and secretaries had left the office two hours ago, and there remained only one native orderly, who set the lamp and went away. Hamerton returned to his papers, and the voice of the rain rose and fell. In the pauses he could catch the crunching of rickshaw wheels and the clatter of horses' feet going to the dance at the Viceroy's. These ceased at last and the rain with them. The thunder drew off muttering towards the plains, and all the dripping pine-trees sighed with relief.

"Orderly!" said Hamerton. He fancied that he heard somebody moving about the rooms.

There was no answer, except a deep-drawn breath at the door. It might come from a panther prowling about the verandahs in search of a pet dog, but panthers generally snuffed in a deeper key. This was a thick, gasping breath, as of one who had been running swiftly, or lay in deadly pain.

Hamerton listened again.

There certainly was somebody moving about the Foreign Office. He could hear boards creaking in far-off rooms, and uncertain steps on the rickety staircase. Since the clock marked close upon midnight, no one had a right to be in the office.

Hamerton had picked up the lamp, and was going to make a search, when the steps and the heavy breathing came to the door again, and stayed.

"Who's there?" said Hamerton. "Come in!"

Again the heavy breathing, and a thick, short cough.

"Who relieves Haydon?" said a voice outside.

"Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. He can't go till he is relieved. Who relieves Haydon?"

Hamerton dashed to the door and opened it to find a stolid messenger from the telegraph office, breathing through his nose, after the manner of natives. The man held out a telegram. "I could not find the room at first," he said. "Is there an answer?"

The telegram was from the station-master at Umballa, and said—"Englishman killed. Up-mail 42. Slipped from

the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition travelled as far as Hong-Kong on the map, and 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.







not go till he is relieved. Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. For pity's sake be quick!"

Hamerton thought for a minute of the pityfully short roster of men available, and answered quietly: "Flint, of Degauri." Then and not till then did the hair begin to rise on his head, and Hamerton, secretary to Government, neglecting the lamp and the papers, went out very quickly from the Foreign Office into the cool, wet night. His ears were tingling with the sound of a dry death rattle, and he was afraid to continue his work.

Now, only the gods know by whose design and intention Haydon had slipped from the dimly lighted Umballa platform under the wheels of the mail that was to take him back to his district, but since they lifted the pestilence on his death, we may assume that they had proved their authority over the minds of men, and found one man in India who was afraid of present pain.

platform. Dying. Haydon. Civilian. Inform Govt." "There is no answer," said Hamerton, and the man went away, but the fluttering whisper at the door continued—"Haydon! Haydon! Who relieves Haydon? He must

The Last Relief  
p. 54

THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

Contents.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	2
THE ENTRANCE	4
<small>POEM by VICTOR HUGO, Translated by PHILIP MAY. Illustrated by FREDERICK WADDY.</small>	
LUD-GATE AND ITS MEMORIES	5
<small>Written and Illustrated by C. R. B. BARRETT, M.A.</small>	
A LIFE'S HISTORY	10
<small>By PHILIP MAY. Illustrated by F. VICTOR POOLE.</small>	
HANS AND HAMET	18
<small>By JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA. Illustrated by J. F. WEEDON.</small>	
ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY	28
<small>Part I. "Tre, Pol, and Pen." By E. GOWING SCOPES. Illustrated by C. G. HARPER.</small>	
THE SERPENT'S TOOTH	33
<small>By FLORENCE MARRYAT. Illustrated by "ALMA."</small>	
IN THE DAYS GONE BY	38
<small>Part I. Our Anglo-Saxon Forefathers. By the EDITOR. Heading by H. L. HEATLY. Illustrations from an Ancient Manuscript.</small>	
THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER	40
<small>By IDA LEMON. Illustrated by ARTHUR J. WALL.</small>	
LAURA AND HER RIVAL, A DOLL STORY	47
<small>By LEOPOLD WAGNER. Illustrated by GILBERT JAMES.</small>	
LIFE IN DARKEST LONDON	51
<small>By JAMES GREENWOOD, "The Amateur Casual." Illustrated by GILBERT JAMES.</small>	
THE LAST RELIEF	54
<small>By RUDYARD KIPLING. Illustrations by FREDERICK WADDY.</small>	
MY LONG LOST LOVE	59
<small>Song by F. E. WEATHERLY. Music by HARRY J. MAY.</small>	



IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE.

THE IDLER.

*Primum Tempus.*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I wage  
For Fame and food and two-toed horse's pelt;  
I was poet to my clan in that dim red Dawn of Man,  
And I sang of all we fought, and feared, and felt.

Yea, I sang, as now I sing, when the Prehistoric Spring  
Made the piled Biscayan ice-pack split and shove;  
And the troll, and gnome, and dwerg, and the Gods of Cliff and Berg,  
Were about me and beneath me and above.

Then a rival (of Solutré) told the tribe my style was *outré*:  
'Neath a hammer, grooved, of dolomite, he fell;  
And I left my views of Art, barbed and tanged, beneath the heart  
Of a mammothistic poet at Grenelle.

So I stripped them scalp from skull, and my hunting-dogs fed full,  
And their teeth I threaded neatly on a thong,  
And I wiped my mouth and said: "It is well that they are dead,  
For I know my work is right, and theirs was wrong!"

But my Totem saw the shame—from his ridge-pole shrine he came,  
And he told me in a vision of the night:  
"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,  
And every single one of them is right."

\* \* \* \*

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The last Relic  
p. 54



# Introduction.

**T**HE LUDGATE MONTHLY, which we now place before the public, is an illustrated family magazine; and it is our intention to considerably increase the number of our illustrations, and to produce even better pictures than those in the present number.

Our articles we hope to make both interesting and instructive, and they will be suitable both for young and old. "England, Home, and Beauty," will form a series of pen and pencil pictures of the prettiest places in our native land; Mr. James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," will personally conduct our readers through the slums, and will induce many to sympathize with the poor, whose sufferings are so acute in the vast metropolis; "Evening Hours," which will appear in our June and subsequent numbers, will be of interest to young ladies with a little spare time; and "In days gone by," we shall endeavour to lay before our readers some pictures of our forefathers, describing their manners and customs, and not omitting to mention the condition of the gentler sex during the various periods to which we shall draw attention.

The stories we shall publish will generally be by well-known writers; and we trust that, without being either pedantic or uninteresting, they will each have some lesson to teach, or good cause to plead. In this number Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, the *Standard* war correspondent, aptly describes the horrors, the miseries, and the crimes of war; Miss Florence Marryat reminds children of the duty which they owe to their parents; Mr. Rudyard Kipling pleads for those who are doing their duty for their country in far-off India; and we hope that even our children's stories will teach the young to be kind to their pets.

We solicit the co-operation of the public; and we promise that if they will favour us with their confidence, this shall never be abused. Finally, we would ask those of our readers who do not have their magazines bound, to remember the poor, whose homes would be brightened for awhile by such a magazine as this; and that you, kind reader, will send this copy, when you have done with it, to an alms-house or work-house, or home of some poor person, is the earnest request of your humble servant,

THE EDITOR.



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Still they skirmish to and fro, men I warred with long ago,  
When we headed off the aurochs turn for turn;  
When the rich Allobrogenses never kept amanuenses,  
And our only plots were piled in lakes at Berne.

Still, a cultured Christian age sees us scuffle, squeal, and rage,  
Still we pinch and slap and jabber, scratch and dirk;  
Still we let our business slide (as we dropped the half-dressed hide)  
To show a fellow-savage how to work.

Still, the world is wondrous large—seven seas from marge to marge—  
And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;  
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandoo,  
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when the moose  
And the reindeer roared where Paris roars to-night:  
There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,  
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right!

## THE IDLER MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS, DECEMBER, 1892.

FRONTISPIECE—IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE - A. S. BOYD.  
PRIMUM TEMPUS.  
POEM BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

477 MY FIRST BOOK - RUDYARD KIPLING.  
Illustrations by A. S. BOYD and G. HUTCHINSON.

483 A SWEET EXPERIENCE - COUNTESS MARTA FREDDI.  
Illustrations by J. GÜLICH.

492 NOVEL NOTES—PART VIII. - JEROME K. JEROME.  
Illustrations by J. GÜLICH.

510 PROVE IT - BENNETT COLL.  
Illustrations by A. ELLIOT.

518 UNA AT DESFORD - BARRY PAIN.  
Illustrations by SIDNEY COWELL.

529 A STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE - J. F. SULLIVAN.

530 NONSENSE VERSES - M. K. H.  
Illustrations by CYNICUS.

532 CHRISTMAS PRESENTS - JEAN RICHEPIN.  
Illustrations by E. F. ERTZ.

541 CHRISTMAS WAITS - CYNICUS.

542 THE TWO CLERGYMEN - M. BABINGTON BAYLEY.  
Illustrations by SCOTT RANKIN.

548 THE LOS AMIGOS FIASCO - A. CONAN DOYLE.  
Illustrations by GEO. HUTCHINSON.

558 PEOPLE I HAVE NEVER MET (WALTER BESANT)  
SCOTT RANKIN.  
W. L. ALDEN.

559 TOLD BY THE COLONEL. VIII.—MY BROTHER ELIJAH  
Illustrations by R. JACK.

566 THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT - MARK TWAIN.  
Illustrations by HAL HURST.

576 THEIR LAST RACE - FRANK MATHEW.  
Illustrations by F. PEGRAM.

583 THE QUEEN'S TRIPLETS - I. ZANGWILL.  
Illustrations by IRVING MONTAGU.

597 THE TYPE-WRITTEN LETTER - ROBERT BARR.  
Illustrations by MISS HAMMOND.

606 THE IDLERS' CLUB.  
By MRS. BESANT, A. P. SINNETT, EDEN PHILLPOTTS, — TRACY, W. L. ALDEN  
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2. POSTAL AND TELEGRAPHIC REFORMS.  
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4. THE ECLIPSE OF JUSTICE. By FRANCIS PEEK.
5. MR. KIPLING'S STORIES. By J. M. BARRIE.
6. PESSIMISM AS A SYSTEM. By R. M. WENLEY.
7. THE ANABAPTISTS AND THEIR ENGLISH DESCENDANTS.  
By RICHARD HEATH.
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remediable. First, the confusion and mystification of the criminal law, the result of unmethodical and confused legislation extended through several centuries; such confusion being made worse by the retention of obsolete forms of procedure. The remedy for this is the codification of the law by such a code as has long since been prepared by one of our ablest lawyers, and only waits the approval of the Legislature. Secondly, the eclipse of justice arises from the want of an authoritative guidance regarding the principles upon which the latitude allowed to the judges in their sentences should be exercised. This want would be met by an exposition agreed upon at a conference of the judges themselves, stating the principles upon which the length or shortness of sentences should be regulated, a copy being supplied for the use of every magistrate and judge. Thirdly, the eclipse of justice arises from the absence of a Court of Criminal Appeal. At present the extraordinary anomaly exists that the verdict in a trial involving the possession of a few hundred pounds, may, on application, not only be reconsidered by a fresh special jury—that is, a jury supposed to consist of persons of higher intelligence than a common jury, but even after a second decision may be carried through an unreasonable number of Courts of Appeal; whilst on the other hand, the verdict of a common jury, on which long years of penal slavery may depend, perhaps even the life or death of the prisoner, can never be reconsidered by another jury, and the person affected has no appeal whatever to any other Court. The simple statement of such a cruel anomaly should be sufficient in any right-minded community to immediately insure a remedy. It is a discredit to the English nation that the administration of the criminal law should for so long a time have remained in its present state of imperfection and injustice. It is a greater discredit to its Legislature, but most of all is it a disgrace to our judiciary, who could, without any difficulty, aided as they would be by popular sympathy, secure such legislation as would remedy existing imperfections, and make our Courts of Law in reality, what they are now only in name, Courts of Justice.

FRANCIS PEEK.

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## MR. KIPLING'S STORIES.

THE best of our fiction is by novelists who allow that it is as good as they can give, and the worst by novelists who maintain that they could do much better if the public would let them. They want to be strong, but the public, they say, prohibits it. In the meantime Mr. Kipling has done what we are to understand they could do if they dared. He has brought no mild wines from India, only liqueurs, and the public has drunk eagerly. His mission is to tell Mr. Grant Allen and the others that they may venture to bring their "Scarlet Letter" out of their desks and print it. Mr. Kipling has done even more than that. He has given the reading public a right not to feel ashamed of itself on second thoughts, which is a privilege it seldom enjoys. Now that the Eureka over his discovery are ended we have no reason to blush for them. Literary men of mark are seldom discovered; we begin to be proud of them when they are full-grown, or afterwards. True, every other season a new writer is the darling of London, but not by merit, and presently he is pilloried for standing on the pedestal where our whim placed him. Mankind has no mercy for the author about whom it has deceived itself. But here is a literary "sensation" lifted on high because he is worth looking at. Doubtless the circumstances were favourable. Most writers begin with one book, but he came from India with half a dozen ready, and fired them at the town simultaneously. A six-shooter attracts more attention than a single barrel. Alarming stories of his youth went abroad at the same time, and did him no harm among a people who love to say "Oh my!" and "Fancy!" over precocity. Many men have begun to write as early as Mr. Kipling, but seldom so boldly. His audacity alone might have carried him shoulder-high for a brief period. His knowledge of life, "sufficient to turn your

## MR. KIPLING'S STORIES.

363

hair grey," would have sent ladies from the musical prodigies whom they fed on sweets, and the theatrical prodigies who (according to the interviews) play when at home with dolls, to the literary prodigy whose characters swear most awful. From the first only the risky subjects seem to have attracted Mr. Kipling. He began by dancing on ground that most novelists look long at before they adventure a foot. His game was leapfrog over all the passions. One felt that he must have been born *blasé*, that in his hurry to be a man he had jumped boyhood, which is perhaps why his boy and girl of "The Light that Failed" are a man and woman playing in vain at being children. The task he set himself was to peer into humanity with a very bright lantern, of which he holds the patent, and when he encountered virtue he passed it by respectfully as not what he was looking for. It is a jewel, no doubt, but one that will not gleam sufficiently in the light of that lantern. In short, he was in search of the devil (his only hero so far) that is in all of us, and he found him and brought him forth for inspection, exhibiting him from many points of view in a series of lightning flashes. Lightning, however, dazzles as well as reveals, and after recovering their breath, people began to wonder whether Mr. Kipling's favourite figure would look like this in daylight. He has been in no hurry to answer them, for it is in these flashes that the magic lies; they are his style.

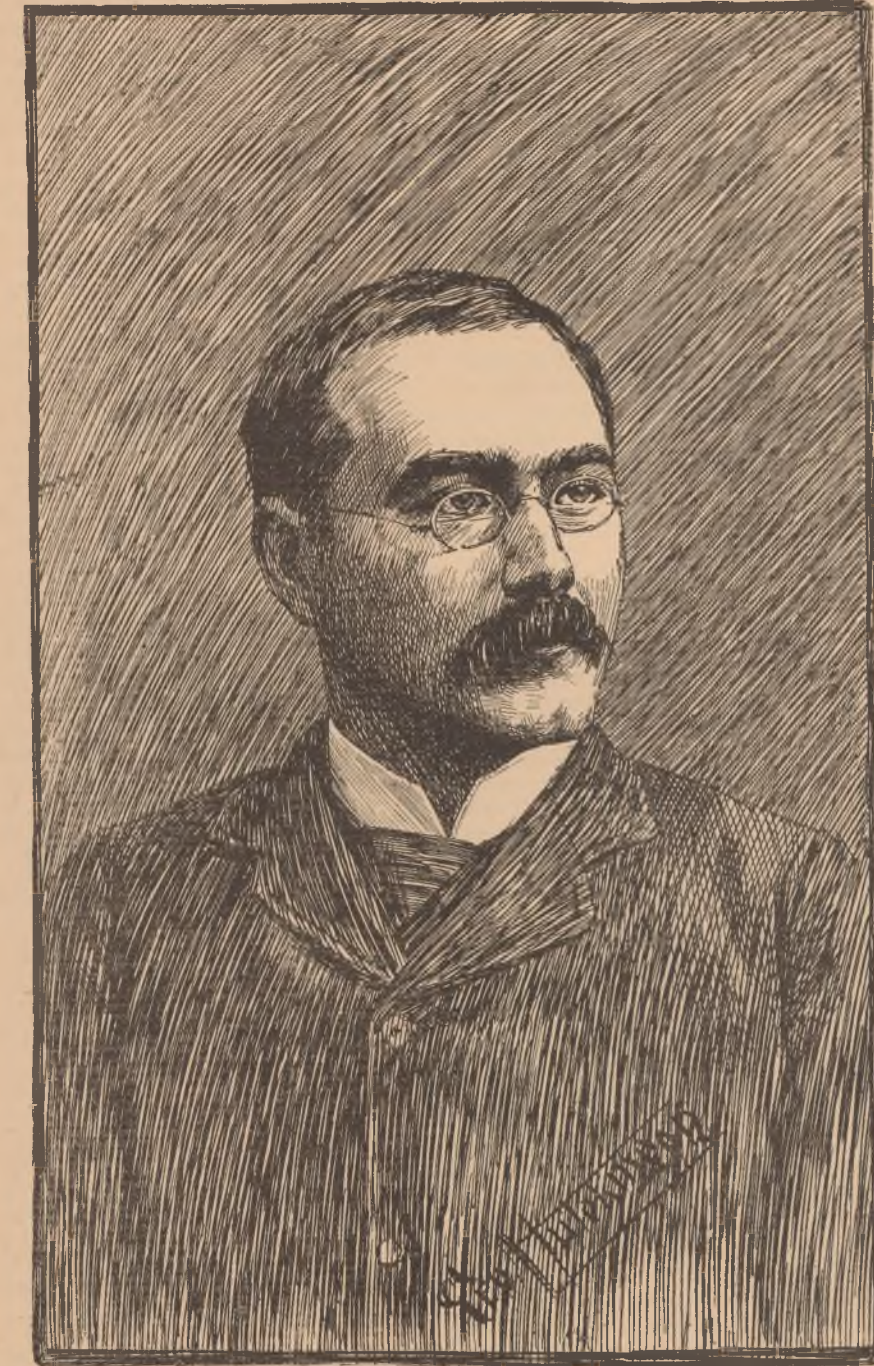
"It would be a good thing," Mr. Mark Twain says, "to read Mr. Kipling's writings for their style alone, if there were no story back of it." This might be a good thing if it were not impossible, the style being the story. As well might one say, "It would be a good thing to admire a Rubens for the way it is painted alone, though there were no picture back of it;" or, "It would be a good thing to admire correct spelling, though there were no word back of it." Words are what we spell ideas with. Here, then, is the difference between style and matter. The ideas are the matter, and the spelling is the style. But style and matter, we have been saying, are one. So they are, even as the letters that make a word are the word. Unless we have the right letters arranged in the one way we do not have the word, and, similarly, without the right words arranged in the one way, we do not get the idea. Were we as capable at spelling ideas as at spelling words, we could estimate a writer as easily as a schoolmaster corrects a boy's exercise. Unfortunately, when we sit down to criticise we must write at the top of our paper, "But we don't know the way ourselves." The author under our lens is at the same time our teacher, for we only know how the idea he is putting together should be spelled after we have seen him spell it. So difficult is his task that he has done a big thing if the spelling is nearly right; if, that is to say, we can recognise the idea, as we know a word though there may be a letter missing or upside down. An idea correctly spelled

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is so beautiful that we read the truth in its face. It carries conviction. How does Mr. Kipling spell his ideas? therefore, is a way of asking what is his style, which sums up his worth. Most will admit that of our living novelists Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy spell the greatest ideas best. Doubtless Mr. Stevenson is correct more often than any of his contemporaries, certainly a dozen times for Mr. Kipling's once; but, on the other hand, it should be said that the younger writer tries to spell the bigger ideas. While Mr. Stevenson sets his horse at ideas of one syllable and goes over like a bird, Mr. Kipling is facing Mesopotamia and reaching the other side, perhaps on his head or muddied. Still he has got through it, if not over it. He rides a plucky little donkey that shies at nothing and sticks in nothing. We have his style in that sentence in which Mulvaney wakes from a drunken bout and "feels as tho' a she-cat had littered in my mouth." This is not an idea perfectly spelled. *She-cat* is unnecessary; cats do not litter. But though it is by coarseness that Mr. Kipling gains his end, which is to make us feel suddenly sick, he does gain it, and so he is an artist. Some admit his humour, his pathos, his character-drawing, his wonderful way of flashing a picture before our eyes till it is as vivid as a landscape seen in lightning—in short, his dramatic power—and yet add with a sigh, "What a pity he has no style!" This surely is saying in one breath that he is and he isn't. These qualities they have allowed him are his style. They are his spelling of ideas. Nevertheless, he is to Mr. Stevenson as phonetic spelling is to pure English. He is not a Christian, but a Kristyan. His words are often wrong, but he groups them so that they convey the idea he is in pursuit of. We see at once that his potatoes is potatoes. It is not legitimate, but it produces the desired effects. There are sentences without verbs. He wants perpetually to take his readers by surprise, and has them, as it were, at the end of a string, which he is constantly jerking. With such a jerk he is usually off from one paragraph to the next. He writes *Finis* with it. His style is the perfection of what is called journalistic, which is sometimes not on speaking terms with Lindley Murray.

He owes nothing to any other writer. No one helped to form him. He never imitated, preparatory to making a style for himself. He began by being original, and probably when at school learned calligraphy from copy lines of his own invention. If his work suggests that of any other novelists, it is by accident; he would have written thus though they had never existed. By some he has been hailed as a Dickens, which seems mere cruelty to a young man. A Dickens should never be expected. He must always come as a surprise. He is too big to dream about. But there is a swing, an exuberance of life in some of Mr. Kipling's practical jokes that are worthy the author of "Charles O'Malley." Rather let us say that

certain of Lever's roaring boys are worthy of Mr. Kipling. "The Taking of Lungtungpen" and "The Man who would be King" are beyond Lever; indeed, for the second of these two stories, our author's masterpiece, there is no word but magnificent. It is about two scamps, stone-broke, who, as they can get no other employment, decide to be kings. They borrow a map of India, fix upon their territory, and become monarchs after a series of adventures that make the reader's head swim. Finally, their weakness for women and liquor dethrones them, and the one is sent back to civilised parts with the other's head in a bag. Positively it is the most audacious thing in fiction, and yet it reads as true as "Robinson Crusoe." Daniel Dravot the First throws Mulvaney. I like to think that he was Mulvaney all the time. Thus should that warrior's career have closed. It is Mr. Bret Harte that Mr. Kipling most resembles. He, too, uses the lantern flash; Mulvaney would have been at home in Red Gulch and Mr. Oakhurst in Simla. Let us, in fanciful mood, suppose we presented a town to our novelists and asked each to write a book about the persons in it that interested him most. The majority would begin their novel as soon as they found a young man and woman who made forty years between them. Without mentioning names, we know who would wait for a murder as the beginning of all good things, and who would go to the East-end in search of a lady from the West, and who would stroll into the country and who would seek (and find) a Highlander, and who would inquire for a pirate with no female connections. But Mr. Harte and Mr. Kipling would discover their quarry in the ne'er-do-weels and treat them not dissimilarly. Mr. Kipling has one advantage. He is never theatrical as Mr. Harte sometimes is. Both are frequently pathetic, but the one ever draws back from bathos, while the other marches into it, and is fitly rewarded if we smile instead of weep. There is more restraint in Mr. Kipling's art. But Mr. Harte is easily first in his drawing of women. It is in their women that most of our leading novelists excel. No doubt (the sex tells us so) the women are all wrong, for no man really knows anything about women except that they are a riddle. It is enough, however, to put the riddle delightfully, as so many do, Mr. Harte among them. We are in love with his girls, and so all is well. Here, unfortunately, Mr. Kipling fails. Mr. Stevenson is in the same predicament, but that, one almost dares to conclude, is because he lacks interest in the subject; he cunningly contrives men who can get on without the other sex, and such is his fascination that we let this pass. The "duel between the sexes," however, is Mr. Kipling's theme (which increases his chances of immortality), and there is a woman in most of his stories. Yet who remembers her? The three soldiers' tales are often about women, and these wonderful soldiers you could not forget if you would, but the women are as if they had never been. The

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author's own favourite is Mrs. Hawksbee, the grass widow, whom they all a novelist need do to be free. The dirty corner is Mr. Kipling's, "boys" love, and she is an adept at drawing back from the brink, to write about if he chooses, and he may do it with the highest while they go over or are saved according to her whim. She is motives, that is to say, as an artist, and according as he does clever and good-natured, and has a sense of humour, and that she is a well or ill shall we esteem him. From all points of view pernicious woman is no subject for complaint. She belongs to the but one he does it amazingly well. Assuredly we are made to dirty corner, of which we have to speak presently. But she is drawn see that dirty corner. We get it from north, south, east and with little subtlety. We only know her superficially. We should west. But we are never allowed to estimate its size; there forget her like the rest did she not appear so frequently. The real is no perspective; the blaze of light is always on the one Mrs. Hawksbee is to be found in the works of other novelists. Yet spot; we never see the rest of the room. It is not enough she is better than the usually vulgar girls of Simla, to whom she for Mr. Kipling to say that he is only concerned with the occasionally restores a lover. Girlhood is what is wanted, and so far corner, and so can keep the room in darkness. By all means let the it has proved beyond him. In "The Light that Fails," Maisie, the corner be his subject; but we shall never know all about it until we heroine, is utterly uninteresting, which is the one thing a heroine can fit it into that of which it is a part. In other words, we must be may not be. We never know her, and this is not because she is shown the room in order to know the corner. Suppose an artist, an intricate study. She is merely offered as a nice girl, with an instead of choosing the human figure for his subject, were to limit ambition to have her person and paint-brush described in the *Star's* himself to the human hand, his work might be as fine as Mr. Kipling's, fashionable column. But she is colourless, a nonentity. On the and yet it would be incomplete. We should not know whether that other hand, she has a friend called "the red-haired girl," whom we do hand needed sixes or nines in gloves, unless we saw the person it care for, but probably only because we see her in three brief flashes. belonged to, and the artist could not satisfy us by merely intimating that the figure is not all hand, as Mr. Kipling remarks that the room is not all dirty corner. We want to see the whole room lighted up Maisie. that we may judge the dirty corner by comparison. No doubt it is this want of perspective that has made many uneasy about Mr. Kipling's work. He has startled them, and then left them doubtful whether it was done legitimately. There is something wrong, they feel, and they have a notion that they could put their finger on it if the stories were English instead of Indian, and long instead of short. Hence, apparently, has arisen a noisy demand for English novels from him. They are to be his test. In answer, one may conclude, to this request, he has written several English stories recently, one of them his "first long story." Mr. Kipling, having a respect for his calling, always writes as well as he can, and these stories, we are told, have been rewritten as many times as Mr. Ruskin would have lovers serve years for their ladies. It is, however, by the result alone that he is to be judged, and the result is not great. Those of the stories that deal with "Society" are more ambitious than the *feuilletons* of the Society journals, but merit no longer life. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" is much better; but it is merely a very clever man's treatment of a land he knows little of. We are only shown the conventional East-end, and there is something grim in Mr. Kipling become conventional. The only point the story has in common with the Indian sketches is that it makes straight for the dirty corner. But it has one inspired moment, when Badalia dances on the barrow. As for "The Light that Failed," one hasty critic finds not even cleverness in it; while another says it would

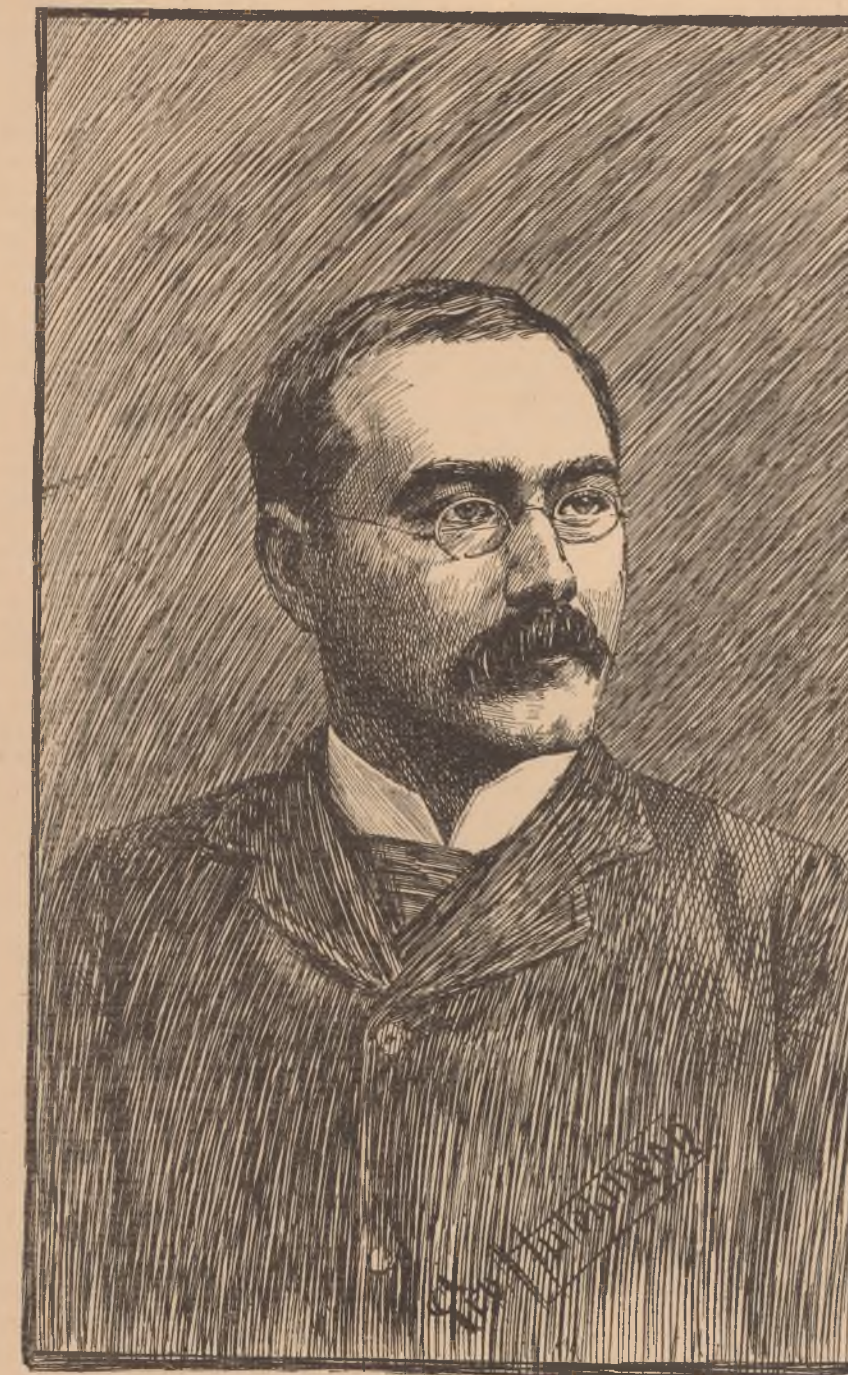
Some have taken Mr. Kipling's aim to be the representation of India as it is, and have refused to believe that Indian life—especially Anglo-Indian life—is as ugly as he paints it. Their premiss granted, few would object to their conclusion except such as judge England by the froth of society or by its dregs. But Mr. Kipling warns us against this assumption. In the preface to one of his books—a preface that might stand in front of all—he "assures the ill-informed that India is not entirely inhabited by men and women playing tennis with the Seventh Commandment. . . . The drawback of collecting dirt in one corner is that it gives a false notion of the filth of the room." The admission of his aim herein contained contracts his ambition into a comparatively little thing, but it should silence much of the hostile criticism. That he is entitled as an artist to dwell chiefly on the dirty corner of the room will surely be admitted. A distinguished American writer maintains that certain subjects taken up by daring novelists should be left to the doctors; but is not this a mistake? The novelist's subject is mankind, and there is no part of it of which he has not the right to treat. By his subject never, by his treatment of it always, should he be judged. If he does not go about the work honestly, so much the worse for him. If his motives are unworthy, nothing is surer in this world than that tomorrow, if not to-day, he will be found out. Many in England seem to have forgotten this, and Mr. Kipling has done noble work in reminding them of it by example. He refuses to be caged, and that is

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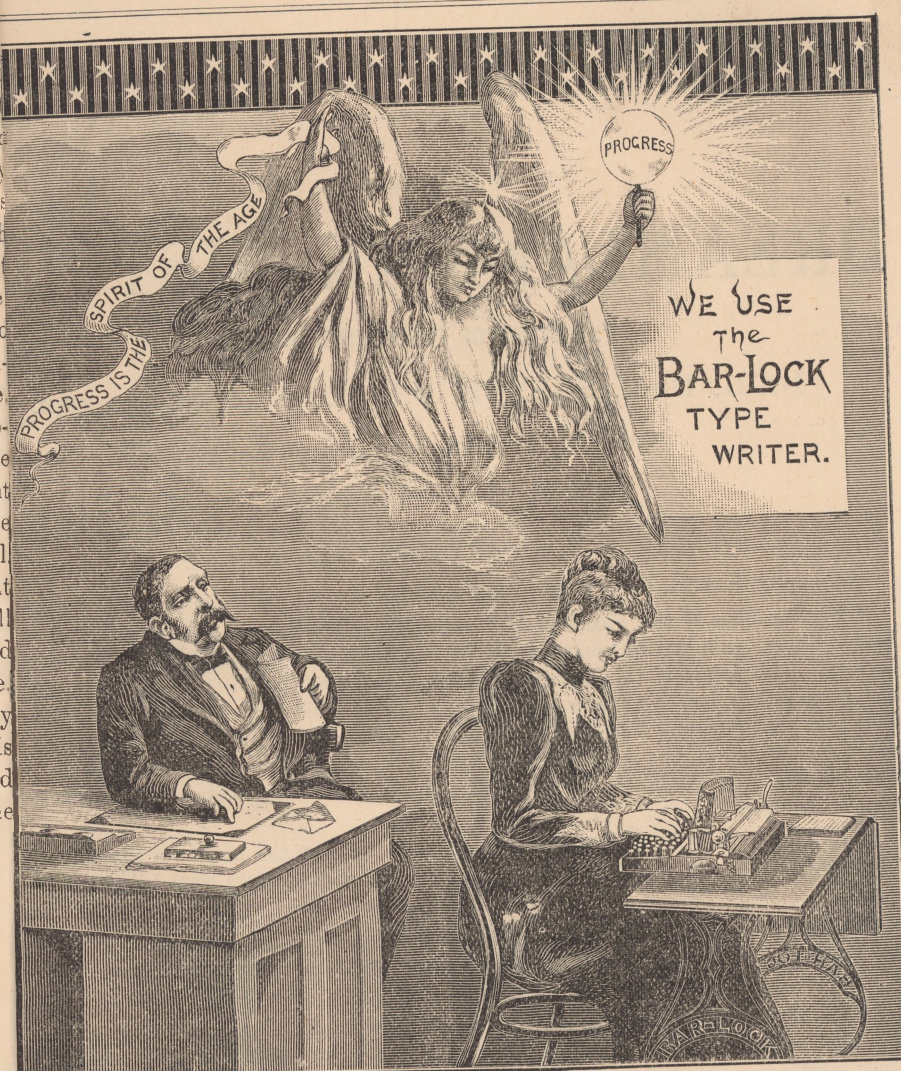
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condensed it into a moment. What we were shown was less a printed page that had to be read than a picture which we could take in at once. He had it thus before himself. He could grip it all in his hand. He never required to wonder how one part should play into another. Not in this way can the novel be written. It does not aim at immediate and incessant effects. The chapter, which could swallow half a dozen sketches, is not considered by itself, but as the small part of the whole, and it is as a whole that the novel is judged. To forget this is to lose thought of symmetry. No doubt Scott wrote too quickly, but his speed was a real advantage in one way, for it kept his mind on the story as a whole. Having mastered the flash, one might have feared that Mr. Kipling had also become its slave. In "The Story of the Gadsbys" he uses it as much as in the short sketches. That tale is in eight chapters, but each is complete in itself. We get eight events in the Gadsbys' life squeezed into eight minutes, and the result is not a novel. It is only a series of fine pictures. But when he began "The Light that Failed," Mr. Kipling had realised that the novel in flashes will no more do than liqueurs in tumblers. He broke away from the old method, and he has produced a real novel, though not a great one. Here is proof that there are latent capabilities in him which may develop, and show him by-and-by grown out of knowledge. If he is as conscientious in the future as he has been in the past, and discovers that nothing lives in literature save what is ennobling, he may surprise us again.

J. M. BARRIE.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW ADVERTISER, FEBRUARY 1891. 9



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CONTENTS  
R

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March, 1891.

- 1. THE TSAR AND THE
- 2. POSTAL AND TELEGR
- 3. JOHN WESLEY.
- 4. THE ECLIPSE OF JU
- 5. MR. KIPLING'S STOR
- 6. PESSIMISM AS A SYS
- 7. THE ANABAPTISTS
- 8. A SCENE FROM IBS
- 9. A HOME FOR THE I
- 10. THE BATTLE OF BA
- 11. HYDROPHOBIA AND
- 12. THE QUESTION OF

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saw first an opal-tinted cloud on the horizon, and later certain towers. The mists lay on the ground, so that the splendour seemed to be floating free of the earth; and the mists rose in the background, so that at no time could everything be seen clearly. Then as the train sped forward, and the mists shifted and the sun shone upon the mists, the Taj took a hundred new shapes, each perfect and each beyond description. It was the Ivory Gate through which all good dreams come; it was the realisation of the 'glimmering halls of dawn' that Tennyson sings of; it was veritably the 'aspiration fixed,' the 'sigh made stone' of a lesser poet; and over and above concrete comparisons, it seemed the embodiment of all things pure, all things holy, and all things unhappy. That was the mystery of the building. It may be that the mists wrought the witchery, and that the Taj seen in the dry sunlight is only as guide-books say a noble structure. The Englishman could not tell, and has made a vow that he will never go nearer the spot for fear of breaking the charm of the unearthly pavilions.

"It may be, too, that each must view the Taj for himself with his own eyes; working out his own interpretations of the sight. It is certain that no man can in cold blood and colder ink set down his impressions if he has been in the least moved.

"To the one who watched and wondered that November morning the thing seemed full of sorrow—the sorrow of the man who built it for the woman he loved, and the sorrow of the workmen who died in the building—used up like cattle. And in the face of this sorrow the Taj flushed in the sunlight and was beautiful, after the beauty of a woman who has done no wrong."

AMBER, QUEEN OF THE PASS.

"And what shall be said of Amber, Queen of the Pass—the city that Jey Singh bade his people slough as snakes cast their skins. The Globe-Trotter will assure you that it must be 'done' before anything else, and the Globe-Trotter is, for once, perfectly correct. Amber lies between six and seven miles from Jeypore among the 'tumbled fragments of the hills,' and is reachable by so prosaic a conveyance as a *ticca-ghari*, and so uncomfortable a one as an elephant. *He* is provided by the Maharaja, and the people who make India their prey, are apt to accept his services as a matter of course.

"Rise very early in the morning, before the stars have gone out, and drive through the sleeping city till the pavement gives place to cactus and sand, and educational and enlightened institutions to mile upon mile of semi-decayed Hindu temples—brown and weather-beaten—running down to the shores of the great Man Sagar Lake, wherein are more ruined temples, palaces and fragments of causeways. The water-birds have their homes in the half-submerged arcades and the *mugger* nuzzles the shafts of the pillars. It is a fitting prelude to the desolation of Amber. Beyond the Man Sagar the road of to-day climbs up-hill, and by its side runs the huge stone-causeway of yesterday—blocks sunk in concrete. Down this path the swords of Amber went out to kill. A triple wall rings the city, and, at the third gate, the road drops into the valley of Amber. In the half light of dawn, a great city sunk between hills and built round three sides of a lake is dimly visible, and one waits to catch the hum that should rise from it as the day breaks. The air in the valley is bitterly chill. With the growing light Amber stands revealed, and the traveller sees that it is a city that will never wake. A few *meenas* live in huts at the end of the valley, but the temples, the shrines, the palaces and the tiers on tiers of houses are desolate. Trees grow in and split open the walls, the windows are filled with brushwood, and the cactus chokes the street. The Englishman made his way up the side of the hill to the great palace that overlooks everything except the red fort of Jeighur, guardian of Amber. As the elephant swung up the steep roads paved with stone and built out on the sides of the hill, the Englishman looked into empty houses where the little grey squirrel sat and scratched its ears. The peacock walked upon the house-tops and the blue pigeon roosted within. He passed under iron-studded gates whereof the hinges were eaten out with rust, and by walls plumed and crowned with grass, and under more gateways, till, at last,

he reached the palace and came suddenly into a great quadrangle where two blinded, arrogant stallions, covered with red and gold trappings, screamed and neighed at each other from opposite ends of the vast space. . . .

"From the top of the palace you may read if you please the Book of Ezekiel written in stone upon the hillside. Coming up, the Englishman had seen the city from below or on a level. He now looked into its very heart—the heart that had ceased to beat. There was no sound of men or cattle, or grindstones in those pitiful streets—nothing but the cooing of the pigeons. At first it seemed that the palace was not ruined at all—that presently the women would come up on the house-tops and the bells would ring in the temples. But as he attempted to follow with his eye the turns of the streets, the Englishman saw that they died out in wood tangle and blocks of fallen stone, and that some of the houses were rent with great cracks, and pierced from roof to road with holes that let in the morning sun. The drip-stones of the eaves were gap-toothed, and the tracery of the screens had fallen out, so that zenana rooms lay shamelessly open to the day. On the outskirts of the city, the strong walled houses dwindled and sank down to mere stone-heaps and faint indications of plinth and wall, hard to trace against the background of stony soil. The shadow of the palace lay over two-thirds of the city, and the trees deepened the shadow. 'He who has bent him o'er the dead' after the hour of which Byron sings, knows that the features of the man become blunted as it were—the face begins to fade. The same hideous look lies on the face of the Queen of the Pass, and when once this is realised, the eye wonders that it could have ever believed in the life of her. She is the city 'whose graves are set in the side of the pit, and her company is, round about her graves,' sister of Pathros, Zoan and No.

"Moved by a thoroughly insular instinct, the Englishman took up a piece of plaster and heaved it from the palace wall into the dark streets below. It bounded from a house-top to a window-ledge, and thence into a little square, and the sound of its fall was hollow and echoing, as the sound of a stone in a well. Then the silence closed up upon the sound, till in the far away courtyard below the roped stallions began screaming afresh. There may be desolation in the great Indian Desert to the westward, and there is desolation upon the open seas; but the desolation of Amber is beyond the loneliness either of land or sea."

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

CONCLUSION.

Miss Evans removed to Foleshill Road, Coventry, from Griff, in March, 1841.

LETTER X.

Foleshill Road, Coventry,

May 21st, 1841.

MY VERY DEAR MARTHA,—Being at length quite naturalised in this our adopted country, and at liberty to stretch the wings of thought and memory beyond my own nest and bush, I am determined to remind you of my existence and to enlighten you, as the metaphysicians say, concerning its modes. . . . Your undeserved affection will, I think, cause you to rejoice with me in the rich blessings that are continued and superadded to me in our new abode; you remember that I had forebodings as to the influence of a change on my dear father. These are all dissipated, and I can decidedly say that I never before saw him so happy as he apparently is at present. Our next neighbours are Mr. and Mrs. Pears,\* gradually growing into friends, and I think valuable ones. If it were permissible to express a regret amid so many unmerited mercies, I should mention my lack of a free range for walking, which I so enjoyed at

\* Mrs. Pears was a sister of Mrs. Bray.

BIBLIOGRAPHY is in a fair way to be killed by journalism. It is possible to get a list of Mr. Ruskin's writings into the compass of some twenty half-crown parts, but who will catalogue all the works of those who have begun by working for the press, and who, if all their articles, letters, and paragraphs were properly recorded, would prove to have written more variously than Mr. Ruskin ere they were out of their teens? It is happily



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

12

It has been a great satisfaction to me to see that in the familiar columns of the National Observer, at least, the Rudyard has not "ceased from Kipling." A very pathetic ballad is his "Dove of Dacca," but it would not be less pathetic had the gifted author taken a little more trouble with his verse. But really, to repeat the same poor rhyme in three consecutive stanzas, not of artistic purpose, but of carelessness, is grievous; and there is one stanza which craves expansion, thus:—

The Kings of the North were scattered abroad,  
The Raja of Dacca he slew them all;  
Hot from slaughter he stooped at the ford—  
And a Cockney rhyme is a thing abhorred  
By men, and (as Ortheris says) "By Gawd!"  
And the dove—O the dove!—the blooming dove,  
Her stock of rhymes is uncommonly small!"

But the legend of the poem is a text for many sermons on the subject of How we acquired India, and Why (in spite of Russians without and Rads within) we still keep India. The story is merely the old familiar tale of the mischance by which the messenger of disaster came home from a victory. The little blunders in connection with the sails of Theseus and Yseult, and the hapless results, will at once occur to all students of folk-lore, together with other instances too many, or, *Scotticæ*, "ower Lang" to mention.

A Hindu Raja, then, going out to fight the Moslem invaders, took a carrier-pigeon in his breast, and told his wives and female relations that if the bird returned he would be dead, and they should therefore prepare a housewarming of the heroic pattern for the conquerors by setting fire to the palace and staying inside. In spite of his pigeon-breasted condition, the Raja gained the victory with no harm to himself, nor—which seems stranger—to the dove. But as he alighted to have a drink, the pigeon escaped and went home; and when he returned his palace and wives were burnt, and he was "only in time to throw himself on the pyre."

Now for pure foolishness, it would have been hard to match this Raja. In the first place, anyone with rudimentary foresight might have known that such an accident as really happened might occur; then again, it was highly probable that if the Raja were killed, the pigeon would be killed too, and hence no warning could be given; and finally, the Raja might be killed or badly wounded, and yet the day might not be lost.

On second thoughts, the last hypothesis will not do. If an Asiatic leader falls or flies, his army is done for. It was so as far back as we know, and it will be so until the Asiatic fights for a cause and not for a chief. It is not in India that you would see "a dead man win a fight," like the legendary Earl Douglas or the real Gustavus Adolphus.

But besides the personal foolishness of the Raja, the legend shows the unpractical, if poetic, nature of his race. It is not so much for lack of bravery that the natives of India have been so often conquered by foreign invaders, as from their own excess of imagination and capacity for chivalrous, but utterly useless self-sacrifice. A mediæval baron, riding out to battle, might have entrusted a pigeon to a trusty servant to release if his lord fell; but his lady, on receipt of the message, would merely have ordered her handmaids to heat the largest cauldron with pitch and oil, and to melt lead in the biggest pan, that when Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast, or whatever pleasantly-named gentleman had slain her husband, came to the gate, he might be warmly welcomed. And so, if the Baron came home safe and sound, no harm would be done—unless his lady mistook him for Sir Guy.

An Englishman would certainly never have thought of so poetical and so extremely uncertain a method of communicating with his wives—supposing him to have had a number. The imagination and the folly would be alike wanting to him. Nor, supposing that he had committed such a blunder, and came home to find palace and wives burning, would he have thrown himself upon the pyre. He might have been just in time to do so with effect, but it would not have occurred to him in that light. No, he would have dropped a tear, for we English are not without family affection. Then he would have put up a monument to his wives, and gone to lay in a new stock. MARMITON.

The National Observer is to be congratulated on its enterprise in producing in one issue the section of a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, and a poem by Rudyard Kipling. From the financial point of view, these two writers are the strongest in English literature at the present moment, although Conan Doyle, J. M. Barrie, and Bret Harte are well-nigh on the same plane, and Thomas Hardy and Walter Besant not far behind. It was, however, very absurd of some paragraphist to make the assertion that the National Observer had paid a much higher price for the Stevenson story than had ever before been paid. The sum paid for much of Mark Twain's later work is far higher than anything to which Robert Louis Stevenson has attained. In any case, Robert Louis Stevenson's prices have been much the same for a long time past. And instead of getting £10 per thousand words, which seemed to some journalists so tremendous an amount, he actually gets £20 per thousand. Even at this price, the competition for his fiction is very keen.

As I have said, Rudyard Kipling runs R. L. Stephenson very close, and there are something like twenty magazines which are anxiously expecting short stories from him. This is, after all, not surprising, when I state that the story which appeared the other day in Macmillan's Magazine enormously increased the circulation of that issue. For this story, also, £20 per thousand words, I believe, was paid. O. O.

iv. THE BOOK HUNTER.



BY W. L. ALDEN.

I sometimes wish that Mr. Kipling's name were simply "Kip." Then when people should speak of the Kipling of America, and the Kipling of Australia, and the various other Kiplings, we would appreciate the full force of the diminutive. Then, too, we might add the verb, "to kipple," meaning, of course, the occupation of a kipling. To be a kipling is to be a member of a rapidly growing class of young men. They write stories after the manner of Mr. Kipling, and, thereupon, their friends instantly hail them as local kiplings. There is no writer whose manner is more easy of imitation than is the manner of Mr. Kipling, but how painfully empty is the imitation when it is done! yet, after all, the young kipling should not be severely scolded. He means well, and he, at least, is entitled to the credit of being able to admire the author of the "Drums of the Fore and Aft." He will kipple for a time, but in all probability he will before very long strike out for himself, and write something that is not an imitation. The latest of kiplings is Mr. Guy Boothby, who, we are told, is the Australian Kipling, and who, in addition to various short stories, has written a book called "On the Wallaby," and apparently containing an account of his own experience in Australia. At present Mr. Boothby kipples assiduously, but he will grow out of this. He has had a good many adventures, and seen a good deal of the odds and ends of life. With this material he will do something worth doing, as soon as he learns to handle it with a little more skill. "On the Wallaby" is by no means a bad first book, and its faults are all those of a young and inexperienced writer. It will not be long, unless I am very much mistaken, before Mr. Boothby ceases from kipling, and writes his own stories in his own way. Then he will no longer be called the kipling of Australia, but he, as well as his books, will be all the better for it.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"MANY INVENTIONS," BY RUDYARD KIPLING.\*

This volume shows no failing in the vigour and versatility of Mr. Kipling's talent. There are stories of soldiers, of sailors, of animals; there is a romance of the sea-serpent which ought to put every nautical yarn-spinner on his mettle; there is a romance of the transmigrating souls, and another about the signs of the Zodiac; there is a piece of the grimmest realism studied in the East End, and in addition to all this artistic work Mr. Kipling throws in numberless hints and miniature lectures on the ignorance and folly of everybody who does not share his views about religion and politics. I am not greatly interested to know what Mr. Kipling thinks of the Empire, Parliamentary institutions, and the principle of democracy as compared with the principle of monarchy, or the services which crowned heads are at this moment personally rendering to the universe. The author of "Many Inventions" believes it is necessary for a storyteller to have strong opinions about everything under the sun, to take sovereigns and statesmen under his patronage, always excepting the statesmen whose portion is the wrath and scorn of every right-thinking patriot, and generally to assure the world that the only touchstone of wisdom is in the

of turning the whole traffic in another direction, till one day the Admiralty Survey ship comes along, and a man in a boat says, "What the devil's wrong with this strait?" "There's nothing wrong," says Dowse. "You leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone. Go round by the Ombay Passage, and don't cut up my water. You're making it streaky." But they take him on board the ship, the poor fellow being stark mad, and wholly unaware that he is quite naked till he catches his reflection in the binnacle brasses. Dowse goes home, and falls among the Salvation Army, who exhibit him as "a Reformed Pirate," till he is rescued by the comrade who tells the story. "And now he's a wherryman from Portsmouth to Gosport, where the tides run crossways and you can't row straight for ten strokes together." The vividness of all this is perfectly marvellous. I am sure that whenever I take a steamer on the Thames, and watch the tide running in streaks, I shall think of Dowse, and have a queer sensation in my head. But Mr. Kipling performs a more extraordinary feat in "The Finest Story in the World." Here is a bank clerk, aged twenty. He torments Mr. Kipling with his literary compositions, which are rubbish. But one day he has a surprising inspiration. It is the history of a Greek galley-slave, and he shows a singular knowledge of that ancient sailor's habits. To crown all, he scribbles some few words on a sheet of notepaper, which Mr. Kipling, in a frenzy of wonder, takes to the British Museum, where the "Greek Antiquity man" announces that they are "an attempt to write extremely corrupt Greek on the part of an extremely illiterate person." The bank clerk never knew a word of Greek, pure or corrupt, in his life. He has written something which has come back to him from a former state of existence. A thousand years ago and more he was the galley-slave whose adventures are struggling into his memory through all the intervening partitions and transitions of innumerable lives. As the light of this discovery bursts upon him, Mr. Kipling dances among the Egyptian gods in the Museum, delirious with the thought that to him has been given "the chance to write the most marvellous tale in the world." It is not written, because the bank clerk's memory is too fitful, and he has a taste for irrelevant things of present enjoyment, such as the love of woman. But rarely has the idea of metempsychosis been treated with such skill.



CROW'S NEST, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, AT BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

possession of a young man who has made a great reputation by writing fables. He goes down to the sea in ships with those whose business is in the great waters till he has mastered the terminology of seafaring in all its branches, and can spin you a ballad full of phrases hopelessly bewildering to the landsman, who at the same time is carried away by the spirit and the lilt of the verse. There is no doubt that Mr. Kipling succeeds almost invariably in saturating himself with the essence of his theme, be it the story of a lighthouse-keeper in Flores Straits, or of Lieutenant Judson steering his gumboat up an African stream, or of the tremendous ferment in mid-ocean when the sea-serpent, reposing on its rocky bed, is suddenly hurled to the surface. In every case the details are made to live with an intensity which I can compare to nothing save the familiar process of focussing the sun on your hand through a burning-glass.

Take the tale of the lighthouse-man in "The Disturber of Traffic." He leads a lonely life, with no companion save a demented creature called a sea-gypsy, who spent most of his time swimming up and down the straits, or skipping about the beach at low tide with the tigers. Dowse, the lighthouse-keeper, begins to go

Of course, our old friends Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd turn up again in these stories. I am rather weary of Mulvaney, though his drunken exploit with the elephant is told with immense *verve*. The soldier, officer or private, is not so universally interesting as Mr. Kipling would have us believe, though he introduces a novelist in "A Conference of the Powers," just to show how a man of peace, who spends his working hours among the problems of souls and other civilised studies, can be impressed by a simple tale of a subaltern who has killed dacoits in Burmah. I suppose the sacredness of human life in our refined philosophy produces in the civilian's mind an ignorant contempt for the soldier, which Mr. Kipling is at pains to rebuke. Oddly enough, Sir William Fraser tells a droll story of Thackeray, who dined with some officers, and found them so intelligent that he repented him of the hard things he had written of their profession. But I don't think Thackeray would have been overpowered by a subaltern's tale of a hand-to-hand fight, and in this particular instance Mr. Kipling is scarcely so successful as in some others in making you feel the narrow limitations of the clubman's life. I find the most complete sense of that in the delightful tale which is called "In the Rukh." It is a story of the Indian forests, of the strange being who was nurtured among wolves and makes them do his bidding, who dwells in the jungle with all the authority of a pagan divinity, breathing the lore and the magic of the woods. Here is a picture of him making love to the daughter of the

young painter to look before they leap. hanged to the ranks of the amateur critics, and it would in time teach the and see at a glance the horse's name. Further, the plan would not could compare the number on the card with that worn by the jockey, who venience it would be to notices visiting the course for the first time, who "And your reading committee, M. Charctic; will you tell me some thing about it?" "It is very simple. Supposing a new author has written a play, and wishes to try his luck at the Theatre Francaise; he has but to leave his

FEB. 15, 1893

THE SKETCH.



## NEW BOOKS.

## MANY INVENTIONS.\*

Mr. Kipling alters scarcely at all. When he does, it is partly his own fault. This volume seems, and probably is, inferior to 'Life's Handicap.' It contains no single work equal to his earlier masterpieces—nothing which one can pronounce quite perfect. The reason is obvious. He takes less pains. I do not mean less time or trouble, for likely enough he finds self-repetition harder work than self-expression, but he no longer so entirely absorbs himself in the story growing up in his brain, no longer lives temporarily in it and for it so completely as to grasp it as a whole, as a living organism with definite proportions and nicely adjusted parts, and thus to present instinctively all its vital elements marvellously ordered and balanced in a work of perfect art. It could not well be otherwise. In those early pages we trace the young struggling author, cheered no doubt by visions of future fame and fortune, but forgetting those visions in the intensity of production, whose vivid creations become for the moment no longer a means to an end, but the end itself, the only reality, the only interest and delight of life. At such times, as one of like experience has told me, the story grows up and shapes itself of its own accord, clamouring to be set down in writing; till it is written the actual life and surroundings of the author fade and dwindle into far-away, sordid unrealities, and the dream alone is tangible fact. So strong is the spell that we seem to but slumber to our external life, and awake to the sharp-cut, vibrant reality of the world of Imagination. And this highly developed form of self-hypnotism is what men call inspiration. It never lasts long. Aged seers may be experienced and impressive, but the genuine prophets are the young ones. Mr. Kipling, like the rest of us, will never sleep or dream as soundly as of old. A wider horizon, new interests, the varied business of life, the demands of fame and of society—all must inevitably tend to disenchant; the imperative vision once eagerly pursued and scrupulously recorded becomes less and less real, more and more mechanical. Story-telling, we find, is not the sole, but only a subordinate object of life—we no longer live to write, but write to live, to amuse ourselves, keep up our reputations, or just from mere habit. Mr. Kipling has his own sphere, and in that he is never likely to excel himself. He has done enough. When he is gone and things have settled down, about a dozen of his short pieces will be selected, and that little book will stand as a masterpiece probably never to be rivalled. But that is no reason why he should now leave off. He need not write for fame or to show us what he can do, but to amuse and instruct and stimulate us—in short, because we all want him to go on, and to go on in his own proper walk. These 'New Inventions' may be more or less inferior variations on his old themes, but they are variations, not imitations, and we much prefer to have them from the hand of the master himself rather than from those of his numerous disciples. For that hand has by no means lost its cunning. It is as supple, as quick, as strong, as tender, as brutal as before, though not so instinctive and masterful. No, he alters very little. His topics are the same, his way of looking at them is unchanged, his method of presentation never varies. Not one of his faults has he even attempted to correct. So he still remains individual and beyond rules. If his work is less superlative as a whole, that is due to the inevitable cause that I have indicated. Yet not wholly. It is partly his own fault. There is not only a certain air of effort and weariness in some of these 'New Inventions,' but at times positive carelessness. I find not a few passages where, though instinct failed, experience might surely have suggested improvement. Hardly one of the stories but would bear re-casting, abridgment or alteration. They have not been so carefully, or at least so earnestly thought out and reduced to shape. The best test is perhaps the conclusions. One is seldom able to end with a note of admiration, but with a feeling of unsatisfaction, or even of disillusion. And

\* 'Many Inventions.' By R. Kipling. (Macmillan.)

further, what at first were startling innovations, fantastic vagaries and daring licenses, become on frequent repetition too much like mannerisms. One I will mention because its effects are really serious. It is the trick of intentional obscurity. We are told minutely what people do and what they say—and to make things worse, they talk in oracles—but we are not told what they mean till the next page. Meanwhile we are supposed to be enjoying the mystification; and so we did two years ago, but now it only fatigues, nay worse, exasperates when, as at pages 319 and 320, we try in vain to follow the action, and then, when the key is given, turn back to find that the action was clumsily and obscurely narrated. In this case the boat must somehow have turned round. Similarly the story is often eked out and the mystery kept up by making the characters speak in oracular, evasive, or ambiguous terms, or else persist in holding their tongues in a most unnatural and annoying way. Another trick is his constant allusion to oaths and bad language, and the euphemistic paraphrases he uses for them. We know that soldiers' expletives are not pretty, but then they are mere expletives without definite meaning. To our ears such words do suggest a meaning which disgusts and horrifies. If then the *ipsissima verba* will not bear quotation, why hint at them at all? Further, the settings to the tales which were usually so appropriate a frame, are getting a little mechanical, while sometimes, as in 'Love o' Women, they overshadow the main story.

In one piece, 'In the Rukh,' Mr. Kipling reaches his highest standard. His natives were always more picturesque than his Europeans. It is a most impressive study of the Indian forest, and contains many splendid descriptions—one line is superb, "and the forest was waking to the hushed ravenous life of the night." Yet even here, though there is a laudable absence of the supernatural, we sup full of improbabilities. The marvellous forest-man has been suckled by a wolf and is attended and served through life by his four grisly foster-brothers. These wolves then must have remained young and agile to the age of twenty or thirty. Besides, the fraternal tie does not last between wolves, much less their human foster-brothers, after each has gone out into the world on his own account. The Orpheus scene is moreover a most ill-judged and incongruous embellishment. Still all this does not destroy the singular charm of the story.

'The Disturber of Traffic' is an amusing little nautical yarn, very much spun out. It contains an interesting study of mania, and a curious Malay, of whom we would gladly hear more. 'My Lord the Elephant' is a variation of 'Moti-guj,' but not nearly so good and much too long. The description of the elephants in the setting is very fine, but Mulvaney's story is a palpable lie, and to tell the truth we have had almost enough of the clever talk of the Soldiers Three.

Perhaps the *Lettres Persanes* have had their day, but there was room for the clever little imitation called 'One View of the Question.' Mr. Kipling is not only shrewd, he is wise, and in the letter from Shafiz Ullah he tells us some nasty home truths, among them the hopelessness of an India governed by an England governed by newspaper writers and readers. To this theme he returns in 'Judson and the Empire,' which opens with some very painful and highly improper remarks on the sacred theme of Democracy. The story is amusing and develops into downright burlesque, but though confessedly a mere Foreign Office skit, it does exemplify most vividly such history as is manufactured in far-off Africa, and probably reveals the true bearings of the Anglo-Portuguese squabble. And through it all staggers and wobbles most pitifully that biggest and emptiest of bubbles that ever Man blew and likened to the great globe itself—the poor soap-born windbag of Nineteenth-century Republicanism.

In 'His Private Honour' we have Ortheris again who has been struck on parade by a young officer. The story is too long and somewhat obscure. This affair is arranged by private fisticuffs in the jungle. For a civilian to hint an opinion is perhaps touching, or at least talking about the Ark, but I do think it is too bad of the author to bolster up this stupid wickedness, and hint at murder and mutiny. British soldiers are neither hyenas nor French assassins—ordinary to a popular journal. This excellent young officer

*Many Inventions*,† Mr. Kipling's new volume, presents a difficult task to the reviewer. It presents a difficult task, because of such a work one is expected to chronicle an advance or a shortcoming; to note in it excess of bad qualities which previously were indicated only; or to record the absence even of the indication. In the case of *Many Inventions* one can do none of these things. To our mind "My Lord the Elephant" has not been surpassed by Mr. Kipling; but it, and the scarcely less notable "His Private Honour," are not so much, if at all, superior to "On Greenhow Hill," or "Without Benefit of Clergy," or "The Man Who Was" in *Life's Handicap*, that we may count them for an advance in their author's art. "One view of the Question," with its splendid satire, "The Finest Story in the World," and "In the Rukh," the farce of "Brugglesmith," "The Children of the Zodiac," although out of Mr. Kipling's beaten track, are not entirely new excursions from it. Further, the qualities of the telling are not any more changed than the motives of the stories told. Certainly the author's natural vigour has not abated; as certainly its coarser touches still soil these latest pages. In a word, *Many Inventions* is a duplication of previous achievement.

Assuredly the stationary stage is not satisfactory. A great painter, who was repeating his successes with apparent ease, once said in presence of the writer, "A man always is reaching to the top of the hill, or he is going down it." On the lips of one to whom the conviction of it was evidently a burden, this patent truth was impressive, and we have never forgotten it. We cannot think, however, that Mr. Kipling's stationary stage is more than a pause before a further climb; and one reason especially leads us to this opinion. It is, that, in this volume, as in all that have gone before, the notable quality is precocity. The vigour, the penetration, the wide survey, above all the intuitive knowledge, are here as wonderful as ever they were. To these there are royal roads, and they were Mr. Kipling's. But there is no royal road to the wisdom that comes only with the passage of the days. There is not lacking signs that that is beginning to leaven the work of "the precocious boy;" but there is many a step in front of him to wisdom's heights. If, with his natural equipment, he wins them, a wide kingdom will be in his command.

† *Many Inventions*. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan



## The Legs of Sister Ursula.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAL HURST.

THE one man of all men who could have told this tale and lived has long since gone to his place; and there is no apology for those that would follow in the footsteps of Lawrence Sterne.

In a nameless city of a land that shall be nameless, a rich man lived alone. His wealth had bought him a luxurious flat on the fifth floor of a red-brick mansion, whose grilles were of hammered iron, and whose halls were of inlaid marble. When he needed attendance, coals, his letters, a meal, a messenger or a carriage, he pressed an electric button and his wants were satisfied almost as swiftly as even petulant wealth could expect. An exceedingly swift lift bore him to and from his rooms, and in his rooms he had gathered about him all that his eye desired—books in rich cases with felted hinges, ivories from all the world, rugs, lamps, cushions, couches, engravings and rings with engravings upon them, miniatures of pretty women, scientific toys and china from Persia. He had friends and acquaintances as many as he could befriend or know; and some said that more than one woman had given him her whole love. Therefore, he could have lacked nothing whatever.

One day a hot sickness touched him with its finger, and he became no more than a sick man alone among his possessions, the sport of dreams and devils and shadows, sometimes a log and sometimes a lunatic crying in delirium. Before his friends forsook him altogether, as healthy brutes will forsake the wounded, they saw that he was efficiently doctored, and the expensive physician who called upon him at first three times a day, and later only once, caused him to be nursed by a nun. "Science is good," said the physician, "but for steady, continuous nursing, with no science in it, Religion is better—and I know Sister Ursula."

So this sick man was nursed by a nun, young and fairly pretty, but, above all, skilful. When he got better he would give the convent, and not Sister Ursula, a thankoffering which would be spent among the poor whom Sister Ursula chiefly attended. At first the man knew nothing of the nun's existence—he was in the country beyond all creeds—but later a white coifed face came and went across his visions, and at last, spent and broken, he woke to

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AUGUST 18, 1893

### SOME RECENT WRITERS OF FICTION.

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S VIEWS AT LUCERNE.

THE Lucerne correspondent of *The Chronicle* sends to that journal an account of Dr. Conan Doyle's lecture on "Fiction as a Part of Literature," just delivered at one of Dr. Lunn's conferences in Christ Church.

A COUNTERBLAST TO PESSIMISTIC LAMENTATIONS.

Dr. Doyle came down heavily on the critics who whine forth pessimistic lamentations over the decay of literature. The proneness of the critic, the doctor held, was always to depreciate the literary talent of the days in which he lived; but as a fact he maintained that the fiction of the present century was the most certain and permanent part of England's glory, and would last in the memory of and appreciation of the people after the labours of the statesman and the soldier had crumbled away. One very striking feature in regard to the present century fiction was its breadth of view. The novelist was growing ever more cosmopolitan, and in this sense literary federation was preceding the federation of the Empire. As examples of this thought, Dr. Doyle instanced Kipling, whose volcanic style of writing showed traits of the glow of the East; Stevenson, who was gradually unfolding the literature of the South Sea, in which the beat of the waves and the rustle of the palm leaves were distinctly recognisable; Rider Haggard, who has shown a romance which overhung the frontier line of civilisation and revealed something of the debateable land where the white impinged on the black human subject: Olive Schreiner, and others. And on these grounds the doctor ventured the reasonable hope that the light of literature of the future would not be less brilliant, if it did not exceed, the literature of the past. Indeed, his personal expectations went further, for he hoped the present day talent would develop as the tropical tree whose branches curve downward, till, reaching the ground, they take fresh root and unite the parent stem with many others as strong and as thick as itself.

STEVENSON, MEREDITH, HARDY, KIPLING.

Narrowing the view to fiction writers of very recent times, Dr. Doyle held that the present generation of authors are largely tinged with Robert Louis Stevenson—a man who ranked high among the few English writers who possessed the dual capacity of writing a book and a taking short story. These arts the doctor held to be quite distinct—Thackeray, Scott, Reade, and George Eliot to wit, none of whom had made any mark with the short story order of literature. And while so many writers were thus tinged with Stevenson, Stevenson himself was in the genesis of his authorship largely influenced by George Meredith. By the way, in the outset of the lecture Dr. Doyle had remarked that George Meredith and Thomas Hardy were both instances of men possessed of great powers, who, notwithstanding, had failed to hold the public like some of their predecessors. Returning to Stevenson, the Doctor remarked that no one had shown a greater power of selecting exact language for the expression of exact ideas. For example, "His eyes clung coasting round to me" showed admirably the furtive glance of the guilty man, the expression "coasting" being there invested with quite a new and most exact meaning. "His voice shook like a taut rope" and "his blows resounded on the grave as thick as sobs" were other instances of the same characteristic of this author. Olive Schreiner, J. M. Barrie (whom Dr. Doyle thought was destined to live in the memories of Scotsmen, like Robert Burns), "Q," and other authors, were all given their meed of panegyric, and then Dr. Doyle came down to Rudyard Kipling—a man whose faults it would be easy for anyone to enumerate, who evidently lacked the faculty of judging his own work, but who, notwithstanding all this, stood out as a vivid Indian orchid amongst English roses; who had made himself a great political power; whose literary imagination had done more to unite England and India than the Suez Canal, and whose literary triumphs so early in life were equal to those of Scott, Thackeray, and others at nearly double his age. At the close there was probably not a single person present who would disagree with Dr. Doyle's own deduction that the literature of a nation being what the people read, it influences what they think, and what they think is embodied in what they do.

836

### AMONG THE BOOKS.

THERE is no writer—no writer of fiction, at least—to whose new books we look forward with so much eagerness as to those of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Both are young, and both have done me work of extraordinary originality. From both, therefore, something better than what has gone before, something very great, is expected; and when a new novel by either is announced there is always the hope that the great expectations are to be realized. It must be admitted that with this legitimate interest, such as we have in the progress of any author, there is mixed, in the case of the two writers mentioned, an interest which is personal. We may not be so wholly modern in sentiment as, in Mr. Stevenson's words, "to think nothing more noble than to publish people's private affairs at so much a line." We may even cry out against the practice as an impertinence. But neither our delicacy nor our indignation is great enough to prevent us reading what the interviewers, and penny-a-liners, and gossipers who are rewarded by much more than a penny a line, write; and, having acquired some knowledge of their private affairs (at whatsoever cost the information may have been supplied), we cannot hinder it from adding a little spice to the fare which popular authors set before us. Nor need they complain if it is so. "They like it; and if they don't, they ought to," says Mr. Loudon Dodd. Whether they like it or not, they encourage it. Mr. Stevenson, reticent as he is, and indignant at any inroads upon his reticence, condescends on occasion upon the autobiographical. All the world knows about the new home which ill-health has compelled him to find: he has written about it as an artist and, less successfully, perhaps, as a politician. It is a short space since he left us, the man of promise *par excellence*; and in that short time Mr. Rudyard Kipling has arrived, and has taken up a more prominent, if not a more popular, place as a story-teller than the author of *Treasure Island* ever held. The personal-paragraphist, with a very shrewd sense of what pleases us, has associated the two, and keeps reminding us that Mr. Kipling's travels will finish with his paying his respects to Mr.



see a very quiet young woman in black moving about his room. He was too weak to speak: too weak almost to cling to life any more. In his despair he thought that it was not worth clinging to; but the woman was at least a woman and alive. The touch of her fingers in his as she gave him the medicine was warm. She testified to the existence of a world full of women also alive—the



"A HOT SICKNESS TOUCHED HIM WITH ITS FINGER."

world he was beginning to disbelieve in. He watched her sitting in the sunshine by the window, and counted the light creeping down from bead to bead of the rosary at her waist. They then moved his bed to the window that he might look down upon the stately avenue that ran by the flat-house, and watch the people going to and fro about their business. But the change, instead of

cheering, cast him into a deeper melancholy. It was nearly a hundred feet, sheer drop, to those healthy people walking so fast, and the mere distance depressed him unutterably. He played with the scores of visiting-cards that his friends had left for him, and he tried to play with the knobs of the desk close to the head of his bed, and he was very, very wretched.

One morning he turned his face away from the sunlight and took no interest in anything, while the hand turned back upon the dial so swiftly that it almost alarmed the doctor. He said to himself: "Bored, eh? Yes. You're just the kind of over-educated, over-refined man that would drop his hold on life through sheer boredom. You've been a most interesting case so far, and I won't lose you." He said to Sister Ursula that he would send an entirely fresh prescription by his boy, and that Sister Ursula must give it to the invalid every twenty minutes without fail. Also, if the man responded, it might be well to talk to him a little. "He needs cheering up. There is nothing the matter with him now; but he won't pick up."

There can be few points of sympathy between a man born, bred, trained, and sold for and to the world and a good nun made for the service of other things. Sister Ursula's voice was very sweet, but the matter of her speech did not interest. The invalid lay still, looking out of the window upon the street all dressed in its Sunday afternoon emptiness. Then he shut his eyes. The doctor's boy rang at the door. Sister Ursula stepped out into the hall, not to disturb the sleeper, and took the medicine from the boy's hand. Then the lift shot down again, and even as she turned the wind of its descent puffed up and blew to the spring-lock door of the rooms with a click only a little more loud than the leap of her terrified heart.

Sister Ursula tried the door softly, but rich men with many hundred pounds worth of *bric-à-brac* buy themselves very well made doors that fasten with singularly cunning locks. Then the



"SISTER URSULA."

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## THE ROWTILLY GIRL.

835

She started to her feet and threw him off, and would not have him near her.

"Don't touch me; don't come near me," she sobbed out piteously, shrinking from him. Then, I believe, she felt that he guessed the shame that all too clearly that day had revealed to her.

I know Tam better than you who know him only in love, which, whatever we may say, is not a condition to be proud of. I believe it of him that he was no tenderer, no sterner, than the rest of us would have been.

"They all come with fine words. There's no poetry in the end of it," was the last thing he heard Kate say; and as he listened to it, it seemed to him it was a charge no son of Adam could plead guiltless to. Standing there, his love upon a broken wing, there stole into his untutored, boyish mind as he has told me himself, some insight into the mystery of One bearing the sins of many. Then he stumbled down the Row'tilly road, his hope on the wane as Jupiter was in the sky before him.

That night Dave and Tam were summoned from their beds to Row'tilly. From down in the valley dim figures with torches could be seen in the steading and among the uplands. By the grey light of the morning the brothers found the girl's body in the pond among the hills.

When any Denbrae body tells the story of Kate Coulter he finishes here: as if it were "Puir Lassie; and there's an end of't." But I recall the story because in course of time Robert Learmont came back to Hawfield. Tam Sturrock and John Coulter waited for a word with him. It would have been a hot one even if, as I contend, Robert Learmont could have pled an honest intention in the end; for there is plenty room to be selfish in this world without reaching to the bounds of selfishness. But they never had that word. Mixed blood, like Learmont's, has no stamina; and after that wound Robert had to pass the short remainder of his days in warm countries.

And this is what I know. He had not long returned when Mrs. Learmont had a tale to tell him, exultantly, cunningly; and when she finished he spoke a word, and the light faded from her eyes. It is true that at the end she was by his bedside. Nature knows her own business, and she would see to that. But from the time that word was spoken until the very end, there was little that was lovingly passed between them.

DAVID S. MELDRUM.

## AMONG THE BOOKS.

837

Stevenson in the Southern Sea. There is no reason for being ashamed of an interest in that meeting. And whenever we read *The Wrecker* or *The Naulahka* it is impossible to abstain from speculating on what the effects will be to Mr. Stevenson of living so far away from the centre of things, and on whether Mr. Kipling, when he has compassed the world, will be able to seize upon the salient points of other countries, and present them in a light as vivid as that in which he has presented those of India.

There are superficial resemblances between these two books which will immediately strike the reader. *The Naulahka* is called "A Story of East and West": in it America and India touch. *The Wrecker*, too, has something to tell of the very advanced civilization of a Topaz; doubtless in the eyes of Mr. Jim Pi Pinkerton the Old Country was not much less effete than Rhatore was in the eyes of Nick Tarvin. Again, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling have taken collaborators: Mr. Stevenson Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, whose name appeared on the title-page of *The Wrong BoBox*, and Mr. Kipling Mr. Wolcott Balestier. As it happens, there comes to us, with *The Naulahka*, a slim volume of stories collected after Mr. Balestier's death. If only we had something purely Lloyd Osbourne (one may say) we had capital material for an investigation into the methods of collaboration. No doubt it would be an interesting investigation, even as, with the material which we have, it is interesting to watch where and how the work of each craftsman is, more or less artistically, pieced. But it would not be very profitable. At best it would lead only to the discovery of the causes of failure. The two novels we speak of are high above the average. They are extremely entertaining. But neither shows any advance upon the previous work of its principal author to justify the conclusion that collaboration has been a success. *The Wrecker* is not *Kidnapped*; *The Naulahka* is not *The Man who Was*. This is not saying a word against the younger writers who have assisted in them. A style so distinguished as Mr. Stevenson's, or one so individual as that of Mr. Kipling, must suffer from the intrusion of any other, however excellent. A combination of excellencies is not what we look for in any one work, and, apparently, it is not what ought to be desired. It would seem that it is the individual quality which is of most value; and it is this individual quality which is apt to be lost in collaboration.

In a volume of Essays which he published recently, Mr. Stevenson declared that the secret of all good writing lies in mirthfulness of conception. *The Wrecker* is mirthfully conceived. \* *The Wrecker*. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Cassell & Co.



lift returned with the boy in charge, and, so soon as his Sunday and rather distracted attention was drawn to the state of affairs, he suggested that Sister Ursula should go down to the basement and speak to the caretaker, who doubtless had a duplicate key. To the basement, therefore, Sister Ursula went with the medicine-bottle clasped to her breast, and there, among mops and brooms and sinks and heating pipes, and the termini of all the electric communications of that many-storied warren, she found, not the caretaker, but his wife, reading a paper, with her feet on a box of soap. The caretaker's wife was Irish, and a Catholic, reverencing the Church in all its manifestations. She

was not only sympathetic, but polite. Her husband had gone out, and, being a prudent guardian of the interests confided to him, had locked up all the duplicate keys.

"An' the saints only know whin Mike'll be back av a Sunday," she concluded cheerfully, after a history of Mike's peculiarities. "He'll be afther havin' supper wid friends."

"The medicine!" said Sister Ursula, looking at the inscription on the bottle.

"It must begin at twenty minutes past five. There are only ten minutes now. There *must*—oh! there must be a way!"

"Give him a double dose next time. The docthor won't know the differ." The convent of Sister Ursula is not modelled after Irish ideals, and the present duty before its nun was to return to the locked room with the medicine. Meantime the minutes flew bridleless, and Sister Ursula's eyes were full of tears.

"I must get to the room," she insisted. "Oh, surely, there is a way, any way!"



"READING A PAPER, WITH HER FEET ON A BOX OF SOAP."

"There's wan way," said the caretaker's wife, stung to profitable thought by the other's distress. "And that's the way the tenants would go in case av fire. To be sure now I might send the lift boy."

"It would frighten him to death. He must not see strangers. What is the way?"

"If we wint into the cellar an' out into the area, we'll find the ground ends av the fire-eshcapes that take to all the rooms. Go aisy, dear."

Sister Ursula had gone down the basement steps through the cellar into the area, and with clenched teeth was looking up the monstrous sheer of red-brick wall cut into long strips by the lessening perspective of perpendicular iron ladders. Under each window each ladder opened out into a little, a very little, balcony. The rest was straighter than a ship's mast.

The caretaker's wife followed, panting; came out into the sunshine, and, shading her eyes, took stock of the ground.

"He'll be No. 42 on the Fifth. Thin this ladder goes up to it. Bad luck to thim, they've the eshcapes front an' back, spoilin' the look av a fine house: but it's all paid for in the rint. Glory be to God, the avenue's empty—all but. But it should ha' been the back—it should ha' been the back!"

Two children were playing in the gutter. But for these the avenue was deserted, and the hush of a Sabbath afternoon hung over it all. Sister Ursula put the medicine-bottle carefully into the pocket of her gown. Her face was as white as her coif.

"Tis not for me," said the caretaker's wife, shaking her head sadly. "I'm so's to be round, or I'd go wid ye. Those ladders do be runnin' powerful straight up an' down. 'Tis scandalous to think—but in a fire, an' runnin' wid their night clothes, they'd not stop to think. Go away, ye two little imps, there! The bottle's in your pocket? You'll not lose good hold av the irons. What is ut?—oh!"

Sister Ursula retreated into the cellar, dropped on her knees, and was praying—praying as Lady Godiva prayed before she mounted her palfrey. The caretaker's wife had barely time to cross herself, and follow her example, when she was on her feet again, and her feet were on the lowest rungs of the ladder.

"Hould tight," said the caretaker's wife. "Oh, darlint, wait till Mike comes! Come down, now!—the good angels be wid you. There should have been a way at the back. Walk tinderly an' hould tight. Heaven above sind there'll be no wind! Oh,

It is written in high spirits, dashed, of course, with the Stevenson philosophy of life, which is scarcely jubilant; and is as chokeful of incident as an egg (in common saying) is full of meat. It is the story of the adventures (told by himself) of Mr. Loudon Dodd, known to his grandfather, in Edinburgh, as "Jeannie's yin," and introduced to strangers, by his Uncle Adam, as the son of "poor Janie's man, James K. Dodd, the well-known millionaire of Muskegon." The opportunity for those introductions arose out of Loudon's paying a visit to his Scotch friends on his way to Paris, where he was to learn, in three years, so much of the sculptor's art as would enable him to decorate the capitol of his native state with statues "in a line with public taste in Muskegon." So far, at least, as the elder Dodd was concerned, it was a strictly business transaction. He had taken up, as a "deal," the statutory contract, and thought it better to keep it in the family. It was in Paris that Loudon Dodd met Jim Pinkerton; and when the millionaire's many deals came to nothing, and the son had to return to America, by way of Edinburgh, without the Genius of Muskegon, it was with Jim's that his fortunes were mixed. Their greatest enterprise was the purchase of the brig, the *Flying Scud*, and out of that the story proper proceeds; but before that we are called on to examine many irons which they have in the fire—among others the Thirteen Star Golden State Brandy, Warranted Entire, and the Hebdomadary Picnics, popularly known as the Dromedary,—and a very amusing business it is. Collaboration has yielded a double set of experiences on which to draw. Probably we are not far wrong in attributing to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne the picture of the Commercial Academy in Muskegon, and many of the business undertakings previous to the sale of the brig; and to Mr. Stevenson the adventures of the art student in Paris, and the relationship between the old stonemason and his son "Aadam." To this wealth of material, however, is due the weakness of the story, which is that the mystery of the wreck is not sufficiently enthralling. It is the main incident, to which everything else is intended to lead up; and, truth to tell, despite the introduction of Captain Nares and of Captain Wicks, it is not so entertaining as the doings in the Latin Quarter and the commerce of San Francisco. The same causes which have spoiled the story have led to the "spottiness" (as the painters would call it) which is the technical fault of *The Wrecker*. Were the end of a novel to amuse, in the sense of affording a passing amusement of a high kind, this story would be difficult to surpass. Judged by the artistic standard which sets the suave and graceful *Kidnapped* in a foremost place among romances, Mr. Stevenson's latest book is not a success.

bodied in what they do.

Left to ourselves, we might have attributed the failure to various causes. The authors, however, have not left the solution with the reader. In the epilogue it is explained that they "haad long been at once attracted and repelled by that very modern form of the police novel or mystery story which consists in beginning your yarn anywhere but at the beginning, and finishing it anywhere but at the end." They had a theory that the insincerity and the shallowness of tone which come of that method are due to the abrupt attack; and they have elaborated their woof for their "not very precious warp." Whether that be a good working plan or not is open to question; but why should it be displayed to us? Mr. Stevenson is a consummate artist, who has not been guilty of prating about his art. In his later essays, indeed, he has affected a contempt for art; and something of that contempt is observable in *The Wrecker*. It may be that this display of the scaffolding is of a piece with it. We confess we do not wish to see the scaffolding. It is all very well to follow the critics in their speculations as to how this or that is "done;" but from the "Once upon a time" to the "And they lived happily ever afterwards," we like the narrator to wear an air of belief, and laugh, if laugh he must, in his own sleeve.

If *The Wrecker* is not pure Stevenson, still less so is *The Naulahka*\* pure Kipling. Mr. Balestier's share in it may be guessed from the three stories in *The Average Woman*.† Of these the best is "Reffey," which displays the lightness of touch in the sentiment, and a curious vein of reflection, which are common to them all. Every one who reads *The Naulahka* ought to read *The Average Woman*, for its own sake and for the sake of the American portion of the longer work. *The Naulahka* is a thoroughly improbable story, told by two authors, who write of it as of a grim reality, without any concession to farce. But Nick Tiek Tarvin, of Topaz (who is, presumably, Mr. Balestier's creation), is a possible character, as convincing as Ben Rignold, of Rustler, or as Mr. Jim Pinkerton in *The Wrecker*. Nick Tarvin, when he is taken in hand by Mr. Kipling, in India, is an illustration of the limitations of Mr. Kipling's art. Except in the incident of Sitabhabhai's yielding up the Naulahka, Tarvin never displays the truculence of the hero of *The Light that Failed*; but so long as he is in India he is a very objectionable person. In that chapter he is unbearable; and in that chapter alone have we any display of the wild fury of impression which is Mr. Kipling's power. There is a

\* *The Naulahka. A Story of West and East.* By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. William Heinemann.

† *The Average Woman.* By Wolcott Balestier. With a biographical sketch by Henry James. William Heinemann.



why wasn't his ugly rooms at the back, where 'tis only yards an' bedroom windows!"

The voice grew fainter and stopped. Sister Ursula was at the level of the first floor windows when the two children caught sight of her, raising together a shrill shout. The devil that delights in torturing good nuns inspired them next to separate and run the one up and the other down the avenue, yelling, "O—oh! There's a nun up the fire-escape! A nun on the fire-escape!" and, since one word at least was familiar, a score of heads came to windows in the avenue, and were much interested.

In spite of her prayers, Sister Ursula was not happy. The medicine-bottle banged and bumped in her pocket as she gripped the iron bars hand over hand and toiled aloft. "It is for the sake of a life," she panted to herself. "It is a good work. He might die if I did not come. Ah! it is terrible." A flake of rust from the long disused irons had fallen on her nose. The rungs were chafing her hands, and the minutes were flying. The round, red face of the caretaker's wife grew smaller and smaller below her, and there was a rumbling of wheels in the avenue. An idle coachman, drawn by the shouts of the children, had turned the corner to see what was to be seen. And Sister Ursula climbed in agony of spirit, the heelless black cloth shoes that nuns wear slipping on the rungs of the ladder, and all earth reeling a hundred thousand feet below.

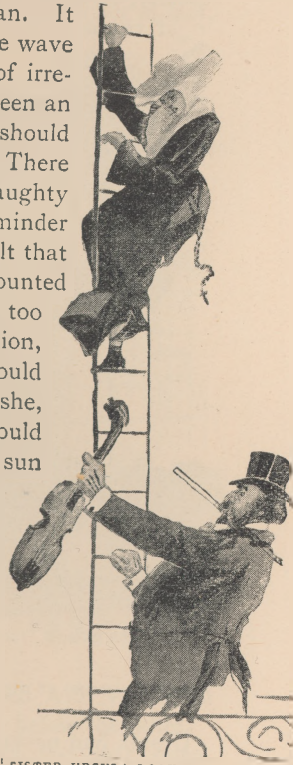
She passed one set of apartments, and they were empty of people, but the fire, the books on the table, and the child's toy cast on the hearthrug showed it was deserted only for a minute. Sister Ursula drew breath on the balcony, and then hurried upwards. There was iron rust red on both her hands, the front of her gown was speckled with it, and a reflection in the stately double window showed a stainless stiff fold of her head-gear battered down over her eye. Her shoe, yes, the mended one, had burst at the side near the toe in a generous bulge of white stocking. She climbed on wearily, for the bottle was swinging again, and in her ears there came unbidden the nursery refrain that she used to sing to the little sick children in the hospital at Quebec:

"This is the cow with the trampled horn,"

Between earth and heaven, it is said, the soul on its upward journey must pass the buffeting of many evil spirits. There flashed into Sister Ursula's mind the remembrance of a picture of a man gazing from the leads down the side of

a house—a wonderful piece of foreshortening that made one dizzy to see. Where had she seen that picture? Memory, that works indifferently on earth or in vacuo, told her of a book read by stealth in heher novitiate, such a book as perils body and soul, and Sister Ursula blushed redder than the brickwork a foot before her nose. Everything that she had read in or thought about that book raced through her mind as all his past life does not race through the soul of a drowning man. It was horrible, most horrible. Then rose a fierce wave of rage and indignation that she, a sister of irreproachable life and demeanour (the book had been an indiscretion, long since bitterly repented of), should be singled out for these humiliating exercises. There were other nuns of her acquaintance, proud, haughty and overbearing (her foot slipped here as a reminder against the sin of hasty judgments, and she felt that it was a small and niggling Justice that counted offences at such a crisis), and—and thinking too much of their holiness, to whom this mortification, with all the rust flakes in bosom and kerchief, would have been salutary and wholesome. But that she, Sister Ursula, who only desired a quiet life, should climb fire-escapes in the face of the shameless sun and a watching population! It was too terrible. None the less she did not come down.

Praying to be delivered from evil thoughts, praying that the swinging bottle would not smash itself against the iron ladders, she toiled on. The second and third flats were empty, and she heard a murmur in the street; a hum of encouraging tumult, cheerful outcries bidding her go up higher, and crisp enquiries as to whether this were the end of the performance. Her Saint—she that had not prevailed against the Nuns—would not help Sister Ursula, and it came over her, as cold water slides down the spine, that at her journey's end she would have to go through the window. There is no vestibule, portico, or robing-room at the upper end of a fire-escape. It is designed for such as move in a hurry, unsuspicious of the graces, being for the most part not over-dressed, and yet seeking publicity—that publicity which came to Sister Ursula unsought. She must go



"SISTER URSULA LOOKED DOWN."

constant rustling of it, like the rustling which the brave Tarvin heard as he sat on his horse in the sweltering sun in the King's Court-yard. You know well enough what is there; but it does not make itself seen. But then, even the sound of it is something. There is no need to cry out because Mr. Kipling has not surpassed himself in his first work in collaboration. We are not afraid that we have got more than the first-fruits of his remarkable genius.

While the younger novelists, working in fresh fields with new methods (we do not forget that the authors of the *Wrecker* compare it, with all modesty, to the later works of Dickens), attract so much of our attention, we must not neglect those whose best reputations probably are already made. We know the pleasure that is in store for us when we come to read Mrs. Oliphant's *Diana: The History of a Great Mistake*;\* and if *Ingelheim*† be at all equal to *Miss Molly*, it is a delightful story. Of *A Modern Dick Whittington*,‡ of which we can speak as of a dish that we have tasted, we have not an ill word to say except that the menu is misleading. Mr. Payn is following the fashion in taking for his hero a gentleman of letters, a writer of novels (without a moral, presumably, for his capacity, we are told, was for light literature), whose adventures are texts for sage advice and very shrewd reflections. This Dick Whittington, when he landed in London, did not write a novel of the season in fourteen days (or was it fifteen?), as recently we read of another hero doing; and we like him the better for it. But he ought to have married his publisher's daughter, or his editor's, at the least. Instead of that, he married his cousin Ruth, who was too good for him, and whose fortune, we are led to suspect (if that, indeed, is not the trend of the whole story) was often a stand-by. If our Dick Whittington is disappointing, however, his story is not; and we can recommend it as an entertaining novel, in which sentiment, sensation, and reflection are mixed with all the craft of the skilled workman.

After amusing ourselves in the fields of fiction, to have to return to a narrative which lays claim to what it calls "the inestimable virtue of Truth" fills us with the same resentment as a line of copy-book virtue. If we are to judge by the books which it produces, the effect of globe-trotting is to dispel all sense of proportion. A good many of the travellers return with the conviction that there is nothing in the world of so much importance as the

\* *Diana. The History of a Great Mistake.* By Mrs. Oliphant. Two vols.  
† *Ingelheim.* By the Author of *Miss Molly.* William Blackwood & Sons.  
‡ *A Modern Dick Whittington; or, a Patron of Letters.* By James Payn. Two vols. Cassell & Co.

# THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1892.

THE LOYALISTS OF IRELAND. By ALFRED ACSTEN	730
THE GENERAL ELECTIONS:—	
I. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW. By ARTHUR A. BACMAN	730
II. THE REAL RADICAL PROGRAMME. By CHARLES A. WHITMORE, M.P.	740
IVAROL. By Lady COLIN CANNELL	747
POPULARITY OF THE POOR LAW. By the Editor of <i>A Plea for Liberty</i>	752
THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC. By RICHARD EDGUMBE	772
OLTAIRE AND ENGLAND. By Mrs. ARTHUR KENNARD	780
BEGINNINGS OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA. By RICHARD DAVEN	802
LONG HADRIAN'S BRITISH WALL. By F. H. ABELL	812
THE BOWTILLY GIRL. By DAVID S. MELDEBY	824
AMONG THE BOOKS	838
CORRESPONDENCE:—RAILWAY SERVANTS' EYESIGHT (W. M. BEAUMONT).—GUNNERS AND GUNSMITHS (LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY).—NEWSPAPER COPY-RIGHT (HAROLD HARDY).—SPENCE BROADBENT.—THE IMMORALITY OF CHINESE MEN (LUCAS).—ROME AND LONDON (HERBERT HAINES).—ASTROLOGICAL INDIANISM IN MODERN ART (CHARLES JOHN SHESBARE)	847

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through that window in order to give her invalid his medicine. Her head must go first, and her feet, and the bursten shoe, must go last. It was the very breaking point in the strain, and here her saint, mistaking the needs of the case, sent her a companion. Her head was level with the window of the fourth story, and she was rejoicing to find that that also was empty when the door opened, and there entered a man something elderly, of prominent figure, and dressed according to the most rigid canons laid down for afternoon visits. He was millions of leagues removed from Sister Ursula's world—this person with the tall silk hat, the long frock-coat, the light grey trousers, the tiny yellow button-hole rose, and the marvellous puffed cravat anchored about with black pearl-headed pins—but an imperative need for justification was upon her. Her own mission, the absolute rightness of her own mission, were so clear to herself that she never doubted anyone might misunderstand when she pointed upwards to the skies, and the flat above.



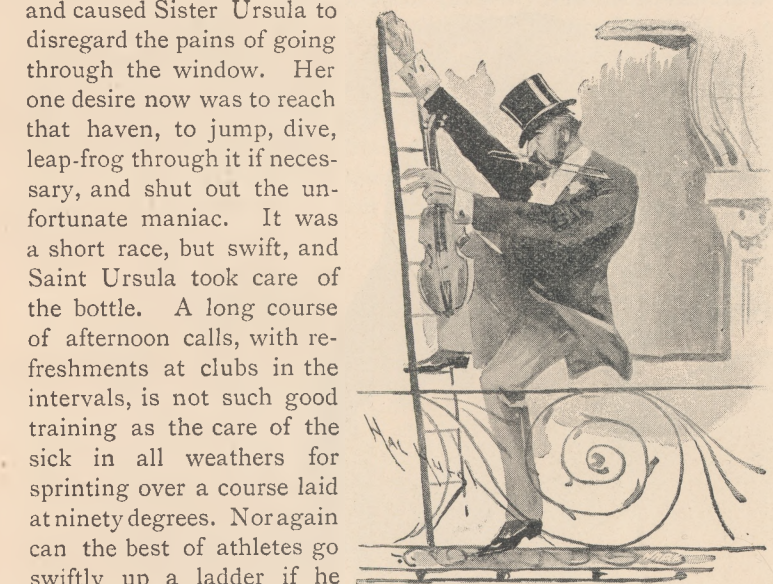
"SANK PANTING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED."

The man, who was in the act of laying his tall hat absently upon the table, looked up as the shadow took the light, saw the gesture, and stared. Then his jaw dropped, and his face became ashy-grey. Sister Ursula had never seen Terror in the flesh, well-dressed and fresh from a round of calls. She gathered herself up to climb on, but the man within uttered a cry that even the double windows could not altogether stifle, and ran round the room in circles as a dog runs seeking a lost glove.

"He is mad," thought Sister Ursula. "Oh, heavens, and that is what has driven him mad."

He was stooping fondly over something that seemed like the coffin of a little child. Then he rushed directly at the window open-mouthed. Sister Ursula went upwards and onwards, none the

less swiftly because she heard a muffled oath, the crash of broken glass, and the tinkling of the broken splinters on the pavestones below. For the second time only in her career, she looked down—down between the ladder and the wall. A silk hat was bobbing wildly, as a fishing-float on a troubled stream, not a dozen rungs beneath, and a voice—the voice of fear—cried hoarsely, "Where is it? Where is it?" Then went up to the roofs the roaring and the laughter of a great crowd; yells, cat-calls, ki-yis and hootings many times multiplied. Her Saint had heard her at last, and caused Sister Ursula to disregard the pains of going through the window. Her one desire now was to reach that haven, to jump, dive, leap-frog through it if necessary, and shut out the unfortunate maniac. It was a short race, but swift, and Saint Ursula took care of the bottle. A long course of afternoon calls, with refreshments at clubs in the intervals, is not such good training as the care of the sick in all weathers for sprinting over a course laid at ninety degrees. Nor again can the best of athletes go swiftly up a ladder if he carries a priceless violin in one hand and its equally priceless bow in his teeth, and handicaps himself with varnished leather buttoned boots. They climbed, the one below the other.



"'OPEN THE WINDOW!' ROARED COTT."

The window at the foot of the invalid's bed was open. At the next window was the white face of the invalid. Sister Ursula reached the sash, threw it up, went through—let no man ask how—shut it gently but with amazing quickness, and sank panting at the foot of the bed, one hand on the bottle.

"There was no other way," she panted. "The door was locked. I could not help. Oh! He is here!"

The face of Terror in the top hat rose to the window-level inch by inch. The violin-bow was between his teeth, and his hat hung over one eye in the fashion of early dawn.

constant rustling of it, like the rustling which the brave Tarvin heard as he sat on his horse in the sweltering sun in the King's Court-yard. You know well enough what is there; but it does not make itself seen. But then, even the sound of it is something. There is no need to cry out because Mr. Kipling has not surpassed himself in his first work in collaboration. We are not afraid that we have got more than the first-fruits of his remarkable genius.

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# THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

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TO THE LOYALISTS OF IRELAND. By ALFRED AUSTIN . . . . .	PAGE 729
THE GENERAL ELECTIONS:—	
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THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC. By RICHARD EDGUMBE . . . . .	772
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"It's Cott van Cott," said the invalid, slowly and critically. "He looks quite an old man. Cott and his Strad. How very bad for the Strad!"

"Open the window. Where is it? Is there a way? Open the window!" roared Cott, without removing the violin-bow.

Sister Ursula held up one hand warningly as she stooped over the invalid.

For the second time did Cott van Cott misinterpret the gesture and heaved himself forward, the violin and the bow clicking and rattling at every stride.



"TOOK ONE LITTLE BRASS THIMBLE-LIKE THING FROM ITS INSIDE."

He was fleeing to the leads to save his life and his violin from death by fire—fire in the basement—and the crowd in the street roared below him with the roar of a full-fed conflagration.

The invalid fell back on the pillows and wiped his eyes. The hands of the clock were on the hour appointed for the medicine, lacking only the thirty seconds necessary for pouring it into a wine-glass. He took it from Sister Ursula's hand, still shaking with helpless laughter.

"God bless you, Sister Ursula," he said. "You've saved my life."

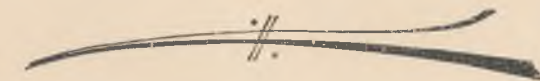
"The medicine was to be given," she answered simply. "I—I could not help coming that way."

"If you only knew," said the invalid. "If you only knew! I saw it from out of the windows. Good heavens! the dear old world is just the same as ever. I must get back to it. I must positively get well and get back. And, Sister Ursula, do you mind telling me when you're quite composed everything that happened between the time the door shut and—and you came in that way?"

After a little Sister Ursula told, and the invalid laughed himself faint once more. When Sister Ursula re-settled the pillows, her hand fell on the butt of a revolver that had come from the desk by the head of the bed. She did not understand what it was, but the sight pained her.

"Wait a minute," said the invalid, and he took one little brass thimble-like thing from its inside. "I—I wanted to use it for something before you went out, but I saw you come up, and I don't want it any more. I must certainly get back to the world again. Dear old world! Nice old world! And Mrs. Cassidy prayed with you in the cellar, did she? And Van Cott thought it was a fire? Do you know, Sister Ursula, that all those things would have been impossible on any other planet? I'm going to get well, Sister Ursula."

In the long night, Sister Ursula, blushing all over under the eyes of the night-light, heard him laughing softly in his sleep.



constant rustling of it, like the rustling which the brave Tarvin heard as he sat on his horse in the sweltering sun in the King's Court-yard. You know well enough what is there; but it does not make itself seen. But then, even the sound of it is something. There is no need to cry out because Mr. Kipling has not surpassed himself in his first work in collaboration. We are not afraid that we have got more than the first-fruits of his remarkable genius.

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AUGUST, 1892.

	PAGE
TO THE LOYALISTS OF IRELAND. By ALFRED AUSTIN . . . . .	729
THE GENERAL ELECTIONS:—	
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THE IDLER MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS, JUNE, 1893.

- FRONTISPIECE - - - J. ST. M. FITZ-GERALD.
- 471 MEMOIRS OF A FEMALE NIHILIST SOPHIE WASSILIEFF  
Illustrations by J. St. M. FITZ-GERALD.
- 485 THE LEGS OF SISTER URSULA - RUDYARD KIPLING  
Illustrations by HAL HURST.
- 497 "LIONS IN THEIR DENS."  
VI.—EMILE ZOLA - - - V. R. MOONEY  
Illustrations by E. M. JESSOP.
- 511 PEOPLE I HAVE NEVER MET (RUDYARD KIPLING)  
SCOTT RANKIN
- 512 AN ETHIOPIAN CRICKET MATCH - EDEN PHILLPOTTS  
Illustrations by GEO. HUTCHINSON.
- 527 MY FIRST BOOK - - - R. M. BALLANTYNE  
Illustrations by GEO. HUTCHINSON.  
Photographs by Messrs. FRADELLE AND YOUNG.
- 538 TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF AN ARTIST - FRED MILLER  
Illustrations by E. M. JESSOP.
- 547 THE BROTHERS' AGENCY - - - DO BAHIN  
Illustrations by the Misses HAMMOND.
- 557 MY OWN MURDERER - - - E. J. GOODMAN  
Illustrations by J. GREIG.
- 568 THE IDLERS' CLUB—SHALL WE HAVE A DRAMATIC ACADEMY?  
By Miss FANNY BROUGH, Mr. JOHN HARE, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, Mr. EDWARD  
TERRY, Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Miss ROSE NORREYS, Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS,  
CYRIL MAUDE, Mr. MURRAY CARSON, Cecil RALEIGH, ADDISON BRIGHT, J. T.  
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EMILE ZOLA.

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THE horrors of war, which freeze the blood in "Michael Field's" drama, seem to have reached vanishing point in our latest African campaign. The smallness of the English losses is appalling. I do not see the fun of fighting (i.e. of paying taxes) if all the spice and relish is to be taken out of the results. I want more blood for my money—hecatombs of corpses. Two men killed in a whole battle? Ridiculous! If I cannot have my war at my own doors, and hear the bands and the cannon I have paid for, I must at least have sensational battle-fields—Actium and Waterloos and Marengos. What is the use of war if it does not even serve to reduce our surplus population? Soldiering was never so healthy an occupation as to-day; one fights only a few days a year at the utmost, and if the pay is poor, so is that of the scavenger and the engine-driver and the miner, and everybody else who does the dirty work of civilisation, and does it, too, without pomp and circumstance and brass bands and laureates.

TOMMY ROTKINS.

I went into a furrin land to see a bit o' war, The African 'e comes and stands a Maxim gun before, That mows him down by hundreds in the twinkling of an eye, I lights a cigarette and reads, and to myself sez I:

Oh, it's Tommy this and Tommy Rot, and Tommy hip, hooray! But it's jolly Tommy Rotkins when the gun begins to play,



The gun begins to play, my boys, the gun begin to play, Oh, it beats the Civil Service when the gun begins to play.

I. ZANGWILL.

FEB. 15. 1898

THE SKETCH.

# LETTERS ADDRESSED TO A. P. WATT

LONDON A. P. WATT  
& SON: HASTINGS HOUSE  
NORFOLK ST: STRAND 1896

From RUDYARD KIPLING, Esq.,  
Author of 'Plain Tales from the Hills,'  
'Soldiers Three,' etc. etc.

LONDON, March 5, 1890.

MY DEAR WATT,  
All thanks for cheques, type, and tale. What can I say? You've only doubled my income, and given me good advice into the bargain. 'Thank you' seems rather an ineffective return, doesn't it?

Sincerely yours,  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

From RUDYARD KIPLING, Esq.,  
Author of 'Plain Tales from the Hills,'  
'Soldiers Three,' etc. etc.

BRATTLEBORO',  
September 13, 1892.

DEAR WATT,  
And now, having disposed of business in hand, let me thank you again for the skill, care, and foresight with which you have conducted my writing-affairs for the past three years. Large though the money value to me has been, that is the least part of it. It is the absence of friction and worry for which I am grateful; and mere cash cannot be counted against these things.

Sincerely,  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is passing the summer at Tisbury, in Wiltshire, England. A correspondent says that the town has no modern quarter (which gratifies Mr. Kipling), and that "low hills surround the valley where it lies, in the heart of the milk district, and the meadows are irrigated by small canals, so that the country reminds you constantly of the place where Tess listened to the supercilious bunthornings of Mr. Angel Clare." Mr. Kipling is well pleased with his house in Vermont—which he says is *not* called "Crow's Nest" by himself—and has learned to admire the horses bred in that district. He is planning to have still another cottage, however, and it is to be in England, somewhere near the sea, where he can watch the Channel traffic, yet within reasonable distance of London. During his flying visit to Bermuda last winter Mr. Kipling devoted himself once more to admiring study of his ancient friend Tommy Atkins, to whom his heart beats true.

The Rambler.

It is difficult to take seriously the "story of West and East," *The Naulahka*, the product of the collaboration of Rudyard Kipling and the late Wolcott Balestier. An atmosphere of unreality hangs about Tarvin, whose experiences and character form the whole story. He is supposed to be a type of the hustling spirit of the great West—a man who is speculator, politician, and "boomer," and who has two aims in life—to marry the girl who has set her heart upon going to India as a missionary-physician, and to make the town of Topaz the great railway centre of Colorado. In order to accomplish this last result he finds that it is necessary to win the favor of the wife of the President of the Three C's Railway, who has a passionate admiration for jewels. To gratify this taste of hers, Tarvin sets out for India, of course to the same city that Kate Sheriff has gone to, and has some very strange adventures before he gets possession of the royal necklace, called the Naulahka, made up of well-nigh priceless jewels. Tarvin, of course, carries his Colorado slang and modes of thought into the very court of the king, with some odd results; and develops one resource after another with characteristic energy in his attempts to thwart the crafty intrigues with which he soon finds himself surrounded, and to keep Kate out of similar trouble. Though the tone is artificial throughout, it is all very bright and breezy, and is a cleverly told story. [Macmillan, 12mo, \$1.50.]



From "The Jungle Book" Copyright, 1894, by The Century Co.  
"WHEN THE MOON ROSE OVER THE PLAIN THE VILLAGERS SAW MOWGLI TROTTING ACROSS WITH TWO WOLVES AT HIS HEELS."

## STORIES FOR SUMMER.



ALL the children, young and old, who read Kipling's story "In the Rukh" were eager to "hear more" about Mowgli, the wolf-boy, who had lived with the wolf-cubs and knew all the secrets of the jungle and of the wild, four-footed people, who was wise in the law of the jungle and could talk to all his wild brothers in their several tongues. So *The Jungle Book* will have a hearty welcome, for it tells how Mowgli—"little frog"—first toddled into Father Wolf's hole, a little, helpless brown baby, and how Mother Wolf cherished and fed him, and how he escaped the jaws of Shere Khan, the lame tiger, and at last hunted Shere Khan in turn, and slew him, and bore the striped hide on his head to the Council Rock. And there is the tale of the hunting of Kaa, the great rock python, and the story of the foolishness of the Bandar-log, the monkey people, and the history of Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose whose eyes were red as he killed the big black cobras, and the song of his triumph; and there is the story of the wisdom of Kala Nag, the old elephant, and of little Toomai, who saw the dreadful dance of the elephants in the jungle, which no man had ever seen. All these things and more are written in this admirable "Jungle Book." The illustrations by W. H. Drake are spirited and sympathetic. [The Century Co., 12mo, \$1.50.] *Book Buyer July 1894.*



From "The Jungle Book"—Copyright, 1894, by The Century Co.  
"TIGER! TIGER!"  
THE EDUCATION OF MOWGLI.

All that is told here happened some time before Mowgli was turned out of the Seeonee wolf-pack. It was in the days when Baloo was teaching him the Law of the Jungle. The big, serious, old brown bear was delighted to have so quick a pupil, for the young wolves will only learn as much of the Law of the Jungle as applies to their own pack and tribe, and run away as soon as they can repeat the Hunting Verse: "Feet that make no noise; eyes that can see in the dark; ears that can hear the winds in their lairs, and sharp white teeth—all these things are the marks of our brothers except Tabaqui and the Hyena, whom we hate." But Mowgli, as a man-cub, had to learn a great deal more than this. Sometimes Bagheera, the Black Panther, would come lounging through the jungle to see how his pet was getting on, and would purr with his head against a tree while Mowgli recited the day's lesson to Baloo. The boy could climb almost as well as he could swim, and swim almost as well as he could run; so Baloo, the Teacher of the Law, taught him the Wood and Water laws: how to tell a rotten branch from a sound one; how to speak politely to the wild bees when he came upon a hive of them fifty feet above ground; what to say to Mang, the Bat, when he disturbed him in the branches at midday; and how to warn the water-snakes in the pools before he splashed down among them. None of the Jungle People like being disturbed, and all are very ready to fly at an intruder. Then, too, Mowgli was taught the Strangers' Hunting Call, which must be repeated aloud till it is answered, whenever one of the Jungle people hunts outside his own grounds. It means, translated: "Give me leave to hunt here because I am hungry;" and the answer is: "Hunt, then, for food, but not for pleasure."

All this will show you how much Mowgli had to learn by heart, and he grew very tired of repeating the same thing a hundred times; but, as Baloo said to Bagheera one day when Mowgli had been cuffed and had run off in a temper: "A man's cub is a man's cub, and he must learn all the Law of the Jungle."—From "The Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling.

According to common guesswork in London, Mr. Rudyard Kipling makes some \$50,000 a year by his work, and Mr. William Waldorf Astor loses about \$8,000 a week by his enterprises. Which teaches that money alone does not make the mare go—up-hill.

The Rambler.

Somebody has started the story that Rudyard Kipling's "chances" to be poet laureate are improving, and that, "since it seems vain to hope that the laurel will go to Mr. Swinburne," the uncompromising author of "Mandalay" and "Gunga Din" may feel the wreath upon his brow. It scarcely seems likely that Mr. Kipling's manner would find greater favor with the august lady who supplies the aforesaid wreath, than do the more elaborate cadences of Mr. Swinburne. But since the wreath itself is now in charge of an influential premier who is vehemently suspected of having what is called "sporting blood"—who shall say that the singer of "Soldier! Soldier!" may not win this honor? *Book Buyer July 1894.*

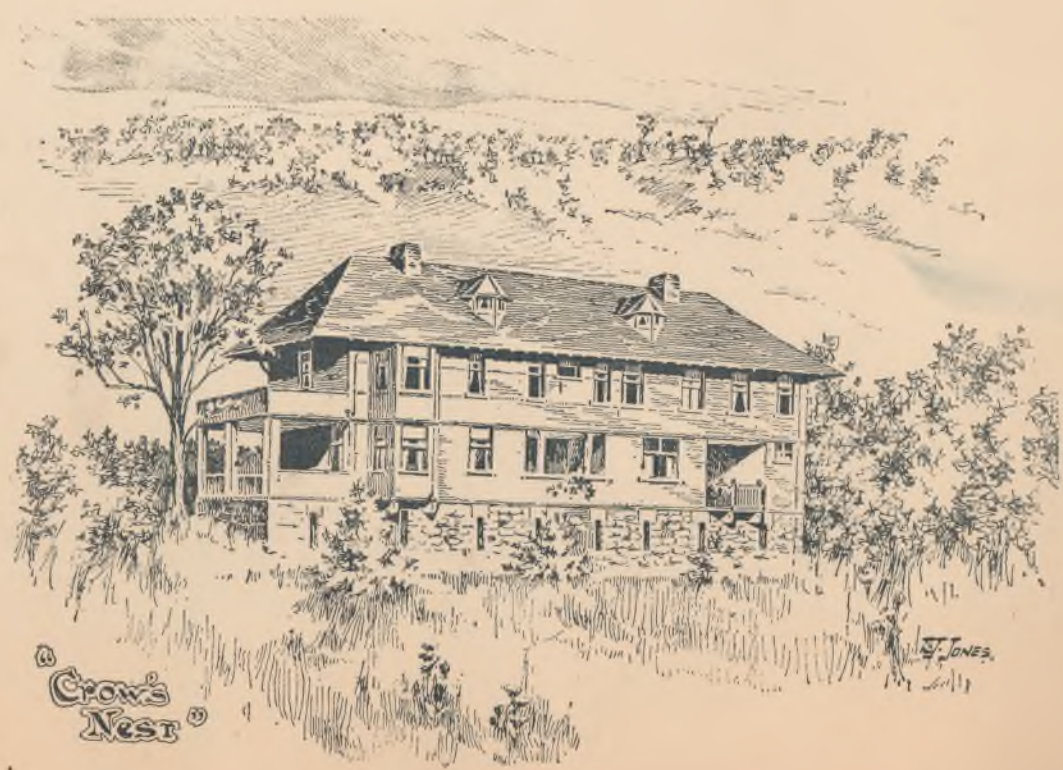


Presented with "THE BOOKMAN," April, 1893.

NOVELISTS' HOMES. I.



MAX GATE, DORCHESTER, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. THOMAS HARDY.



THE RESIDENCE OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

Nov. 15, 1893

THE SKETCH.

OCTOBER 27, 1894.

St. Paul's.

107



MR. KIPLING AS MR. NAST IMAGINES HIM.





From "Overheard in Arcady." Copyright, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons. RUDYARD KIPLING.

A third edition of Mr. Robert Bridges's unique and delicious little book, "Overheard in Arcady" (Charles Scribner's Sons), is conclusive evidence of the good taste of that enormous public that reads books and has capacious appetite for the good things of this life. It was a novel and original idea to make the characters of men's novels come together and discuss the author of their being. And when these shadows, that are so very real to us all, get to talking of each other and of the man who gave them life

and motion, it needs must be that we hear not only much fun but much sound criticism and shrewd comment on men and things. "Overheard in Arcady" was a bold experiment; it has succeeded brilliantly; and if its success needed anything to insure it, the wonderfully clever drawings by Attwood, Herford and Sterner have gone hand-in-hand with the ingenious author.

THE SKETCH



"FIVE LITTLE GOSSOONS," (Study of detail in a sketch published in *The Century* for November, 1897, 1893.)

BOOK ILLUSTRATORS.

XI.

WILL H. DRAKE.



From "The Jungle Book."—Copyright, 1894, by The Century Co.

THE NAME of Will H. H. Drake came up recently in conversation in a New York studio, and there was a general assent to the remark of one man, who said: "I believe Drake can be depended on to draw anything on earth and make the least fuss about it of anybody I know. He will turn from an animal picture, such as he made for the *Jungle Book*, and paint a green landscape or the head of a Bedouin chief or a pair of bootblacks pitching pennies, and find one the thing as easy to do as another. He seems to be equal to any emergency."

It is seldom that the reputation of a thoroughly all-around man is so well deserved as in the case of Mr. Drake, and the secret of his proficiency seems to be the fact that he is no 'prentice hand, but learned his profession early and has worked steadily along for years, doing his best work every day, and never grudging his pains. "I don't know that I can recite a very long creed as to my principles of work," he said recently, in reply to a question. "I only know this, that I believe in going to nature for all I do. I use models for everything. Perhaps it is not always necessary—some men may not need to do it, but I believe that work from nature manifests itself every time. You won't catch Abbey drawing an old-time figure or a piece of antique furniture out of his inner consciousness, even though it seems as if he might easily do so. And when you see such men doing conscientious work right along, a younger and less gifted artist can scarcely afford to depend on *chic* alone. It may be plodding, but at least it's neither foolish nor presumptuous!"

March 1895



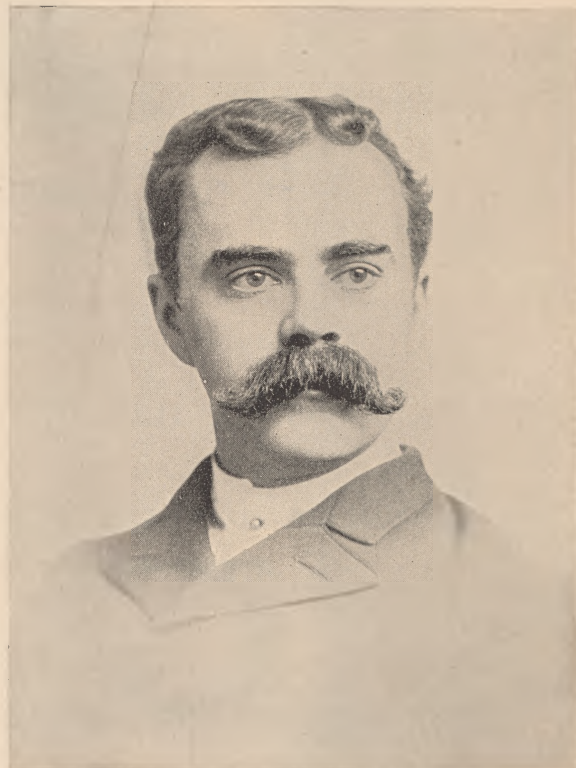


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THE SKETCH.

Mr. Drake uttered these moral reflections with a good-natured smile, as he worked away at the background of a sketch for an illustration of an article soon to appear in *St. Nicholas*. His studio is at the top of an old-fashioned house at 22 West Ninth Street, which he says he finds more convenient than the new studio buildings much farther up town. Though best known, perhaps, as a worker in black and white, Mr. Drake's inclination is for water colors, and his walls are covered with studies of sea-coast subjects made in Holland and on Long Island, and of scraps of sunshiny fields and wood-interiors, jotted down in short journeys through the picturesque slopes of the Hudson valley. There is a suggestion of impressionism in many of these, with their luminous pinks and greens, and purple water stretches; but of affectation not a single brush stroke. His color work is as sincere as his simplest outline pen-drawing. He is a member of the Water Color Society and the New York Water Color Club.



WILL H. DRAKE.



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT. (From an unpublished drawing)

Mr. Drake was born in New York City, but when a child went with his father to Cincinnati, where his boyhood was

passed. He had a natural knack for drawing, and began early to sketch whatever came before his eyes, some of his first work being architectural and heraldic rather than descriptive. He made drawings for several years in an engraver's office, and studied free-hand work while so engaged. His fancy turned early to sketches of animals, and he haunted the zoological gardens in Cincinnati. Landseer's work had a special attraction for the boy, and when only thirteen years old he made a copy of the "Cavalier's Pets," which he exhibited at his school exhibition and got a medal for it. He also studied from the figure in the Cincinnati Academy of Design. An article published in the now defunct *American Art Review*, in 1881, described a number of American artists "of the Munich school," with reproductions of their paintings; and the writer of the article thought enough of

young Drake's work to include it among that of the older artists. It happened that Edwin Abbey saw this article and was struck by a drawing of Drake's called "A Quiet Road," which was a scrap of shady highway just out of Cincinnati, but which may have recalled to Mr. Abbey some of his own favorite English lanes. Mr. Abbey called the attention of Mr. Charles Parsons, then the art-manager of the Harpers, to the sketch, and Drake was invited to send in some of his work, which led to a pleasant connection with these publishers.

Shortly afterward he came to New York and found profitable employment as an illustrator almost immediately. The attention of the Century Company was soon drawn to his work, and then began the relations between Mr. Drake and this house, which have

continued for years. He has done a great quantity of work for *St. Nicholas* and the *Century*, his special aptitude being for pictures of children and animals. Yet, as his fellow-craftsman said, his hand was found apt for anything. He contributed a lot of initials and ornamental drawings to an *edition de luxe* of "L. Lorna Doone," published some years ago, and with others illustrated Tudor Jenks's "Imaginations," a book of boys' stories for the Harpers, and a book of sketches of travel called "Little Journeys Abroad," published last autumn. But what many call his most brilliant illustrations, and those which he himself likes best, were made last year for Kipling's *Jungle Stories*, which originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*. These sketches have won the enthusiastic approval of everybody, includ-



From "The Jungle Book"

"THE TIGER'S ROAR FILLED THE CAVE WITH THUNDER."

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THE SKETCH. 1894

ing Mr. Kipling himself. And, in passing, it may be said that all the figures in these pictures, Mowgli, tiger, elephants, mongoose, snakes, and all, were drawn after studies from life. Mowgli's model is a chubby little Italian boy, and Mr. Church lent Drake his favorite tiger.

In 1887 Mr. Drake went abroad for six months of travel and recreation, and again in 1889 he went to Paris just at the close of the Exposition, where one of his pictures received an honorable mention. He stayed through that winter in Paris, studying at Julian's under Constant and Doucet. He spent the next summer in Holland, where he made a great number of studies of coast scenery and the fishing folk. He has returned, within a few weeks, from an extended journey along the Pacific coast. He went as far north in Alaska as anybody could go, and painted many glaciers and icebergs. Then, following south, he spent several months at the lower end of Southern



From "Little Journeys Abroad" Joseph Knight Co. A CHARACTER HEAD: HANOVER.

California, making sketches among the picturesque ruins of the ancient Missions.



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ANOTHER JUNGLE BOOK

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

UDYARD KIP- LING follows his first volume of Jungle Stories with another collection called "The Second Jungle Book." It is such a thing as possible, this second collection of tales goes closer to the core of things than the first. The first story of Mowgli was a happy accident; but those that have followed it are not accidents at all, but belong to the natural order of things as the jungle knows them, and present with serene veracity the various incidents that befall the little man-wolf. The tales take hold of the imagination with a strength that is as rare in modern literature as jungle books are. They go to the source of things without prelude or preliminary flourish, and there is no resisting the force that gives them vitality. Men whose culture has left no sort of instrument for their imagination to perform on doubtless say, under their breath, that there is a taste or a twang of the savage in these tales of the jungle. And yet there is no animal more elemental than man. We have in these stories the simplicity, and—I dare to



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The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. Decorated by John Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E. The Century Co., n. m. \$1.50.

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From "The Second Jungle Book," Copyright, 1895, by The Century Co.

THE BOOK BUYER

MARK TWAIN.

A CONGLOMERATE INTERVIEW, PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY LUKE SHARP.

I.—SHOWING REASONS FOR NOT INTERVIEWING.



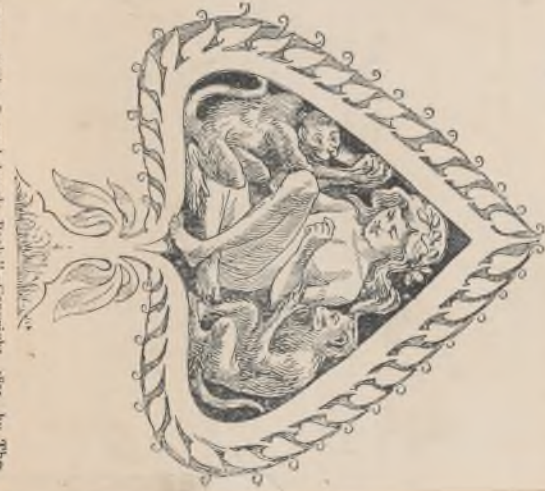
I HAVE been asked to interview Mark Twain for The Idler. I have refused to do so, and I think it only fair to the public to state my reason for the refusal, before beginning the interview. It is simply because I am afraid of Mark Twain. When we were talking about interviewers a short time since, he said to me in slow and solemn tones that would have impressed a much braver man than I am:

"If anyone ever interviews me again, I will send him a bill for five times what I would charge for an article the length of the interview." Now such a threat means financial ruin to an ordinary man. However modest Mark Twain himself may be, his prices do not share that virtue with him. Baron Rothschild might be able to write a few words on a cheque which would cause that piece of penmanship to be of more value in the commercial world than a bit of Mark Twain's manuscript, but few men have the gift of making their "copy" as costly as the Baron and Mark Twain. I saw that if I ventured to interview Mark Twain I should very likely spend the rest of my natural life in eluding that gentleman and the bailiffs he employed. I have no desire to incur such a liability as would be represented by five times the amount of Twain's inflated prices. I have, therefore, invited several estimable gentlemen to assist me in this hazardous adventure. In



The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. Decorated by John Lockwood Kipling. C. I. E. The Century Co., Jan. \$1.50.

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ANOTHER JUNGLE BOOK

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say—the refinement that belongs to elemental things. Does the roar of the cataract become courteous and affable in the presence of civilization and culture? Does the crack of the thunder subdue itself to meet the needs of the mental dyspeptics of our day and time? Do the cyclone, the tornado and the hurricane fold their terrific wings and become dove-like when they enter the domain of man? Now, as of old, the cataract, the thunder, and the tornado perform, each after its own and the tornado perform, each after its own fashion. Now, as of old, the elemental in man rhymes with the elemental in all things

a fearlessness that cannot be matched in modern literature. There is no miming here. A swish and a slash, and the stroke goes home. Since the days of Uncle Remus the animals have been parading about and making speeches, sometimes feebly and sometimes to good purpose; but never have they been caught in the act, as it were, by a more facile or a stronger hand than in these jungle tales. And each plays his part after his own manner and according to the law of his own nature.



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union there is strength, and while Mark Twain might run one of us down, he will find his hands full if he attempts to deal with us all together.

The pictures which illustrate this interview with Mark Twain were taken by a small but industrious Kodak, which

"Held him with its glittering eye,"

on board the French liner, "La Gascogne," at that moment approaching Havre. The anecdotes in the second section of this interview have been written for *The Idler* by Mr. Joseph Hatton.

II.—GOOD STORIES OF MARK IN LONDON.



WHAT do I know about Mark Twain? Not much. Nothing that is not pleasant. I would stick to that even if I were under cross-examination. No amount of bullying should induce me to try and remember anything that is not to his credit, as a man, an author, and—a champion prevaricator. I don't know when I have liked him most—when he has been telling the truth, and when he has not. What a pleasant, tantalising little kind of stammer it is! Charles Lamb's was a real stutter—it must have been very delightful; and Travers, of New York, how captivating was his impediment!

"Why, Mr. Travers," said a lady, "you stammer more in New York than you did in Baltimore."

"B—b—bigger place," stammered Travers. A chestnut you say? Well, what of that? There are chestnuts and chestnuts. Some men's chestnuts are better worth having than other men's newest stories. But as I was saying, Mark Twain's is not exactly a stutter; it is a drawl; not perhaps a drawl. Is it simply that he pauses in the right place? Or has he a dialect? It is quite clear he knows the value of his peculiarity

of speech whatever it is. Did you hear him lecturere in London? The point that broke the general titter into a heararty laugh was when he talked about that very cold mountain ouout in Fiji or somewhere; "it is so cold up there that people cacan't speak the truth—I know, because I have been there."

When Mark Twain paid his earliest visit to LcLondon, he did me the honour once or twice to sit under my mahahogany. The first time he came to my house it was to meet some th thirty pleasant people at supper. It was his first entertainment in in town. He was very desirous of observing the customs of the ce country. He came in a dress coat. That was all right. He was as very glad he had put on his dress coat. He took the late Mrs. Ho-toward Paul, a very clever, charming woman, down to supper. He ce consulted her touching certain social customs. She was in her way quite a humorist, and in those days a bright and lively wonoman. Knowing that on no account did I ever permit speech-m-making at my table; knowing, indeed, that even in artistic societiy this kind of thing is never resorted to, she explained to Markrk Twain that quite the contrary was the case; that if he desired re really to show that he was up to all the little tricks of the great worlorld of London, he would, as the greatest stranger, if not the monost important guest, rise and propose the host's health; that everyybody would expect it from him, and so on. Presently, to the astastonishment of everybody, Mark Twain arose, tall and gaunt, and be began to drawl out in his odd if fascinating manner a series of coi complimentary comments upon the host, at the same time apologlogising for not being quite prepared with a speech, for the reason th that the lady on his right had been instructing him all the night w with personal stories of everybody at the table. The table squirmmed a little at this. It had "no call" to squirm. It was above reproaroach. Genius, beauty, wealth, and even the nobility (he was a re real lord if he was but a little one) were well represented; but youou might have thought from his manner that Mark Twain had heard some very strange stories of his fellow-guests. It was a happyy, clever, odd little speech; and both he and Mrs. Paul were forgo rgiven—he for making it, she for misleading him as to the manners rs and customs of the world of Upper Bohemia.

If you are a humorist you can make mistakes tl that are condoned as witticisms; you can even be stupid, and si someone will find fun in your very stupidity. People have always half a grin on their faces ready for the professed humorist before re he begins to speak. I am not a humorist. One night at Kensinsington Gore,



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ANOTHER JUNGLE BOOK  
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when the late Mr. Bateman, the Lyceum manager, lived there, Irving told to Mark Twain and half a dozen others a very good story about a sheep. It was a very racy story, racy of the soil, I said, the soil being Scotland. Irving told it well, dramatising some of the incidents as he went along. He was encouraged to do so by the deep interest Twain took in it. I suggested to Twain that he should make a note of it; it seemed to me that it was one of those nationally characteristic anecdotes that was worth remembering, because it was characteristic, and national. Twain said, "Yes, he thought it a good idea to make a note or two of English humour—of national anecdotes in particular." He took out a small book, and quite won my heart by the modest, quiet way in which he made his memoranda about this story; I even gave him one or two points about it, fresh points. We were sitting in a corner of the room by this time, chatting in a friendly way, and Mark Twain seemed more than necessarily grateful for my suggestions. I had reason afterwards to wonder whether he thought I was chaffing him, or whether he was chaffing me. I did not know any more than Irving did that the story about the sheep was really one of Mark Twain's own stories.

I was innocent enough about it anyway, and Irving had never heard, I'll be bound, of the Hotten volume in which the narrative of the sheep and the good Samaritan had been set forth in Twain's best manner. It is quite possible that to this day Mark Twain is under the impression that I was engaged in a pleasant piece of fooling at Bateman's that night, and believed himself to be just as pleasantly checkmating me. Of course, he saw through the whole business. He pretended to fall into my little trap, which was not a trap at all. Perhaps he thought I was a humorist.

Do you know that he smokes three hundred cigars a year—or a month, I forget which—and that he once tried to break off the habit against which King James uttered his great but ineffective blast, and that after a fair test of life with and without tobacco he came to the conclusion that a weedless life would be too utter a failure even for an accidental humorist. He was no doubt right. I wonder if he consulted his conscience about it? Do you remember, how his conscience once visited him? It was his conscience, was it not? A little wizened, pinched thing that hopped about his study and talked to him. I don't remember a more weird bit of satire than his account of that strange visit. Such an egotistical, deformed little chap! And with such wise, strange, cutting words! I think I liked our friend the better for his story of that

graphically narrated meeting with his conscience. Mark Twain told an interviewer the other day that he disliked humorous books; that he was only himself a humorist by accident. But what has he not told interviewers?

III.—FLIRTING WITH THE LADY NICOTINE.



R. HATTON appears to be in doubt whether Mark Twain smokes three hundred cigars a year—or a month. There is a slight difference both to tobaccoist and consumer. I have been told that his annual allowance is three thousand cigars. But it must not be thought that his devotion to tobacco stops at this trivial quantity. The cigars merely represent his dessert in the way of smoking. The solid repast of nicotine is taken by means of a corn-cob

pipe. The bowl of this pipe is made from the hollowed-out cob of an ear of Indian corn. It is a very light pipe, and its colours brown as you use it, and ultimately black, so they call it in America "The Missouri Meerschaum." I was much impressed by the ingenuity with which Mark Twain fills his corn-cob pipe. The humorist is an inspired Idler. He is a lazy man, and likes to do things with the least trouble to himself. He smokes a granulated tobacco which he keeps in a long check bag made of silk and rubber. When he has finished smoking, he knocks the residue from the bowl of the pipe, takes out the stem, and places it in his vest pocket, like a pencil or a stylographic pen, and throws the bowl into the bag containing the granulated tobacco. When he wishes to smoke again (this is usually five minutes later) he fishes out the bowl, which is now filled with tobacco, inserts the stem, and strikes a light. Noticing that his pipe was very aged and black, and knowing that he was about to enter a country where corn-cob pipes are not, I asked him if he had brought a supply of pipes with him.



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a fearlessness that cannot be matched in modern literature. There is no minding here. A swish and a slash, and the stroke goes home. Since the days of Uncle Absoop the animals have been parading about and making speeches, sometimes feebly and sometimes eagerly and some- but never have they been caught in the act, as it were, by a more facile or a stronger hand than in these jungle tales. And each plays his part after his own manner and according to the law of his own nature. The first of these stories, "How Fear Came," has for its background the elemental in folk-lore, and it is told with a vigorous simplicity that is imitable. The wild sweep of the narrative is imitable, and perhaps, more than any other story in the book, with one exception, is typical of this new order of tale-telling. The myths that belong to India sometimes drag along and, for the most part, have the desultory vagueness of stories that are preserved only by passing from mouth to mouth; but in this resolute or rebuilding of a myth that is hairy and without purpose, Mr. Kipling has made it entirely his own by transforming that which was without life into a living, breathing, moving piece of literature that lifts itself above and beyond the reach of imitation.

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THE IDLER.

"Oh, no," he answered, "I never smoke a new corn-cob pipe. A new pipe irritates the throat. No corn-cob pipe is fit for anything until it has been used at least a fortnight."

"How do you manage then?" I asked. "Do you follow the example of the man with the tight boots;—wear them a couple of weeks before they can be put on?"

"No," said Mark Twain, "I always hire a cheap man—a man who doesn't amount to much, anyhow—who would be as well—or better—dead, and let him break in the pipe for me. I get him to smoke the pipe for a couple of weeks, then put in a new stem, and continue operations as long as the pipe holds together."

Mark Twain brought into France with him a huge package of boxes of cigars and tobacco which he took personal charge of. When he placed it on the deck while he lit a fresh cigar he put his foot on this package so as to be sure of its safety. He didn't appear to care what became of the rest of his luggage as long as the tobacco was safe.

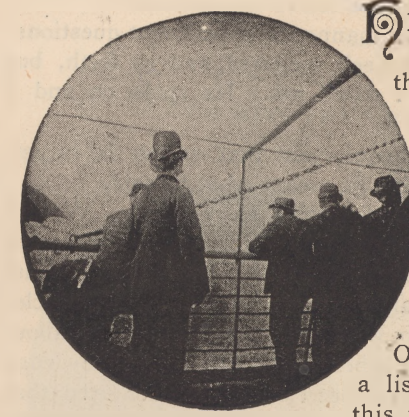
"Going to smuggle that in?" I asked.

"No, sir. I'm the only man on board this steamer who has any tobacco. I will say to the Customs officer, 'Tax me what you like, but don't meddle with the tobacco.' They don't know what tobacco is in France."

Another devotee of the corn-cob pipe is Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is even more of a connoisseur in pipes than is Mark Twain, which reminds me that Mr. Kipling interviewed Mr. Clemens, and, although the interview has been published before, I take the liberty of incorporating part of it in this symposium.

MARK TWAIN.

IV.—RUDYARD KIPLING ON MARK TWAIN.



HE re-curl'd himself into the chair and talked of other things.

"I spend nine months of the year at Hartford. I have long ago satisfied myself that there is no hope of doing much work during those nine months. People come in and call. They call at all hours, about everything in the world. One day I thought I would keep a list of interruptions. It began this way. A man came but would see no one but Mr. Clemens. He was an agent for photogravure reproductions of Salon pictures. I very seldom use Salon pictures in my books. After that man another man, who refused to see anyone but Mr. Clemens, came to make me write to Washington about something. I saw him. I saw a third man. Then a fourth. By this time it was noon. I had grown tired of keeping the list. I wished to rest. But the fifth man was the only one of the crowd with a card of his own. Ben Koontz, Hannibal, Missouri. I was raised in Hannibal. Ben was an old schoolmate of mine. Consequently I threw the house wide open and rushed with both hands out at a big, fat, heavy man, who was not the Ben I had ever known—nor anything of him. 'But is it you, Ben?' I said. 'You've altered in the last thousand years.' The fat man said, 'Well, I'm not Koontz, exactly, but I met him down in Missouri, an' he told me to be sure and call on you, an' he gave me his card and'—(here he acted the little scene for my benefit)—'if you'll wait a minute till I can get out the circulars—I'm not Koontz, exactly, but I'm travelling with the fullest line of rods you ever saw.'"

"And what happened?" I asked breathlessly. "I shut the door. He was not Ben Koontz, exactly, not my old schoolfellow, but I had shaken him by both hands in love, and I had been boarded by a lightning-rod man in my own house."

It is noted in the story "G." which tells of the rush through the jungle of the hunting-pack



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THE IDLER.

As I was saying, I do very little work in Hartford. I come here for three months every year, and I work four or five hours a day in a study down the garden of that little house on the hill. Of course I do not object to two or three interruptions. When a man is in the full swing of his works these little things do not affect him. Eight or ten or twenty interruptions retard composition."

I was burning to ask him all manner of impertinent questions, as to which of his works he himself preferred, and so forth, but standing in awe of his eyes I dared not. He spoke on and I listened.

It was a question of mental equipment that was on the carpet, and I am still wondering whether he meant what he said.

"Personally I never care for fiction or story books. What I like to read about are facts and statistics of any kind. If they are only facts about the raising of radishes they interest me. Just now, for instance, before you came in"—he pointed to an Encyclopædia on the shelves—"I was reading an article about mathematics—perfectly pure mathematics. My own knowledge of mathematics stops at twelve times twelve, but I enjoyed that article immensely. I didn't understand a word of it, but facts—or what a man believes to be facts—are always delightful. That mathematical fellow believed in his facts. So do I. Get your facts first, and"—the voice died away to an almost inaudible drone—"then you can distort 'em as much as you please."

Bearing this precious advice in my bosom I left, the great man assuring me with gentle kindness that I had not interrupted him in the least. Once outside the door I yearned to go back and ask some questions—it was easy enough to think of them now—but his time was his own, though his books belonged to me.

I should have ample time to look back to that meeting across the graves of the days. But it was sad to think of the things he had not spoken about. In San Francisco the men of the *Call* told me many legends of Mark's apprenticeship in their paper five and twenty years ago—how he was a reporter, delightfully incapable of reporting according to the needs of the day. He preferred, so they said, to coil himself into a heap and meditate till the last minute. Then he would produce copy bearing no sort of relationship to his legitimate work—copy that made the editor swear horribly and the readers of the *Call* ask for more. I should like to have heard Mark's version of that and some stories of his joyous and renegated past. He has been journeyman printer (in those days he wandered from the banks of the Missouri even to

MARK TWAIN.

Philadelphia), pilot cub, and full-blown pilot, soldier of the South (that was for three weeks only), private secretary to a Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada (that displeased him), miner, editor, special correspondent in the Sandwich Islands, and the Lord only knows what else.

V.—MARK TWAIN ON RUDYARD KIPLING.



I ASKED Mark Twain if he remembered Kipling's visit to him at Elmira. He said he did. He was apparently much impressed by the young Anglo-Indian, and thought the young man would be heard from, although, at the time, he was entirely unknown. Twain kept Kipling's card, and when the latter became famous he looked up the card, and found that the writer who had caused such a sensation in the literary world of London was the man who had visited him.

This gave Mark Twain the opportunity of remarking, "I told you so," which he generously refrained from saying. He thinks that young writers might profitably study the works of Kipling if they wish to see how a story can be tersely, vigorously, humorously, and dramatically told.

Mark Twain has not a very high opinion of interviewers in general. He said, "I have, in my time, succeeded in writing some very poor stuff, which I have put in pigeon-holes until I realised how bad it was, and then destroyed it. But I think the poorest article I ever wrote and destroyed was better worth reading than any interview with me that ever was published. I would like," he added, "just once to interview myself in order to show the possibilities of the interview." He partly promised to do this, and let me have the result, so that it might be published in *The Idler*, but up to the hour of going to press the "copy" has not been received. I tried to show him the vast opportunities that lie before the man who interviews himself. I told him that if he did

is noted is the story "which tells of the rush through the jungle of the hunting-pack



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of the red dog of the Dekkan, moving to kill. It is a story that takes one's breath away—the race of Mowgli ahead of the fierce hunting-dogs of the Dekkan, to the cliffs where dwell the "Little People"—the Bees—his python, who lies floating in the water below—the air swarming with the angry Little People—the red dogs rushing through them, covered with the bees—the fighting in the water—and the final killing of the red dogs. The narrative is so powerful and original in its manner that hardly a hint can be given of its strength and quality.



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"The Second Jungle Book" is a feast for those who admire literature that is vital. Out of these tales surely truth walks naked—the truth that is native to life and experience.

it truthfully and faithfully there was every chance of his being arrested the moment he set foot in any civilised country. A man knows his own weak points, and can, therefore, cross-examine himself with an effectiveness that a stranger could not hope to emulate. If he has committed any crimes he can lay them bare, and although he can escape the inquisitiveness of an outside interviewer, he cannot escape from himself.

We were leaning over the rail of the steamer as I pictured to him the advantages of self-interviewing, and I fancied that his bronzed cheek became paler as he fully realised the possibilities. I do not wish to accuse the humorist of anything indictable, but merely want to point out that up to date he has not attempted that interview with himself.

I give now an extract from an interview which Mark Twain did not like. He says that the man who interviewed him did so for the purpose of publishing the interview in England, but sold it instead to a New York paper. "They come," says Mark Twain, "to me on the social tack, and visit my house with a letter of introduction. I try to treat them well, and then the next thing I know the conversation appears in some paper."

VI.—MARK TWAIN HAS "NO GREAT TASTE FOR HUMOUR."



HOLD that T. B. Aldrich is the wittiest man I ever met. I don't believe his match ever existed on this earth.

It is not guesswork, this estimate of mine as regards the limits of my humour and my power of appreciating humour generally, because with my book-shelf full of books before me I should certainly read all the biography and history first, then all the dictionaries and the cyclopædias. Then, if still alive, I should read what humorist books might be there. That is an absolutely perfect test and proof that I have no great taste for humour. I have friends to whom you cannot mention a humorous book they

have not read. I was asked several years ago to write such a paper as that you suggest on 'Humour, and the comparative merits of different national humour, and I began it, but I got tired of it very soon. I have written humorous books by pure accident in the beginning, and but for that accident I should not have written anything.

At the same time that leaning towards the humorous, for I do not deny that I have a certain tendency towards humour, would have manifested itself in the pulpit or on the platform, but it would have been only the embroidery, it would not have been the staple of the work. My theory is that you tumble by accident into anything. The public then puts a trademark on to your work, and after that you can't introduce anything into commerce without the trademark. I never have wanted to write literature; it is not my calling. Bret Harte, for instance, by one of those accidents of which I speak, published the 'Heathen Chinee,' which he had written for his own amusement. He threw it aside, but being one day suddenly called upon for copy he sent that very piece in. It put a trademark on him, at once, and he had to avoid all approaches to that standard for many a long day in order that he might get rid of that mark. If he had added three or four things of a similar nature within twelve months, he would never have got away from the consequences during his lifetime. But he made a purposely determined stand; he abolished the trademark and conquered."

Whether Mark Twain liked the above interview or not, it is certainly true in one respect—that he thinks Mr. T. B. Aldrich the most humorous man in America. Mr. Clemens looks upon himself as, in reality, a serious man, and a glance at the excellent portrait published as a frontispiece to this magazine will show that his looks carry out the idea. He said that he and Aldrich were staying together at an hotel in Rome. Aldrich came in and said to him, "Clemens, you think you're famous! You have conceit enough for anything. Now, you don't know what real popularity is. I have just been asking that man on the Piazza di Spagna for my books. He hasn't one,—not one. They're all sold. He simply can't supply the demand. It's the same all over Europe. I've never seen one of my books anywhere. They're gone. Now, look at your books. Why, that unfortunate man on the Piazza has 1,600 of them: He's ruined, Clemens. He'll never sell 'em. The people are reading mine. That's genuine popularity."





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VII.—THE EVIDENT FOUNDATION OF "THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT."

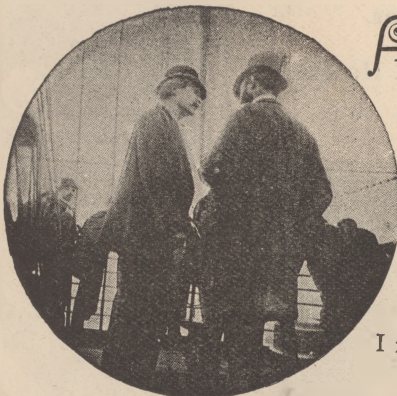


IN this number of *The Idler*, Mark Twain begins his new story, "The American Claimant." Although the novelist does not say so, it is evident that the story was suggested to him by his own family history. This fact comes out incidentally in Mark Twain's article, entitled "Mental Telegraphy," which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1890.

In relating the extraordinary experiences he has had in mental telegraphy, Mark Twain says:—

"My mother is descended from the younger of two English brothers, named Lambton, who settled in America a few generations ago. The tradition goes that the elder of the two eventually fell heir to a certain estate in England (now an earldom), and died right away. This has always been the way with our family, they always die when they could make anything by not doing it. The two Lambtons left plenty of Lambtons behind them; and when, at last, about fifty years ago, the English baronetcy was exalted to an earldom, the great tribe of American Lambtons began to bestir themselves—that is, those descended from the elder branch. Ever since that day, one or another of these has been fretting his life uselessly away with schemes to get at his 'rights.' The present 'rightful earl'—I mean the American one—used to write me occasionally, and try to interest me in his projected raids upon the title and estates by offering me a share in the latter portion of the spoil; but I have always managed to resist his temptations.

Well, one day last summer, I was lying under a tree, thinking about nothing in particular, when an absurd idea flashed into my head, and I said to a member of the household, 'Suppose I should live to be ninety-two, and dumb and blind and toothless, and just as I was gasping out what was left of me, on my death-bed—'



VIII.—TO "MARK TWAIN," S. L. CLEMENS. On his fiftieth birthday.)

AH! Clemens, when I saw thee last, We both of us were younger, How fondly rambling o'er the past, Is memory's toothless hunger. So fifty years have fled, they say, Since first you took to drinking, I mean in Nature's milky way, Of course no ill I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road, Your track you've been pursuing, What fountains from your wit have flowed, What drinks you have been brewing. I know whence all your magic came, Your secret I've discovered, The source that fed your inward flame, The dreams that round you hovered.

'Wait, I will finish the sentence,' said the member of the household.

'Go on,' said I. 'Somebody should rush in with a document, and say, 'All the other heirs are dead, and you are the Earl of Durham!'

That is truly what I was going to say. Yet until that moment the subject had not entered my mind or been referred to in my hearing for months before. A few years ago this thing would have astonished me, but the like could not much surprise me now, though it happened every week; for I think I know now that mind can communicate accurately with mind without the aid of the slow and clumsy vehicle of speech."

This com-ommate interview will now be concluded by a poem from the pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which, as far as I know, has never before been published in England.

is noted is the story "The American Claimant," which tells of the



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The first of these stories, "How Fear Came," has for its background the elemental in folklore, and it is told with a vigorous simplicity that is imitable. The wild sweep of the narrative is imitable, and perhaps, more than any other story in the book, with one exception, is typical of this new order of tale-telling. The myths that belong to India sometimes drag along and, for the most part, have the desultory vagueness of stories that are preserved only by passing from mouth to mouth; but in this resetting or rebuilding of a myth that is hazy and without purpose, Mr. Kipling has made it entirely his own by transforming that which was without life into a living, breathing, moving piece of literature that fits itself above and beyond and beyond the reach of imitation.



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"The Second Jungle Book" is a least for those who admire literature that is vital. Out of these tales surely truth walks naked—the truth that is native to life and experience.



The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. Decorated by John Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E. The Century Co., London. \$1.50.



From "The Second Jungle Book." Copyright, 1895, by The Century Co.

UDYARD KIP- LING follows his first volume of Jungle Stories with another collection called "The Second Jungle Book." If such things were possible, this second collection of tales goes closer to the core of things than the first. The first story of Mowgli was a happy accident; but those that have followed it are not accidents at all, but belong to the natural order of things as the jungle knows them, and present with serene veracity the various incidents that befall the little man-wolf.

The tales take hold of the imagination with a strength that is as rare in modern literature as jungle books are. They go to the source of things without prelude or preliminary flourish, and there is no resisting the force that gives them vitality. Men whose culture has left no sort of instrument for their imagination to perform on doubtless say, under their breath, that there is a taste or a twang of the savage in these tales of the jungle. And yet there is no animal more elemental than man. We have in these stories the simplicity, and—I dare to

ANOTHER JUNGLE BOOK BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



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say—the refinement that belongs to elemental things. Does the roar of the cataract become courteous and affable in the presence of civilization and culture? Does the crack of the thunder subdue itself to meet the needs of the mental dyspeptics of our day and time? Do the cyclone, the tornado and the hurricane fold their terrific wings and become dove-like when they enter the domain of man? Now, as of old, the cataract, the thunder, and the tornado perform, each after its own fashion. Now, as of old, the elemental in man rhymes with the elemental in all things



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THE IDLER.

Before you learned to bite or munch, Still kicking in your cradle, The Muses mixed a bowl of Punch, And Hebe seized the ladle.

Dear Babe, whose fiftieth year to-day, Your ripe half-century rounded, Your looks the precious draught betray The laughing Nine compounded.

So mixed the sweet, the sharp, the strong, Each finds its faults amended, The virtues that to each belong, In happiest union blended.

And what the flavor can surpass, Of sugar, spirits, lemons? So while one health fills every glass, Mark Twain for Baby Clemens.

O. W. HOLMES.



THE IDLER MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS, FEBRUARY, 1892.

- THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF "THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT." By MARK TWAIN. Illustrations by HAL HURST. FEBRUARY. By J. H. GORING. DEAD LEAVES WHISPER (a hitherto unpublished poem). With Portrait. By the late PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON. ENCHANTED CIGARETTES. By ANDREW LANG. Illustrations by LASCELLES. ART AND THE KING. By J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Illustrations by the AUTHOR. HER FIRST SMILE. By JAMES PAYN. Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY. SOME STARTLING PHOTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES. SILHOUETTES. By JEROME K. JEROME. Illustrations by LASCELLES. THE NEW SHOP. By J. F. SULLIVAN. Illustrations by the AUTHOR. THE ENGLISH SHAKESPEARE. By I. ZANGWILL, Author of "Bachelor's Club." Illustrations by J. FINBERG. THE FATAL SMILE. By CYNICUS. Illustrations by the AUTHOR. A CONGLOMERATE INTERVIEW WITH MARK TWAIN. By LUKE SHARP. Illustrations from Photographs, &c. THE CONSPIRACY OF MRS. BUNKER. By BRET HARTE. Illustrations by GEO. HUTCHINSON. THE IDLERS' CLUB. By JEROME K. JEROME, ROBERT BARR, J. F. SULLIVAN, and others.

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a fearlessness that cannot be matched in modern literature. There is no mincing here. A wish and a slash, and the stroke goes home. Since the days of Uncle Esop the animals have been parading about and making speeches, sometimes feebly and sometimes to good purpose; but never have they been caught in the act, as it were, by a more facile or a stronger hand than in these jungle tales. And each plays his part after his own manner and according to the law of his own nature.

The first of these stories, "How Fear Came," has for its background the elemental in folklore, and it is told with a vigorous simplicity that is imitable. The wild sweep of the narrative is imitable, and perhaps, more than any other story in the book, with one exception, is typical of this new order of tale-telling. The myths that belong to India sometimes drag along and, for the most part, have the desultory vagueness of stories that are preserved only by passing from mouth to mouth; but in this resetting or rebuilding of a myth that is hazy and without purpose, Mr. Kipling has made it entirely his own by transforming that which was without life into a living, breathing, moving piece of literature that lifts itself above and beyond the reach of imitation.



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of the red dog of the Deekkan, moving to kill. It is a story that takes one's breath away—the race of Mowgli ahead of the fierce hunting-dogs of the Deekkan, to the cliffs dwell the "Little People"—the Bees—his leap into the sinuous folds of Kaa, the python, who lies floating in the water below—the air swarming with the angry Little People—the red dogs rushing through them, covered with the bees—the fighting in the water—and the final killing of the red dogs. The narrative is so powerful and original in its manner that hardly a hint can be given of its strength and quality.

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ONE half the world does not know how the other half lives! Especially does this apply to our knowledge of foreign military life. A few glimpses of the inner social and official life of the greatest military nation of the world have lately been afforded us by a very graphic German author, Hermann Ferschke. These are all the more real because they are framed in a setting of fiction. Ferschke is in his portrayal of Army characters and customs, a German Kipling. If he is not so amusing as Kipling, the fault lies in the dreary life he has to record. He is an ex-cavalry captain. He was, to judge by internal evidence, an active participator in the 'larks' and practical jokes which he chronicles. His personal experience of soldiering dates back as far as the days ere the Prussian King was the German Emperor, and when the army was being trained for its future glories.

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his commanding officer for debt—for twenty-four pairs of white gloves and twelve bottles of scent; a detachment in which the surgeon draws fifteen thalers a month only, while the whole of the officers belonging to it mess on lentils and eggs alternately for dinner, and club together to buy a pig!

Consequent on this general impecuniosity, the officers' *casinos* in the larger garrisons, and the inns, where they dine at midday in the smaller stations, bear no relation in luxury and cuisine to our messes. The cooking is inferior, beer and spirits the habitual drink, as wine is too expensive, while around the infrequent but festive "punch-bowl" seems to centre all the cheeriness and *camaraderie* which we associate with mess-life and guest-nights.

Between the soldier and the civilian there is a great gulf fixed. The latter treats the former with a consideration not unmingled with admiration, eminently suitable among an iron-shrouded nation like the German, built up upon and maintained by the sword. The officer in his perpetual war-paint is the cynosure of all eyes in a society in which they mix freely. Even the *bourgeois* circles are not disdained by the ordinary line regiments and batteries which find themselves relegated to smaller stations. But we must remember that the German officer comes from the middle as well as from the upper classes, and in an army which has no India to guard and knows no service more foreign than Alsace-Lorraine, is apt to find himself very literally at home in country quarters.

Probably from lack of time and money to indulge much in any more athletic form of amusement, dancing plays a great part in the German officer's leisure moments. The legend that "the tenth don't dance" would have no meaning in Fatherland. With his halo of perpetual and attractive uniform, and girt about with an equally perpetual and fascinating swagger, he carries all before him with the *Fraülein*; nor is he shy about discussing his successes with his brother officers at mess in a manner which jars somewhat upon British taste.

Ferschke's stories resolve themselves naturally into two classes, those of mess and those of parade life. Each has something in common with similar fiction in English, the first in its practical joke flavour, and the second in its dilation upon the commanding officer whose character or whose *régime* leaves something to be desired, at all events from his junior's point of view. Human nature is the same all the world over. To begin at the top. In "In the dead of night" we get a glimpse of the celebrated Field-Marshal Wrangel, the beloved "Papa Wrangel" of the Berliners, the friend and adviser of the late William II. His Excellency turns up late at night at a townlet in Eastern Prussia, where lies a



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battery already on war-footing, for the Crimean War is at its height, and the battery is burning to put a finger in the Russian pie. We see the circle at the high-roofed, *ack*-windowed inn, with its wooden shutters, and the lantern swinging over the great door and the wooden mangers in the cobbly street where the peasants' horses browse on market days; the officers bored with enforced inaction, drinking beer and grog with the townfolk; the fussy posting-master, ever and anon interrupted with mails and post-chaises; the over-zealous Captain, who has worked his battery up to the nines. In steps, for a moment, His Excellency unrecognised by all save the Commandant. There follow instant stiffening, standing to attention, saluting! Dying to show off his troops, the officious commanding officer reiterates his request to the General to inspect it on the morrow. Wearied with his importunity, the Field-Marshal at length acquiesces: "To morrow, then, if you will have it so! But observe; that at 5 A.M., I must be off again." There follows a general upheaval and a sleepless night of bustle, unearthing scattered men, horses, guns and waggons from their billets. In the small hours of an October night the battery, spick and span, has taken up position on the parade-ground, enveloped in a sea of fog, and with chattering teeth, saying anything but its morning prayers! Up rolls His Excellency's post-chaise, and the Captain and the Adjutant advance, saluting.

"Very good," smiles the General, without budging. "De-lighted to have made your further acquaintance—fancy I already had the pleasure of seeing you in Stettin—only sorry you've had such a bother—quite unnecessary, really—but it's a fine thing to command such a battery, on war footing, too—let them 'stand easy,' fancy they're at attention—fact is, one can't see much with the fog—sorry I can't come nearer, really haven't time, got to catch the first train to Berlin. Dismiss the parade—they won't be sorry! Drive on, postillion. Good-bye, my dear Captain!" And amid the cracking of the whip His Excellency is heard to remark to his aide-de-camp with a hearty laugh: "I bet *he* won't ask me again in a hurry!" The mortified Captain, more popular off parade than on, while anathematising himself under his favourite epithet of "rhinoceros," made up to his officers for their toil and trouble by a brimming and steaming bowl of punch, the consumption of which lasted well into "the dead of night."

A similar practical joke to that of General von Wrangel's was perpetrated not many years back in a large garrison in Northern India at 4 A.M., after a ball, by a well-known General bearing a sulphurous nickname, whereof the memory still lingers in the minds of the victims.

In "Major Nepomuk" we have another by no means uncommon species of commanding officer, the "old woman" type. This Major with the Bohemian saint's nickname, has one daughter, with whom his Adjutant is in love. She is that great desideratum in Germany (where we have it on the highest authority that a woman's three cardinal virtues should be the three k's, *kirche* (church), *kinder* (children), *küche* (kitchen))—a good housekeeper. Her father declines to part with her. Entreaties, threats, scenes, fail to wring his consent, even a series of midnight serenades at his beloved's window, with which the lover, German fashion, aided by a brother officer upon the horn, attempts to soften the parental heart, though they set all the dogs howling, fail to gain the desired end.

But the lovers bide their time, and chance comes to their assistance. The Major is very uncomfortable when in the saddle, and is looking forward with dread to the forthcoming inspection of his battalion, especially as the Colonel of the regiment makes a great point of his commanding officers riding well. Now, in the German drill, when a volley is fired, the commanding officer, after giving the word "aim," in front of the battalion, has to dash by the right flank of the third company, through the narrow opening left by the non-commissioned officers with the colours stepping back, and then to give the word "fire" from the rear, an awkward movement for a fidgety horse or a doubtful rider. It was an awful moment for the poor Major. His voice shook as he gave the commands "Load," "Aim," and putting spurs to his old mare darted at the opening. The animal did not grasp the situation. Dispersing the band at the back, upsetting the big drum, she bolted across the parade-ground, and disappeared with the Major into a wood. The Colonel is much astonished. Ordering the senior captain to take command of the battalion, he sends the adjutant in search of his flying commander. The latter's hour has arrived. He finds the crestfallen Major on the ground, the mare grazing at a little distance. With him he forthwith concludes a treaty. Only out of love for his future father-in-law can he find it consistent with his honour to invent an excuse for the latter's discomfiture, and rehabilitate his character for horsemanship. The Major hesitates and parleys; but his promotion hangs in the balance, and he finally gives way, and promises his daughter's hand. Hautelmann rides back with a cock-and-bull story of a horsefly under the saddle frightening the mare in such a manner that nothing but good riding averted an accident, and the Major is saved. Then follows a grand betrothal, and by the time of the marriage, Nepomuk is gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

Though Corporal Levandowski the Pole, with his bad German,



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and his friend, Sergeant Pauli, do not come up to the immortal Mulvany & Co., yet the former's ingenuity quite equals that of the little cockney. They are gunners, serving under the iron rule of a notoriously ubiquitous and omniscient Brigade Colonel, a Jack-in-office, full of fads, a new broom sweeping very clean. He has the reputation of being never taken in, and he quite lives up to it during the first days of going round barracks. He had ordered wisps of straw to be used for currying, but as they were troublesome to make and wore out quickly, the men did not use them. The Colonel, going round, laughed ironically to see them hanging up, but too high for daily use. "Ha! gentlemen! you don't take *me* in!" A few days later, inspecting the battery equipments, he ordered the bellows of the field-forge to be hung up open, that the leather might not perish. Lieutenant Krause, overhearing this, straightway causes it to be done in his shed. Alas! as the Colonel enters it, he instantly perceives the finger-marks on the dust of the recently-opened bellows and again remarks that it is impossible to deceive *him*. Now, the partitions between the sheds are thin. Sergeant Pauli, anxiously awaiting the Colonel's arrival, overhears him explaining that the straw wisps should be put away in sacks on account of the mice. Now, between the German word for currycomb, applied here to the wisps, and that for cartridge, there is but the difference of a letter, "T" for "D." The thick-headed sergeant hears awry, and forthwith proceeds in hot haste to have the cartridge-boxes packed away in sacks, and awaits approval! Instead, he draws down upon himself a storm of abuse for his underheadedness in supposing that vermin would attack tin cartridge-boxes! Does he suppose that *he* can take the Colonel in?

At their inn that evening the crestfallen sergeant pours out his story to his faithful Levandowski, and for a wager of a couple of quarts of schnaps and a pound of sausage, the sly Pole agrees to get the better of his Colonel and avenge his friend. Now each German battery or troop breaks in and trains its own horses, and one of the Colonel's special fads was that the remounts should be ridden with such light hands that they froth at the mouth. When he goes round the riders he is delighted to see that Levandowski's horse is the only one so ridden, and openly gives him credit for it. But his Lieutenant, aware that the Pole is not a specially good rider, and suspecting something, hides in the stables, and sees the latter pour some thick white liquid into his horse's mouth just before going on parade.

"*Potstausend*, Levandowski! Your animal froths like a barber even before he has felt your light hand. The Colonel *will* be pleased! Sergeant Pauli, take that bottle out of your friend

Levandowski's pocket, I fear he will hurt himself with it, riding. Here you have his celebrated light hand! Soap-suds! as I live! The Colonel *will* be delighted!"

In vain the Corporal pleaded for mercy and his bet. The Lieutenant stuck to it that the latter would not be won unless the Colonel acknowledged himself taken in. When the latter came round the ride he growled to see that all the horses were ridden with too heavy hands, and that even Levandowski's mount was not frothing to-day, though hitherto that man was the only one who had carried out his wishes.

"Excuse me, Colonel," put in the Lieutenant, smiling, "but that won't occur again. Corporal Levandowski has taken us in, Colonel."

"Taken us in! I am never taken in!" fumed the Colonel.

"You have been all the same," replied the Lieutenant, and told the story of the bet. The Colonel acknowledged himself tricked.

"Well, let him eat and drink his bet," he added. "I can forgive him for getting the better of his commanding officer, but that he has poured soap-suds down the throat of a government troop-horse, that I won't forgive! Three days cells, the d——d blackguard!"

The next day, after stables, Sergeant Pauli might have been seen taking off the corporal under arrest towards the cells, but in a friendly manner, arm in arm.

"Never mind, old chappie," laughs the prisoner. "I have won my bet, and done the Colonel in the eye. Levandowski's a fine fellow now, and all the officers will laugh over the joke and nudge each other when they pass me and say: 'There goes Levandowski, who took the Colonel in!' Besides, I've avenged my pal Pauli, who made such a fool of himself over the cartridges—soap-suds for two quarts of schnaps and a pound of sausages, is not a bad bargain! Don't you think, old chap, we might as well begin upon them at once, in the 'pub' over there?"

Colonel Von Plessenburg is a capital type of the fussy, forgetful commanding officer, puffed up with his own importance and infallibility, yet seeing no further than the end of his nose, unable even to recollect his officers' names, and leaning entirely in official matters upon his adjutant. On Sunday morning parade he was wont to hold what his subalterns irreverently termed "the great washing day," when he pitched into every one for the sins, real or imaginary, of the past week. Two newly-joined subalterns, Von Winterfeld and Von Sommerfeld, one very tall, the other very short, chose this unpropitious moment to report their arrival. Of course the Colonel is unable to remember which is which, and bears a spite against them



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in consequence. They are dubbed throughout the regiment "the long 'un," and "the little 'un." The King's birthday arrives. Von Plessenburg has to propose His Majesty's health. He is shocking at speech-making, and spends all dinner-time rolling pellets of bread which he places in a row before him, each pellet to represent a sentence. To help himself, he also has a habit of fixing his eyes on one individual when speaking. On this occasion it happens to be "the long 'un." He takes it into his head that the latter is standing up all the time, which puts him off, and he is further annoyed to find himself in the wrong. He comes to great grief, and vents his mortification on "the little 'un," attacking him after dinner for not having stood up when the King's health was drunk. On being again contradicted he falls foul of "the little 'un" for being so small! But the latter scores off the Colonel by calmly remarking that his grandfather, who fell at Leipzig at the head of his regiment, was no taller!

Practical jokes on eating and drinking would seem to play a great part in the German Army life. In "The great pig-killing," we have a truly pathetic picture of the privations of the four officers of a small infantry detachment in an isolated fort across the Rhine opposite the fortress of Wessel. Accustomed to mess at the hotel, "on tick," they suddenly find themselves obliged to cater for themselves upon the slenderest financial basis. Happily, the captain is very practical; he is that *rara avis*, an athlete. He is devoted to gymnastics. We are informed that he conjured with the dumb-bells like an acrobat, and that he once swam across the Rhine in full uniform! He undertakes to provide for the midday dinner; for supper each one is to field for himself. With immense difficulty some four-and-twenty silver groschen are clubbed together, but on this the captain can of course only provide a Spartan fare of the men's rations, well suited to the stomach of Westphalian peasants, one day beans, the next peas, etc., etc. After a week of this they struck and an egg diet ensued, till the very sight of a hen made them sick. The captain, then, with admirable foresight, in view of the approach of winter, suggested buying, killing and curing a pig. This great idea was carried out. All the men being turned on to help, an immense preparation of every kind of sausage and salt-pork ensued and a vista of plenty opened. These housekeeping attempts had, naturally, been kept a dead secret from the regiment at headquarters. Unfortunately it was necessary to ask a senior officer, who came across on duty, to stay breakfast, and he laughed at the recital of their privations till the tears ran down his cheeks. On his way back to barracks, Von Goetz meets Lieutenant Pinetti, the wag of the regiment, to whom he lets out the secret of the great

pig-killing. A diabolical idea enters Pinetti's flighty head. To each officer he comes across he tells how there is a great spread going on at the fort and the fellows hope he will look in. He runs over to the officers' casino with the same story. Having thus laid the train, he himself drops in in the middle of the feast to watch the fun. One by one, all the others, as if by chance, turn up, apparently surprised to find anything afoot. More plates, more surprise, fresh arrivals; nor is the drink forgotten. In the end there is not a scrap of any of the pig left, and starvation stares the unhappy denizens of the fort once more in the face. A few days later Pinetti, however, completes the joke by sending across to them a country cart, in which sits, erect and be-wreathed, a fat pig, which is received with thanks and cheers.

A somewhat similar practical joke, richly deserved however, is played off on Bachman, a rich banker's selfish and stingy son, who "would be a soldier." He is by no means popular in the corps. Things reach a climax when, one day during manœuvres, the mess cart having failed to turn up, and all the officers having to put up with the men's rations, Bachman is seen to creep in dead of night to his own portmanteau and regale himself privately on good things. To pay him out his captain insists on his giving, on promotion, a great punch-party with oysters in the mess. Bachman never eats oysters and demurs to the many and expensive ingredients which he is told are essential to the punch. But they will not let him off. All is prepared and without stint; but they are just buckling to when a previously primed mess-waiter, apparently accidentally, drops a sauce-boat and its contents into the punch-bowl, and then fishes it out with his hand. By universal consent the punch is promptly removed to be consumed by the servants, and a fresh brew prepared. There is a pretty mess bill to pay, and Bachman *père* withdraws his son from the regiment to the office stool for which he is much more suited.

Of the society side of life we have a glimpse in "William the Conqueror," transferred from the guards at Berlin to a regiment in the Rhenish provinces. He is thus nick-named on account of his great reputation with the fair sex. When he joins he arrives late, having missed his train, and in this wise. He came down in a carriage with a pretty girl, whom he found unresponsive when he tried to draw her into conversation. Presently he dozes off in a corner, and when he awakes it is growing dusk. Making a fresh effort with his fair fellow-traveller, this time he is more successful. When she reaches her destination his offer to get her a cab and escort her home is accepted, but, unfortunately, just as he is getting in the wind blows aside her veil, and discloses an



A GERMAN KIPLING.  
BY EDITH E. CUTHELL.

ONE half the world does not know how the other half lives! Especially does this apply to our knowledge of foreign military life. A few glimpses of the inner social and official life of the greatest military nation of the world have lately been afforded us by a very graphic German author, Hermann Ferschke. These are all the more real because they are framed in a setting of fiction. Ferschke is in his portrayal of Army characters and customs, a German Kipling. If he is not so amusing as Kipling, the fault lies in the dreary life he has to record. He is an ex-cavalry captain. He was, to judge by internal evidence, an active participator in the 'larks' and practical jokes which he chronicles. His personal experience of soldiering dates back as far as the days ere the Prussian King was the German Emperor, and when the army was being trained for its future glories.

By the side-lights the author unconsciously throws he gives us much information about the way in which the officers of the ordinary line regiments and batteries, not the Guards at Berlin, or the crack corps at Coblenz and other big garrisons, live, and move, and have their being. What a dreary waste of endless duty and perpetual uniform, of heavy midday dinners and heavier suppers, of much beer, he presents to us! Not a glimmer of any sport or game, not the ghost of a cricket-bat or a polo-stick, and but very faint indications of any shooting, under the generic name of "chase." The everlasting uniform seems to impose upon the subaltern officers, at least, the restrictions we associate with undergraduate life, or that of boys at a crammer's. Then the poverty is appalling. Private means seem unknown, allowances from home the exception, and a general sense of hard-upishness pervades the atmosphere, a feeling, indeed, by no means limited to the German service, but, from our English point of view, intensified in it. We have three subalterns setting out on a four-days leave to Holland on twelve thalers apiece; the regimental masher hauled up before

unattractive female of a certain age. His real charmer had alighted while he slept. Hurrying back into the station William finds his train gone, and has to wait for the next! His *début* in his new regiment is worthy of his reputation. When he goes to report himself to his major, he mistakes the latter's wife, whom he finds, like a good German housewife, busy in the kitchen, for the pretty cook, and treats her accordingly! The story, told by the heroine at a *kaffee-klatsch* (five o'clock tea), gets all over the place, but William is not cured. His susceptible temperament leads him into so many scrapes that it becomes a serious question if he can remain in the regiment. There is but one remedy. His brother officers decide to marry him off. They look around; all the eligible maidens are discussed, for a grandmotherly government watches over soldiers' matrimonial fates in Germany. Lieutenants must show a joint private income, even in thrifty Fatherland, where a man may live on his pay of £125 a year. Captains may not marry under £75. With our hero further conditions were necessary. An only daughter without sisters with whom he might flirt, was a *sine qua non*. Eventually such an one was discovered in Fraulein Thusuilde, a young lady no longer of an age to be much pestered with admirers, but yet good-looking enough. The regiment immediately began to lay siege to her, and William bethought him that hitherto, in running after different comets, he must have overlooked a bright particular star. As he plunged into the pursuit, the others drew off, and he won the prize. To this day he has no idea how he was piloted into the safe haven of marriage, and entirely attributes it to his own special knowledge of the sex that he has been able to secure such a pearl of a wife.

EDITH E. CUTHELL.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
England and the New Japan. By W. H. WILSON	109
Madagascar. By Captain PASFIELD OLIVER	123
The Executive Naval Officer. By A NAVAL ACCOUNTANT	138
The Functions of Navy and Army. By Captain W. H. JAMES, late R.E.	152
The Scourge of India.—A Rejoinder. By Surgeon-Major PERRY MARSH, A.M.S.	166
Our Garrison at Tiensin. By Lieutenant-Colonel JAMES	175
The Passage of the Red Sea by Moses. A Topographical Study. By Major-General TULLOCH, C.B., C.M.G.	193
The "Chinese Puzzle" No Puzzle. By Colonel MAURICE, C.B.	201
A German Kipling. By EDITH E. CUTHELL	208



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## A Tragedy of the Sea.

BY GERALD HALFORD.

[From Photographs by Charles Clarke, Aldeburgh.]

THE wind is blowing dead on the shore of Aldeburgh from the east, and the white crests of the long waves as they chase each other to their death on the steep, shingly beach make lines almost exactly parallel with the coast-line. Battalions of dark clouds scud swiftly across the dull-grey sky. On the parade and the beach there is little life. The sea is too rough for fishing, and the weather is not inviting for aimless strolling. A few sailors are gathered at each of the two look-outs, and an occasional fisherman may be seen standing by his boat. The date is Dec. 7, '99. Suddenly a change comes over the scene. From their station near the southern look-out two men of the coastguard come out and send up a rocket. The report of the charge that sends the rocket on its journey is followed by the louder report of the rocket as it bursts in the air. A second rocket is sent up immediately afterwards.

This is the well-known signal that calls out the lifeboat men. At the sound the little town wakes to life, much as the palace of the sleeping princess in Tennyson's poem wakes to life at the kiss of the prince. All is at once bustle and excitement. Along the parade there is a wild race of sailors from all directions to the lifeboat shed, where the belts—the cork life-belts that the crew wear—are kept. For the lifeboat has no regular crew, but is manned by volunteers, and whenever she goes out there is what is euphemistically termed by the local Press a "competition" for the belts—that is, a race and a scramble to secure one. This is, perhaps, not an ideal system, but it is difficult to see how it could be improved upon without creating jealousy and ill-feeling, and it must be said that, however bad the weather may be, there are always more volunteers than are needed. The coxswain, it should be mentioned, has the right to take away the belt of any man he

considers unfit to go, and transfer it to a more eligible candidate—obviously a necessary regulation. Of course, no man may go without a belt.

Others besides the sailors gather on the beach round the lifeboat. The whole population of the town—men, women, and children, all who can possibly spare the time from business or work—come hurrying from all directions, eager to assist in the launch, or at least to witness it.

There is some delay in getting off the lifeboat. The regular coxswain, a man whose name is deservedly famous all over England, has been confined to his bed by sickness. But the sound of the lifeboat signal has been too much for him, and he is here, earnestly trying to persuade his medical adviser that he is fit to go with the boat. But the man of medicine is firm, and resolutely withholds his sanction, and as the deputy-coxswain is also incapacitated by illness, the command of the boat is entrusted to the bowman. Then there seems to be some doubt as to whether it is necessary for the boat to go at all. Telegrams are sent and received, and consultations are held. In the meantime the sailors who have been successful in securing belts stand complacently on the deck of the lifeboat chatting with their friends, and evidently much pleased with themselves. They little think that their success has meant in many cases their death-warrant.



THE ALDEBURGH LIFEBOAT CREW OUT FOR PRACTICE.



## A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

*Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!  
(Humble ye, O people, and be fearful in your mirth)  
For the Lord our God Most High  
He hath made the deep as dry,  
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!*

*Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from righteousness—  
Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments' hem.  
Oh be ye not dismayed,  
Though we stumbled and we strayed,  
We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal with them.*

*Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us;  
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.  
Except ye pay the Lord  
Single heart and single sword,  
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale.*

*Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience.  
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.  
Make ye sure to each his own  
That he reap what he has sown;  
By the peace among Our peoples let men know We serve the Lord.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*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!*



Facsimile of a Letter Written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling for a Wounded Soldier.



LANCE-CORPORAL GEORGE HARRIS. From a Photo. by F. H. Robinson, Chichester.

This is a very interesting letter. It was written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the dictation of the gallant soldier whose portrait appears above, when the latter, who had lost his arm in the fight at Paardeberg, was a patient in the hospital train, in which Mr. Kipling was also a passenger. George Harris was naturally anxious to write home, and as Mr. Kipling offered to act as his secretary, the wounded soldier's mother had the two-fold satisfaction of receiving a letter from her son written by the hand of the distinguished author, between whom and Tommy Atkins there are so many links of strong regard. This treasure she would not part with at any price, but we obtained the right to reproduce it here, the sum paid for so doing being devoted to the War Fund. The above portrait of Lance-Corporal Harris, who belongs to the Essex Regiment, was taken only a day or two before his departure for the front.

Feb. 24. 1900  
Hospital Train going to Cape Town.  
Dear Mother  
Just a note to let you know I am getting on famous. I hope to be home soon. I was hit by a bullet in the right fore-arm at Paardeberg where we were fighting Cronje on Sunday the 18th, and they had to take it off below the elbow. They have made a famous job of it I have no pain and I am eating heartily. It will be weeks yet to stop a hand or to the stump we had three days in bullock-carts after we were wounded, coming in 30 miles to Modder river where the Hospital Train picked us up yesterday evening. We are all very comfortable and hope to be on the way home before long. You must not worry about me as I am really all right. I am sleeping

in bed smoking a cigar and dictating this letter with much love I am your affectionate son  
George

(Dictated)  
R.H. The doc statements are true. Your son is coming on very well.  
Rudyard Kipling -

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

THE COASTWISE LIGHTS.

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;  
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.  
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness and voe—  
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go.

Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, listless floors;  
Through the yelling Channel tempest when the syren hoots and roars—  
By day the dipping house-flag and by night the rocket's trail,  
As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark and bid the helmsman have a care,  
The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping wife to prayer;  
From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in burning chains  
The lover from the sea-rim drawn, his love in English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the Southern wool;  
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith and Hull;  
To each and all our equal lamp in equal jeopardy—  
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of Dundee.

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!

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on your plates;  
Go, get you into London with the burden of your freights!  
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek,  
The Lights of England sent you and by silence shall ye speak

THE SONG OF THE DEAD.

Hear now the Song of the Dead—in the North by the torn berg-edges—  
They that smile still to the Pole, asleep by the hide-stripped sledges.  
Song of the Dead in the South—in the sun by their skeleton horses,  
Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the dust of the sere river-courses.

Song of the Dead in the East—in the heat-rotted jungle hollows,  
Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof—in the brake of the buffalo-wallows.  
Song of the Dead in the West—in the Barrens, the pass that betrayed them,  
Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the camp and the grave-mound they made them.

Hear now the Song of the Dead!

I.

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifed town;  
We yearned beyond the sky line where the strange roads go down.  
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,  
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

As the deer breaks, as the steer breaks, from the herd where they graze,  
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.  
Then the wood failed; then the food failed; then the last water dried—  
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.  
On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—on the fern-scrub we lay,  
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.  
Follow after—follow after, we have watered the root,  
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!  
Follow after, we are waiting by the trails that we lost  
For the sound of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.  
Follow after—follow after, for the harvest is sown:  
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!

II.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years  
And she hails us still unfed,  
Though there's never a wave of all her 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!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now  
But lifts a keel we manned;  
There's never an ebb goes seaward now  
But drops our dead on the sand—  
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,  
From The Ducies to the Swin.  
If blood be the price of admiralty  
Good God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,  
For that is our doom and pride,  
As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind  
Or the wreck that struck last tide—  
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef  
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.  
If blood be the price of admiralty  
If blood be the price of admiralty  
If blood be the price of admiralty  
Good God we ha' bought it fair!

THE DEEP-SEA CABLES.

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar—  
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are  
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,  
Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables creep.

Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs of earth  
Words and the words of men flicker and flutter and beat—  
Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth—  
For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.



Facsimile of a Letter Written by Mr. Rudyard K  
a Wounded Soldier.



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Feb. 24. 1900  
Hospital train going to take to  
bear Mother  
Just a note to let you to  
am getting on famous. I hope  
soon. I was hit by a bullet in  
fore-arm at Paardeberg where  
fighting lasted on Sunday the 1.  
They had to take it off below  
They have made a famous job  
I have no pain and I am  
eating heartily. It will be nice  
to stop a hand on to the street  
we had three days in bullock-c  
after we were wounded, coming  
miles to Modder river where the  
train picked us up yesterday  
we are all very comfortable and  
to be on the way home before long  
You must not worry about me  
am really all right. I am

in bed smoking a cigar and  
dictating this letter  
with much love I am  
affectionate son

George

(Dictated)  
R.K. The doc. states  
that your son is  
on very well.  
Rudyard Kipling

536

## A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

They have wakened the timeless Things: they have killed their father Time,  
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.  
Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime,  
And a new Word runs between: whispering, "Let us be one!"

## THE SONG OF THE SONS.

One from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open door—  
Treason has much but we, Mother, thy sons have more.  
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed,  
Turn, for the world is thine. 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?  
Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in.  
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.  
Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and gibe;  
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe  
Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise or fee—  
Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea:

## THE SONG OF THE CITIES.

## Bombay.

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen  
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—  
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean  
All races from all lands.

## Calcutta.

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,  
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to hold  
Hail, Mother! I am Asia—Power on silt,  
Death in my hands, but Gold!

## Madras.

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,  
Wonderful kisses, so that I became  
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame now,  
Brooding on ancient fame.

## Rangoon.

Hail, Mother! Have they made me rich in trade?  
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,  
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,  
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

## Singapore.

Hail, Mother! East and West must seek my wares  
Where derrick springs by Durian. I rouse  
Thunder of forge and dock and shaft that scares  
The pythons in my house.

No. 116.

MAY, 1893.

Vol. X.

537

## A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

## Hong-kong.

Hail, Mother! Hold me fast; my Praya sleeps  
Under innumerable keels to-day.  
Yet guard (and landward) or to-morrow sweeps  
Thy warships down the bay.

## Quebec.

From my grey scarp I watch with scornful eyes  
Ignoble broil of Freedom most unfree.  
Fear nothing, Mother. Where the carcass lies  
That Unclean Bird must be.

## Capetown.

Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,  
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,  
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land  
From Lion's Head to Line!

## Melbourne.

Greeting! Not fear nor favour won us place,  
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth,  
Loud-voiced and feckless as the wild tide-race  
That whips our harbour-mouth!

## Sydney.

Greeting! My birth-stain have I turned to good;  
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness;  
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,  
And at my feet Success!

## Brisbane.

Me the flood ruined. Let me clear my eyes  
And shake from gown and hair the spate-borne weed  
Patience! I turn me and my land shall rise  
Richer than theirs indeed.

## Hobart.

Man's love first found me; man's hate made me Hell;  
For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.  
Fighting for leave to live and labour well  
God flung me peace and ease.

## Auckland.

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—  
On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,  
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart  
To seek the Happy Isles.

## ENGLAND'S ANSWER.

Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;  
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.  
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone—that I bare;  
Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were.



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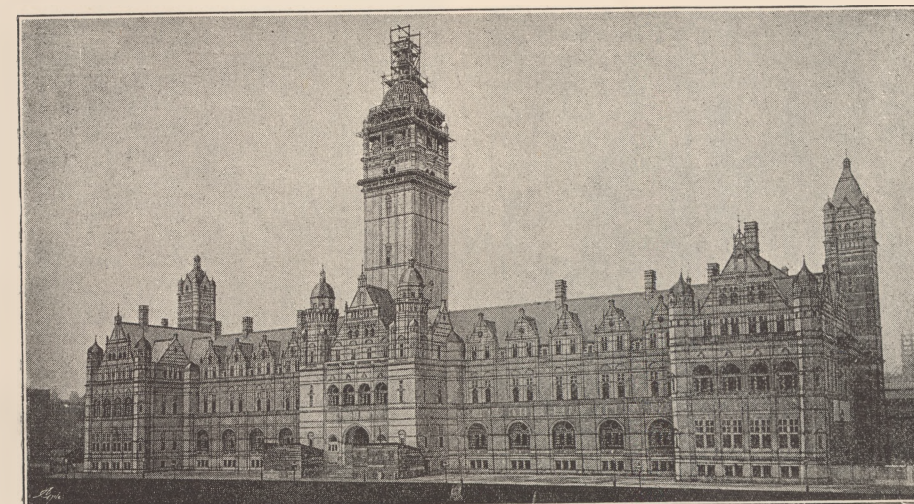
in bed smoking a cigar &  
dictating this letter  
with much love I am  
affectionate son  
George

(Dictated)  
R.K. He does not  
worry your son is  
on very well.  
Rudyard Kipling

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,  
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.  
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;  
Sons, I have borne many sons but my dug's are not dry.  
Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,  
That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors—  
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,  
Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees!—  
That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face—  
Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for the Pride of the Race.  
Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,  
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:  
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,  
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.  
Draw now the three-fold knot firm on the nine-fold bands,  
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.  
This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom,  
This for the Maple-leaf and that for the Southern Broom.  
The Law that ye make shall be law and I shall not press my will,  
Because ye are sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.  
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!

May, 1893.



VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR, SHOWING THE CENTRAL (OR QUEEN'S) TOWER.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

By SIR SOMERS VINE, F.R.G.S., F.S.S.



LITTLE more than five and a half years ago the inhabitants of the British Empire of every class and race were awaiting with keen expectancy the world-wide celebration of the anniversary of fifty years of public progress and prosperity which had made Queen Victoria's reign famous in history. The happy sequel and fitting complement to the Jubilee Thanksgiving Day was the brilliant pageant associated with the laying of the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute by her Majesty.

The eve of the state inauguration of the buildings, which form alike a loyal and affectionate memorial of a half century's beneficent rule, and an emblem of that Imperial unity of purpose and action which has gathered strength and reality during every year of her Majesty's reign, affords a fitting opportunity for describing the aims of one of the most interesting enterprises of the Victorian era.

The internal organisation of the Institute has for its guiding principles the broad plan laid down by the Organising Committee in December, 1886. The contents of the galleries will constitute a living representation of the resources of the Empire, and of the condition of its industries and commerce. Occasional special exhibitions of Colonial and Indian produce and of particular industries will



Entrance to the Imperial Institute



Facsimile of a Letter Written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling to a Wounded Soldier.



LANCE-CORPORAL GEORGE HARRIS. From a Photo. by F. H. Robinson, Chichester.

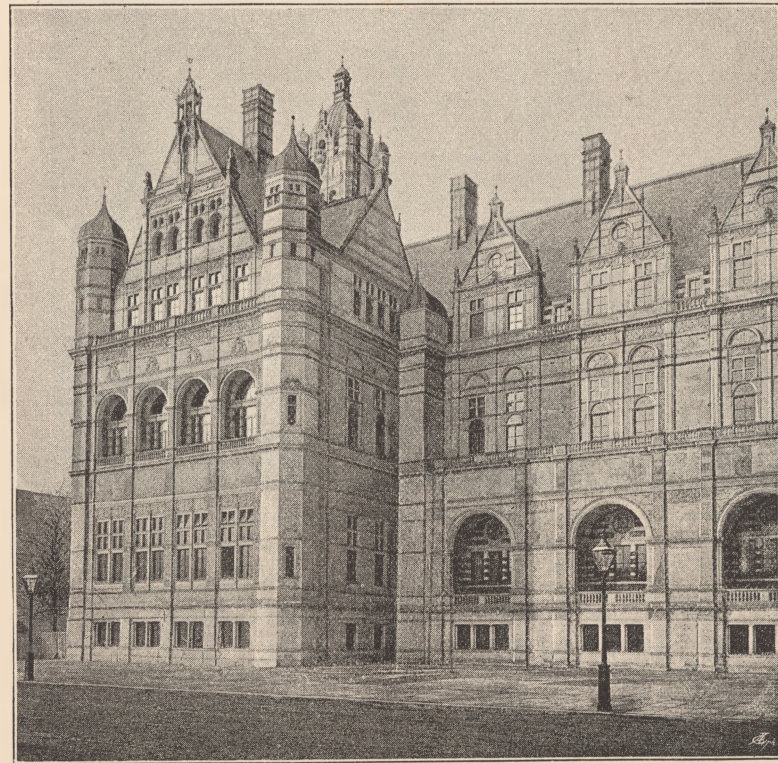
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Feb. 24. 1900  
Hospital Train going to Cape Town  
Dear Mother  
Just a note to let you  
am getting on famous. I hope  
soon. I was hit by a bullet in  
fore-arm at Paardeberg where  
fighting Boer on Sunday the  
they had to take it off below  
they have made a famous job  
I have no pain and I am  
eating heartily. It will be  
to stop a hand on to the  
we had three days in bullock-  
after we were wounded, covering  
miles to Madder river where the  
train picked us up yesterday  
we are all very comfortable  
to be on the way home before  
you must not worry about  
am really all right. I am

in bed smoking a cigar  
dictating this letter  
with much love I am  
affectionate son  
George

(dictated)  
R.K. The love & esteem  
from your son is  
on very well.  
Rudyard Kipling

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



THE WEST WING.

be arranged. At one time a particular Colony or portion of the Empire may desire to show its general progress; at another time a representation of the existing condition in the Empire of one or more particular industries may be desirable. Whilst the permanent collections will illustrate the natural and industrial products of the United Kingdom, of the several Colonies, and of India, the occasional exhibitions will, it is hoped, stimulate and enlist the sympathies of Colonial, Indian, and British producers, and promote active co-operation with the industrial section of the Empire.

The collections are being so arranged as to afford full scientific, practical, and commercial information relating to the sources, nature, facilities of supply, and applications of well-known natural products, and of those whose industrial or commercial value still needs development, and every effort will be made continuously to maintain them so that they shall always thoroughly illustrate existing knowledge and conditions with regard to our Imperial resources.

The Institute, through the agency of these collections, of its Libraries, Offices

tradesman will be able to obtain through its agency samples of new Colonial and Indian products, with particulars regarding their occurrence and history, and the Institute will, by means of Loan Collections and Libraries, by the organisation of Lectures and Conferences at the Institute and at provincial centres, and by co-operating with local commercial and trade museums, maintain an intimate union between itself and the chief seats of commerce and industry throughout the United Kingdom.

The charter, by which the Organising Committee was made the temporary governing body, sets out in considerable detail the purposes and objects of the Institute as follows:—

1. The formation and exhibition of collections representing the important raw materials and manufactured products of the Empire and of other countries, so maintained as to illustrate the development of agricultural, commercial, and industrial progress in the Empire, and the comparative advances made in other countries.
2. The establishment or promotion of commercial museums, sample-rooms, and intelligence office, in London and other parts of the Empire.
3. The collection and dissemination of such information relating to trades and industries, to

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



THE APPROACH TO THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

emigration, and to the other purposes of the charter as may be of use to the subjects of the Empire.

4. The advancement of trades and handicrafts by exhibitions of special branches of industry and commerce, and of the work of artisans and of apprentices.

5. The promotion of technical and commercial education, and of the industrial arts and sciences.

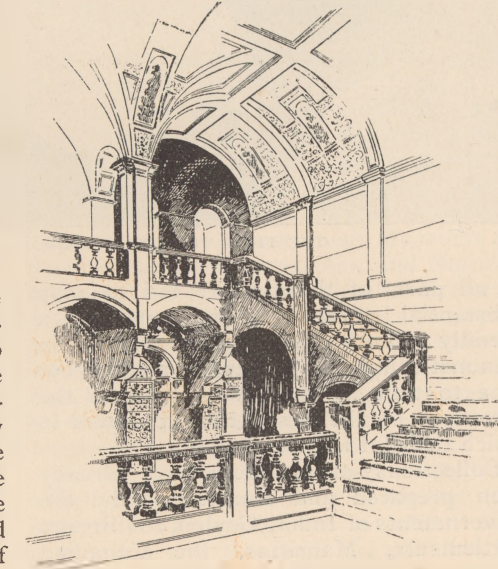
6. The furtherance of systematic colonisation.

7. The promotion of conferences and lectures in connection with the general work of the Institute, and the facilitating of commercial and friendly intercourse among the inhabitants of the different parts of the British Empire.

8. The doing anything incidental or conducive to carrying into effect all or any of the foregoing purposes.

The hearty co-operation and important material support which the great Colonies have already given, and have pledged themselves to in the future, afford conclusive evidence of their earnest desire to be in all respects thoroughly represented in the Mother Country, and to take their places side by side with the representatives of commerce and industries in the United Kingdom as fellow labourers in the advancement of the prosperity of the Empire. In furtherance of this important end, a notable feature of the building will be the attractions and conveniences presented by it as a place of resort, a club, and a rendezvous for

Colonists visiting England, and, it is also anticipated, for members of the important Societies which represent the Colonies and the Asiatic possessions in this country. A commencement has been made in this direction by the affiliation to the Institute of the Northbrook Society, which now has its home in the building. The Institute will afford ample facilities for reference to literature concerning the Colonies and India, for conferences on matters of common interest and value to the Colonists and those at home, for the interchange of information between the British manufacturer and those in the Colonies who are directly interested in meeting his requirements, and, generally, for the cultivation of intimate relations and good fellowship between ourselves and our brethren from all parts of the Empire. It will, however, not simply operate actively under its own roof in promoting the cultivation of a better knowledge of the geography, natural history, and resources of our Colonies, and for the advancement of the interests of the Colonists in this country, for it is contemplated that representative collections of the natural products of the Colonies and India, carefully identified with the more elaborate collections in the Institute itself, shall be distributed to provincial centres, and that the provinces shall be kept thoroughly conversant with the current information from the Colonies and India, bearing upon the interests of the commercial man, the manufacturer, and the intending emigrant.



THE MAIN STAIRCASE.



Facsimile of a Letter Written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling to a Wounded Soldier.



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This is a very interesting letter. It was written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the dictation of the gallant soldier whose portrait appears above, when the latter, who had lost his arm in the fight at Paardeberg, was a patient in the hospital train, in which Mr. Kipling was also a passenger. George Harris was naturally anxious to write home, and as Mr. Kipling offered to act as his secretary, the wounded soldier's mother had the two-fold satisfaction of receiving a letter from her son written by the hand of the distinguished author, between whom and Tommy Atkins there are so many links of strong regard. This treasure she would not part with at any price, but we obtained the right to reproduce it here, the sum paid for so doing being devoted to the War Fund. The above portrait of Lance-Corporal Harris, who belongs to the Essex Regiment, was taken only a day or two before his departure for the front.

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fore-arm at Paardeberg where  
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they had to take it off below  
they have made a famous job  
I have no pain and I am  
eating beauty. It will be  
to stop a hand on to the  
we had three days in hospital  
after we were wounded, covering  
miles to Madder river where the  
train picked us up yesterday  
we are all very comfortable &  
to be on the way home before  
you must not worry about me  
am really all right. I am  
in bed smoking a cigar &  
dictating this letter  
with much love I am  
affectionate son  
George

(dictated)  
R.K. He does not  
know your son is  
on very well.  
Rudyard Kipling

The Colonies and the Indian Empire cannot fail to be greatly benefited by being thoroughly represented in a well-selected and carefully-organised assemblage of illustrations of the sources of prosperity which constitute the sinews of their commerce, the continuous exploration and cultivation of which are vital to the maintenance of the influence of each section of the Empire upon industrial and social progress. Neither can the people



THE FELLOWS' DINING-ROOM.

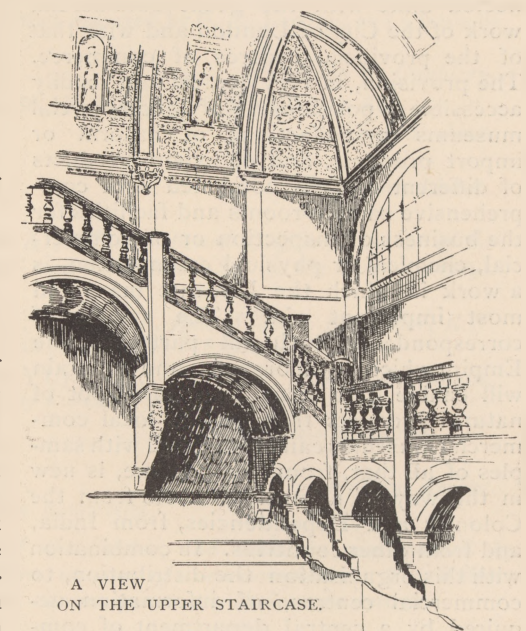
of all parts of the Empire fail to reap substantial advantages by pursuing a friendly rivalry with each other in demonstrating the advances made from time to time in the development of the resources of the respective countries in which their lot is cast. Collections of products have already been prepared and transmitted by the Governments of India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Mauritius, the Canadian Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, British

Columbia, and Manitoba, Victoria, Gambia, Gibraltar, Malta, Ceylon, and Queensland, Tasmania, West Coast of the British North Borneo Company in Africa, Zanzibar, Cape Colony, Natal, respect of Labuan; and for the Western Hong-Kong, and Malta. Collections are in course of transmission by the Governments of New South Wales, South Australia, West Australia, British Guiana, the Windward Islands, the Leeward Islands, British Honduras, Bahamas, duty of education, it is contemplated that Brunswick, and the North-West Terri-

Without taking any direct part in the Imperial Institute will, in due course, actively assist in the thorough organisation of technical instruction at home and in the Colonies, and in its maintenance on a footing, at least of equality, with that provided in other countries. Efforts will be made to establish and maintain a system of intercommunication between technical and science schools, by the distribution of information relating to the progress of technical education abroad, the progressive development of industries, and the requirements of those who intend to pursue them; by the provision of experimental work, of illustrations of new industrial achievements, and by the furtherance of any measure tending to promote industrial progress. The vision of facilities to teachers in elementary schools to improve their knowledge of science and their power of imparting information of an elementary character to the young, with the aid of simple practical demonstrations of scientific principles involved in the proceedings of daily life, constitutes another direction in which it is hoped that the operations of the Institute. Curators and may promote progress towards the establishment of that continuity between elementary and advanced education which is so well developed on the continent of Europe.

By the establishment of an educational Enquiry Branch of the Intelligence Department, which is already a prominent section of the Imperial Institute, the Rooms working of the colleges and schools of applied science in all parts of the United Kingdom may be assisted, and information continuously collected from all countries relating to educational work may be systematically distributed. Measures will be adopted for enabling the Enquiry Department to furnish to students coming from Great Britain from the Colonies, Dependencies, and India the requisite information and advice to aid them in selecting their place of work and their temporary home, and in various other ways. The collections of natural products of the Colonies and India, maintained up

to the day, by additions and renewals, at the central establishment of the Institute, will be of great value to students in the immediately adjacent Institutions, and will moreover be made subservient to the purposes of provincial industrial colleges by the distribution of thoroughly descriptive reference-catalogues, and of specimens. Supplies of natural products from the Colonies, India, or from other countries, which are either new or have been but imperfectly studied, will be maintained, so that material may be readily provided to the worker in science or the manufacturer, either for scientific investigation or



A VIEW ON THE UPPER STAIRCASE.

for purposes of technical experiment and commercial utilisation.

The existence of these collections and of all information relating to them, as well as of a library of technology, inventions, commerce and applied geography, and a well-equipped map room, in immediate proximity to the Government Museums of Science and Inventions, Art, and Natural History, to the Normal School of Science, and to the Central Technical Institute, presents advantages so obvious as to have merited fair consideration by those who at the outset declined to recognise any reason in favour of the establishment of the Imperial Institute on its present site.

In the powerful public representations which have of late been made on the imperative necessity for a wider dissemination and thorough organisation of industrial education, the importance of a



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They had to take it off  
They have made a fo  
I have no pain a  
eating beauty. It will  
to stop a hand on the  
we had three days in  
after we were wounded  
miles to Madder river  
train picked us up  
we are all very comfortable  
to be on the way home  
You must not worry  
am really all right

in bed smoking a  
detailing this letter  
with much love  
affectionate son  
George

(dictated)  
R.K. The do  
time your  
on my well.  
Rudyard

The English Illustrated Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1893. 3.

I. "HIT!" . Sir Frederick Leighton (President of the Royal Academy). Frontispiece. (The original study for the picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition.)
II. THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION: ITS MAKING AND MAKERS. Harry Quilter. 523
III. A SONG OF THE ENGLISH . . . . . Rudyard Kipling. 533
IV. THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. . Sir Somers Vane, F.R.G.G.S., F.S.S. (Organising Secretary to the Imperial Institute). 539
V. SOME RHYMES FOR A LITTLE GIRL . . . . . Lord Macaulay. 545
VI. TYPES OF NEWSPAPER READERS . . . . . Thomas W. Couldery. 550
VII. FROM QUEENSTOWN TO SHEERNESS IN TORPEDO-BOAT NO. 65. . . . . Fred. T. Jane. 552
VIII. THE TOAD'S TREASURE . . . . . Mrs. Lynn Linton. 561
IX. LABOUR HOMES OF THE CHURCH ARMY . Edwardd Clifford (Author of the "Life of Father Damien" and Hon. Evan. Sec. to the Church Army). 574
X. THE TOWERS OF SILENCE . . . . . Rev. W. William Bourchier, R.N. 582
XI. LADY KILPATRICK (Chapters III.—VI.) . . . . . Robert Buchanan. 587
XII. A GRAVE IN LONDON . . . . . The Marquis of Lorne, K.T. 600
XIII. THE THEATRES . . . . . William Archer. 601

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THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

radical improvement in commercial education, as distinguished from what is comprehended under the head of technical training, has received prominent notice. It is within the scope of the Imperial Institute, as an organisation for the advancement of industry and commerce, to promote a systematic improvement and organisation of commercial education by measures analogous to those which it will bring to bear upon the advancement of industrial education.

Of the special functions to be fulfilled by the Institute, none will be more important than those most immediately connected alike with the great commercial work of the City of London and with that of the provincial centres of commerce. The provision, in very central and readily accessible positions, of commercial museums or collections of natural or import products, and of export products of different nations, combined with comprehensive sample-rooms and facilities for the business of inspection or of commercial, chemical or physical examination, is a work in which the Institute may lend most important aid. The system of correspondence with all parts of the Empire which it will organise and maintain will enable it to form a central depot of natural products from which local commercial museums can be supplied with samples of all that, from time to time, is new in the way of natural products from the Colonies and Dependencies, from India, and from other countries. In combination with this organisation the distribution, to commercial centres, of information acquired by a central department of commercial geography will constitute an

important feature in the work of the Institute.

The Commercial Intelligence Department, which has commenced its operations by establishing relations with the chief Colonies and India, will be in constant communication with the Enquiry Offices to be attached to the local commercial establishments and to other provincial representations of the work of the Institute, and will systematically distribute among them the commercial information and statistics continuously collected. It will be equally valuable to the Colonies and to India by bringing their requirements thoroughly to the knowledge of business-men in the United Kingdom, and by maintaining that close touch and sympathy between the Colonists, amongst themselves, and with the people at home, which will tend to a true federation of all parts of the Empire.

On four days in each week during the summer and autumn months the general public will be admitted to the galleries and grounds from 3.30 P.M. to 10.30 P.M., so as to enable all classes to take advantage of the information and entertainment that the building and its collections and resources afford. The admission fees will be varied for different days, and be at such nominal rates as will reasonably provide for the necessary expenses involved; and instrumental music will be performed daily, in the afternoon and evening, by the best military and other bands. With its galleries and courts, the Institute covers an area of nearly eight acres in extent, and does high credit to its accomplished architect, Mr. Thomas E. Collcutt.





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we are all very comfort  
to be on the way home  
You must not worry  
am really all right

in bed smoking a  
dictating this letter  
with much love  
affectionate son  
George

(dictated)  
ok) the doc  
was your  
on my well.  
Redmond

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Labour Homes of the Church Army. Y. Edward Clifford.  
In Torpedo Boat No. 65. The Towers of Silence, &c., &c.  
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# "SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO"

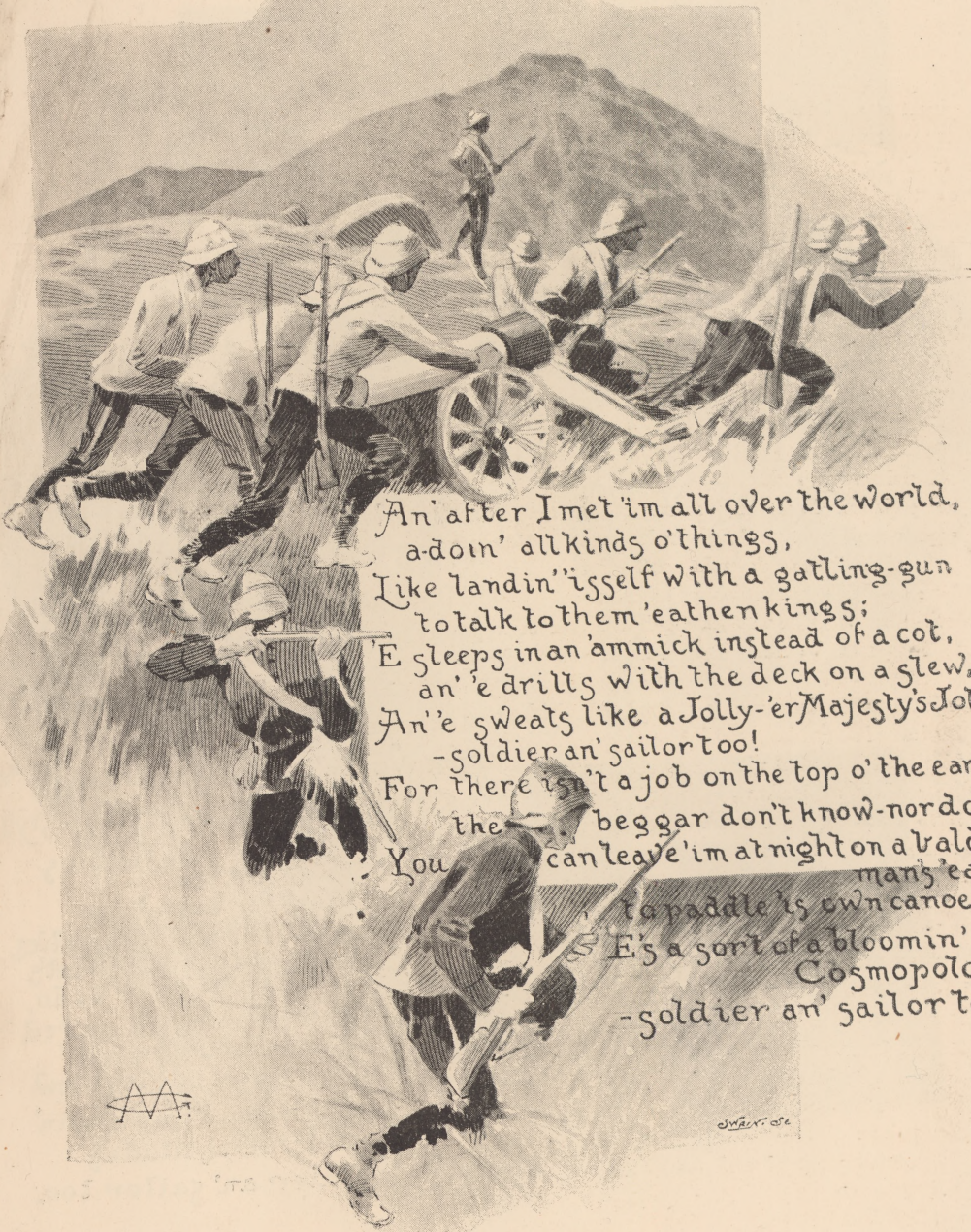


As I was spillin' into the  
ditch aboard o' the *Crocodile*,  
I seed a man on a man-o'-war  
got up in the Reg'lar's style.  
'E was scrapin' the paint from off  
of'er plates an' I sez to'im: "are you?"  
Sez e: "I'm a Jolly 'Er Majesty's Jolly  
-soldier an' sailor too!"  
Now 'is work begins at Gawa knows  
and 'is work is never through-  
E isn't one o' the Reg'lar line  
nor 'e isn't one of the crew-  
'E's a kind of a giddy harum frodite  
-soldier an' sailor too!

BY  
RUDYARD KIPLING

G. MONTBARD.

Copyright, 1896, in the United States of America by Rudyard Kipling.



An' after I met 'im all over the world,  
a-doin' all kinds o' things,  
Like landin' 'isself with a gatling-gun  
to talk to them 'eathen kings;  
'E sleeps in an 'ammick instead of a cot,  
an' 'e drills with the deck on a slew,  
An' 'e sweats like a Jolly-'er Majesty's Jolly  
-soldier an' sailor too!  
For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth  
the beggar don't know-nord o!  
You can leave 'im at night on a bald  
man's ead  
to paddle 'is own canoe;  
'E's a sort of a bloomin'  
Cosmopolot  
-soldier an' sailor too.



# "SOLDIER AND SAILOR"

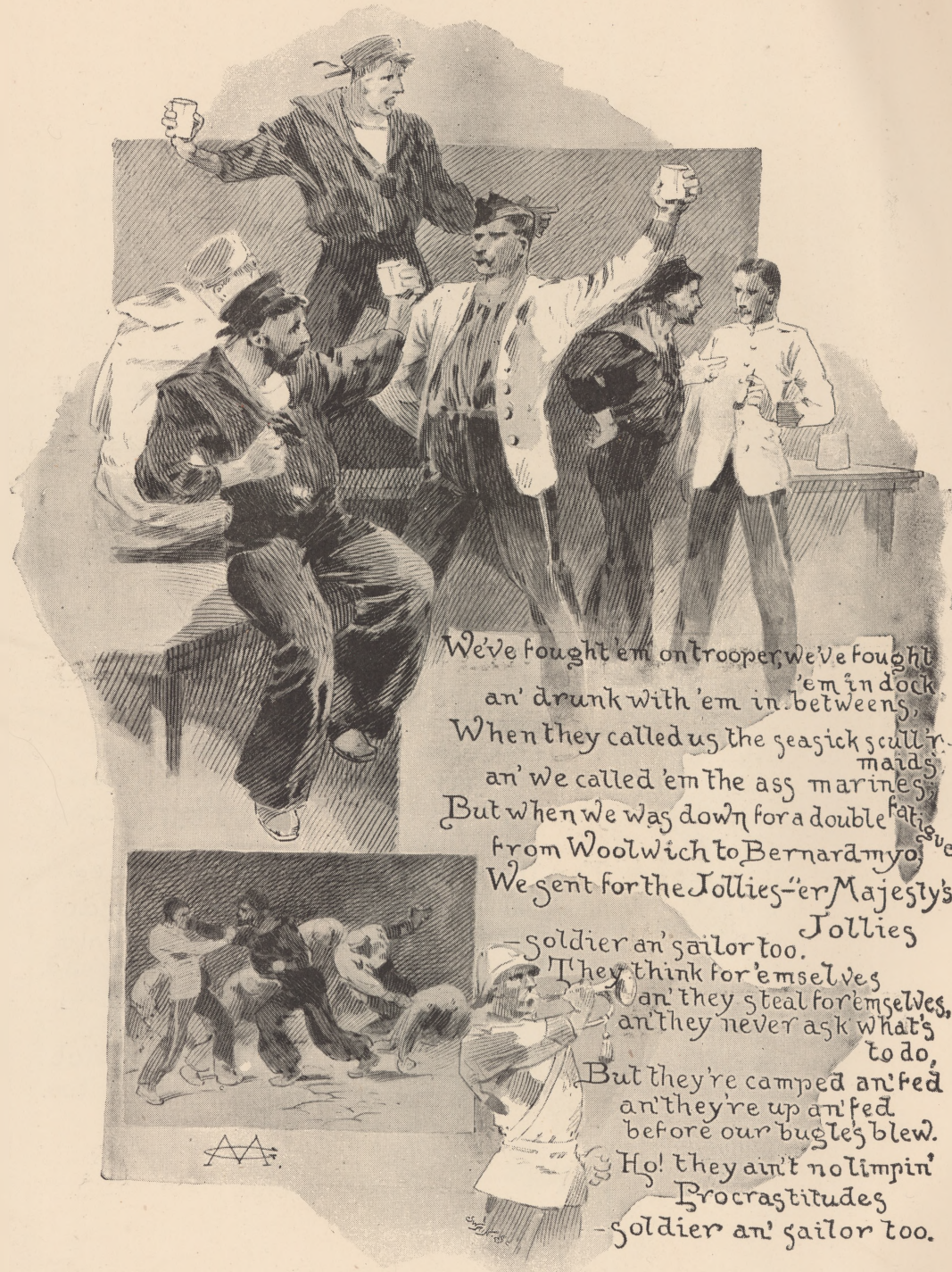


As I was  
ditchat  
I seed am  
got up  
E was gen  
of er plat  
Sez e: 'Tine  
-soldier  
Now 'is wor  
and 'is w  
E isn't one  
nor 'e i  
E's a kind of  
-soldier

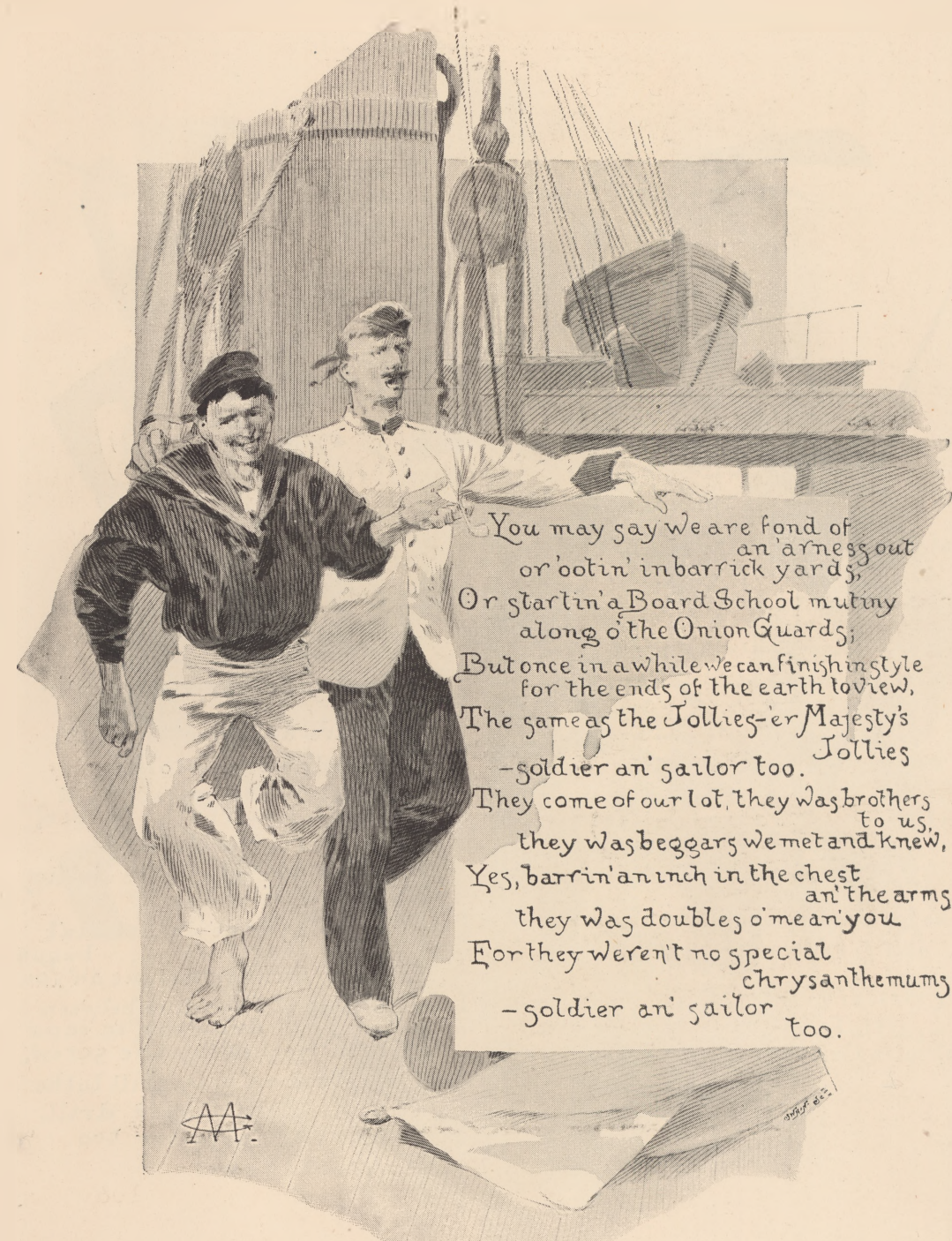
BY  
RUDYARD KIPLING

G. MONTGOMERY

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We've fought 'em on trooper, we've fought 'em in dock,  
an' drunk with 'em in-between,  
When they called us the seasick sculler-  
an' we called 'em the ass marine-  
But when we was down for a double fat  
from Woolwich to Bernard my ol'  
We sent for the Jollies-er Majesty's  
-soldier an' sailor too.  
They think for 'emselves  
Can they steal for 'emselves,  
an' they never ask what's  
to do,  
But they're camped an' fed  
an' they're up an' fed  
before our bugles blew.  
Ho! they ain't no limp-  
-Procrastitudes  
-soldier an' sailor too.



You may say we are fond of  
an' 'ootin' in barrick yards,  
Or startin' a Board School mutiny  
along o' the Onion Guards,  
But once in a while we can finish in style  
for the ends of the earth to view,  
The same as the Jollies-er Majesty's  
-soldier an' sailor too.  
They come of our lot, they was brothers  
to us,  
they was beggars we met and knew,  
Yes, barrin' an' inch in the chest  
an' the arms,  
they was doubles o' me an' you  
For they weren't no special  
chrysanthemum  
-soldier an' sailor too.





"SOLDIER  
AND SAILOR"

As I was  
ditch at  
I seed am  
got up  
E was scr  
of er plat  
Sez e: Fine  
-soldier  
Now is wor  
and is w  
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nor e i  
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-soldier

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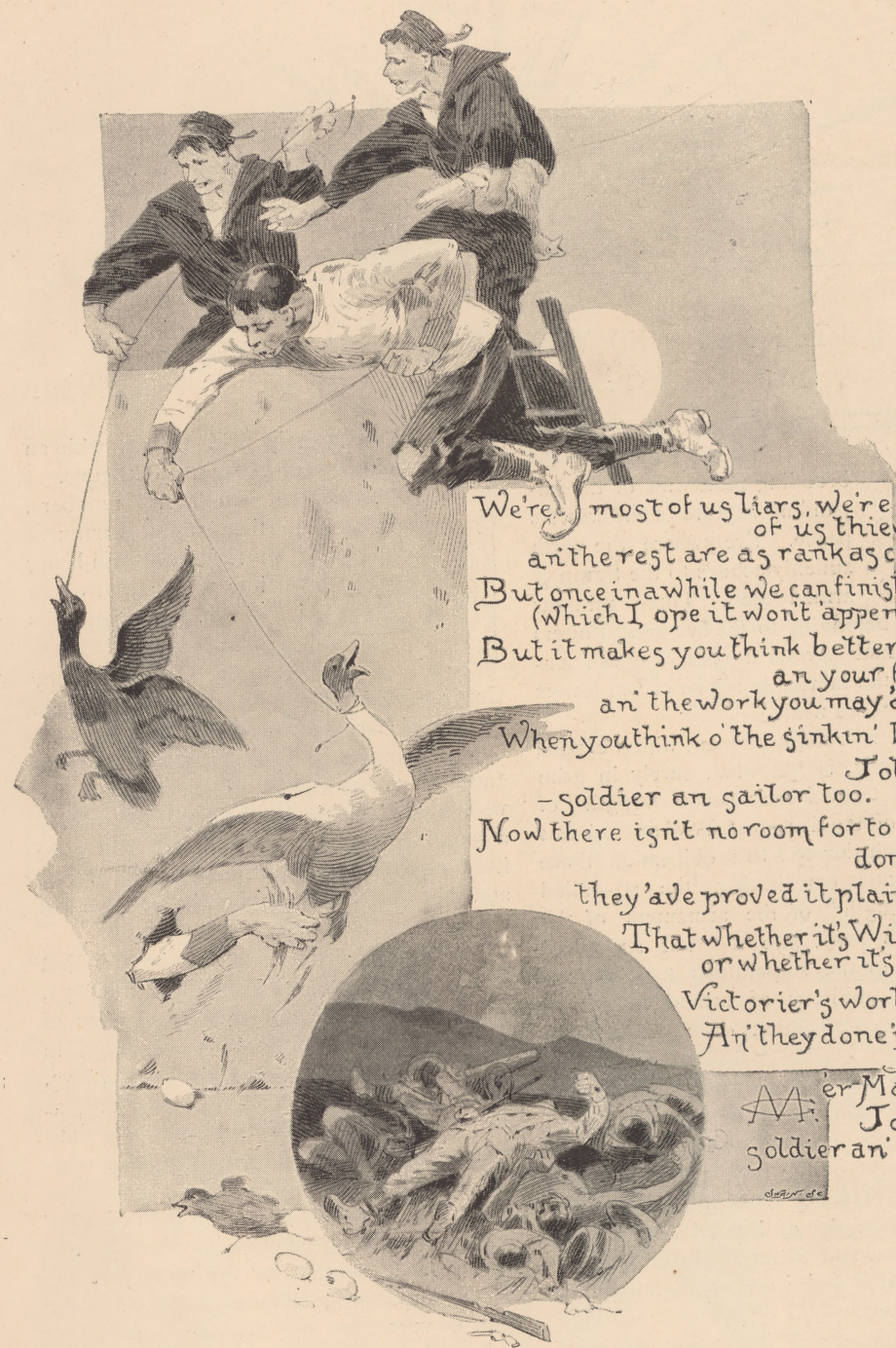
G. MONTE

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To take your chance in the  
thick of a rush  
with firing all about,  
Is nothing so bad when you've cover  
to and,  
and leave an' likin' to shout;  
But to stand an' be still to the  
Birkenhead drill  
is a damn tough bullet to chew,  
And they done it the Jollies  
-er Majesty's Jollies  
-soldier an' sailor too.  
Their work was done when it adn't  
begun,  
they was younger nor me an' you,  
Their choice it was plain between  
drownin' in 'eaps  
an' bein' mashed by the screw.  
So they stood an' was still to the  
Birkenhead drill,  
soldier an' sailor too.

☆



We're most of us liars, we're art  
of us thieves,  
an' the rest are as rank as can be,  
But once in a while we can finish in style  
(which I ope it won't appen to me).  
But it makes you think better o' you  
an' the work you may ave todo  
When you think o' the ginkin' Victoriers  
Jollies  
-soldier an' sailor too.  
Now there isn't no room for to say yer  
don't know-  
they've proved it plain and true-  
That whether it's Widow,  
or whether it's ship,  
Victorier's work is todo  
An' they done it the  
Jollies-  
er Majesty's  
Jollies-  
soldier an' sailor too.

☆





BY  
RUDYARD KIPLING

G. MONTE

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As I was  
ditchat  
I seed a me  
got up  
E was ser  
ofer plat  
Dez'e: Inc  
-soldier  
Now's wor  
and is w  
Eisn't one  
nor e i  
E's a kind of  
-soldier

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

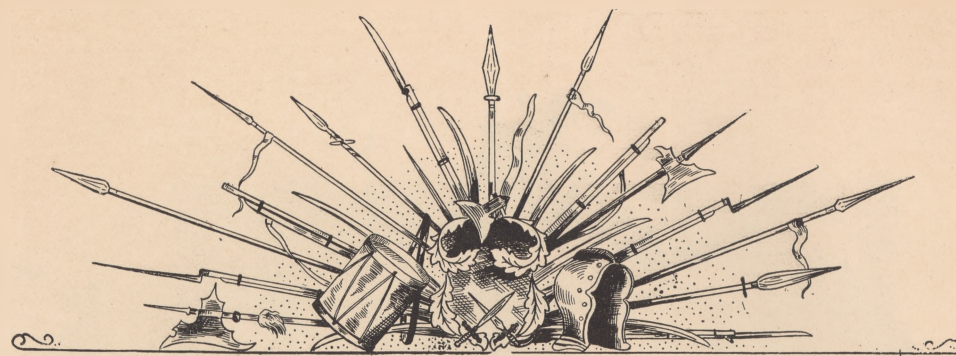
APRIL, 1896.

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	PAGE
GATES AND PILLARS OF THE EMPIRE ... .. Robert Machray	354
No. I. LIVERPOOL ILLUSTRATED.	
THE MOUNTAIN OF VALOUR ... .. Sir Evelyn Wood	372
Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.	
A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INVISIBLE ... .. George Griffith	376
Illustrated by G. G. Manton.	
WHAT A BANK HOLIDAY COSTS ... .. Joseph Mason	381
Illustrated by George Ashton.	
SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO ... .. Rudyard Kipling	386
Illustrated by Georges Montbard.	
THE MEN WHO WILL LEAD IF WAR COMES ... .. Archibald Forbes	392
Illustrated with photographs.	
THE RETIRING OF DOMSIE ... .. Ian Maclaren	400
Illustrated by R. Sauber, R.B.A.	
ANIMAL ACTORS ... .. H. F. Milton	407
Illustrated by H. Piffard.	
A WIZARD OF TO-DAY ... .. H. F. W. Dam	413
Illustrated with photographs.	
WISDOM LET LOOSE ... .. W. L. Alden	420
Illustrated by Charles May.	
SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE ... .. Allen Upward	425
No. IV.—THE TRUE STORY OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S FALL. Illustrated by Hal Hurst, R.B.A.	
THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW ... .. Marquis of Lorne, K.T.	436
Illustrated by Sydney Cowell.	
THE FRONT PARLOUR WINDOW. Written and Illustrated by ... James Scott	440
STRANGERS AT THE "STAG" ... .. Nellie K. Blissett	444
Illustrated by A. Kemp Tebby.	
THE GREAT WATER JOKE. Written and illustrated by ... F. F. Sullivan	447
A HEROINE IN BIB AND TUCKER... .. Winifred Graham	452
Illustrated by A. Ludovici.	
HOW THE FRONTIERS OF EUROPE ARE KEPT ... .. Levin Carnac	460
Illustrated by H. Piffard.	
LOVED I NOT HONOUR MORE ... .. Sir Walter Besant and W. H. Pollock	464
Illustrated by Chris Hammond.	
VERSE { A RETROSPECT ... .. George Chetwynd	371
A WAKING DREAM ... .. Clarence Hope	399
EDITORIAL MIND ... ..	472A

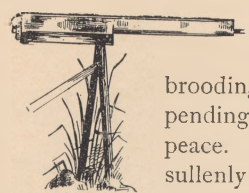
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THE MEN WHO WILL LEAD IF WAR COMES.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



TO-DAY the dullest ear cannot but hear the brooding muttering of the impending rupture of the world's peace. Everywhere the earth sullenly echoes to the tramp of armed men. Three millions of soldiers belonging to the five great Powers of Continental Europe are standing at attention, while the inevitable stroke of war lowers nearer and more near.

And this vast mass of men, with weapons in their hands, is but what, surely in grim mockery, is termed the "peace strength" of the armies of the five great Powers. In less than a month devoted to mobilisation, those three millions constituting the so-called "peace strength" of the armament of the Powers, can swell into a "war strength" amounting to the stupendous total of ten and a half millions of armed men, with the terrible complement of nearly 18,000 guns.

And those all but incalculable figures apply only to the armaments of the five great Powers. Few civilian readers take any serious account of the military potentialities of the minor States of Eastern Europe. Yet the armed strengths of Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro collectively furnish a total of nearly 900,000 fighting men, with 1,200 guns.

Try to think of it! The "war strength" of mobilised Europe would consist of close on eleven and a half millions of soldiers,

and those exclusively field troops, with an artillery complement of 10,200 field guns.

In round numbers, the GERMAN EMPIRE on mobilisation can bring into service a strength of two and a half millions of men. There are in all twenty Army

Corps, of which nineteen are territorial, while the Guard Corps recruits picked men throughout the Empire, and has its headquarters in and about the Capital. Each Army Corps, with a war strength of about 33,000 men, is a small but complete army, sufficient unto itself in so far as its numerical strength allows, and the Corps Commander is always a full General.

The German army has not seen a shot fired in anger since the great war of 1870-71, but probably all the Corps Commanders of to-day took part in that war, although in comparatively subordinate positions. Since, however, his accession in 1888, the present Emperor has been gradually sending into retirement the old warriors whom he considers past work, or behind the times. But a Corps Commander must be a man of great experience, and promotion is slow in the German army, so that for the most part the Army Corps are commanded by veterans, who, however, are still hale, active in body and mind, and fully abreast of the times.

The Emperor is the head of the army, and a most active and vigorous head he is. He



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A good deal has been written lately about *Vers de Soci t *. The name is unlucky enough, as one never sees it used in French, or very rarely, and it sounds like other examples of the celebrated native school of the Gallic language. Whatever we are to style this kind of composition, there is always plenty of it written in a civilised and comfortable age, and very little of it is worth much. Why have we not the Greek models of Horace's lighter lays,—then we should see this Muse in perfection? In Horace, in Catullus, in Martial, and in the Greek Anthology, *Vers de Soci t * exist at their best, and some happy Englishmen and Frenchmen have been able to add a few flowers to the crown. But can anyone recommend any German verse of this quality outside of Heine's?

There is a special variety of English *Vers de Soci t *, namely the Anglo-Indian species. A quaint and amusing example of this literature has reached me, named 'Departmental Ditties.' The modest author does not give his name. The little book is published in the shape of an official paper, 'No. I. of 1886.' The envelope is the cover. No poem, and this is an excellent arrangement, occupies more than one of the long narrow pages. Would that all poems were as brief. The Radical should read 'Departmental Ditties' and learn how gaily *Jobus et Cie.* govern India:—

'Who shall doubt' the secret hid  
Under Cheops' pyramid,  
Was that the contractor 'did'  
Cheops out of several millions?  
Or that Joseph's sudden rise  
To Comptroller of Supplies,  
Was a fraud of monstrous size  
On King Pharaoh's swart civilians?

Here we learn how Ahasuerus Jenkins, merely because he 'had a tenor voice of super Santley tone,' became a power in the state.

Very curious is the tale of Jones, who left his newly-wedded bride, and went to the Hurrum Hills above the Afghan border, and whose heliographic messages home were intercepted and interpreted by General Bangs.

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On the whole, these are melancholy ditties. Jobs, and posts, and pensions, and the wives of their neighbours appear (if we trust the satirist) to be much coveted by her Majesty's Oriental civil servants. The story of Giffen, who was broken and disgraced, and saved a whole country-side at the expense of his own life, and who is now worshipped (by the natives) in Bengal, is worthy of Bret Harte.

The Indian poet has kept the best wine to the last, and I like his poem *In Spring-time* so much that (supreme compliment!) I have copied it out here.

IN SPRING-TIME.

My garden blazes brightly with the rose bush and the peach,  
And the *k il* sings above them in the *siris* by the well,  
From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's chattering  
speech,  
And the blue jay screams and flutters where the cheery *sat*  
*bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the *k il's* note is strange;  
I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-burdened bough;  
Give me back the leafless woodland, where the winds of spring-  
time range—

Give me back one day in England, for it's spring in England now.

Through the pines the gusts are blowing, o'er the brown fields  
blowing chill,

From the furrow of the plough-share steams the fragrance of

the loam,  
And the hawk nests in the hill-side, and the jackdaw in the hill,  
And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights and sounds  
of home.

But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of rose and peach is,  
Ah, *k il*, little *k il*, singing on the *siris* bough!  
In mine ears the knell of exile your incessant bell-like speech is,  
Can you tell me aught of England, or of spring in England now!

And yet, if the singer were 'in England, now that April's  
there,' would he not grumble at the east wind, the dust, and all  
the bitterness of the lagging year?

ANDREW LANG.

THE OXFORD MAGAZINE. NOVEMBER 3, 1897.

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE GOLFER.

A COWLEY LAY.

With Apologies to RUDYARD KIPLING.

ERE you need to use your brasseys—ere you think of  
holing out—  
Ere the caddy proves unequal to the score,  
From the tee you've just vacated comes an elongated  
shout,  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is Fore!  
Or an irritating, slow, unmelodious bellow,  
Which swells to an admonitory roar;  
The effect is just the same—you're completely off your  
game—  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is Fore!

ERE the sheep propound a bunker—ere you vote the sedge  
unfair—  
Ere the Find-yer-ball-sir boys commence to bore,  
There's an ever-present echo in the agitated air;  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is Fore!  
You may try your very best to be calm and self-possessed,  
And play with an intensity galore;  
But you only top the ball—or you needn't hit at all,  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is Fore!

When the contest grows exciting, when the play is waxing  
hot,  
And the interest is increasing more and more,  
There's a single interruption which can put you off your  
shot,  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is Fore!  
If, regardless of its call, you think only of the ball,  
Then triumphant you may watch it rise and soar,  
Till a sharp emphatic smack in the centre of the back—  
Ah! con——! Fore, O Little Golfer, it is Fore!  
D. F. A.



By the day's end he was spotted all over with ink like a Dalmatian dog.

BY E. KAY ROBINSON.

CHANCE found me on November 2nd last, within twenty-four hours of my first landing in America, inside the Century Club, New York, at the moment when Rudyard Kipling was being elected a member, and I had last seen him years before at Lahore, in India, where he used to be my yoke-fellow in the daily

mill-round of Anglo-Indian journalism. This coincidence has suggested that some reminiscences of Kipling, as he was before he became famous and adopted America as his home, might not be without interest.

Although my official relations with Kipling did not commence till the autumn of 1886, our acquaintance on paper opened almost immediately after my arrival in India in January, 1885. I had written some dog-Latin verses in the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, to which pages I had gone out as assistant editor, and signed them with my initials "K. R.," while Kipling, who was assistant editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, was also in the habit of sending verses to the *Pioneer*, signed "R. K." I was unaware of this, and, indeed, of Kipling's existence, until I received a courteous letter from him saying that he had been undeservedly complimented upon the Latin verses which, owing to the similarity of our initials, were being attributed to him. I soon had opportunities of reading some of his work, and appreciated the compliment implied in the mistake.

Shortly afterwards I obtained a month's leave, and among other places visited Lahore, where I made the acquaintance of the Kipling family. A more charming circle, or rather square, it would be hard to find.

John Lockwood Kipling, the father, a rare genial soul, with happy artistic instincts, a polished literary style, and a generous, cynical sense of human humour, was without exception the most delightful companion I have ever met.

Mrs. Kipling, the mother, preserved all the graces of youth with a sprightly, if occasionally caustic, wit, which made her society always desirable, except, perhaps, to those who had cause to fear the lash of her epigrams.

Miss Kipling, the sister, now Mrs. Fleming, inherits all her mother's wit, and possesses a rare literary memory. I believe that there is not a single line in any play of Shakespeare which she cannot quote. She has a statuesque beauty, and in repose her face is marvellously like that of the lovely Mary Anderson. Indeed, a terra cotta bust of Miss Kipling, executed by her father, although an excellent likeness, used generally to be mistaken by strangers (myself at first included) for a bust of Mary Anderson.

With Kipling himself I was disappointed at first. At the time of which I am writing,  
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A good deal has been written lately about *Vers de Société*. The name is unlucky enough, as one never sees it used in French, or very rarely, and it sounds like other examples of the celebrated native school of the Gallic language. Whatever we are to style this kind of composition, there is always plenty of it written in a civilised and comfortable age, and very little of it is worth much. Why have we not the Greek models of Horace's lighter lays,—then we should see this Muse in perfection? In Horace, in Catullus, in Martial, and in the Greek Anthology, *Vers de Société* exist at their best, and some happy Englishmen and Frenchmen have been able to add a few flowers to the crown. But can anyone recommend any German verse of this quality outside of Heine's?

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Was a fraud of monstrous size  
On King Pharaoh's swart civilians?

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speech,  
And the blue jay screams and flutters where the cheery *sat*  
*bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the *köil's* note is strange;  
I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-burdened bough;  
Give me back the leafless woodland, where the winds of spring-  
time range—

Give me back one day in England, for it's spring in England now.

Through the pines the gusts are blowing, o'er the brown fields  
blowing chill,  
From the furrow of the plough-share steams the fragrance of

the loam,  
And the hawk nests in the hill-side, and the jackdaw in the hill,  
And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights and sounds  
of home.

But the garland of the sacrifice this  
Ah, *köil*, little *köil*, singing on the  
In mine ears the knell of exile your  
Can you tell me aught of England, o

And yet, if the singer were 'in  
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THE OXFORD MAGAZINE.

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With Apologies to RUDYA

ERE you need to use your brass  
holing out—

Ere the caddy proves unequal t  
From the tee you've just vacate  
shout,

It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is  
Or an irritating, slow, unmelodious  
Which swells to an admonitory  
The effect is just the same—you  
game—

It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is

Ere the sheep propound a bunker-  
unfair—

Ere the Find-yer-ball-sir boys c  
There's an ever-present echo in t  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is  
You may try your very best to be  
And play with an intensity gal  
But you only top the ball—or ye  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is

When the contest grows exciting,  
hot,

And the interest is increasing  
There's a single interruption wh  
shot,

It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it  
If, regardless of its call, you thin  
Then triumphant you may wat  
Till a sharp emphatic smack in  
Ah! con—! Fore, O Little

early in 1886, his face had not acquired the character of manhood. His juvenile appearance contrasted moreover unpleasantly with his stoop, acquired through much bending over an office table, his heavy eyebrows, his spectacles, and his sallow Anglo-Indian complexion; while his jerky speech and abrupt movements completed an impression so unlike what I had expected to derive from meeting with the author of Kipling's poems that I felt inclined for the moment to throw him down from the high pedestal of future fame upon which I had already placed him.

With the passage of time a marked and rapid improvement has taken place in Kipling's personality, and even at our first meeting the unfavourable effect which it produced was transient; for his conversation was always brilliant, and his sterling character gleamed through the humorous light which shone behind his spectacles. In ten minutes his personal disadvantages were forgotten, and he fell into his natural place as the most striking member of a remarkably clever and charming family.

It was a domestic quartette—they had combined, by the way, in the previous year to produce "The Quartette," a Christmas publication—of unusual ability, and each of the four had individually attained to almost as much literary fame as can be won in India, where the English-reading public numbers perhaps fifty thousand persons, scattered over a vast continent, three-fourths of whom are either too preoccupied with dry-as-dust official business, or too devoted to the frivolities of life to regard literature as anything better than a vehicle for the conveyance of ponderous statistics, or a means of embroidering the accounts of polo matches.

It was inevitable that such a family should, amid such surroundings, become a select Mutual Admiration Society, with a forcing-house atmosphere of warm domestic approval, liable to dangerously encourage eccentric growth in

Kipling's budding genius. He was compelled, however, to toil daily in a newspaper office under a man who appreciated his talent very little, and kept him at work for the most part utterly uncongenial; and this may have acted as a salutary antidote.

Nevertheless it was almost pathetic to look through the *Civil and Military Gazette* at that time, and note how Kipling's bright humour only flashed out in the introductory lines to summaries of Government reports, dry semi-political notes, and the side headings of scissors-and-paste paragraphs. This, however, was the maximum of literary display usually allowed to him, and it seemed such waste of genius that I strongly urged his parents to send him away to England.

But one of Rudyard Kipling's characteristics is, or perhaps was—for it is hard for a man whom the world agrees to praise to believe that the world is wrong—modest self-depreciation. He also entertains extravagant sentiments of gratitude for services he believes to have been rendered to him. To all suggestions, therefore, that he should leave India and make a fresh start in the world of Fleet Street he always returned the answer that, when he *knew* he could do good work it would be time for him to strive for a place in the English world of letters, and that in any case the proprietors of the *Civil and Military Gazette* had taken him on trust, a boy fresh from school, and he would serve them loyally, like Jacob in the Bible, for his full seven years.



HERE are very few, if they had felt, as Kipling must even then have felt, the power to move men, who would, from modesty and a scrupulous sense of obligation, have been content to remain at Lahore in the distant north-west of India, doing the dreariest drudgery of ill-paid newspaper work.

Whether he gained or lost thereby in the long run I do not know; for, against the dullness of the work, and the smallness of the pay, may be set the wholesome discipline for talents which threatened to be redundant, and still err occasionally on the side of exuberance; but

that I personally gained much is certain, for to Kipling's refusal to leave India was due the fact that when I subsequently arrived at Lahore to take over the editorship of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, I found him still there as "assistant." I also found a letter from the chief proprietor, in which he expressed the hope that I would be able to "put some sparks into the paper."

When the staff of a journal consists of two men only, one of whom is Kipling, such an exhortation addressed to the other doubtless seems curious; but, as I have said, above, Kipling had been discouraged from "sparkling." There are men going about, apparently sane, who deny to Rudyard Kipling any literary merit whatever, "unless," as they say, "vulgarity can be called such," and my predecessor in the editorship of the *Civil and Military Gazette* spoke of him, in his most favourable mood as "a clever young pup," and as a general rule did his best to make a sound second-rate journalist out of Kipling, by keeping his nose at the grindstone of proof-reading, scissors-and-paste work, and the boiling down of government blue books into summaries for publication.

But Kipling had the buoyancy of a cork, and, after his long office hours, still found spare energy to write those charming sketches and poems which in "Soldiers Three," etc., and the "Departmental Ditties," gave him such fame as can be won in the narrow world of Anglo-India. The privilege which he most valued at this time, was the permission to send such things as his editor, my predecessor, refused for the *Civil and Military Gazette*, to other papers for publication. These papers used to publish and pay for them gladly, and the compliments and encouragement with which more sympathetic critics treated his work, partly consoled him for the consistent efforts made by his own boss to suppress his exuberant literature, and his subsequent writings betray no undue suppression of fancy or depression of spirits.

There are many indeed who think Kipling's chief or only fault is excessive self-confidence, a cock-sureness, so to speak, about any phrase or sentiment he may fling down to the public being accepted as the mintage of genius. Perhaps this fault—and I think it is not

absent from some of Kipling's writings—would have been more conspicuous if my predecessor in the editorship of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore had been one of his admirers.

Youth is easily spoiled by success; and, although Kipling a year or two later passed through the ordeal of suddenly stepping into world-wide fame, without turning a hair or his back upon any old friend, however humble—and Kipling's range of acquaintance was as "extensive and peculiar" as Mr. Weller's knowledge of India—he may owe the fact that he has not been spoiled by a literary elevation as sudden as Byron's, to the chastening influence of those early years, when "clever young pup" was the highest praise his work could extort from the superior under whom he worked, and when his best writings only saw the light of day after they had been refused publication in his own paper. The reason for this treatment of Kipling's literary efforts is not easy to give.

Journalism in India is uncommonly hard labour for the few Englishmen who constitute an editorial staff; and with the greatest dislike of using a razor to cut grindstones, I could not help burdening Kipling with a good deal of daily drudgery. My experience of him as a newspaper hack suggests, however, that if you want to find a man who will cheerfully do the office work of three men, you should catch a young genius. Like a blood horse between the shafts of a coal waggon, he may go near to bursting his heart in the effort, but he'll drag that waggon along as it ought to go.

The amount of stuff that Kipling got through in the day was indeed wonderful; and though I had more or less satisfactory assistants after he left, and the staff grew with the paper's prosperity, I am sure that more solid work was done in that office when Kipling and I worked together than ever before or after.

There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work, which I really must mention, namely, the enormous amount of ink he used to throw about.

In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over



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Under Cheops' pyramid,  
Was that the contractor 'did'  
Cheops out of several millions?

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On King Pharaoh's swart civilians?

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And the *köil* sings above them in the *siris* by the well,  
From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's chattering  
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And the blue jay screams and flutters where the cheery *sat*  
*bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the *köil's* note is strange;  
I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-burdened bough;  
Give me back the leafless woodland, where the winds of spring-  
time range—

Give me back one day in England, for it's spring in England now.

Through the pines the gusts are blowing, o'er the brown fields  
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From the furrow of the plough-share steams the fragrance of

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And the hawk nests in the hill-side, and the jackdaw in the hill,  
And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights and sounds  
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But the garland of the sacrifice this  
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Ere the sheep propound a bunker-  
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Ere the Find-yer-ball-sir boys c  
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It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it i  
You may try your very best to be  
And play with an intensity gale  
But you only top the ball—or yo  
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When the contest grows exciting,  
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And the interest is increasing r  
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If, regardless of its call, you thin

Then triumphant you may wat  
Till a sharp emphatic smack in  
Ah! con—! Fore, O Little

like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly.

When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning, I had to shout to him to "stand off"; otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a *full* pen in his hand—flying over me.

Driving or sometimes walking home to breakfast in his light attire plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object, especially as the vest—not infrequently *minus* the top button—displayed an expanse of chest. This was in the hot weather, when Lahore lay blistering month after month under the sun, and every white woman and half of the white men had fled to cooler altitudes in the Himalayas, and only those men were left who, like Kipling and myself, *had* to stay. So it mattered little in what costume we went to and from the office. In the winter, when "society" had returned to Lahore, Kipling was rather scrupulous in the matter of dress, but his lavishness in the matter of ink changed not with the seasons.

He was always the best of company, bubbling over with delightful humour, which found vent in every detail of our day's work together; and the chance visitor to the editor's office must often have carried away very erroneous notions of the amount of work which was being done when he found us in the fits of laughter that usually accompanied our consultations about the make-up of the paper.

This is my chief recollection of Kipling as assistant and companion; and I would place sensitiveness as his second characteristic. Although a master of repartee, for instance, he dreaded dining at the club, where there was one resident member, since dead, who disliked him, and was always endeavouring to snub him. Kipling's retorts invariably

turned the tables on his assailant, and got us all in a roar; and, besides this, Kipling was popular in the club, while his enemy was not.

Under such circumstances an ordinary man would have courted the combat, and enjoyed provoking his clumsy opponent; but the man's animosity hurt Kipling, and I knew that he often, to avoid the ordeal, dined in solitude at home when he would infinitely have preferred dining at the club, but I could never persuade him of the folly of doing so.

For a mind thus highly strung the plains of India in the hot weather make a bad abiding-place; and many of Kipling's occasional verses and passages in his Indian stories tell us how deep he drank at times of the bitterness of the dry cup that rises to the lips of the Englishman in India in the scorching heat of the sleepless Indian night. In the deep of that cup lies madness, and the keener the intellect, and the more tense the sensibilities, the greater the danger in those weary hours, when the dawn brings no relief to the throbbing brain as the weary body rises to another day of work in the stifling heat. I suffered little in the hot weather, day or night; and yet Kipling, who suffered much at times, willingly went through trials in pursuit of his art which nothing would have induced me to undergo.

His "City of Dreadful Nights" was no fancy sketch, but a picture burnt into his brain during the suffocating night hours that he spent exploring the reeking dens of opium and vice in the worst quarters of the native city of Lahore; while his "City of Two Creeds" was another picture of Lahore from the life—and the death—when he watched Mussulman and Hindoo spending the midnight hours in mutual butchery.

Apart from his marvellous faculty for assimilating local colour without apparent effort, Kipling neglected no chance, and spared no labour, in acquiring experience that might serve a literary purpose. Of the various races of India, whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details of habits and language, and distinctive ways of thought.

I remember well one long-limbed Pathan, indescribably filthy, but with magnificent

mien and features—Mahbab Ali, I think was his name—who regarded Kipling as a man apart from all other "Sahibs." After each of his wanderings across the unexplored fringes of Afghanistan, where his restless spirit of adventure led him, Mahbab Ali always used to turn up travel-stained, dirtier and more majestic than ever, for confidential colloquy with "Kuppeling Sahib," his "friend"; and I more than fancy that to Mahbab Ali, Kipling owed the wonderful local colour which he was able to put into such tales as "Dray wara yow dee" and "The Man Who Would be King."

To me, as Kipling's superior, Mahbab Ali was always embarrassingly deferential, for we understood not a word of each other's language, and his Mosaic magnificence of mien oppressed me, no less than if Abraham had arisen to do obeisance before me. His presence in my office was in fact overpowering, and so was his smell. Out of doors however, I have seen Kipling, in his cotton clothes and great mushroom hat, and Mahbab Ali's towering, turbaned, and loose-robed figure, walking together in earnest and confidential colloquy, the queerest contrast that friendship, even in India, that land of startling contrasts, has probably ever produced. But Mahbab Ali, peace to his ashes, was only one link in the strange chain of associations that Kipling riveted round himself in India.

No half-note in the wide gamut of native ideas and custom was unfamiliar to him, just as he had left no phase of white life in India unexplored. He knew the undercurrent of the soldiers' thoughts in the whitewashed barracks on the sunburnt plain of Mian Mir better than sergeant or chaplain. No father confessor penetrated more deeply into the thoughts of fair but frail humanity than Kipling, when the frivolous society of Anglo-India formed the object of his inquiries.

The "railway folk," that queer colony of white, half white, and three-quarter black,

which remains an uncared for and discreditable excrescence upon British rule in India, seemed to have unburdened their souls to Kipling of all their grievances, their poor pride, and their hopeless hopes. Some of the best of Kipling's work has been in stories drawn from the lives of these people, although to the ordinary Anglo-Indian, whose caste restrictions are almost more inexorable than those of the Hindoo whom he affects to despise on that account, they are as a sealed book.

Sometimes, taking a higher flight, Kipling has made viceroys and commanders-in-chief, members of council and secretaries to government his theme, and the flashes of light that he has thrown upon the inner working machines of government in India have been recognised as too truly coloured to be intuitive or aught but the light of knowledge reflected from the actual facts.



AND no other writer, for instance, could have excited, as Kipling did, Lord Dufferin's curiosity as to how the inmost councils of the State had thus been photographed, without having somehow or other caught a glimpse of things as they were for at least one moment; and it is this which is the strongest attribute of Kipling's mind that it photographs, as it were, every detail of passing scenes that can have any future utility for literary reference or allusion.

His habit of thus storing up valuable material while seemingly engrossed in the business or pastime of the moment, inclined me at first almost to think that his absorption of local colour was automatic in its action, and dependent upon no mental and conscious act; but afterwards I concluded that this curious and admirable power arose merely from the activity and swiftness of his mind. As the drongo-srike in India, tearing the crow, will leave a tree at the same time as his victim, pass and repass it, swoop upon it half-a-dozen times and make swift circuits round it, eventually alighting simultaneously with the crow upon another tree; so, I



OCTOBER 1886.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. BY ANDREW LANG . . . . . 672

A good deal has been written lately about *Vers de Soci t *. The name is unlucky enough, as one never sees it used in French, or very rarely, and it sounds like other examples of the celebrated native school of the Gallic language. Whatever we are to style this kind of composition, there is always plenty of it written in a civilised and comfortable age, and very little of it is worth much. Why have we not the Greek models of Horace's lighter lays,—then we should see this Muse in perfection? In Horace, in Catullus, in Martial, and in the Greek Anthology, *Vers de Soci t * exist at their best, and some happy Englishmen and Frenchmen have been able to add a few flowers to the crown. But can anyone recommend any German verse of this quality outside of Heine's?

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From the furrow of the plough-share steams the fragrance of

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game—  
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Ere the sheep propound a bunker  
unfair—  
Ere the Find-yer-ball-sir boys c  
There's an ever-present echo in t  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is  
You may try your very best to be  
And play with an intensity gal  
But you only top the ball—or ye  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it is

When the contest grows exciting,  
hot,  
And the interest is increasing r  
There's a single interruption whi  
shot,  
It is Fore, O Little Golfer, it  
If, regardless of its call, you thin  
Then triumphant you may wat  
Till a sharp emphatic smack in  
Ah! con—! Fore, O Little

662

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

suppose, Kipling was able, however he might be engaged, to make mental excursions of various kinds while still pursuing the even tenor of the business in hand.

In sporting matters, for instance, I suppose nothing is more difficult than for a man who is no "sportsman"—in the exclusive sense of the men who carry the scent of the stables and the sawdust of the ring with them wherever they go—to speak to these in their own language along their own lines of thought. Of a novelist, who writes a good sporting story, it is considered praise to say that "none but a real sportsman could have written it." But Kipling was no sportsman, and an indifferent horseman; yet his sporting verses always took the sporting world in India (where sport takes precedence of almost every other power of human activity) by storm.

I recollect in particular one case in which a British cavalry regiment, once famous in the annals of sport, and quartered at Umballa, once the brilliant headquarters of military steeplechasing in India, published an advertisement of their steeplechases, and to attract number rather than quality of entries, stated that the fences were "well sloped" and "littered on the landing side," or something to that effect.

Now, if Kipling had ridden a steeplechase then, I imagine the odds would have been against him and the horse arriving at the winning post together; and in India he could only have seen a few second-class steeplechases in the way that the ordinary spectator sees them. But he wrote some verses upon this advertisement, reminding the regiment of what they had been and of what Umballa had once been in sport, filled with

such technicalities of racing a stable jargon that old steeplechasers went humming them all over every station in Upper India, and swearing that "it was the best thing ever written in English."

It was a bitter satire on the degeneracy in sport of the cavalry officers who "sloped" and "littered" their fences, to make the course easy and safe; and to the non-sporting reader the technical words gave good local colour, and might or might not have been rightly used; but what impressed me was that a sporting "vet.," who had lived in the pigskin almost all his life, should have gone wandering about the Lahore Club, asking people "where the youngster picks it all up?" As for the bitterness of the satire, it is enough to say that many years after an officer of the regiment, finding the verses in a scrap-book of cuttings belonging to a friend in whose house he was staying, apologised for the necessity of tearing the page out and burning it.

On leaving India Kipling was plunged into a new world, and to some extent seemed to have lost his bearings, while his Indian writings—of jungle life, etc.—are losing the exactitude of local colour which marked his earlier work. It may be that I, writing as one who has only left India a few months, am regarding his late Indian work through the wrong end of the telescope, and that what it has lost in special Indian accuracy it may have gained in world-wide interest; but I believe that Kipling's maturing experience of life in Europe and America will before long enable him to make a fresher start on Western topics, and smite his way with ease to the very foremost place among the writers of the age, whether of prose or verse.



PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1896.

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Table listing articles and authors: GATES AND PILLARS OF THE EMPIRE (Robert Macbray), STEALING A PRESIDENT (C. F. Cutcliffe Hyne), A RAILWAY BEYOND THE CLOUDS (George Griffith), A MOONLIGHT SERENADE (H. F. Nicholls), AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT (Louis Tracy), IN THE QUARRY WOODS (E. T. Milliken), A GENIUS FOR A YEAR (Levin Carnac), HOW LONDON'S GAS IS MADE (Le Breton Martin), SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE (Allen Upward), RUDYARD KIPLING IN INDIA (E. Kay Robinson), GREYBEARD (Clifton Bingham), ANIMALS AS CRIMINALS (J. Brand), THE BRAVEST DEEDS I EVER SAW (Major-Gen. Nelson A. Miles), THE SUCCESSORS OF THE GALLEY SLAVE (Tighe Hopkins), HIS EMINENCE (Nellie K. Blissett), WISDOM LET LOOSE (W. L. Alden), HONEY-COMBED ENGLAND (J. Mason), THE GLOVE (Sir Walter Besant and W. H. Pollock), WANTING THE EARTH (Robert Barr), THE EDITORIAL MIND (708A).

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CONTENTS

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**SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.**  
The Progress of the World.

CHARACTER SKETCH:  
**ANNUS DOMINI, 1896.**  
With NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

BOOK OF THE MONTH:  
**RUDYARD KIPLING'S POEMS.**  
With PORTRAITS, &c.

THE 'REVIVAL OF READING': PRIZE ESSAYS.  
THE HISTORY OF THE MYSTERY.

**THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS**

CENTENNIAL, CASSELL'S, LIPPINCOTT, FORUM, NORTH AMERICAN, CONTEMPORARY, HARPER'S, DEUTSCHE REVUE, UNIVERSAL, NINETEENTH CENTURY, QUARTERLY, SCIENCE, DEUTSCHE RUNDschau, NEW REVIEW, NYUVA, ANTHROPOLOGIA

ARTICLES	REVIEWED.
A New Bible for the People; or the Higher Criticism in Polychrome.	The Hero of South Africa: Stories from the Life of President Kruger.
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The Mother Painter of Motherhood.	Is Mankind Progressing?
A Children's Paradise.	Shakespeare's Characteristics. By the Master of Balliol.
Wake up, John Bull!	Caterers for the Common People.
Wanted—A New Order of Knight Templars.	Anglo-American Arbitration.
Two Fictures of Modern Slavery.	M. Worth, the High Priest of Fashion.
The Latest Bismarck Revelations.	Governor Altgeld: A Sketch of a Fallen Leader.
Dogs as Soldiers.	The British Temperance Queen.
A Man and a Woman: Lawless Life and Lyric Love.	The United States of Europe.

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece—Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.	...	Suicide and Civilisation	533
The Progress of the World. (With portraits, cartoons, and maps) ...	481	How to Fight the Indian Famine	533
Diary and Obituary for November	492	Nuns by Nature	533
Character Sketch:—Annus Domini, 1896 (with numerous illustrations)	494	The British Temperance Queen	534
Leading Articles in the Reviews:		Friedrich Nietzsche	535
A New Bible for the People	510	Reviews Reviewed:	
Why France Dwindles	511	The Contemporary	536
The Hero of South Africa—Stories of Paul Kruger	512	The Nineteenth Century	537
The Presidential Election in the States	514	The New Review	538
The Electric Eye	515	The National Review	539
The Mother Painter of Motherhood	515	The Fortnightly	540
Pride of Ancestry in a Democracy	516	The Westminster	540
A Children's Paradise	516	The Forum and the Arena	541
Wake Up, John Bull!	517	The North American Review	542
On the Unemployed	519	Cornhill	542
The All-Devouring Grap (illustrated)	519	The Progressive Review	543
Woman's Plea for the Franchise	520	The Italian Reviews	543
Is Mankind Progressing?	521	Revue des Deux Mondes	544
Shakespeare's Characteristics	522	La Nouvelle Revue	544
Caterers for the Common People	523	La Revue de Paris	545
Memories of Christina Rossetti	523	Pall Mall Magazine	545
Anglo-American Arbitration	524	The Illustrated Magazines	546-7
Wanted—A New Order of Knight Templars	525	The History of the Mystery	548
Blessed be Drudgery	525	The Reading Revival: Prize Essays	549
Two Pictures of Modern Slavery	526	A Christmas Plea for Poor Law Children	550
The High Priest of Fashion	527	The Book of the Month:	
What the Colleges have done for America	527	Rudyard Kipling's "Songs of Seven Seas," and other Poems	552
Governor Altgeld of Illinois	528	Christmas Gift Books	559
The Latest Bismarck Revelations	529	Our Monthly Parcel of Books	560
Turning Slums into Parks	529	The Baby Exchange	562
Dogs as Soldiers	530	Index for the Month	563
A Man and a Woman—or Lawless Life and Lyric Love	531	A Visit to Brinsmead's Piano Factories (illustrated)	xvii
The United States of Europe (illustrated)	532		

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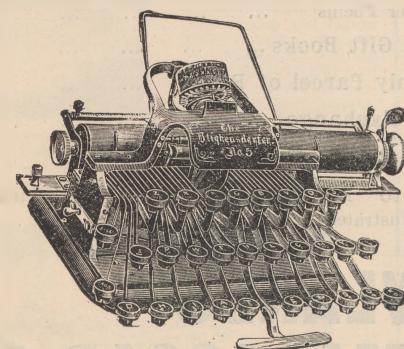


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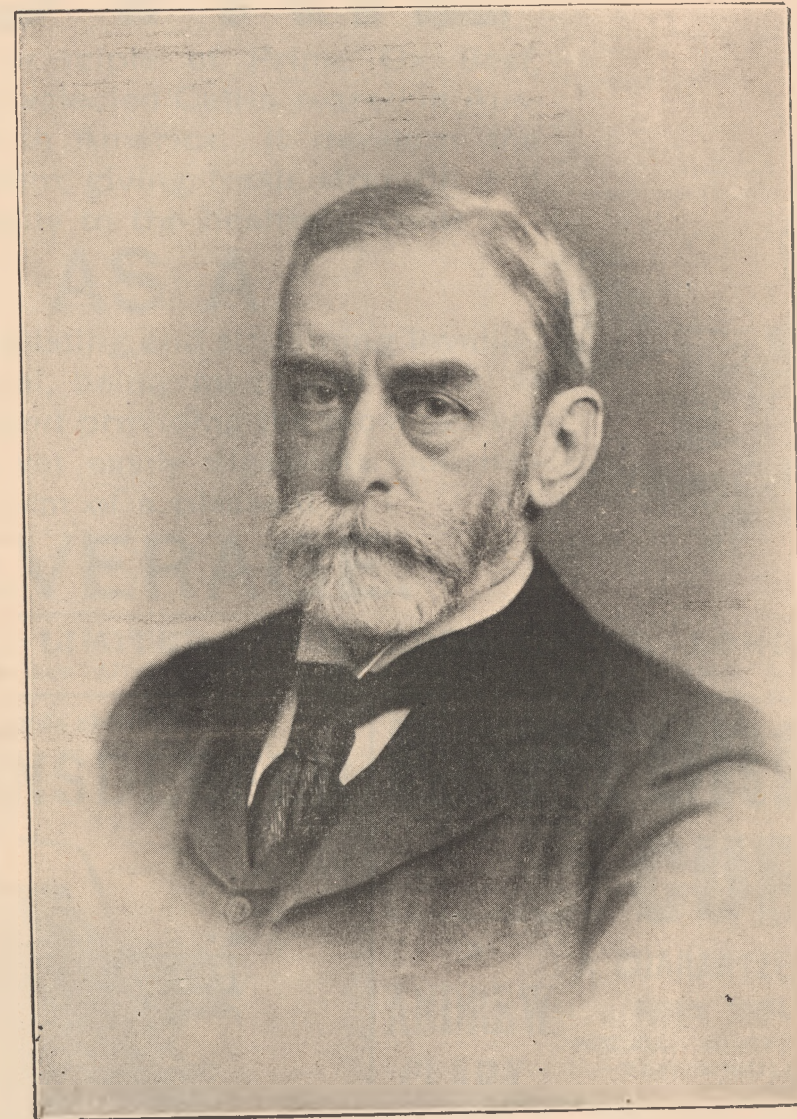
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SIR E. J. POYNTER.

The new President of the Royal Academy.

(From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

Too often he gets refusals from various and perfectly legitimate causes. He then, perhaps, continues to write letters to other committees, until in weariness of resultless effort the Board decides to send the child to the barrack school. From the country the confusion is also to be regretted: it adds unnecessary work, uses more money, and involves useless waste of time for the honorary secretary to have to answer many letters politely explaining that there are no vacancies in that village, or that other circumstances prevent the boarding-out committee taking more children.

Again, while some country committees get too many applications, others get too few, and, to quote the Departmental Committee's report, "there can be little doubt that the committees not unfrequently dwindle in size or flag in zeal" from the absence of suitable children as well as other causes. It will be easily seen that these particular drawbacks to the development of this system of rearing the young, which has been declared not only by the English Departmental Committee but by the experience of every other civilised nation, to be the "best system," would be almost entirely abolished by placing all the boarding-out under one Central Metropolitan Body. It would then be the duty of this Board to communicate with the boarding-out committees; to know whether the various country organisations were working well and harmoniously; to demand and maintain the standard of life to be observed for "nobody's child"; to become acquainted with the industrial conditions of the neighbourhoods or the chances of children being absorbed into the respectable working population; to uphold the actions of efficient committees, and to upbraid and reform those who have been tempted to exercise patronage, or to assist village favourites by means of the State children and the State money. All this a central and public body would be able to do; and as a result the conscience of the people would be quickened with regard to their duty to pauper children.

On many occasions we have urged those who are members of our Helpers' Guild, or readers of the reports of our Civic Church, to consider more closely the needs of the unwanted children of our land. We have felt, and, indeed, often expressed, that a nation has no right to claim for itself the term "Christian" who has yet to point to a column of its State papers in which is printed the figure 242,000, representing that number of (not degraded and often brutalised adults), but young and, in many cases, unformed and untainted children who are supported by the State in workhouses, in barrack schools, in isolated pauper villages, in giant industrial institutions, because—because why? Not for want of money, but because no English homes could be found for them, no English hearths at which they could have a seat, no English hearts into which they might creep and find a place.

Is this our Christian boast? Is this disgrace to cling still to us? And it is a disgrace not shared by all countries. In an exceedingly interesting paper issued by Miss F. Davenport Hill, it is shown that Scotland finds enough working-class families in which to place eighty-four per cent. of its dependent children. In Switzerland, where much thought and care are bestowed on the State children, seventy-four per cent. are boarded out. In Germany the same system is made compulsory. In the Colonies it is all but universal; and even Russia, so far behind in much which we call civilised, has recognised that a home life is the best soil in which to grow a child, and from its vast asylums in

St. Petersburg and Moscow it boards out some ninety per cent. of the ever-changing inmates.

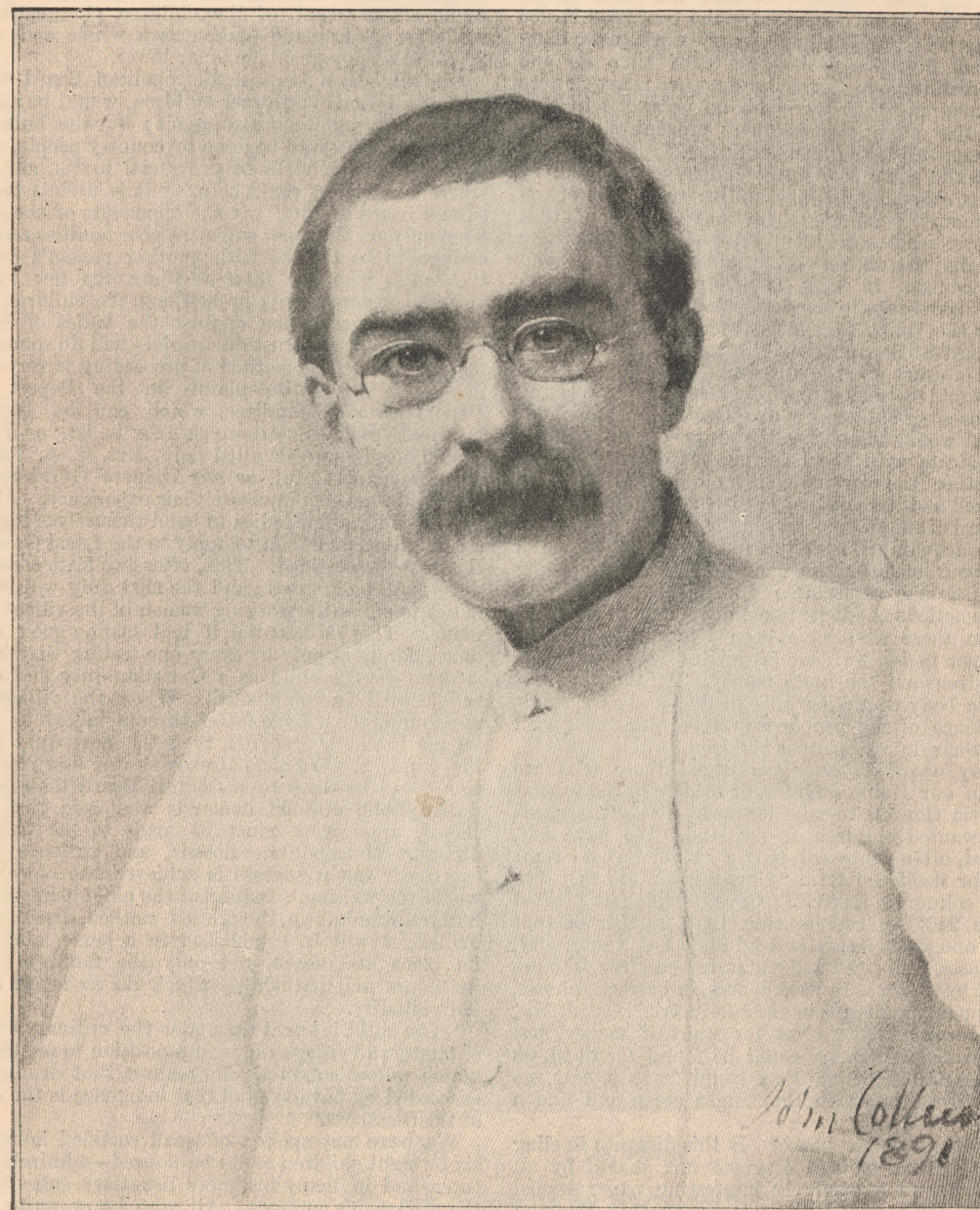
These figures are all the more striking when we compare them with those of London, which boards out under six per cent. of the children chargeable to it; while for all England—taken as a whole and omitting Scotland—the percentage is far lower.

Undoubtedly a Central Metropolitan Board with the care of all London pauper children, would be able to do much to stimulate boarding-out; but the bulk of the work would have to be done by country people, or those living in the suburbs of provincial towns, and this is where our readers could help. "It is useless to extend boarding-out," say the opponents of the scheme; "not only are there not sufficient poor families respectable enough to be trusted with another person's child, but the ladies who are interested are too few to supervise the foster-parents or befriend the children." This is a grave accusation against the ladies of England, and one which we trust our readers will do something to make untrue. The method of proceeding is very simple: it is put out quite plainly in the Report of the Departmental Committee, which can be bought at Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's for 1s. 6d.; or if any one should need more detailed help, Mrs. S. A. Barnett or Miss Davenport Hill, or our Helpers' Guild Secretary, will doubtless communicate their experience. All that is needed is for a few ladies to band themselves together as a committee, and then to apply to the Local Government Board to be certified. This, after (we fear) considerable delay, will be granted; and the next duty will be for the ladies to enlist the working women of the village in their plans. This is essential if real lasting good is to be done; for it is only by every one feeling that the work is done for the child as a Christian duty that it can be satisfactorily accomplished. When the village homes are found, the village foster-parents talked to, and the village teachers prepared, then the next duty is to get the children. We have already shown how much better this could be done by a Central Board than now; but until public opinion demands and gets that Central Board, application must be made to the twenty-nine different Metropolitan Boards, and patience must be exercised; but if success is achieved the object will be worth the waiting. Instead of the child being one among hundreds, unknown, though fed, clothed, disciplined, and drilled, it will be established in a home, able to take its place and share, not only the family's joys, but its hopes and hardships, which do so much to create individuality.

"The child brought up under the ordinary conditions of family and village life is in a position to see the results which follow conduct. He realises that drunkenness is succeeded by poverty, and that indigence is the offspring of thriftlessness."

We have not spoken of small certified homes, where six or eight children could be housed—admirable substitutes, and in many instances necessary substitutes, for the workman's cottages. All who know unite to hope that more of these will shortly be established, not in clusters or groups, miles away from other habitations, and costing £60,000, as was the effort so unfortunately praised by Mr. Balfour at Etyal the other day. Such pauper organisations are not good; but little homes managed by ladies are very helpful, and all who have tried this way of helping either girls, boys, deficient, halt, maimed, or lamed children, are unanimous in recording the rich harvest the children reap.





RUDYARD KIPLING.

From a portrait by the Hon. John Collier, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1891.

(Reproduced by the kind permission of the artist.)

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

### MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S "SEVEN SEAS AND OTHER POEMS."\*

EACH for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are.  
—RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN the last lines of the last verses in L'Envoi of his latest verse, our latest poet defines the aspiration of his muse. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is the inspired Bard of the God of Things as They Are. It is a somewhat curious deity. The Positivists worship Humanity apparently for no more intelligible reason than that the huge entity is perpetually doing everything the Positivists most dislike. But no Positivist would bow down and worship the God of Things as They Are. Like all other children of men but Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the Positivists worship the God of Things as They Are Becoming—or going to be. Mr. Kipling is content with Things as They Are, and the God who made them. Children and fools, says the old adage, should never see things in the making. Mr. Kipling is neither a child nor a fool, but he rests content with "the Thing as he sees It—" with a capital I, if you please. Like Walt Whitman's cattle, which do not lie awake in the dark to weep for their sins and make him sick by discussing their duty to God, Rudyard Kipling is troubled by no visions of any far-off Divine event to which the whole Creation moves. Sufficient for him is the day and the travail thereof, the joy of it and also the sorrow. Between Bernard of Clugny and the Vates Sacer of Things as They Are yawns the abyss of the Infinite. Yet as the God of the Things that Are, and the God of the Things that are to Come, is one God, there is room in His Temple Choir for both the saintly chant of the mediæval cloister and the roystering ditty of the modern barrack-room.

Rudyard Kipling is not merely the poet of the Things That Are. He is in a special manner Poet Laureate of the Empire. How long it will be before "the Widow of Windsor" recognises the Laureateship of the Empire no one can say. But King Demos has already accorded to Mr. Kipling the wreath intertwined of all the laurels of all the countries and of all the seas over which the British flag floats supreme, and hailed him as Laureate of the Empire and its Seven Seas. It is possible that his very limitations may have gained him more speedy recognition. Had he been more of an idealist he would have soared too high above the heads of the multitude. As it is, there is in him just that note of materialistic realism charged with humour and touched with pathos that appeals directliest to the everyday sentiments of the average man. His verse does not exactly roll with the full note of the great drum, but it pulses and throbs with the intense pursuing note of the barbaric tom-tom. Only now and then does he make us breathe a diviner air; but on these stray excursions his note is true, clear and limpid as the silvery note of the flute piercing through the brazen clangour of the band.

Mr. Kipling's genius—for his is a genius distinct and unique, which sets him apart from all the poets of our time—is various indeed. No writer of the present day can compare with him for range and versatility. There

\* "The Seven Seas," by Rudyard Kipling. Methuen and Co, 1896. Pp. 230. "Barrack Room Ballads and other Verses," by Rudyard Kipling. Methuen and Co., 1895. Pp. 208.

is about him somewhat of the redundancy of growth significant of the excessive vitality characterising a tropical forest. His writings are like his own Fuzzy Wuzzy's "ayrick 'ead of 'air," so copious are they, so free and unconfined, so altogether uncommon and unlike the smooth brushel thatch of ordinary mortals. But no blatant ostentation of vulgarity can conceal the fact that in this "big, black boundin' beggar" who broke the British square of conventional propriety we have a genuine poet—one who sees, and who makes others see his seeings. Unlike other singers of our day, Rudyard Kipling has seen the world of which he sings. Born in India, reared in the borderland of Afghanistan, he lives in the United States and publishes his verse in London. He is a product of an age where steam and the electric cable have bridged the seas and made the continents but as yards in this planetary parish. We do not say in Lowell's phrase:—

This, this is he, for whom the world is waiting,  
To sing the beatings of its mighty heart,

but no one save him has yet arisen who can sing of the Empire as a whole with the knowledge of the seer who has traversed its ocean highways and actually dwelt among its peoples. He is not

A poet who was sent  
For a bad world's punishment,  
By compelling it to see  
Golden glimpses of To Be,  
By compelling it to hear  
Songs that prove the angels near,"

for he is the Poet of Things as They Are. Nevertheless, in the very insolent sauciness of his fleeing verse he strikes out sparks that light up the gloom, and make whole strata of human experience comprehensible. But a truce to saying what Mr. Kipling is and what he is not; and now to our book.

#### I.—AS LAUREATE OF THE EMPIRE.

"The Seven Seas" opens with a song of the English, "a song of broken interludes," in the introductory stanzas of which we have from Rudyard Kipling—I really must drop the Mr., it sounds as absurd as Mr. Walt Whitman or Mr. Percy Shelley—a definition of the great law which the Lord our God Most High laid upon the people of His choice. It is no inapt summary of the work of the English-speaking man among the nations of the earth:—

Keep ye the law—be swift in all obedience,  
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.  
Make ye sure to each his own  
That he reap where he hath sown,  
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve  
the Lord!

Having thus laid down the Law, Rudyard Kipling sings of the Coastwise Lights, the Song of the Dead, the Deep Sea Cables, the Song of the Sons, and the Song of the Cities. After which we have "England's Answer," in which the poet expresses the unwritten pact that



exists between the old grey mother and the "Sons of the Blood"—

"Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas."  
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;  
Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were,  
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,  
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together."

Nevertheless while dispensing with kissing, England makes promise—

So long as The Blood endures,

I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours;

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,

That our House shall stand together and the pillars do not fall.

Each of the English realms beyond the sea shall be self-governing:—

The Law that ye make shall be law, and I do not press my will.

Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.

They must talk together, brother to brother's face, for the good of their peoples and the Pride of the Race, speaking—

After the use of the English, in straight flung words and few.

The concluding stanza, with the exception of the last line, which is thoroughly Kiplingese, is hardly up to the level of the rest of the poem:—

Go 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!

The last line is Kipling all over. It both suggests his limitation and betrays his secret. His world is a world of men and men only. God and Woman are equally outside.

I postpone to the next section his sea-pieces, and turn to the powerful and pathetic "Song of the Dead," the unknown multitude of pioneers of the Empire, emigrants and others, to whom in "the man-stuffed town" "Came the Whisper, came the Vision" which drove them over sea in the faith of little children:—

Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last water dried—  
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

On the sand drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern scrub we lay.

That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.

The same theme is touched on, although in a very different key, in the poem called "The Lost Legion":—

But we've shaken the Clubs and the Messes,  
To go and find out and be damned.

(Dear Boys!)

To go and get shot and be damned.



RUDYARD KIPLING AT ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

(From a photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, Simla.)

To this wholly unauthorised horde, the Gentlemen Rovers abroad who preach in advance of the Army and skirmish ahead of the Church, Rudyard Kipling acts as choir boy:—

There's a Legion that never was listed,  
That carries no colours or crest,  
But, split in a thousand detachments,  
Is breaking the road for the rest.

Of these pioneers of Empire he says:—

The ends o' the earth were our portion,  
The ocean at large was our share.

There was never a skirmish to windward  
But the Leaderless Legion was there.

The note in the "Lost Legion" recalls the Barrack Room Ballads of the "Gentlemen Rankers," one of those songs in which Rudyard Kipling touches depths of tragic horror rendered all the more horrible by the gruesome chorus. The ballad is dedicated

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,  
To my brethren in their sorrow overseas.

Lost they are indeed, as their poet describes them, with no future, drinking themselves into temporary oblivion of their past:—

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!  
How hideous, horrible as the laughter of fiends in hell, comes this refrain:—

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,  
Baa-aa-aa!

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,  
Dammed from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,  
Baa! Yah! Bah!

Over the Empire thus founded and defended there reigns "the Widow of Windsor":—

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor

With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?

She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,

An' she pays us poor beggars in red;

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,

For 'alf o' Creation she owns;

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,

An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

So the ballad goes on with its odd, grotesque description of the Empire and its Sovereign, for whom Kings must come down and Emperors frown "when the Widow at Windsor says 'Stop!'"

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land  
Wherever the bugles are blown.

The next four lines as a variant upon the morning drumbeat are inimitable:—

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',

An' flop round the earth till you're dead;

But you won't get away from the tune that they play

To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead.

There is a condensed force about that quatrain which contrasts markedly with the more ambitious poem "The English Flag." This is almost too well-known to need quotation; but as it is the more distinctively Imperial of all his poems I give a stanza or two. It opens thus:—

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only England know?—

The poor little street-bred people with vapour and fume and brag,

They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag!

\* \* \* \* \*  
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or share.  
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World, declare!

Thus inspired, the Four Winds which sweep the Seven Seas reply, the North leading off. Then the South Wind sighs:—

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,  
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

The East Wind roars in similar strain:—

Never the lotos closes, never the wild fowl wake,  
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—

Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

The West Wind closes the series of responses to the poet's inquiry, "What is the Flag of England?"—

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dew has kissed—

The naked stars have seen it, a fellow star in the mist.  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,  
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!

There is a fine thrilling note in this, but I am disposed to regard the "Song of the Banjo" as much more distinctive of Rudyard Kipling's conception of the Empire. There is something very characteristic of the poet's genius that he should make the banjo—

The war-drum of the White Man round the world!

The banjo, no doubt, is a handier musical instrument than a Broadwood grand or an organ; but no one except

Kipling could have glorified the banjo with its "Pilly-willy-winky-winky-popp" in this fashion:—

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—

I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!

Let the trumpets snare the foe-man 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 Sout of Things;

But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,

Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone,

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those;

With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—

And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,

And the merry play that drops you, when you're done,

To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

The Song of the Native Born, with its bacchanalian chorus, is another poem of the Empire that is of Kipling, Kiplingese:—

They change their skies above them,

But not their hearts that roam,

We learned from our wistful mothers

To call old England "home"!

But the mothers pass with their tales of wrong and death.

Our fathers held by purchase,

But we by the right of birth;

Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,

Our love where we spent our toil,

And our faith and our hope and our honour

We pledge to our native soil!

Enough to vindicate the right of Rudyard Kipling to be Laureate of the Empire.

## II.—AS LAUREATE OF THE SEVEN SEAS.

The sovereignty of the sea, which is Britain's most precious heritage, has never had a poet so strenuous and sympathetic as Rudyard Kipling. The English are the masters of the Seven Seas, and he devotes many poems to their overlordship. But not in swaggering Jingo vein. Nothing is more striking in all his poems of the sea than his constant association of the sea with death:—

We have fed our sea for a thousand years,

And she calls us, still unfed,

Though there's never a wave of all her 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,

Lord God, we'ha' paid in full!

So it goes on until in the last stanza the line, "If blood be the price of admiralty," is repeated three times. The same thought finds expression in the fine ballad, "The Sea Wife":—

There dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,

And a wealthy wife is she;

She breeds a breed o' rovin' men

And casts them over sea.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,

To ride the horse of tree,

And syne her sons come back again,

Far spent from out the sea.

Her hearth is wide to every wind

That makes the white ash spin;

And tide and tide and 'tween the tides

Her sons go out and in.

And some return by failing light,

And some in waking dream,

For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts

That ride the rough roof-beam.



"The Merchantmen," "The Liner she's a Lady," and "The First" and "the Last Chanteys" are songs of the sea without the sad undertone. "M'Andrews' Hymn" is an ambitious attempt to sing the Song of Steam, and to compel such engineering terms as cranks, tailrods, eccentrics, etc., to accommodate themselves to the uses of the poet. M'Andrews is a Calvinist—a Scotch Calvinist—and he sees in his engines illustrations of predestination and the Divine decrees. He hears them—

Singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made,  
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust block says:  
"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!"  
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:

Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!  
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,

An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.

"Mulholland's Contract" is the lay of one Mulholland, a cattle-boat man, who, in an hour of imminent peril, made a contract with God which he loyally observed. He recovered and went to preach the gospel on the boats which "are more like Hell than anything else I know." He did not want to "preach Religion, handsome an' out of the wet," so he preached it faithfully with results:—

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned would be the case,  
An' turned my cheek to the smiter, exactly as Scripture says;

But following that, I knocked him down an' led him up to Grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the sea is calm,  
An' I use no knife or pistol, an' I never take no harm,  
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fighting arm.

The most typical of all his sea pieces is that in which he sings how seven men took the *Bolivar*, a coffin screw-steamer laden with a shifting cargo of rails, from Sunderland to Bilbao. It has the genuine ring in it, the grim, soulless ring natural and proper to a ballad that sings of heroic exertions inspired by no heroic faith, but merely prompted by the instinct of the bull-dog. These

Seven men from all the world, back to town again,  
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road, drunk and raising Cain:  
Seven men from out of Hell

are characteristic heroes of Kipling, and he tells with gusto how—

Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray—  
Out we took the "Bolivar," out across the Bay!

It was an achievement worthy the muse of the Laureate of the Sea:—

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,  
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar  
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we  
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!

Everything in the sea or below the sea or at the side of the sea has charms for him. His eye pierces the ocean depths to the—

Great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-blurred cables creep.

Down in the dark, in the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are, he listens and he hears. Down in the womb of the world—

Words and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat.

The Coastwise Lights are saluted by him in splendid verse:—

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;

Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.

From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness, and voe—

The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go.

And all that float upon its waters are known to him and sung by him, whether they be the white wallsided warship, the crawling cargo tanks, the Southern clippers, or the "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!

Of the Seven Seas themselves he says but little. They are referred to in two of his poems, but are not named in any. In the Neolithic Age, we read:—

Still the world is wondrous large,—seven seas from marge to marge,—

And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;  
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandlu,  
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

In "The Flowers" the last verse:—

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas;

Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!

Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land,

Master of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand.

His verse is wooden sometimes and limping, but his phrases are superb. It would be difficult to match in its own style this rollicking line:—

In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking-screws.

But whether it is in telling the tragic story of the fight of the sealers in the fog, or chanting an anchor song, or whatever it may be, so long as he is among the waves listening to the wind, Rudyard Kipling is at home. It is right fitting that the Laureate of the Empire should also be the Laureate of the Seven Seas.

### III.—THE TYRTEUS OF THE BARRACK ROOM.

Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" are an honest and a singularly successful attempt to explain, as he tells Tommy Atkins, "both your pleasure and your pain." In the new volume there are some more ballads, but none which come up to or excel "Tommy," and "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." These have often been quoted, but no attempt to describe Rudyard Kipling's verse would be complete without at least a sample from each of these famous ditties. "Tommy" is devoted to contrasting the way in which the wearer of Her Majesty's uniform is often discriminated against by publicans, theatre managers, etc., to the compliments showered upon Mr. Atkins when the drums begin to roll. Tommy's protest in the following verses is as just as it is emphatic:—

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,

But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,

Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy,

fall be'ind,

And it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's

trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in

the wind;

O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble

in the wind.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him

out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin

to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please  
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!  
Even better than "Tommy" is Tommy's tribute to the  
Soudanese Fuzzy-Wuzzy who broke a British square:—

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.  
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!  
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,  
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn  
For a Regiment o' British Infan-tree!

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first class fightin' man;  
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—  
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!

Only second to the ballad of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" is that  
marvellous ditty dedicated to the commissariat camel,  
entitled "Oonts":—

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,  
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;  
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,  
'E's a devil, an' a ostrich, an' a orphan-child in one.

O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken oont!

The lumpy 'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin' where 'e lies.

'E's blocked the whole division from the rear-guard to the

front.

An' when we get him up again—the beggar goes an' dies!

There is a famous lilt in some

of these ballads. For example,

take the line—

And I'm here in

the clink for a

thundering

drink and

blacking the

corporal's eye,

or the chorus

of "Belts"—

But it was 'Belts,

belts, belts, an'

that's one for

you!

An' it was 'Belts,

belts, belts, an'

that's done for

you!

O buckle an'

tongue

Was the song

that we sung

From Harrison's

down to the

Park.

Of the narra-

tive ballads,

that dedicated

to the memory

of the regi-

mental water-

carrier, Gunga

Din, who was

killed in supply-

ing a wounded

soldier with

water, is the

most daring.

The soldier

whom he tended

concludes the ballad about his deliverer

by the consoling reflection that he will meet him in

hell:—



So I'll meet 'im later on  
At the place where 'e is gone—  
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;



'E'll be squattin' on the coals  
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,  
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!  
Yes, Din! Din! Din!  
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!  
Though I've belted you and flayed you,  
By the livin' Gawd that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

"Snarleyow" is one that sounds the deepest note of the horror of war in all Kipling's verse, for the conventional talk about the misery of the battle-field is, as might be expected, signally absent from his verse. "Snarleyow" was a horse in a battery, which on moving into action was struck by a roundshot and "almost tore in two." The driver's brother cries out for the battery to pull up, for Snarleyow had fouled the limber, and was lying with his head between his heels. "There ain't no 'Stop Conductor!' when a battery's changin' ground," replied the driver; "I couldn't pull up not for you—your 'ead between your 'eels." Hardly had he spoken before a shell dropped to the right of the battery, and when the smoke cleared away there lay the driver's brother "with 'is 'ead between 'is 'eels":—

Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words was very plain,  
'For Gawd's own sake get over me, an' put me out o' pain!  
They saw 'is wounds was mortal, an' they judged that it was best,  
So they took and drove the limber straight across 'is back an' chest.

The Driver 'e give nothin' 'cept a little coughin' grunt,  
But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came to "Action Front!"

An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Monday head  
'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun to spread.

That little touch about the juicy wheel, juicy with the driver's brother's blood, is grim indeed.

The moral of this story, it is plainly to be seen:  
You 'aven't got no families when servin' of the Queen—  
You 'aven't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives or sons,—  
If you want to win your battles take an' work your bloomin' guns!

There is a more pathetic note, the lament over a comrade, in the "Ford o' Kabul River." There is a vigorous, plain, practical realism in the ballad addressed to the young British soldier:—

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,  
And the women come out to cut up what remains,  
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,  
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier,  
So-oldier of the Queen!

In the new series, the "Birds of Prey March" does not strike me as a very exhilarating performance. For soldiers embarking on a trooper to sing the chorus must be the reverse of inspiring:—

Cheer! For we'll never live to see no bloomin' victory!  
Cheer! An' we'll never live to 'ear the cannon roar!  
(One cheer more!)

The jackal an' the kite  
'Ave an' 'ealthy appetite,  
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

Much better is the ballad about the Marines entitled "Soldier an' Sailor too." Here is Kipling's reference to the story of the heroism of the Marines at the wreck of the *Birkenhead*:—

To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing all about,  
Is nothin' so bad when you've cover to 'and an' leave an' likin' to shout;

But to stand an' be still to the *Birkenhead* drill is a damn tough bullet to chew,

An' they done it, the Jollies—'Er Majesty's Jollies—soldier an' sailor too;  
Their work was done when it 'adn't begun; they was younger nor me an' you;  
Their choice it was plain between drownin' in 'eaps an' bein' mopped by the screw,  
So they stood an' was still in the *Birkenhead* drill, soldier an' sailor too.

The ballad about the sappers is not bad, but the best of the new ballads is that entitled "The 'Eathen," which in reality is not about the heathen at all, but describes the evolution of the non-commissioned officer from the raw recruit. The description of soldiers waiting under fire is not heroic, but it is very realistic:—

'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way;  
'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,  
An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.  
'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,  
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em till he feels 'em take the bit;  
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,  
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day.

IV.—ETCETERA.

Rudyard Kipling, a man in the world of men, regards women from the barrack-room standpoint. Tommy Atkins is not strong on monogamy. In "The Ladies" we read—

I've taken my fun where I've found it;  
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;  
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'carts,  
And four o' the lot was prime.

The moral of it is that "the more you 'ave known the others the less will you settle to one. An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin', an' dreamin' Hell fires to see."

In "Mary, Pity Women!" there is an attempt to express something of the misery felt by the soldier's abandoned mistress, but even the pity is grudged; what's the good, what's the use, etc.

When a man is tired there is naught will bind 'im;  
All 'e solemn promised 'e will shove be'ind 'im.  
What's the good o' prayin' for The Wrath to strike 'im,  
(Mary, pity women!) when the rest are like 'im.

There is genuine pathos in the woman's wail:—

I want the name—no more—  
The name, an' lines to show,  
An' not to be an 'ore,  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

But the response is, it is but as it was, is, and ever shall be—women must suffer and men go free.

What's the good o' pleadin' when the mother that bore you,  
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you.

Rudyard Kipling might have shivered with the lightnings of his song this darkness of our age—selfishness, which leads to this complaisant dooming of the weaker to the wall, but that would have been inconsistent with his worship of the God of Things as They Are.

The airiest and most sentimental of his ballads, "Mandalay," contains Tommy's longing for freedom from all moral restraints:—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst.

Rudyard Kipling and Tommy Atkins do not seem to be much embarrassed by the Decalogue, even when they are west of Suez.

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VOLUME LXXIX.—NUMBER 471

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	Page
THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE. I.—VII. . . . .	Paul Leicester Ford 1
A CENTURY OF SOCIAL BETTERMENT . . . . .	John Bach McMaster 20
EMERSON, SIXTY YEARS AFTER. I. . . . .	John Jay Chapman 27
THE HOUSE OF THE SILENT YEARS . . . . .	Lizette Woodworth Reese 41
DOMINANT FORCES IN SOUTHERN LIFE . . . . .	W. P. Trent 42
CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS. III. . . . .	Thomas Wentworth Higginson 53
MEMORIALS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS . . . . .	Joseph Edgar Chamberlin 64
THE JUGGLER. IV. . . . .	Charles Egbert Craddock 73
PARK-MAKING AS A NATIONAL ART . . . . .	Mary Caroline Robbins 86
A CONVENT MAN-SERVANT . . . . .	Mary Hartwell Catherwood 98
JAMES LANE ALLEN . . . . .	Edith Baker Brown 104
THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING . . . . .	Charles Eliot Norton 111
MR. GODKIN'S POLITICAL WRITINGS . . . . .	116
MEN AND LETTERS.	
VERBAL MAGIC . . . . .	Bradford Torrey 123
UPON A MISSING WORD. . . . .	Owen Wister 126
CONVERSATIONS WITH MR. LOWELL . . . . .	127
COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS . . . . .	131
THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB . . . . .	139

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### THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

DURING the last two or three years, we have often heard the lament that the Victorian era of poetry was closed; that with the death of Tennyson the last great voice had fallen silent; that only the small harpers with their glees were left, such as Chaucer saw sitting at the feet of the mighty masters of old; or that if one or two who might claim to belong to the band of fame lingered on, they were now old men, and their voices were no longer heard or were faint with age. But the lament was futile, however it might seem to be justified by the verse of the new Poet Laureate. Pye was Poet Laureate at the beginning of the century, as Austin is at its end. But before Pye died Scott and Wordsworth had already secured their seats among the immortals, and England, at the end of the century no less than at the beginning, is still the nursing mother of poets; and though Tennyson and his compeers be dead, her genius, with its eternal youth, is still finding fresh expression for itself, inspired with a novel poetic spirit as genuine as any that has moulded English verse.

This splendid continuous fertility of English genius, this unbroken poetic expression of English character and life from Chaucer to Rudyard Kipling, is unparalleled in the moral and intellectual history of any other race. For five full centuries England has had such a succession of poets as no other land can boast. There is no reason to fear that the succession will fail. One dynasty may follow another, but the throne will not lack a king. It is a change of dynasty which we are witnessing now, and it was the mistaking of this for a break in succession that has given occasion to the lament that the Victorian era of poetry had ended.

As we look back over the poetry of

the century, two main inspiring motives, exhibiting a natural evolution of poetic doctrine and influence, are clearly distinguishable. The one, of which Wordsworth is the representative, proceeded direct from external nature in her relations to man; while the other, with many representatives from Keats to Tennyson, Arnold, Clough, and Browning, was derived from human nature, from man himself in his various relations to the universe and to his kind. And all these latter poets, however they might differ in their look upon life, treated it either ideally and romantically, or else as matter mainly of introspective reflection and sentiment. Poetry with them was not so much an image of life as, on the one hand a scenic representation of it, and on the other a criticism of it. In their kind, the finer dramatic lyrics of Browning, scenic representations of life, may long stand unsurpassed, while for criticism and exposition of life of the intellectual order Clough and Arnold may have no rivals, as Tennyson may have none in the field of pure sentiment in exquisite lyrical form.

The poetry inspired by these motives was the adequate expression of the ideals of the age,—of its shifting creeds, its doubts, its moral perplexities, its persistent introspection. The mood lasted for full fifty years, and never did the prevailing mood of the higher life of a people find nobler or more complete utterance. But meanwhile the process of mental and spiritual evolution was going on. The mood was gradually changing; the poets themselves, by uttering it, were exhibiting its limitations; it was a phase of the spiritual life of man, of which no age exhibits the full orb. A new generation had been growing up under these poets, with its own conceptions and aspirations and its new modes of confront-



ing the conditions of existence. It found the poetic motives of the earlier part of the century insufficient; neither external nature nor human nature in any select aspect was what it cared most about. It had taken to heart the instructions of the poets; it aimed "to see life steadily and see it *whole*," or, in Clough's words,

"to look straight out upon  
The big plain things that stare one in the face."

It took the whole world for its realm, and was moved to depict it in its actual aspect and what was called its reality. The realists of yesterday or to-day are the legitimate offspring of the romanticists and idealists of the mid-century, following, as is often the habit of sons, a different course from that which their fathers pursued. The new spirit showed itself at first in prose fiction. It was weak and often misdirected. It waited for its poet. For realism — the aim to see the world and to depict it as it is — required for the fit performance of its work the highest exercise of the poetic imagination. The outward thing, the actual aspect, is in truth the real thing and the true aspect only when seen by the imaginative vision. To see a thing truly, a man must, as Blake says, look *through*, not *with* the eye. The common reporter sees *with* his eye, and, meaning to tell the truth, tells a falsehood. But the imagination has insight, and what it sees is reality.

It is now some six or seven years since Plain Tales from the Hills gave proof that a man who saw through his eyes was studying life in India and was able to tell us what he saw. And those who read the scraps of verse prefixed to many of his stories, if they knew what poetry was, learned that their writer was at least potentially a poet, not by virtue of fantasy alone, but by his mastery of lyrical versification. The rhythm of these fragments had swing and ease and variety, and there was one complete little set of verses, at the head of the last

story in the book, which made clear the writer's title to the name of poet. We had not then seen Departmental Ditties and Other Verses, or Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads: they came to us before long, and showed that the qualities which distinguished Mr. Kipling's stories were not lacking in his poems. There was the same sure touch, the same insight, the same imaginative sympathy with all varieties of life, and the same sense of the moral significance of life even in its crudest, coarsest, and most vulgar aspects. Many of these verses were plainly the work of youth, — of a boy full of talent, but not yet fully master of his own capacities, not yet wholly mastered by his own genius. They had a boyish audacity and extravagance; they were exuberant; there was too much talent in them, usurping the place and refusing the control of genius: but underneath their boyishness, and though their manner was not yet wholly subdued to art, there was a vital spirit of fresh and vigorous originality which, combined with extraordinary control of rhythmical expression, gave sure promise of higher manly achievement.

Mr. Kipling's progress as poet has been plain to those who have read the pieces from his hand which have appeared in magazine and newspaper in England and America, or have had their place in his volumes of stories during the last four or five years. A good part of this scattered verse is now gathered into *The Seven Seas*, but this volume is by no means a complete collection, and there are poems omitted from it which the lover of poetry can ill spare, and for which he would readily exchange some of those included in it.

But in spite of omissions and inclusions alike to be regretted, *The Seven Seas* contains a notable addition to the small treasury of enduring English verse, an addition sufficient to establish Mr. Kipling's right to take place in the honorable

body of those English poets who have done England service in strengthening the foundations of her influence and of her fame. The dominant tone of his verse is indeed the patriotic; and it is the tone of the new patriotism, that of imperial England, which holds as one all parts of her wide-stretched empire, and binds them close in the indissoluble bond of common motherhood, and with the ties of common convictions, principles, and aims, derived from the teachings and traditions of the motherland, and expressed in the best verses of her poets. It is this passionate, moral, imperial patriotism that inspires the first poem in the book, *The Song of the English*, and which recurs again and again through its pages.

But if this be the dominant tone, easily recognized by every reader, the full scale which includes it and every other tone of Mr. Kipling's verse is that of actual life seen by the imagination intensely and comprehensively, and seen by it always, in all conditions and under all forms, as a moral experience, with the inevitable consequences resulting from the good or evil use of it.

The gift of imagination, with which as a quality Mr. Kipling is endowed as few men have ever been, has quickened and deepened his sympathies with men of every class and race, and given him free entrance to their hearts. He "draws the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are;" and the thing as he sees it is the relation of experience and conduct, while the rule of life which he deduces from it is that of "Law, Duty, Order and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline." He does not enforce this rule as a preacher from the pulpit, but, as Shakespeare teaches it, by the simple exhibition of life in its multiplicity and apparent confusion.

"What is a poet?" asks Wordsworth, and he answers his question: "He is a man speaking to men, . . . carrying everywhere with him relationship and

love. . . . He binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society." And this vast empire of society includes the mean and the vulgar no less than the noble and the refined; Tommy Atkins and Bill 'Awkins as well as McAndrew and True Thomas. The recklessness, the coarseness, the brutality of Tommy Atkins, the spirit of the beast in man, all appear in the Barrack-Room Ballads, but not less his courage, his fidelity, his sense of duty, his obscure but deep-seated sentiment. The gist of all these Ballads is the display of the traits of human nature which makes this semi-savage "most remarkable like you." Yet it will not be only the fastidious and the super-refined reader who will find that some of the ballads might well be spared. There is more than one in this last volume which offends the taste by coarseness insufficiently redeemed by humor or by suggestion of virtue obscured by vulgarity, diminishes the charm of the book as a whole, and interferes with the commendation of it which might otherwise be hearty and unqualified. And yet, in condemning these few pieces, and in regretting their association with nobler work, I am reminded of a sentence in the *Apologie of Poetrie* of Sir John Harington, printed in the year 1591, which runs as follows: "But this I say, and I think I say truly: that there are many good lessons to be learned out of these poems, many good uses to be had of them, and that therefore they are not, nor ought not to be, despised by the wiser sort, but so to be studied and employed as was intended by the writer and deviser thereof, which is to soften and polish the hard and rough disposition of men, and make them capable of virtue and good discipline."

But enough of blame and of excuse. From the reek of the barrack-room we come out with delight to the open air and to the fresh breezes of the sea. For the sea has touched Mr. Kipling's imagination with its magic and its mystery,



and never are his sympathies keener than with the men who go down upon it, and with the vast relations of human life to the waters that encircle the earth. Here too is manifest his love of England, the mistress of the sea. The ocean is the highway of her sons, and the paths of the ocean which they travel from one end of the earth to the other are paths from one region to another of her imperial dominion.

The passion for the sea, the mastery of its terrors, the confident but distrustful familiarity with it of the English seaman, have never had such expression as Mr. Kipling has given to them. From his splendid psalm of *The English Flag*, —

"What is the flag of England, winds of the world declare,"

to *The Song of the English*, —

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years,  
And she calls us, still unfed,  
Though there's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead," —

his imagination dwells with vivifying emotion on the heroic combats — now victories, now defeats — of his race with the winds and the waves from which they draw their strength. All that belongs to the story of man upon the sea — the line-of-battle ship, the merchantman, the tramp steamer, the derelict, the little cargo-boats, the lighthouse, the bell-buoy — has its part in his verse of human experience. And so vivid are his appreciations of the poetic significance of even the most modern and practical of the conditions and aspects of sea life that in *McAndrew's Hymn*, a poem of surpassing excellence alike in conception and in execution, Mr. Kipling has sung the song of the marine steam-engine and all its machinery, from furnaces to screw, in such wise as to convert their clanging beats and throbs into a sublime symphony in accord with the singing of the morning stars. He has thus fulfilled a fine prophecy of Words

worth's, that when the time should come, if it should ever come, when the discoveries and applications of science shall become "familiarized to men, and shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man."

Such a poem as *McAndrew's Hymn* is a masterpiece of realism in its clear insight into the real significance of common things, and in its magnificent expression of it. Here Mr. Kipling is at his best, revealing the admirable quality of his imaginative vision and obeying the true command of his genius. It is not strange that the insistence of his varied and vigorous talents should often, during youth, when the exercise of talents is so delightful and so delusive, have interfered with his perfect obedience to the higher law of his inward being. And the less strange is it because of the ready acceptance of the work of talent by the world and by the critics, and their frequent lack of readiness of appreciation of the novel modes of genius. Moreover, this age of ours, like every other age, is full of false and misleading doctrines of art, of which the fallacies are often to be discovered by the artist only through his own hard experience. But the interested reader of Mr. Kipling's verse will not fail to note that almost from the beginning there were indications of his being possessed by the spirit which, whether it be called realist or idealist, sees things as they are; delights in their aspect; finds the shows of the earth good, yet recognizes that they all are but veils, concealments, and suggestions of the things better than themselves, of ideals always to be striven after, never to be attained. The dull-eyed man finds life dull and the earth unpoetic. He is *McAndrew's* "damned ijjit" who asks, "Mr. *McAndrews*, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"

But the poet finds to-day as entertaining as any day that ever dawned, and man's life as interesting and as romantic as it ever was in old times. Yet he is not satisfied; he reveals this human life to himself as well as to his fellows; he gives to it its form of beauty; but for himself there is a something for which he longs, which he seeks for, and which always eludes him. It is his beloved, it is his ideal; it is what Mr. Kipling, in one of his most beautiful poems, and one in which he gives expression to his deepest self, calls the *True Romance*. This poem begins: —

"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 garments' hem:  
Thy feet have trod so near to God  
I may not follow them."

It is this poem which more than any other gives the key to the interpretation of Mr. Kipling's work in general, and displays its controlling aim. And more than this, it gives assurance of better work to come than any which Mr. Kipling has yet achieved. For as with every man who holds to a high ideal, pursuing it steadily, each step is a step in advance, so is it with the poet. The imagination, if it be a genuine faculty, and not a mere quality, is not to be worn out and exhausted by use. Nay, rather, it grows stronger with exercise; it is constantly quickened by each new experience; its insight becomes deeper and more keen. It is the poets in whom imagination is a secondary quality who, as

they grow old, fail to equal their youthful selves. But the poets whose imagination is the essence of their being lose nothing, but gain always with advance of years. They are the real idealists.

I have said too little, in what precedes, concerning the gifts possessed by Mr. Kipling which would be matters of chief consideration with a minor poet, — gifts subsidiary to his imagination, though dependent on it for their excellence, — the frequent perfect mating of word with sentiment, the graphic epithet, the force, freedom, directness, and simplicity of diction, the exquisite movement and flow of rhythm, the felicity of rhyme. It would be easy to illustrate these qualities of his poetry by the selection of verses in which they are displayed; but there is little need to do so, for the poems are already familiar, not only to the readers of poetry, but to many who have hardly read any other verse. The *Barrack-Room Ballads*, set to old tunes, are already sung wherever the British soldier plants his camp. The correspondent of the *London Times*, who accompanied the recent expedition to Dongola, told in one of his letters how, while he was writing, he heard the soldiers outside his tent singing one of Kipling's songs.

The study of the forms of Mr. Kipling's verse must be left for some other occasion. It is enough now gratefully to recognize that he continues the great succession of royal English poets, and to pay to him the homage which is his due.

*Charles Eliot Norton.*



## THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.

From Literature, published by Harper & Brothers.  
[Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling, in the United States of America.]  
Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go  
By the Pass called Muttanee, to shoot in the vale below  
Yearly by Muttanee he follows our white men in—  
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless and lipless—toothless, of broken speech,  
Seeking a dole at the doorway, he mumbles his tale to each—  
Over and over the story, ending as he began:

"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the bear that walks like a man!"

"There was a flint in my musket—pricked and primed was the pan  
When I went hunting Adam-zad—the bear that stands like a man.  
I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow,  
When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

"I knew his times and seasons as he knew mine that I fed  
By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed my house of bread—  
I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine that crept  
At dawn to the crowded goat pens and plundered while I slept.

"Up from his stony playground—down from his well digged lair—  
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the bear,  
Groaning, grunting and roaring, heavy with stolen meals,  
Two long marches to northward, and I was at his heels!

"Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the second night,  
I came on mine enemy, Adam-zad, all weary from his flight.  
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed was the pan—  
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared up like a man.

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,  
Making his supplication, rose Adam-zad the bear!  
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,  
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, swaying thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then \* \* \*  
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men.  
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—  
From brow to jaw the steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!

"Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—  
Faceless I fell before his feet fifty summers ago.  
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to his den.  
He left me blind to the darkling years and the little mercy of men.

"Now ye go down in the morning with the guns of the newer style,  
That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I have heard) a mile?  
Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and true,  
But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the bear can do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered and gray—  
Matun the old blind beggar, he gives good worth for his pay),  
"Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press him hard—  
Not for his raging and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

"But (pay and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,  
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;  
When he stands up as pleading, in monstrous, man-brute guise,  
When he veils the hate and cunning of the little swinish eyes.

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,  
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

Eyeless, noseless and lipless, asking a dole at the door,  
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er;  
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at the flame,  
Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's game;  
Over and over the story, ending as he began:

"There is no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that looks like a man!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

[This poem, which appears here through the courtesy of Harper & Brothers, the American publishers of "Literature," was written to express its author's distrust of the motives which prompted the Czar of Russia's recent proclamation in behalf of universal disarmament. Mr. Kipling believes that there is a lack of sincerity in Russia's much heralded desire for a condition that will insure general peace, and he tells this characteristic story of a man and a bear in order to put his fellow countrymen on guard.]



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING AT HOME.

## WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.\*

Illustrated by GEORGES MONTBARD.



HE history of the Victoria Cross has been told so often that it is only necessary to say that the order was created by Royal Warrant on January 29, 1856,

in the year of the peace with Russia, when the new racing Cunard steamer *Persia* was making thirteen knots an hour between England and America.

Any officer or man of the army, navy, reserve, or volunteer forces, from a duke to a negro, can wear on his left breast the little bronze Maltese cross, with the crowned lion atop and the inscription "For Valour" below, if he has only "performed some signal act of valour" or devotion to his country "in the presence of the enemy." Nothing else makes

any difference; for it is explicitly laid down in the Warrant that "neither rank nor long service nor wounds, nor any other circumstance whatsoever, save the merit of conspicuous bravery, shall be held to establish a sufficient claim to the Order."

There are many kinds of bravery; and if you look through the records of the four hundred and eleven men, living and dead, that have held the cross, out of the seven hundred thousand or so who can compete for it, you will find instances of every imaginable variety of heroism.

There is bravery in the early morning when it takes great courage merely to leave the warm blankets; on foot and on horse, empty or fed, sick or well; coolness of brain that thinks out a plan at dawn and holds to it all through the long murderous day;

\* Copyright, 1897, by Perry, Mason & Co.



ders to the narrow belt of blue silk. The tucked silk collar-band has an undulating edge and a small frill at the back. The fitted sleeve has a small cap of silk at the top and is enriched with braid at the wrist. SARAC.

Cambridge, Md., from Seaford, returned to the latter place last night and attempted to commit suicide by swallowing Paris green in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery. Outten was found by Harry Lawrence, who summoned a physician, and after several hours' hard work Outten's life was saved. He refuses to make any explanation of his desire to end his life.

**PORTO RICO EVACUATION.**

**Major General Brooke Cables That United States Troops Will Raise the Stars and Stripes at San Juan on October 18.**

Washington, Oct. 13.—The following cable message has been received at the War Department from General Brooke, at San Juan de Porto Rico: "The United States Commission have informed the Spanish Commission that the United States expects to have complete possession of Porto Rico on October 18. The Spanish Commission assent to this, and say that it is expected the evacuation will be complete on or before that day. If not, they will concede possession. The United States Commission has practically completed the details of the evacuation, and the Joint Commission has held its last session and adjourned without delay. The United States troops will be placed in San Juan and the flag hoisted at noon, October 18."

This despatch is very gratifying to the War Department officials, as it ends all contention regarding the possession of Porto Rico. The details of the agreements reached by the Commissioners have not been received at the War Department, but as the negotiations seem to have progressed smoothly, it is supposed that the instructions of the Administration to the Commission have been carried out.

**CUBAN GENERAL'S TRIP.**

**Funeral of Major Beebe—Flowers from Local Clubs.**

Havana, Oct. 13.—The Cuban Generals, Mayta Rodriguez and Nodaves, left to-day for Santa Cruz del Sur, via Batabano, in answer to an urgent summons from the Cuban revolutionary government. It was given out here that the Cuban revolutionary ministers have commissioned these

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THE TRACK OF THE BEAR.

bravery of mind that forces the crazy body to sit still and do nothing except show a good example; sheer reckless rejoicing strength that hacks through a crowd of amazed men and comes out grinning on the other side; enduring spirit that wears through a long siege, never losing heart, or manners, or temper; quick flashing bravery that heaves the lighted shell overboard, or rushes the stockade while others are gaping, and the calculating craftsmanship that camps alone before the sputtering rifle-pit, and cleanly and methodically wipes out every living soul in it.

Within the last forty years England has dealt with many different peoples and—excepting some foolish hill-folk in a place called Sikkin, who were misled into declaring war—they all, Zulu, Malay, Maori, Burman, Boer, the little hillsman of the North-East Indian frontier, Afreedi, Pathan, Biluch, the Arab of East Africa and the Soudani of the north country, and the rest, played a thoroughly good game. We owe them many thanks, for they showed us every variety of climate and almost every variety of attack, from long-range fire to hand-to-hand scrimmage, except of course the ordered movements of continental armies and the siege of armed towns.

It is rather the fashion to look down on these little wars and to call them military promenades, and so forth, but in reality no enemy can do much more than poison your wells, rush your camp, ambuscade you, kill you with his climate, fight you body to body, make you build your own means of communication under his fire, and cut up your wounded as a religious duty.

It is in these rough-and-tumble affairs that many of the later crosses have been won, though two hundred and ninety-three of the total were given for acts of bravery in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. That last was the worst.

The Crimea was fair fighting as far as the enemy were concerned—no one could wish for better troops than the Russians of Inkerman and the Alma—but our own War Office helped the enemy with ignorant management and brutal neglect. In the Mutiny of 1857

the Indian Empire seemed to be crumbling like a sand-bank in flood, and wherever there were three or four Englishmen they had to kill or be killed till help came.

No one talks of the Mutiny in India to-day, but sometimes a mild old gentleman who plays chess or paints china, or a dear motherly old lady, will tell tales that make you think. But it is not even good to think of the Mutiny. Hundreds of crosses must have been won then, with nobody near to see, for the average of work was high.

For instance—these are cases of decorated men—a man shut up in the Residency at Lucknow stole out three times at the risk of his life to get cattle for the besieged; later he extinguished a fire near a powder magazine, and a month afterwards put out another fire; then he led twelve men to capture two guns that were wrecking the Residency; next day he captured an outlying position full of mutineers; three days later he captured another gun, and finished up by capturing a fourth. So he got his cross.



The Victoria Cross.

Another young man was a lieutenant in the Southern Mahratta Horse and a full regiment of mutineers broke into his part of the world, upsetting the minds of the people. He collected some troopers, chased the regiment eight miles, stormed the fort they had taken refuge in, and killed, captured or wounded every soul there.

Then there was a lance-corporal, who afterwards rose to be lieutenant-colonel. He was an enduring kind of man for he won his cross for taking a hand in every fight that came along through nearly seventy consecutive days.

Then there were two brothers who earned the cross about six times between them for leading forlorn hopes and such. Then there was a private, of "persuasive powers and cheerful disposition," so the book says, who was cut off in a burning house with nine companions while the mutineers were firing in at the windows. He cheerfully persuaded the enemy to retire, and in the end all ten were saved. He was a man worth knowing.

Then there was a little man of the Sutherland Highlanders, a private who rose to be

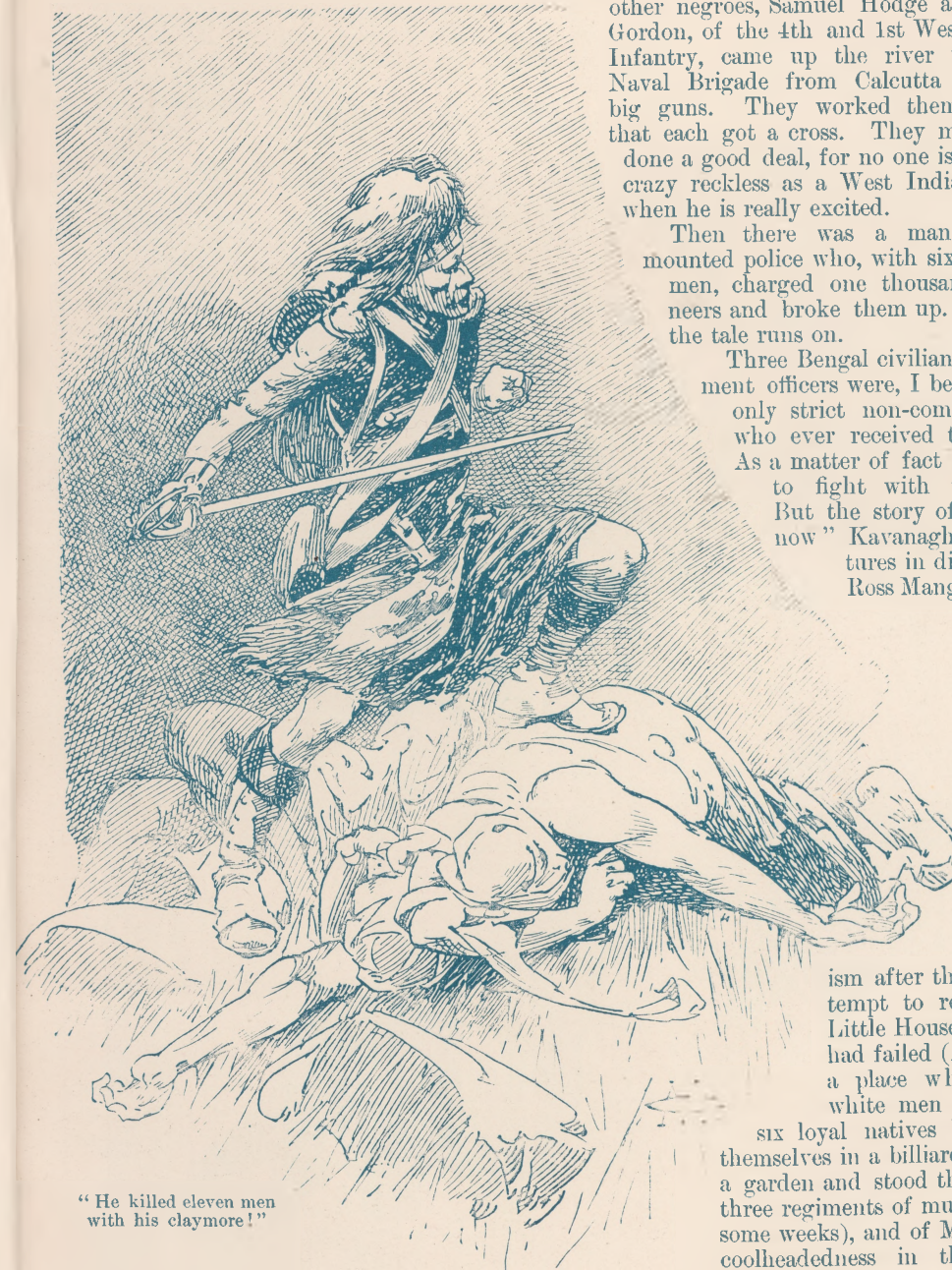
major-general. In one attack near Lucknow he killed eleven men with his claymore—and they all fought! Even he was not more thorough than two

and they must have been angry, for the three of them killed all the mutineers—about fifty.

Then there was a negro captain of the foretop, William Hall, who, with two other negroes, Samuel Hodge and W. J. Gordon, of the 4th and 1st West Indian Infantry, came up the river with the Naval Brigade from Calcutta to work big guns. They worked them so well that each got a cross. They must have done a good deal, for no one is quite so crazy reckless as a West Indian negro when he is really excited.

Then there was a man in the mounted police who, with sixty horsemen, charged one thousand mutineers and broke them up. And so the tale runs on.

Three Bengal civilian Government officers were, I believe, the only strict non-combatants who ever received the cross. As a matter of fact they had to fight with the rest. But the story of "Lucknow" Kavanagh's adventures in disguise, of Ross Mangles' hero-



"He killed eleven men with his claymore!"

troopers who rode to the rescue of their colonel cut off and knocked down by mutineers. They helped him to his feet,

ism after the first attempt to relieve the Little House at Arrah had failed (Arrah was a place where ten white men and fifty-six loyal natives barricaded themselves in a billiard room in a garden and stood the siege of three regiments of mutineers for some weeks), and of McDonnell's coolheadedness in the retreat down the river, are things that ought to be told by themselves. Almost anyone can fight well on the winning side, but the men who can patch up a thoroughly



fers to the narrow bolt of blue silk. The tucked silk collar-band has an undulating edge and a small frill at the back. The fitted sleeve has a small cap of silk at the top and is enriched with braid at the wrist.  
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**PORTO RICO EVACUATION.**

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men by—  
Yearly by distance he follows our white

By the fare called Murrance, to shoot in  
while men go  
Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless  
the United States of America.  
[Copyright, 1898, by Hurdard Kippen, in  
Brothers.

From Literature, published by Harper &

**THE TRICE OF THE BEAR.**



C. MONTBARD.

"He found a revolver somewhere, with which he did excellent work."

**WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS.**

bad business and pull it off in some sort of shape are to be respected.

Army chaplains and doctors are officially supposed to be non-combatants—they are not really—but about twenty years after the Mutiny a chaplain was decorated under circumstances that made it impossible to overlook his bravery. Still I do not think he quite cared for the publicity.

He was a regimental chaplain—we have one or more to each white regiment, and in action they generally stay with the doctor—and he seems to have drifted up close to a cavalry charge for he helped a wounded man of the 9th Lancers into an ambulance. He was going about his business when he found two more troopers, who had tumbled into a water-course, all mixed up with their horses, and a knot of Afghans were hurrying to attend to them.

The record says that he rescued both men; but the tale, as I have heard it unofficially, declares that he found a revolver somewhere, with which he did excellent work while the troopers were struggling out of the ditch. This seems very possible, for Afghans do not leave disabled men without the strongest sort of hint, and I know that in nine cases out of ten, if you want a coherent account of what happened in an action, you had better ask the chaplain or the Roman Catholic priest.

But it is very difficult to get details. I have met perhaps a dozen or so of V.C.s., and in every case they have explained that they did the first thing that came to hand without worrying about alternatives. One man headed a charge into a mass of Afghans—who are very good fighters so long as they are interested in their work—and cut down five of them. All he said was, "Well, they were there, and they wouldn't go away. What was a man to do?—write 'em a note?"

Another man I questioned was a doctor. Army doctors, by the way, have special opportunities for getting crosses, and they make the most of them. Their duty compels them to keep somewhere near the firing, and most of them run right up and lie down, keeping an eye on the wounded.

It is a heartbreaking thing for a doctor who has pulled a likely young private of twenty-five through typhoid fever, and set him on his feet and watched him develop, to see the youngster wasted with a casual bullet. It must have been this feeling that made my friend do the old, old, splendid thing that never gets stale—rescue and attend to wounded under fire. He got his

cross, but all he said was, "I didn't want any unauthorised consultations—or amputations—while I was medical officer in charge. 'Tisn't etiquette."

His own head was very nearly amputated as he was tying up an artery—it was blind, bad bush-fighting, with smoke-puffs popping in and out among high grass, and never a man visible—but he only grunted when his helmet was cracked across by a bullet, and went on twiddling the tourniquet.

As I have hinted, in most of our little affairs our enemy knows nothing about the Geneva Convention or the treatment of wounded, but fires at a doctor on his face-value as a white man. One cannot blame them—it is their custom, but it is exceedingly awkward when our doctors take care of their wounded, who do not understand these things, and try to go on fighting in hospital.

There is a rather funny story of a wounded Soudani—what the soldiers called a "fuzzy"—who was carefully attended to in hospital after a fight. As soon as he had any strength again he proposed to a native orderly that they two should massacre the wounded in the other beds, and when the doctor came in he was trying to work out his plan. The doctor had a very unpleasant scuffle with the simple-minded man, but at last he slipped the chloroform bag over his nose. The man understood bullets and was not afraid of them, but this magic stuff that sent him to sleep cowed him altogether, and he gave no more trouble.

So a doctor's life is always a little hazardous, and besides his professional duties he may find himself senior officer in charge of what is left of the command if the others have been shot down. As doctors are always full of theories, I believe they rather like this. Some of them have run out to help mortally wounded men, because they knew that a dying man may have a last message to give, and it eases him to die with a friend to hold his hand. This is a most noble thing to do under fire. Chaplains have done it also, but it is part of what they suppose to be their regular duty.

Another V.C. of my acquaintance—he is anything but a doctor—once saved a trooper whose horse had been killed. His argument was rather original. The man was on foot, and the enemy—Zulus this time, and they are beautiful fighters—was coming down at a run, and he said very decently that he did not see his way to perilling his officer's life by double weighting the only horse there was.



ers to the narrow belt of blue silk. The tucked silk collar-band has an undulating edge and a small frill at the back. The fitted sleeve has a small cap of silk at the top and is enriched with braid at the wrist.  
SARAC.

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men to—  
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men in—  
Yearly by distance he follows our white  
By the rate below,  
By the face called Murtaine, to shoot in  
white men for  
Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless  
the United States of America.]  
[Copyright, 1894, by Rudyard Kipling, in  
Brothers.

From literature, published by Harper & Brothers.

**THE TRICE OF THE BEAR.**

To this his officer answered: "If you don't get up behind me I'll get off and I'll

them both out of the scrape. Now, by an officer who insults or threatens with violence a subordinate of his service is liable to lose his commission, and to be declared "incapable of serving the Queen in any capacity," but for some reason or other the trooper never reported his superior. The humour and



"I'll give you such a licking as you've never had in your life!"

The man was more afraid of fists than assegais, and the good horse pulled

found they were short of provisions and sent in a canoe full of pigs and potatoes with the message that it was no fun to fight weak

the honour of fighting is by no means all on one side. Some

thirty years since there was a war in New Zealand against the Maories, who, though they tortured prisoners and occasionally ate a man, liked fighting for its own sake. One of their chiefs cut off a detachment of our men in a stockade where he might have starved them out. He

men, but he would be happy to meet them after a full meal.

As to honour, the Boers in South Africa did a very pretty thing. The war against them was one of the many bright jewels in England's crown cut and set by Mr. Gladstone, but it is some consolation to remember that they beat us horse and foot from one end to the other. They were splendid fighters in their own way—at nine hundred yards, lying down behind a long rifle with their horse ready in the background.

After one battle, in which they had wiped out an English regiment and killed a general, they were at some pains to find the general's sword and return it to his widow saying that the Lord was on their side, and they had killed a brave man and were sorry for it.

We got very little out of that war except the knowledge that it paid to shoot straight. Two or three men won the cross for saving wounded under fire. One officer, after seven of his mess had been killed at Laong's Nek, picked up a wounded comrade who was shot dead in his arms, but he went out again and saved two more men. Much the same kind of thing happened at Wesselstroom and Hajuta—both defeats for us. The only good thing in the whole wretched business was that we abided by the issue of the first fights instead of turning on an entire army corps and ruining the Boers utterly, as some unwise people thought was our duty.

There are many cases in which men, very young as a rule, have forced their way through a stockade of thorns that hook or bamboos that cut, and held on in the face of heavy fire for just so long as served to bring up their comrades. Those who have done this say that the getting in is exciting enough, but the bad time, when the minutes drag like hours, lies between the first scuffle with the angry faces in the smoke and the "Hi! get out o' this!" that shows the others are tumbling up behind. They say it is as bad as the old Rugby Union game of football, when you get off the ball just as slowly as you dare, that your own side may have time to come up and shove.

Most men, after they have been shot over a little, only want a lead to do good work; so the result of a young man's daring is often out of all proportion to his actual performances. For instance, when your Lieutenant Cushing torpedoed the rebel ram *Albemarle* he only risked his life—it was all that he had about him, of course—but he could have risked it just as much on an open deck in an engagement. Still, that particular

way of risking made it possible and easy for the crew of the launch to follow his lead and do ten times more than any one of them would have dared alone.

All courage does not lie in furious valour. Here is a case which never won notice because very few people talked about it—a case of the courage of Ulysses one might say.

A column of troops, heavily weighted with sick and wounded, had drifted into a bad



"He picked up a wounded comrade who was shot dead in his arms."

place—a pass where the enemy, hidden behind rocks, were picking them off at known ranges as they retreated. Half a regiment was acting as rear-guard—company after company facing about on the narrow road and trying to keep down the wicked flickering fire from the hillsides. And it was twilight, and it was cold, and it was raining, and it was altogether horrible.

The rear-guard began to fire too quickly and to hurry back to the main body too soon, and the bearers put down the ambulances much too often and looked off the



ders to the narrow belt of blue silk. The tucked silk collar-band has an undulating edge and a small frill at the back. The fitted sleeve has a small cap of silk at the top and is enriched with braid at the wrist.  
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men in—  
Maturin, the old blind beggar, bandaged  
Yearly by distance he follows our white  
the safe below,  
By the Pass called Murrhance, to shoot in  
Yearly, with men so and the, our carrels  
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**THE TRICE OF THE BEAR.**

road for possible cover. Altogether there were the makings of a very nasty little breakdown—and after that would come the slaughter.

A boy I knew was acting in command of one company that was specially bored and sulky, and there were shouts from the column in the dark of "Hurry up! Hurry there!" neither necessary nor soothing. He kept his men in hand as well as he could, hitting down the rifles when they fired wild, till someone along the line shouted, "What on earth are you fellows waiting there for?"

Then my friend—I am rather proud that he is my friend—hunted for his pipe and tobacco, filled the bowl in his pocket, because he didn't want anyone to see how his hand shook, lit a fuzee and shouted back between very short puffs, "Hold on a minute! I'm lighting my pipe."

There was a roar of rather cackly laughter, and a regimental joker said, "Since you *are* so pressin', I think I'll 'ave a pipe myself."

I don't believe either pipe was smoked out, but—and this is a very big but—this little bit of acting steadied the company, and the news of it went along the column, and even the wounded laughed, and everyone felt better.

Whether the enemy heard the laughing, or was impressed by the one—two—three—four firing that followed it, will never be known, but the column came to camp at the regulation step and not at a run. That is what I call the courage of the much-enduring Ulysses, but the only comment I ever heard on the affair was the boy's own, and all he said was, "It was transpontine but necessary."

Of course he must have been a good boy from the beginning, for little bits of pure inspiration very seldom come to, or are acted upon by, slovens, self-indulgent or undisciplined people. I have never yet come across a V.C. who had not the strictest notions about washing and shaving, and keeping himself quiet and decent on his way through the civilised world.

Indeed it is very curious, after one has known hundreds of young men and young officers, to sit still at a distance and watch them come forward to success in their profession. The clean and considerate man always seems to take hold of circumstances at the right end.

One of the latest and youngest of the V.Cs. I used to know distantly as a beautiful being whom they called aide-de-camp to some big official in India. So far as an outsider

could judge, his duties consisted in wearing a uniform faced with blue satin, and in seeing that everyone enjoyed himself at the dances and dinners. He would wander about smiling, with eyes at the back of his head, introducing men who were strangers, and a little uncomfortable to girls whose dance-cards were rather empty; taking old and uninteresting women into supper, and tucking them into their carriages afterwards; or steering white-whiskered native officers, all covered with medals and half blind with confusion, through the maze of a levee into the presence of the viceroy or the commander-in-chief, or whoever it was that wanted to see them.

A few years later his chance came, and he made the most of it. We were then smoking out a nest of caravan-raiders, slave-dealers and general thieves who lived somewhere under the Karakorum mountains, among glaciers about sixteen thousand feet above the sea-level. The mere road to the place was too much for many mules, for it ran by precipices and round rock curves and over roaring, snow-fed rivers.

The enemy—they were called Kanjuts this time—had fortified themselves in a place as nearly impregnable as nature and man could make it. One position was on the top of a cliff about twelve hundred feet high, whence they could roll stones directly on the head of any attacking force. Our men objected to the stones much more than to the rifle fire. They were down in a river bed at the bottom of an icy pass, with some three tiers of cliff-like defences above them, and the Kanjuts were very well armed. To make all pleasant it was December.

This ex-aide-de-camp was a good mountaineer, and he was told off with a hundred natives, goorkhas and dogra sikhs, to get into the top tier of fortifications, and the only way of arriving was to follow a sort of shoot in the cliff face which the enemy had worn out by throwing rocks down. By daylight, in peace and with guides, it would have been good mountaineering.

He went in the dark, by eye, and with some two thousand Kanjuts very much at war with him. When he had climbed eight hundred feet almost perpendicularly he found he must come back because even he and his cragsmen could find no way.

He returned to the river bed and began again in a new place, working his men up between avalanches that slid along and knocked people over. When he got to the top he had to take his men into the forts



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men to—  
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Yearly by shuttles he follows out white by the vale below.  
By the Fens called Nuttance, to shoot in white men so  
Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless (the United States of America.)  
From literature, published by Harper & Brothers.  
(Copyright, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling, in this issue.)

THIS TRICE OF THE HEAR.

with the bayonet and the kukri—the little goorkha knife. The thing was so bold that it broke the hearts of the enemy and practically ended the campaign, and if you could see the photograph of the place you would understand why.

It was hard toe-nail and finger-nail mountaineering under fire, and the men behind him were not regulars but what we call the Imperial service troops—men raised by the semi-independent kings and used to defend the frontier. They enjoyed themselves immensely, and the little aide-de-camp got a deserved V.C. The courage of Ulysses again; for he had to think as he climbed, and until he was directly under the fortifications one chance-hopping boulder might just have planed his men off all along the line.

But there is a heroism beyond all for which no V.C. is ever given, because there is no official enemy nor any sort of firing, except maybe one volley in the early morning at some spot where the noise does not echo. It is necessary from time to time to send unarmed men into No-man's-land and the Back of Beyond, across the Khudajantakdan mountains.

The understanding is that if the men come back, so much the better for them. If they do not—and people disappear very mysteriously at the Back of Beyond—no questions will be asked.

They tell a tale of one who, many years ago, strayed into No-man's-land and met a very amiable set of people who asked him to dinners and lunches and dances. All that time he knew—and they knew that he knew—they were debating whether they should suffer him to live till next morning, and in what way they should wipe him out. The thing that made them hesitate was that they could not tell from his behaviour whether there were five hundred Englishmen within a mile of him, or no Englishmen within five hundred miles of him, and as things stood they could not very well go to look.

So he danced and dined with those pleasant merry folk—all good friends—and talked about hunting and shooting and so

forth, never knowing when the servants behind his chair would turn into the firing-party. At last they decided, without rude words said, to let him go; and when they had made up their minds they did it very handsomely. They gave him a farewell banquet and drank his health, and he thanked them for a delightful visit, and they said, "So glad you're glad! Au revoir!" and he came away looking a little bored.

Later on, so the tale runs, his hosts found out that their guest had been given up for lost by his friends in England, and no one ever expected to see him again. Then they were very sorry that they had not put him against a wall and shot him dead. That is a case of the cold-blooded courage worked up to after years of training—courage of mind forcing the body through an unpleasant situation for the sake of the game.

And when all is said and done courage of mind is the finest thing anyone can hope to attain to. A weak or undisciplined soul is apt to become reckless under strain (and this is being afraid the wrong way about) or to act for its own immediate advantage. For this reason the Victoria Cross is jealously guarded, and if there is any suspicion that a man is playing to the gallery or out-pot-hunting for medals, as they call it, he must head his charges and rescue his wounded all over again as a guarantee of good faith.

Men are taught to volunteer for anything and everything, going out quietly after, not before, the authorities have filled their place. They are also instructed that it is cowardly, it is childish, and it is cheating to neglect or scamp the plain work immediately in front of them, the duties they are trusted and paid to do, for the sake of stepping aside to snatch at what to an outsider may resemble fame or distinction.

The Order itself is a personal decoration, and the honour and glory of it belongs to the wearer; but he can only win it by forgetting himself, his own honour and glory, and by working for something beyond and outside and apart. And that is the only way you ever get anything in this world worth the keeping.

The Windsor Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1897.

	PAGE
SUMMER IS WAKING ... ..	Frontispiece
ALBUM OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S EMINENT SUBJECTS... ..	3
<i>Illustrated from Photographs; and by D. R. Warry, A. A. Turbayne, P. J. Billingham, and D. Macpherson.</i>	
WHAT THEY WILL SAY ON JUBILEE DAY ... ..	W. PETT RIDGE 21
WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS ... ..	RUDYARD KIPLING 23
<i>Illustrated by A. Scott Rankin, and G. Montbard.</i>	
WHEN SHADOWS FALL. A Poem ... ..	E. H. MOYLE COOPER 33
<i>Illustrated by A. C. Weatherstone.</i>	
THE CHRISTIAN. SECOND BOOK. Chap. XVIII, THIRD BOOK. Chap. III. ... ..	HALL CAINE 34
<i>Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.</i>	
THE WISHING-TREE ... ..	E. NESBIT 59
FLORAL NOVELTIES ... ..	RUDOLPH IRETON 61
<i>Illustrated by E. Carter.</i>	
THE AERIAL BRICKFIELD ... ..	JOHN MILLS 64
<i>Illustrated by Warwick Goble.</i>	
EDITOR'S POST-BAG ... ..	72
<i>Illustrated from a Photograph.</i>	
VARSITY TALES. VI.—IN THE LATER HOURS ... ..	MAX PEMBERTON 73
<i>Illustrated by T. S. C. Crother.</i>	
THE MESSAGE. A Poem ... ..	G. F. LEATHERDALE 81
<i>Illustrated by Lallie Garret-Chartes.</i>	
THE ELOPEMENT OF DRYDEN TAR ... ..	ROMA WHITE 82
<i>Illustrated by Frances Egan.</i>	
DETECTIVE DAY AT HOLLOWAY ... ..	ALFRED AYLMER 90
<i>Illustrated by James Greig.</i>	
THE DORRINGTON DEED-BOX. VI.—OLD CATER'S MONEY ... ..	ARTHUR MORRISON 97
<i>Illustrated by Harold Piffard.</i>	
OUR HOMES: A SERIES OF INTERIORS. II.—IN PARIS ... ..	H. N. BROWNE 112
VAGRANT VIEWS ... ..	W. W. JACOBS 113
<i>Illustrated by Will Owen.</i>	
EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK ... ..	117
<i>SAL'S ROMANCE ... ..</i>	
<i>Illustrated by P. J. Billingham; and from a Photograph.</i>	
LITERARY NOTES ... ..	121
CULLED FROM CURRENT LITERATURE ... ..	122
<i>Illustrated from a Photograph.</i>	

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## AN ARCHITECT OF MEN.

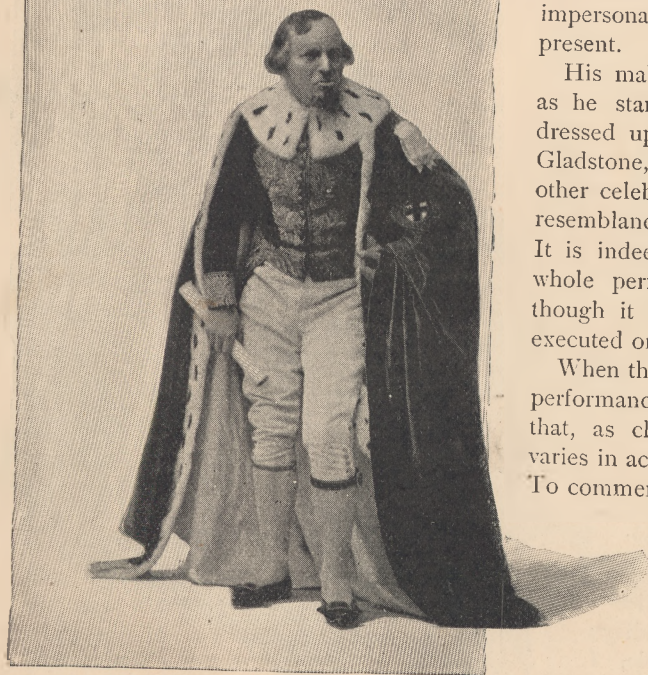
By Garçon

*Illustrated with the Actual Photographs taken by Alfred Ellis, London, of Mr. Lee in his various Impersonations.*

MR. HENRY LEE has come straight from America to amuse us with his remarkable impersonations of great men, past and present.

His make-ups are wonderfully clever, and as he stands upon the stage before you, dressed up in the likeness of Beaconsfield, Gladstone, or any of the seventy or eighty other celebrities whom he impersonates, the resemblance is perfect in every particular. It is indeed impossible to realise that the whole performance is a gigantic fraud—though it must be admitted a beautifully executed one.

When the time approaches for Mr. Lee's performance, the orchestra begins a theme that, as change after change takes place, varies in accordance with the character taken. To commence with, Mr. Lee appears before the audience in plain dress clothes. He explains his mission, and departs, to appear again within two minutes as Mr. Gladstone. Did I say "as Mr. Gladstone"? It is Mr. Gladstone, in face and figure, mode and speech.



Mr. Lee in the characters of Rudyard Kipling and of Lord Beaconsfield —

## White Horses.

*Where run your colts at pasture?  
Where hide your mares to breed?  
'Mid bergs against the Ice-cap  
Or wove Sargossa weed;  
By lightless reef and channel,  
Or crafty coastwise bars,  
But most the deep-sea meadows  
All purple to the stars.*

*Who holds the rein upon you?  
The latest gale let free.  
What meat is in your mangers?  
The glut of all the sea.  
'Twixt tide and tide's returning  
Great store of newly dead,—  
The bones of those that faced us,  
And the hearts of those that fled.*

*Afar, off-shore and single,  
Some stallion, rearing swift,  
Neighs hungry for new fodder,  
And calls us to the drift.  
Then down the cloven ridges—  
Ten million hooves unshod—  
Break forth the wild white horses  
To seek their meat from God!*

*Girth-deep in hissing water  
Our furious vanguard strains—  
Through mist of mighty trappings  
Roll up the fore-blown manes—  
A hundred leagues to leeward,  
Ere yet the deep hath stirred,  
The groaning rollers carry  
The coming of the herd!*

*Whose hand may grip your nostrils—  
Your forelock who may hold?  
E'en they that use the broads with us  
The riders bred and bold,  
That spy upon our matings  
That rope us where we run—  
They know the wild white horses  
From father unto son.*

*We breathe about their cradles,  
We race their babes ashore,  
We snuff against their thresholds,  
We nuzzle at their door—  
By day with stamping coursers,  
By night in whinnying droves,  
Creep up the wild white horses,  
To call them from their loves.*

*And come they for your calling?  
No wit of man may save.  
They hear the wild white horses  
Above their fathers' grave;  
And, kin of those we crippled  
And sons of those we slew,  
Spur down the wild white riders  
To lash the herds anew.*

*What service have ye paid them,  
Oh jealous steeds and strong?  
Save we that throw their weaklings,  
Is none dare work them wrong,  
While thick around the homestead  
Our grey-backed squadrons graze—  
A guard behind their plunder,  
And a veil before their ways.*

*With march and countermarchings—  
With press of wheeling hosts—  
Stray mob or bands embattled—  
We ring the chosen coasts:  
And, careless of our clamour  
That bids the stranger fly,  
At peace within our pickets  
The wild white riders lie.*

\* \* \* \*

*Trust ye the curdled hollows—  
Trust ye the gathering wind—  
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—  
Our herds are close behind!  
To mill your foeman's armies—  
To bray his camps abroad—  
Trust ye the wild white horses  
The Horses of the Lord!*



heart, the man of many millions and more ambitions read the cutting. It ran thus :

The King of the Belgians has just indulged his well-known taste for gems by the addition to his already priceless collection of a magnificent rose-coloured diamond, weighing nearly thirty carats, in its cut state. His Majesty is rumoured to have paid the enormous price of a thousand pounds a carat to the Amsterdam merchant of whom he bought it. In colour and water it is the exact counterpart of the famous rose-diamond in the De Beers collection, but it is much larger.

Its origin is involved in some little mystery. The merchants from whom His Majesty purchased it affirm that the dealer from whom they bought it declared that it was an ancient Eastern gem re-cut in Amsterdam, but experts who have seen it state with equal positiveness that it is a Kimberley stone.

A rumour reaches us from Diamondopolis that a certain kaffir, who has since disappeared, boasted one night in his cups, just after he had been discharged from the Kimberley Compound, that he had found the biggest *rooi-klippe* (red stone) that ever was found on the Fields. If this is true, the stone never reached the diamond room at De Beers. It is just possible that some of the I.D.B. fraternity could throw some light on the subsequent wanderings of the "mooi rooi-klippe" of which the vanished kaffir boasted.

Frank Ridley and Joshua Mosenstein watched the millionaire's changing face narrowly as he read. When they saw that he had finished, Ridley said quietly :

"I can find that kaffir, if necessary, Mr. Mosenstein. Of course, the diamond law does not hold good in this country, but the laws as to conspiracy and dealing in stolen goods do. If De Beers prosecuted, they would find my evidence worth buying. Jossey here has done his time, and could make a clean breast of it without fear, and so the only one who could be touched would be——"

"Oh, that'll do!" exclaimed the millionaire, in a last burst of despairing anger. "What do you want?"

"I want half-a-million down, and another half in approved securities—preferably De Beers," replied Ridley; "and as a matter of principle, I must have that cheque in favour of Miss Ransome duly honoured."

A millionaire's wife should be above suspicion."

"And I want a million, too," chimed in Jossey, "same way as Frank wants his. And what's more, Mickey Mosenstein," he went on, shaking his finger in his face, "as you disgraced me by sending me to the Breakwater for your crime, you must restore my credit in the eyes of the society that I shall go into now, by making your wife let me marry that pretty little sister Rebecca of hers that I have loved all my life. She was always fond of me, and she'll have me when I'm a millionaire. I daresay you can spare her a decent marriage portion."

They were big terms, but Mr. Mosenstein did not yet despair of being introduced into London Society, and so in the end he yielded. A few weeks later two new-made South African millionaires, one English and one Hebrew, blossomed forth, each in his congenial sphere of London society. A little later on there were two splendid weddings, and, until these lines appear in print, the mystery of the King's Rose Diamond will remain unsolved.



Jossey is made happy.

There stands the great ex-Premier in his own unmistakable pose, and surely the very words are his. But no; it is a delusion. Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Henry Lee; the words he utters have been composed by Malcolm Watson.

In the same way Mr. Gladstone gives way to the Emperor of Russia, the Pope, the Kaiser, or the veritable image of anyone whom this remarkable artist pleases.

How Mr. Lee is able to thus impersonate a score of characters in little more than thirty minutes must be told in his own words :

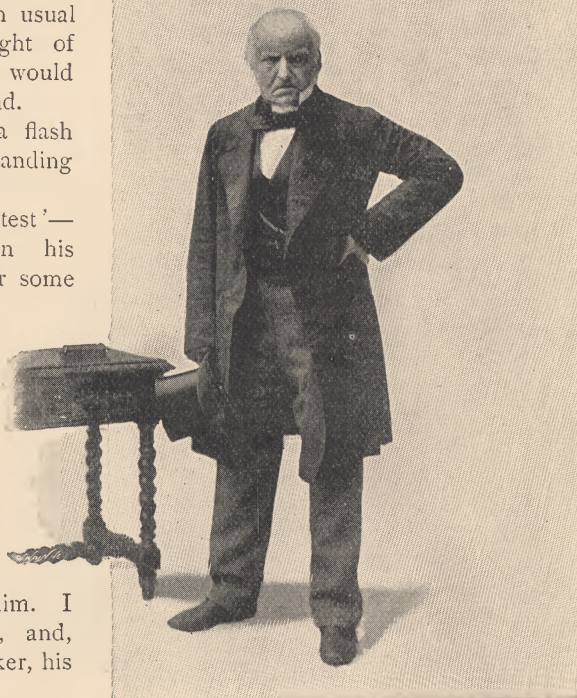
"It is to the author of the well-known soldier ballads that I am indebted for giving me a name the most descriptive of my Art. In one of my disguises I impersonate him, and recite a somewhat sarcastic monologue, referring to the enormous sums paid for this great author's work. Just after one of my performances, some two and a half years ago, the editor of a London Weekly sent round his card, with a note to the effect that he would like to introduce a friend. It would seem as though the fates were against me that night, for I remember putting more venom than usual in my monologue. I never thought of this, though, when I declared that it would be a pleasure to meet the editor's friend.

"But it came back to me like a flash when I discovered—The Author standing before me!

"Mr. Henry Lee, you are the greatest'—there was an ominous flash in his eyes, and I stood silently waiting for some of those expressive phrases of anger for which the Kipling soldiers are so noted. 'You are the greatest Architect of Men I've ever seen.'

"I select my man," he resumed, "pick him to pieces, and then reconstruct him; my body is a shell on which I build the counter-part of my victims. If the subject be a living personage, I set out to watch him, hunt him, mentally photograph him. I interview his painter, photographer, and, when possible, his tailor, his bootmaker, his every outfitter.

"If the subject be dead, I dip into history, unearthing dusty tomes from museums, become



— of the Pope and of Mr. Gladstone —

# White Horses.

Where run your colts at pasture?  
Where hide your mares to breed?  
Mid bergs against the Ice-cap  
Or wove Sargossa weed;  
By lightless reef and channel,  
Or crafty coastwise bars,  
But most the deep-sea meadows  
All purple to the stars.

Who holds the rein upon you?  
The latest gale let free.  
What meat is in your mangers?  
The glut of all the sea.  
'Twixt tide and tide's returning  
Great store of newly dead,—  
The bones of those that faced us,  
And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, off-shore and single,  
Some stallion, rearing swift,  
Neighs hungry for new fodder,  
And calls us to the drift.  
Then down the cloven ridges—  
Ten million hooves unshod—  
Break forth the wild white horses  
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water  
Our furious vanguard strains—  
Through mist of mighty tramlings  
Roll up the fore-blown manes—  
A hundred leagues to leeward,  
Ere yet the deep hath stirred,  
The groaning rollers carry  
The coming of the herd!

Whose hand may grip your nostrils—  
Your forelock who may hold?  
E'en they that use the broads with us  
The riders bred and bold,  
That spy upon our matings  
That rope us where we run—  
They know the wild white horses  
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,  
We race their babes ashore,  
We snuff against their thresholds,  
We nuzzle at their door—  
By day with stamping coursers,  
By night in whinnying droves,  
Creep up the wild white horses,  
To call them from their loves.

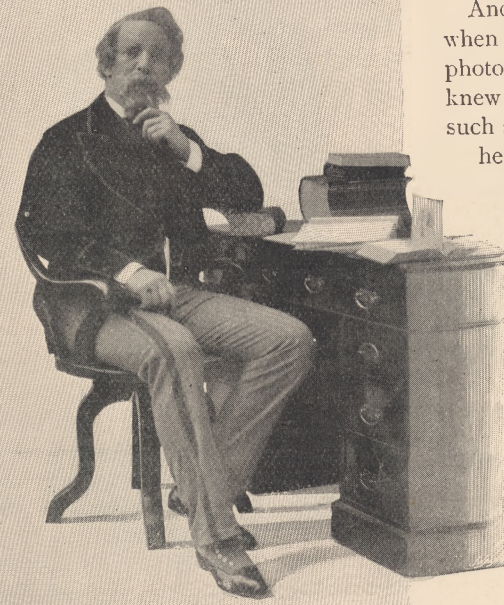
And come they for your calling?  
No wit of man may save.  
They hear the wild white horses  
Above their fathers' grave;  
And, kin of those we crippled  
And sons of those we slew,  
Spur down the wild white riders  
To lash the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,  
Oh jealous steeds and strong?  
Save we that throw their weaklings,  
Is none dare work them wrong,  
While thick around the homestead  
Our grey-backed squadrons graze—  
A guard behind their plunder,  
And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings—  
With press of wheeling hosts—  
Stray mob or bands embattled—  
We ring the chosen coasts:  
And, careless of our clamour  
That bids the stranger fly,  
At peace within our pickets  
The wild white riders lie.

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Trust ye the curdled hollows—  
Trust ye the gathering wind—  
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—  
Our herds are close behind!  
To mill your foeman's armies—  
To bray his camps abroad—  
Trust ye the wild white horses  
The Horses of the Lord!





— of the German Emperor and of Charles Dickens —

my own tailor, plan my man out on paper. In other words, I take his measurements, the breadth of his chest, his waist, and then my task is nearly done."

Having acquired these particulars, Mr. Lee strips to the skin, and places himself in the hands of his costumier. First, a suit of canvas is donned, which fits the body perfectly. Upon this is built the body of another man; if he has hollow shoulders, the hollow shoulders are made; if he be stout as Daniel Lambert, or slight as Sir Henry Irving, the modelling is done proportionately.

And thus, to use an uncomfortable word, the carcase of each man that is to be impersonated is made according to the actual measurements of the original. At this point the tailor of Mr. Lee's subject takes up the thread of the arrangements, and makes a suit similar in every respect to the last one ordered by his exalted customer. This suit, which, by the way, is sewn to the canvas padding, is correct to the smallest details.

Take, for instance, the impersonation of the Emperor William of Germany. The cuirass, sword, and helmet were all made by the Kaiser's armourer; the decorations moulded from those worn by His Majesty on State occasions.

And so perfect is the representation that when the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha saw a photograph of it, he declared that he never knew that the Emperor had been taken in such a pose, but thought it the best likeness he had ever seen of his august nephew.

I may here add that the photographs which are published of the Kaiser are conspicuously unlike him, and it is only when you have actually seen him that you find the extraordinary likeness in the appended reproduction.

Not only is there an enormous amount of work involved in the preliminary arrangements of Mr. Lee's wonderful representations, but in the actual performance he is subjected to a most severe mental and physical strain; but to see this we must pay a visit to his dressing-room on the night of his performances.

Two hours and a half it takes him to prepare for a twenty-eight minutes "turn"! There is a large dressing-room where three men and a girl flit silently hither and thither, like enormous butterflies hovering over flowers of various costumes. There is a rip here, and tear there, a snip, snip somewhere else as the nimble fingers mend the damage that is done from time to time.

On the long counter there is a procession of wigs and properties, a vanguard of paints and powders, a squad of puffs and rabbits' feet, a regiment of towels and dusters—all in orderly array. What do you want? A No. 4 grease paint? There it is third on the right. A Bismarck moustache? Top right hand corner—Mr. Lee is a martinet.

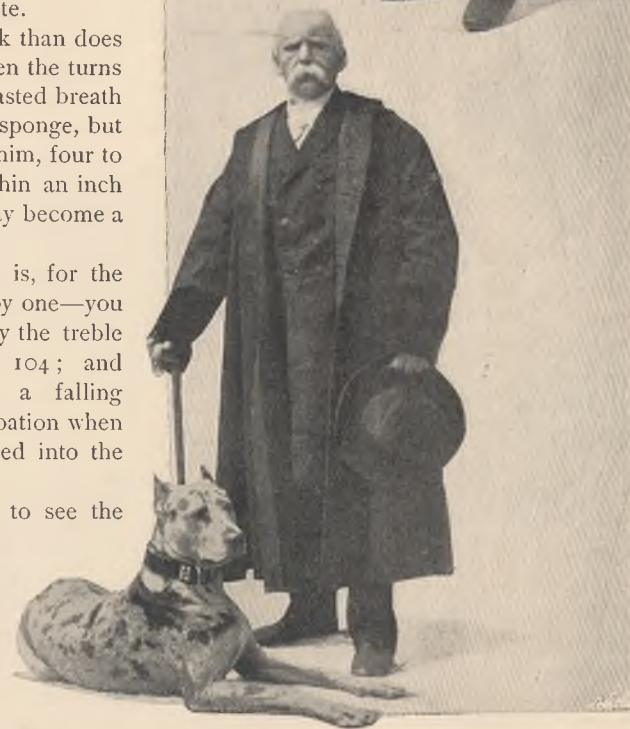
Myriads of chairs, upon each one a complete suit or uniform, line the walls; upon the floor, a battalion of boots and shoes.

Here, then, are the outer crusts of Dickens, Salisbury, Gladstone, and many others, limp and nerveless, waiting for the master-mind to create and resurrect them. Soon he comes and, whether clad or stripped, stands brawny and muscular as any athlete.

And no athlete does more work than does Mr. Lee. There is no rest between the turns for him, no time to regain his wasted breath—his assistants do not fan and sponge, but instead, fall simultaneously upon him, four to one, and twist and maul him within an inch of his life. All this that he may become a Tennyson in fifty seconds.

The quick-change artist's life is, for the time being at any rate, not a happy one—you spend vitality and nerve tissue by the treble handfuls—your heart leaps to 104; and snatching men from beneath a falling chimney-stack is a leisurely occupation when compared with the work crammed into the space of twenty-eight minutes.

'Tis worth a mint of money to see the nervous, senile old Pope leap forward like a war-horse as the curtain falls, and his robes and beads fall about the room in fifty different directions. You should see those three able-bodied men spring to the attack, rip off his vestments and seemingly endeavour to flay the poor



— of Lord Tennyson and of Prince Bismarck —

## White Horses.

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Where hide your mares to breed?  
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Or crafty coastwise bars,  
But most the deep-sea meadows  
All purple to the stars.

Who holds the rein upon you?  
The latest gale let free.  
What meat is in your mangers?  
The glut of all the sea.  
'Twixt tide and tide's returning  
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The bones of those that faced us,  
And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, off-shore and single,  
Some stallion, rearing swift,  
Neighs hungry for new fodder,  
And calls us to the drift.  
Then down the cloven ridges—  
Ten million hooves unshod—  
Break forth the wild white horses  
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water  
Our furious vanguard strains—  
Through mist of mighty tramlings  
Roll up the fore-blown manes—  
A hundred leagues to leeward,  
Ere yet the deep hath stirred,  
The groaning rollers carry  
The coming of the herd!

Whose hand may grip your nostrils—  
Your forelock who may hold?  
E'en they that use the broads with us  
The riders bred and bold,  
That spy upon our matings  
That rope us where we run—  
They know the wild white horses  
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,  
We race their babes ashore,  
We snuff against their thresholds,  
We nuzzle at their door—  
By day with stamping coursers,  
By night in whinnying droves,  
Creep up the wild white horses,  
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?  
No wit of man may save.  
They hear the wild white horses  
Above their fathers' grave;  
And, kin of those we crippled  
And sons of those we slew,  
Spur down the wild white riders  
To lash the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,  
Oh jealous steeds and strong?  
Save we that throw their weaklings,  
Is none dare work them wrong,  
While thick around the homestead  
Our grey-backed squadrons graze—  
A guard behind their plunder,  
And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings—  
With press of wheeling hosts—  
Stray mob or bands embattled—  
We ring the chosen coasts:  
And, careless of our clamour  
That bids the stranger fly,  
At peace within our pickets  
The wild white riders lie.

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Trust ye the curdled hollows—  
Trust ye the gathering wind—  
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Our herds are close behind!  
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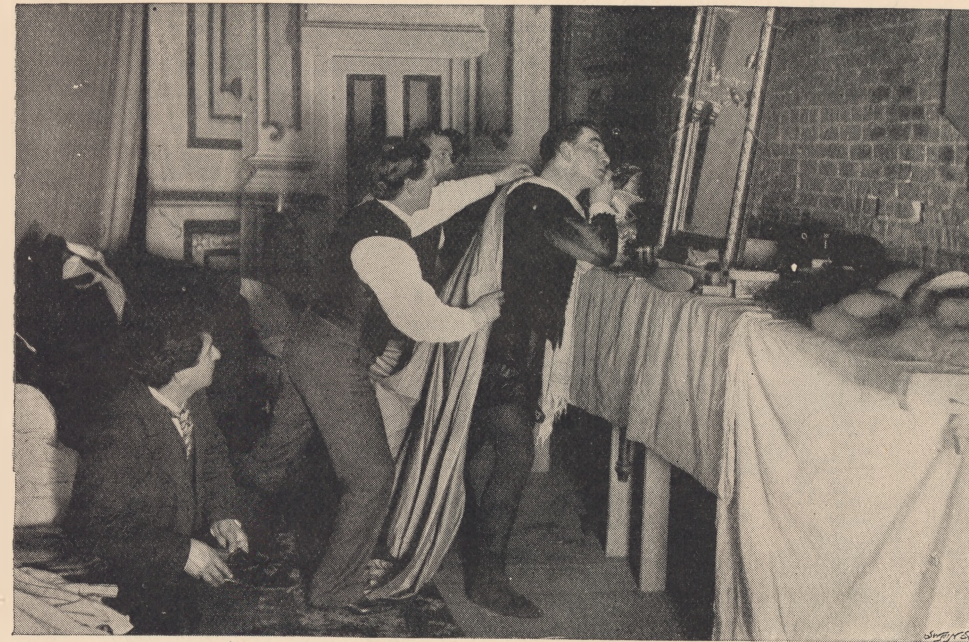
old man alive. You should see a pair of trousers flicker past you in the light, spring madly at his feet, and, with a wild leap upward, clothe his legs. You should see the swish of the towel as it blots out Pope Leo, the sweeping gestures that paint in the next character in the series. You should see it all, I say, as with a frenzied pull the tunic envelopes him, the wig goes on with a slap, the beard is set, the face assumes a different expression, the door opens to him, the orchestra strikes up the Russian national anthem, and the Tsar of all the Russias commences his clever speech.

To express more concisely the race against time which takes place in Mr. Lee's dressing-room is impossible. The whole place is in a whirl from beginning to end; but at last, when the roar of a delighted audience had subsided, I took the breathless—was it Thackeray, or Beaconsfield, or Shakespeare, or whom?—to the side, that I might satisfy my curiosity with regard to his dresses.

"My wardrobe complete has cost me about £5000, that is to say, that the prices of my make-ups vary from £20 to £70 or £80. I have even paid more than the latter prices for some of the uniforms similar to those worn by Royalty.

"As to which are considered my best make-ups, I can only tell you that opinions differ. Personally, however, I consider that my two best are the Pope and Mr. Gladstone; and talking of Mr. Gladstone reminds me of the most delicate compliment I ever had paid me.

"Among one of my audiences in the Transvaal there happened to be a friend of the ex-Premier—a colonial Premier himself. At the end of the performance he came up to me and said in a simple, straightforward manner: 'Mr. Lee, your impersonation was like Mr. Gladstone, your voice was like Mr. Gladstone's and—Mr. Lee—you even had a black finger-stall like Mr. Gladstone's!' I assure you," there was a reminiscent look of pride on the Artist's face, "that this pointing out and appreciation of a detail—which I always endeavour to obtain—was more pleasing to me than a



View of dressing-room—changing from Shakespeare to Pope Leo.

longer and more glowing speech might have been."

At this juncture Mr. Lee lit a cigarette.

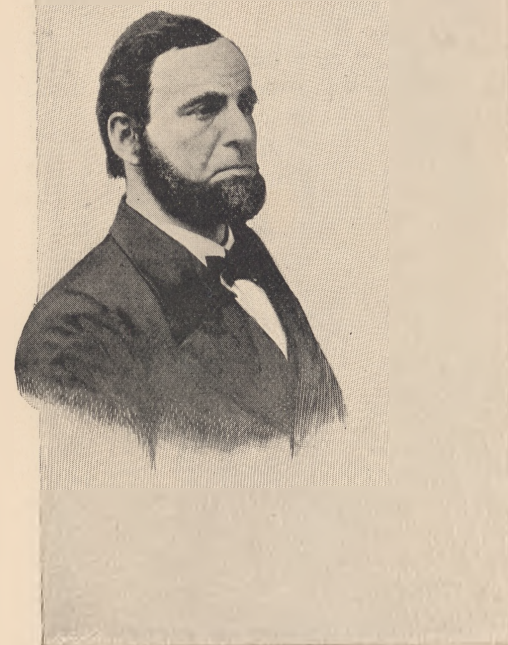
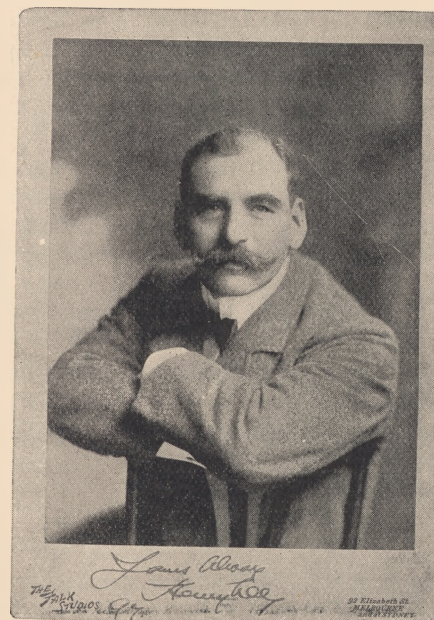
"I have to be very careful about smoking, as, when under engagement to play, I have to take up a regular system of training. For instance, after my mid-day meal I eat nothing until my evening performance is at an end.

In fact the only way in which it is possible for me to get through the unusually arduous half-an-hour is by keeping in the best of health.

"And by the way

you will notice in the photograph of myself which I have given you, that I have a moustache. I invariably let it grow when not under an engagement as—well, we all like to look as well as possible, don't we?" which shows that even Mr. Lee is human.

By this time the lights in the auditorium and stage had gone out one by one, the theatre was empty and dismal; and as the assistants had packed away everything for the night, I, too, took my departure with the seventy-five men rolled into one—Henry Lee.



— of Henrik Ibsen and of Abraham Lincoln.

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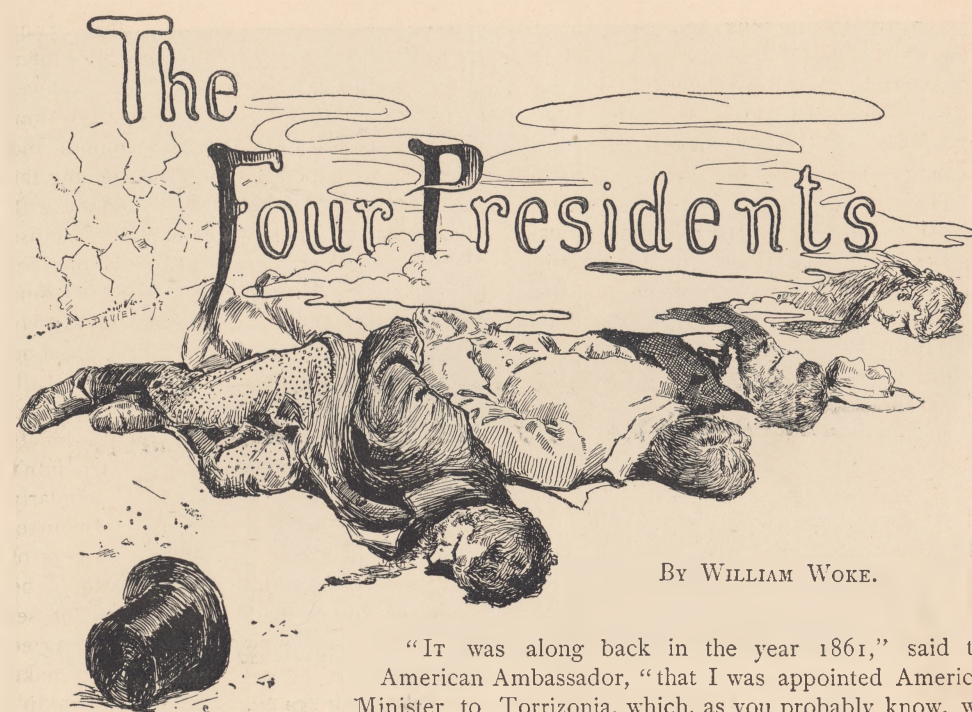
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BY WILLIAM WOKÉ.

"It was along back in the year 1861," said the American Ambassador, "that I was appointed American Minister to Torrizonia, which, as you probably know, was at that time an independent Central American republic, though since then it has been annexed by one of its neighbours. There was only one town in Torrizonia of any size, and that was the capital and the principal sea-port. The Government sent me out in a frigate, and when we arrived at Porto Nuevo, and I was on the point of going ashore, the captain, who was a particularly good fellow, said he'd lie at anchor for a few days so as to be ready in case I should need any protection. You see there was most generally a revolution in progress in Torrizonia, and the captain, being a thoughtful man, calculated that in case I should be accidentally shot he could bombard the town, and make a big reputation at home for energy and patriotism.

"I was put ashore in one of the frigate's boats, and after I had convinced an Indian custom-house officer, who didn't wear shoes, and who couldn't read my passport, that I wasn't dangerous, I gave my trunks to a couple of porters, and walked up to the hotel. There was only one hotel in the place, and that was kept by a man who had been a waiter at a San Francisco café, and spoke English pretty near as well as me or you. It was a small hotel, and I had it all to myself, except for the bar-room, where part of the Torrizonian army was always drinking itself crazy. I had a fairish sort of dinner, and after I had started in to smoke, the landlord came in and talked with me in a sociable sort of way, though he was careful not to sit down in the presence of a great man like myself.

"I had told the landlord that I was the new American Minister, and I asked him if the President was in town, for I wanted to present myself to him as soon as possible, and to get to work, providing there should be any work for a Minister to do.

"'President Almonte is here,' said the landlord, 'but the other Presidents are in different parts of the country.'

"'How many Presidents does this country require?'" said I. 'The United States is a middling big country, but we contrive to get along with one President at a time.'

"'There are four of them just now, sir,' replied the landlord, 'but of course they'll be thinned out considerably when they get to fighting. There's President Almonte, whose

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## PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

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	PAGE.
HE KEEPER OF WATERS. Illustrated by D. Murray Smith ... ..	Morley Roberts 233
N ELEPHANT ROUND-UP. Illustrated with Photographs ... ..	T. Cockcroft 241
D.B. No. III.—THE KING'S ROSE DIAMOND. Illustrated by E. F. Sherie ...	George Griffith 248
N ARCHITECT OF MEN. Illustrated with Photographs ... ..	Garçon 256
HE FOUR PRESIDENTS. Illustrated by L. Daviel ... ..	William Woke 262
LL ABOUT ARSENIC. Illustrated with Photographs ... ..	R. H. Sherard 268
HE REGENT'S VALET. Illustrated by B. Schumacher ... ..	Walter Pritchard 275
HE GREAT WHITE FAST. Illustrated by M. Zangwill ... ..	S. Davis 286
HE LITTLE MAN WITH THE FINAL ARGUMENT ... ..	F. Holt Schooling 291
Illustrated by Chris Hammond.	
KELETON SKETCHES. Illustrated with Examples ... ..	Merriden Howard 300
ANCY PIANOS. Illustrated with Photographs ... ..	F. Malcolm Fraser 303
TORIES OF THE RED CROSS ... ..	L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax 310
No. III.—"La France." Illustrated by H. Piffard.	
Y CABLE. Illustrated by Anthony Fox ... ..	Robert Machray 323
HE WAR OF THE WORLDS ... ..	H. G. Wells 329
Part XV. (continued) & XVI. Illustrated by Warwick Goble.	
OVE, THE WIZARD ... ..	Philip Hemery 339
ISDOM LET LOOSE. Illustrated by Charles May ... ..	W. L. Alden 340
HE EDITORIAL MIND ... ..	344A

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ROWLANDS' OPONTO whitens the teeth, prevents decay, sweetens the breath. Ask for ROWLANDS' articles of 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

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To bray his camps abroad—  
Trust ye the wild white horses  
The Horses of the Lord!

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RUDYARD KIPLING.



By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

A WINTER tour to India has now become an almost common experience by the tireless British globe-trotter. The globe-trotter is usually a somewhat exacting and pessimistic personage, or he affects to be. But nobody whom I have ever met has been silly enough to deny the extraordinary fascination which India exercises over the imagination. The book before me is not, however, by an English writer, and, to some extent, that is an advantage. A Frenchman, like the writer of this book, comes with his fresh mind to the task; to him the marvel is still marvellous, and to him also our ideas, civilization, methods are almost as strange and as wonderful as those of the races over whom we rule. What either does not strike us at all, or strikes but very slightly, is to the Frenchman a matter of amazement, novelty, of serious and sometimes perplexed study. Coming, then, to the study of both the races—the conquerors and the conquered—with an almost equally *naïf* surprise, M. Chevrillon has written a book which brings the mystery and the splendour of the Indian problem more clearly home to the mind than any book of Indian travel I have read for a long time. In addition to other qualities M. Chevrillon has a glowing style; some of the pages, indeed, are almost intoxicating by their eloquence; you have a sense of living under the mystic spell of Eastern life almost as keen as though you were by the side of the brilliant writer and passing through his experiences.

Ceylon was the first country in the Near East which excited M. Chevrillon's admiration. Like most of the travellers to that island, he found both the country and the people fascinating. In the Oriental Hotel he at once finds himself face to face with that contrast on which he persistently dwells—between the European and the Eastern—

In the long corridors crowds of Bengalese and Cinbalese servants, slender and gentle-looking. They glide noiselessly, with timid gestures, very respectful in the presence of the tall, solid Europeans, the handsome, muscular Englishmen, who, in evening dress, with shining white shirt-fronts, and the air of superior and unapproachable beings, make their way into the great dining-room.

And here in a few sentences is given a good idea of what the dining-room in such a hotel is like:—

Two hundred guests are at dinner. The great punkahs swing slowly back and forth with regular and ample sweep, red, between high, whitewashed walls. Upon the lustrous tablecloths a profusion of blood-red flowers; and all around us in motion a multitude of Cinbalese servants, very serious, very gentle, a yellow shell comb at the top of the chignon, dark in their narrow white garments, mute, moving noiselessly on naked feet among the tables with their floral decorations and their crowd of guests.

It is in Ceylon, as everybody knows, that you come in contact with the strange, and, in some respects, beautiful religion of Buddha. That extraordinary doctrine of inner peace amid every change of fortune, which is the craving of millions of heavy-laden hearts, finds in the religion of Buddha its highest development, and in no country does one find its gospel embodied in a form so fascinating as in Ceylon. M. Chevrillon visits a temple, and a monk, who acts as his guide, takes him to the sacred fig-tree, which is in the central courtyard, and with "a slow bend of the head" gives him a leaf of the tree.

At the moment I seemed to read the meaning by his face; the pallid face of a vegetarian, quiet and refined, the prominent forehead, the intelligent, close-shut lips—yet always with the same half-smile, so serious and tranquil.

Silent they wander among perpetual flowers, in the shadow of the giant bamboos, fed with the few grains of rice that they receive from charity, in the cool darkness of the marble corridors, at the foot of the serene image of the great Buddha: very different are these from the men who, at this moment, with anxious eyes and wrinkled foreheads, jostle each other in the fogs of Bond Street or on the slippery pavements of Paris.

Presently it will be seen how much Buddhism differs from the other great creed of the East—from Brahmanism with its "overwhelming metaphysical meditation, tyrannical rite and foolish ceremonies." The Buddhist priests "do not worry" their people with these things.

To live peacefully, and in the evening to come and bow before the smiling Buddha, and throw at his feet the great flowers of the frangipanni; their religion requires nothing of them—nothing more than this. Man is very gentle here, very languid, dominated by this overwhelming nature, by the fiery sunshine and the overflowing vegetation. He makes no revolt, no struggle against the uncaring or rival development of the inanimate around him. There is no tragic conflict, no "struggle for existence," none of that manifestation of the human will by which man asserts his supremacy and takes his place as a force, in the presence of the forces of the material world. Here all the destinies are alike; they all live here among the flowers, feebler than they, half asleep in the warm air and the enervating perfume.

And now here is what a religious service in a Buddhist temple is like; it will be seen how tranquil and joyous it is, or how free from those disturbing visions of supreme bliss or of awful torture which form so large a factor in the creeds of the West:—

Moving rapidly among the silent bands of the flower-laden worshippers I cross the city, almost invisible in the dense darkness. There is no other sound than the throbbing of the gongs which fills the air. Beside the black lake upon the great portico, the three monsters are always watching, and the entrance to the gardens is guarded by priests, who silently receive the offerings. Passing under a silver grating, we come into the darkness of a great hall, where small sacred lamps throw mysterious gleams. Perfumes arise from a hundred censers and spread in bluish clouds, which hang motionless overhead; and this heavy, stupefying incense gives to the scene a certain unreality and character as of a dream. Here and there, half visible in the obscurity, there are formidable silhouettes of enormous Buddhas, Buddhas sitting, Buddhas reposing, in the midst of flowers.

We ascend a dark staircase; on either side are obscure frescoes of demons confusedly struggling amid flames; above, standing behind a silver balustrade, priests receive the flowers which the worshippers lay upon a large table. . . . There is an oppressive silence, suddenly broken by the deep vibration of the

\* "Romantic India." Translated from the French of André Chevrillon by William Marchant. (London: William Heinemann.)

tomtom and trumpet, and the Asiatic chant rising from below. In the faint light of the sacred lamps, the priests, indistinct, silent, standing behind the flowers, are solemn and hieratic. To see this serious, effeminate crowd, thus moving about in the dim, perfumed vapour, to see them slowly perform the prescribed gestures of the rite, seems like some consecrated mystery of remote ages, some Eleusian initiation.

Quite in the background, in a solitary tabernacle behind the priests, an inviolate retreat, a great figure of crystal, vague in outline, casting no shadow, sits, with crossed legs. And its transparency seems as that of a phantom, a pure spirit, enfranchised from matter; this is a symbolic image of him who, by the intensity of his meditation, breaks the bonds of flesh and of desire. Dominating the crowd, he seems superior to the restlessness of humanity, and the eternal smile of his translucent lips tells he has entered into eternal peace.

I have not space to make more than brief allusion to the passage in which M. Chevrillon analyses with great skill, and not wholly without sympathy, the root ideas of the gospel of Buddha. Suffice it to say that its leading doctrine is "that there is nothing in the world but appearances," "that neither in ourselves nor outside of ourselves anything is lasting," and these premises granted, conduct is quite clear:—

The man recognises as an illusion this *I* which seemed to him so important. He is at once enfranchised; he no longer aspires to continue this *I*: he ceases to make effort, or to desire; he has lost the thirst for life, and he is thus set free from suffering. From whence comes suffering? Precisely from those events which constitute personal existence: birth, old age, illness, decrepitude, death. And why are those events suffering? Because the illusion of the *I*, whence comes the will to live and to persist in existence, creates desire and fear, makes us repulse old age and illness and death, and desire their opposites. Uproot from us this love of being, and, ceasing to resist, or act, or think, escaping the universal law of change, we shall become insensible to suffering which proceeds from change. "He who conquers this contemptible thirst of being, suffering quits him, as drops of water slip off the lotus leaf."

The extinction of self is one of the ideas of all religions. Among Christians here it is called charity; among the preachers of new creeds it is styled altruism. It is the product of two immutable forces in the human heart; that mere personal pleasure can never be secured—and even when secured, does not satisfy; and the conviction that the sacrifice of some portion of self is necessary to keep society from anarchy. Among the Buddhists the gospel of extinguishing self produces, as among us, many noble tendencies. "The man has given up himself. . . he is no longer . . . an egotistic force labouring to persist." "He can give himself to others; and charity, pity for another's sufferings, penetrates his heart." Where the altruism of Buddhism differs from that of Christianity, is in the abandonment of a hope of life beyond the grave. Indeed, such a hope would appear not merely illusory, but vicious. "The wise," says the Buddhist philosopher, "aspire not to a future life; the allurements of living having disappeared, and no new desire arising in their hearts," they "become extinct, as a lamp to which no new oil is supplied." And here, finally, is the type of character which the religion produces:—

Inertia, a condition of being at peace, a blessed quietude, an indifference of the will, a numbness of the personality, gentleness—all the Buddhist virtues are visible among these Cinbalese of the interior, this gracious people who just now bent silently before the sacred image, ignorant of effort, of revolt, and of despair, smiling and at rest, among the flowers. Whether their tranquillity and languor come to them from their religion, or whether their religion only gives expression to tendencies in them which surrounding nature has established, they are true Buddhists. They are walking in the first of the paths of salvation; above them, these priests who receive the flowers, impassive behind the silver railings, these ascetic mendicants, with close-shut lips and intellectual brows, are sages walking in the second and third paths, victorious over passion and hate and illusion. But the Buddhists tell us no man has attained to the highest path, no man has reached the lofty, serene, regions, the calm of Nirwana, except the Master, whose pale, expressionless face is faintly seen in the dimness, above the priests and the worshippers, with eyes nearly closed, amid moving clouds of perfume.

I turn immediately from this type of religion to that other strange and very different creed which preceded Buddhism. Benares is the capital of Brahmanism. Of all the chapters in the book, I have found that on Benares the most fascinating and instructive. I have already read it twice over: not only is the subject ever marvellous, but the description is a wonderful piece of vivid, realistic writing. "This is classic India," says M. Chevrillon, "India of the Indians."

Here the European has no dwelling-place; he only passes through. He has transformed nothing, has established himself neither as merchant nor manufacturer. This city, these Hindus, these temples, are the same to-day that they were ten centuries ago. This is the heart of the Hindu world, the very focus of Brahmanism. Those old Brahmins who, "after they have seen the sons of their sons," go away into the depths of the forest, there to remain in solitary meditation on the substance of things, go from Benares or from adjacent parts of the Ganges valley. Upon this soil were elaborated the six great systems of Hindu philosophy. Twenty-five centuries ago this city was already famous. Yes, when Babylon was struggling with Nineveh; when Tyre was throwing out her colonies along the shores of the Mediterranean; before the *agora* of Athens resounded with the eloquence of her orators, and the temples of Greece were peopled with their marble statues; when Rome was but a peasant hamlet; when the old Egyptian cults were in their prime; then, this city, great and famous, was filled, as it is to-day, with white-skinned Brahmins, in feature resembling those of to-day, even then bowed down by a ritualistic tyranny, crushed in upon themselves, absorbed in metaphysical speculations, indefinitely dividing the fine-spun thread, arriving at vertigo, and in their hallucination seeing the solid earth give way and sink into that calm nothingness whence eternally arise the appearances of things. . . . To-day not a trace remains of our European world as it then was; it is altogether dead, finished, buried in the abyss of time. But this city of Benares remains always the Kasi, "the resplendent city," of India.

And Benares is more sacred to the Hindu than Rome to the Catholic or Mecca to the Mussulman.

No pollution, no sin can endanger the man who dies within its walls. Were he Christian, were he Mussulman, had he even killed a cow or eaten its flesh, he is no less certainly transported into the Kailasa, the Himalayan paradise of Siva. Happy, therefore, the man who can die within the walls of Benares! More than two hundred thousand pilgrims come hither every year from all parts of India; among them, many old men and many incurably ill. When a man could not come here to die, often his ashes are brought, that "the sons of the Ganges," the Brahmins of Benares, may pronounce the prayers of the dead, and the sacred river may accept them. "Kasi, holy Kasi," say the Hindus: "a man

dies peacefully when he has seen thee!"

And Benares differs from even every other sacred city, in being purely and exclusively religious. "Elsewhere religion is only part of the public life; at Benares there is nothing else to be seen." "It fills everything, occupying every moment of every man's existence;" there are more than nineteen hundred temples, besides innumerable chapels; and "the idol population" is "about twice as numerous as the human—something like five hundred thousand."

The Ganges is the centre of all this life; as soon as the sun rises a hundred thousand Hindus are on its banks fulfilling their religious rites. M. Chevrillon passes along the Ganges for hours watching the performance of these rites.

How describe this inexhaustible variety, this endless succession of forms and attitudes? Upon the broad steps white in the sunlight, between the piles—higher up, upon the terraces and upon the heaped blocks of ruined temples—still higher upon balconies and roofs of massive stone, under a forest of straw parasols, the same swarming of brown figures, the same flutter of simple colours. Five nude figures, crouching upon a pillar, abruptly separate, flinging themselves into the water, which splashes up in every direction. Behind these strike the water with them. Below women emerge from the river, serious and upright in their dripping blue mantles which cling closely, moulding the figure. Crouching on a high marble block, isolated from the crowd, a man wrapped in red silk, motionless, in a hieratic posture regards the sun. Then, strange attitudes and gestures as of maniacs; two women grasping the nose with one hand, and with the other striking the breast; a trembling old woman, her poor body outlined in all its meagreness by the dripping garment, joining her wrinkled hands, and whirling six times consecutively. Others with a rapid vibration of the lips, splash the water methodically, making it spurt away from them; old men in attitudes of river-gods, hold copper vases. . . . We have gone over two miles, and the spectacle is the same. The crowd, the architecture, the sunlight, seem to be visions of some opium dream, where time, space, and all that they contain, appear enormously magnified and multiplied. Here, as farther down the river, at the foot of the edifices are platforms of wood or stone, making out into the luminous water, and each has its own swarm, a hundred women draped in white, bending over the water; figures of young men standing erect; Brahmins motionless, meagre, with salient vertebrae, bent over, as absorbed in some dolorful reverie; groups of children gambolling around funeral piles, on which the dead are burned; sacred cows, in quiet outlines against the white of the marble stairs; and from all this moving, praying, singing multitude rises a great noise, a confused rustle of human life. Everywhere on the edge of the great careless river there is the same swarming life, the same vast wave of humanity heaping itself up.

And all the worship is complicated by a liturgy whose elaborateness is almost incredible. After a number of acts of what may be called domestic devotion, the Brahman gets just before sunrise to the banks of the sacred river, and then the Brahman begins the serious work of his rites:—

Standing on the water's edge, he utters solemnly the famous syllable OM, pronouncing it *am*, with a length equaling that of three letters. It recalls to him the three persons of the Hindu trinity: Brahma, who creates; Vishnu, who preserves; Siva, who destroys. . . . Having uttered this ancient and formidable syllable, the man calls by their names the three worlds: earth, air, sky; and the four superior heavens. He then turns towards the east, and repeats the verse from the Rig-Veda: "Let us meditate upon the resplendent glory of the divine vivifier, that it may enlighten our minds." As he says the last words he takes water in the palm of his hand, and pours it upon the top of his head. Then follow other ablutions, other *mantras*, verses from the Rig-Veda. . . . About this time, beyond the sands of the opposite shore of the Ganges, the sun appears. As soon as its brilliant disc becomes visible the multitude welcome it, and salute it with "the offering of water." This is thrown into the air, either from a vase or from the hand. Thrice the worshipper, standing in the river up to his waist, flings the water towards the sun. The farther and wider he flings it the greater the virtue attributed to this act. Then the Brahman, seated upon his heels, fulfils the most sacred of his religious duties; he meditates upon his fingers. . . . Then he touches the various parts of his body, and lastly, the right ear, the most sacred of all, where resides fire, water, the sun, and the moon. He then takes a red bag (*gomukhi*), into which he plunges his hand, and by contortions of the fingers rapidly represents the chief incarnations of Vishnu—a fish, a tortoise, a wild boar, a lion, a slip-knot, a garland. There are a hundred and eight of these figures, of which not one should be omitted, and the merits attached to these gestures are infinite. The second part of the service is no less rich than the first in ablutions and *mantras*. . . . and finally ends the ceremony with three kinds of ablutions, which are called the refreshing of the gods, of the sages, and of the ancestors.

And the thing to be remembered is that the worship is daily; and that "these formulas must be pronounced, these movements of the hands made, with mechanical precision":—

Remember, says M. Chevrillon, if the worshipper forgets the fiftieth one of the incarnations of Vishnu which he is to figure with his fingers, if he stop his left nostril when it should be the right, the entire ceremony loses its efficacy; that, not to go astray amid this multitudinous methods; and there are five of these for each series of formulas; that his attention, always strained and always directed toward the externals of the cult, does not leave his mind a moment in which to reflect upon the profound meaning of some of these prayers; and you will comprehend the extraordinary scene that the banks of the Ganges at Benares present every morning; this anxious and demented multitude, these gestures, eager and yet methodical; this rapid movement of the lips, the fixed gaze of these men and women who, standing in the water, seem not even to see their neighbours, and count mentally like men in the delirium of a fever. Remember that there are ceremonies like these in the afternoon, and also in the evening; and that, in the intervals, in the street, in the house at meals, when going to bed, similar rites no less minute pursue the Brahman, all preceded by the exercises of respiration, the enunciation of the syllable OM, and the invocation of the principal gods. It is estimated that between daybreak and noon he has scarcely an hour of rest from the performance of these rites.

Another strange feature of the religion is the attitude towards animals:—

Sacred cows block up the temples, bulls roam freely through the streets. To buy grass and to give it to these animals is a meritorious act. The sacred places are zoological gardens, where pigeons fly, where cows low, where monkeys chatter; and out of this confusion of men and animals arise strange odours and a marvellous uproar. The monkeys have their temple, where no man enters except unshod. A rajah on one occasion solemnly celebrated the marriage of a pair of orang-outangs: a hundred thousand rupees were expended in ceremonies, fetes, and sacrifices. The male monkey, drawn about the city on a car, attended by an

army of worshippers, wore a crown; and the rejoicings lasted two weeks. In the neighbouring city of Allahabad, where snakes are gods, the priests and worshippers creep up to the summit of the hill where the temple stands, with writhings and contortions as of snakes! Peacocks, too, are worshipped, and eagles, tortoises, crows, crocodiles.

And remember, also, that all this ritual is entirely divorced from any system of morality.

It is not forbidden him to lie; it is not forbidden him to steal; before the English rule, certain sects commanded assassination, or honoured Siva by an organised violation of women. But if the Hindu sees meat eaten, if he swallows a cow's hair in a cup of insufficiently filtered milk, he is lost, condemned to the worst transmigrations—to the hells of blood, of boiling oil, of reptiles, of molten copper; more than that, he has a horror of himself, for these commands and these prohibitions are not addressed to the outer man only; there are sentiments corresponding to them, deep-rooted by an observance of twenty-five centuries—organic, traditional sentiments, which form the very substance of the moral nature, enduring through life, entirely independent of changing circumstances or ideas, real categorical imperatives like those which, with us, forbid murder and theft. Intelligent babes, well informed as to our ideas, our sciences, European in philosophy and ethics, have been seen to faint dead away with horror at having by accident tasted bouillon. In 1857 the Sepoys, having the idea that the cartridges which they must tear with their teeth were greased with animal fat, revolted like men in desperation and mad with terror. Formerly, when the English were careless about observing the caste rules in prisons, men under sentence for murder would let themselves die of hunger rather than touch the polluting food. To disobey a precept of which the origin and the object are alike absolutely unknown is the Hindu idea of *sin*—the abominable and deadly sin.

Finally, a word about the attitude of these people to the irresistible stranger who has come within his gates. It is one of our difficulties in dealing with Eastern peoples that they despise us, we despise them—we are as much barbarians to them as they are to us. And so it is in Benares:—

The white man is here the master, the noble, and many believe him a sorcerer. Secretly, however, he is despised, as ceremonially impure, polluted by the daily use of liquors and meats. In contrast to this serious, quiet, and wily race, he appears coarse, with his noisy laughter, his athletic sports, his many requirements, his vigorous movements, his activity always conspicuous. His wife, seen in the streets unveiled, outrages all decency. In the scale of being, he ranks far below the Sudia; a Hindu must have committed many and odious sins to return to earth as a European.

I have nearly exhausted my space, and I have left many of the most interesting things which the book describes untouched. It would have been well, for instance, to have completed the picture of India by giving the description of the English quarters and of the Mussulman cities of India. Here is the promising beginning of a chapter, for instance:—

This India is very varied. At seventy leagues from Benares, the great pagan city, begins another world. Lucknow is a Mahomedan and English city. Sumptuous hotels, elegant white villas in their luxuriant grounds, broad avenues, vast, well-kept parks, where trot well-appointed riders, companies of Scots Greys, with blond soldierly faces, factory chimneys smoking on the horizon—these are what I see in Calcutta. The Saracenic architecture of the mosques is beautiful and simple, tranquillising after the Hindu frenzies.

At Cawnpore, M. Chevrillon saw the well into which Nana Sahib flung "the still palpitating bodies of the women and children massacred at his command."

All around it is now the silence of a great park, and the calm of flowers. A marble angel with folded wings stands on the edge of the well, which has been surrounded with a Gothic balustrade. The downcast eyes have a divine serenity, the clasped hands droop with a gesture of forgiveness.

And this brings me to a last quotation; it is so characteristic that I find it impossible to pass it by. As everybody knows, the nautch dance is the great amusement of India. "There is no festival, no solemnity without its nautch." A European has had quite enough of the nautch in an hour, "and goes away . . . sprinkled with the perfumes, wreathed with the flowers that every host owes to his guest."

The Hindu men remain, seated like so many Buddhas, cross-legged, their hands clasped, mute and motionless; and so the entire night passes. Observe that there is nothing sensual in the classic nautch; and, compared with this dance, the most innocent of our ballets would seem free. The women are loaded with draperies; the more beautiful the stuffs, the more expensive the nautch. Who shall explain the slow intoxication, the beatified drowsiness, the vague torpor, the somnolent, subtle charm which seizes upon these Hindu men, sitting in a row upon their heels? The tinkling guitar goes on repeating the same sad and confused phrase; the garments of the dancing girls flash iridescent hues; the draperies whirl together, then separate; the gems scintillate; the arms are slowly extended; the body swings to and fro, or stops suddenly, motionless, in a prolonged shiver, of a vibration almost imperceptible; heads are thrown back as if swooning, wrists writhe, fingers stiffen and quiver; the cithern goes on repeating its slender, melancholy phrase; and the hours fly.

And now for the incident which I regard as so weird:—

On the 15th of July, 1857, Nana Sahib gave orders to massacre the English prisoners. The men having been shot in the open air, the women and children, crowded in a bungalow, were destroyed by repeated firing through the windows. At the end of an hour, the cries within having ceased, Nana caused the dead and the dying to be brought out, and to be thrown into a deep well. That evening the sahib ordered a nautch, and reposing upon a sofa, he passed the night satiating his eyes with the sinuous and serpentine movements of four dancing girls.

Here is as grim a picture as there is in history. It is the most striking proof of the strange and disturbing law of physiology and psychology, that utter sensuality and homicidal mania are closely allied; and "thin partitions do their bounds divide."



"MAKING RIFLEMEN FROM MUD":

THE MIRACLE WROUGHT BY THE BRITISH SERGEANT.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S tribute to the sergeant-instructors attached to the Egyptian army, whose merits are said to be "inadequately acknowledged," appears in the September *McClure's*. It is entitled "Pharaoh and the Sergeant." It begins:—

Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you That will stand upon his feet and play the game; That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do." And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname. It was not a Duke nor Earl nor yet a Viscount— It was not a big brass General that came; But a man in *khaki* kit who could handle men a bit, With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatisname.

Reminiscences of the ancient Pharaoh add a grim flavour to the fun, as when England reminds the Egyptian monarch, "you've had miracles before," but the sergeant "can show you something more"—"he's a charm for making riflemen from mud." With this introduction England left Pharaoh and the sergeant "in the desert making friends." Then came the "years that no one talked of," with "times of horrid doubt," while the sergeant "combed old Pharaoh out." England, meanwhile, "didn't look to know or care":—

That is England's awful way of doing business; She would serve her God or Gordon just the same, Owing to her inveterate trick of thinking that her Empire is "the Strand and Holborn Hill." When the testing struggle came, there was a "most astonished foe" at Firkeh, for "the sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart." Broken three thousand years before by the plagues of Egypt, he had mended "it in ten, and Pharaoh done the best he ever done." All this the sergeant achieved "on the cheap and on the quiet," and "he's not allowed to forward any claim":—

Though he drilled a black man white, though he made a mummy fight, He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname.

"But the everlasting miracle's the same." This is one of the raciest things Mr. Kipling has ever done, and will probably console the heart of the neglected instructor almost as much as a royal decoration.

MR. KIPLING AND DOCTORS.

A CONFESSION AND A SPEECH.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING was among the guests who attended the congratulatory dinner given by the Society of Medical Phonographers to Dr. William Gowers, the founder and president, at Limmer's Hotel on Thursday evening. He was called upon to respond to the toast of "The Visitors," and did so in the happiest vein. He saw from the list, he said, that there were about forty doctors present. When in India they saw forty doctors together it generally meant a big campaign and a lot of trouble. He would make a confession. At one period of his existence he intended himself for the medical profession, and he went so far as to buy three crib-books, for which he gave 6d.—(laughter)—and gave it up. But he went so far as to be allowed to play about the outskirts of St. Mary's Hospital, at Paddington, where he picked up a great deal of that half knowledge which in medical matters was a very dangerous thing. It had also been his privilege and honour when in India to mix with doctors, and he had seen them all the world over. He had seen them going to and from their patients without hope of reward, and without honour—simply because it was their business. (Cheers.) He had seen them handling the cholera and dying one after the other in the street; he had seen them handling small-pox, and when dying wiring for a substitute. He had seen them in America manage a practice twenty miles in each direction, driving horses into 8ft. of snow to attend an operation ten miles away, then digging the horses out and going on again. He had also seen them in coolie ships, and wherever he had seen them he had found them good men. It was one of the proudest things in his life to be associated with

REAL FIGHTING MEN

of this class, who were engaged in an everlasting contest with disease, dirt, and corruption of every kind. But if they would forgive him he would draw the line at the remarks about phonography. (Laughter.) He knew this was not the place nor the company to do it in, but Dr. William Gowers had said it was good for the nerves. It was not. (Laughter and applause.) He had tried it. It led to incipient inflammation of the brain, the earliest symptoms of locomotor ataxy, paralysis, and one or two other things. And the trouble about it was that it was more or less like medicine. But they would remember that someone in their profession—Esculapius, or Dr. William Gowers, or someone—(laughter)—said that the diagnosis was not worth a rap till it had been confirmed by a post-mortem. It was the same with his phonography.

He was perfectly splendid in his diagnosis—he could write a considerable amount of it—but when it came to the post-mortem, or, in other words, when he had to translate it six or eight hours afterwards, it was—well, not a success. (Laughter.) He had asked Dr. William Gowers how he wrote his name phonetically, and he had given him an idiograph that looked remarkably like a dissolute Japanese dog. He had unbounded respect for them, and great appreciation of the kindness they had done him, but he would be shocked if he could write "Dr. William Gowers" like that. (Laughter and cheers.)

Other toasts followed, and at the conclusion Mr. Kipling recited his poem "Mandalay," which was enthusiastically received.

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N° 1624, Aug. 14, '97

From Messrs. Teodor, Paprocki i S-ka, Warsaw.—Literary Sketches and Translations from English Writers: Hall Caine, Rudyard Kipling, Grant Allen, and T. Hardy. In this Polish book, by Aleksander Maryan Jasienski, biographies and bibliographical details are given of the four English authors above named. M. Jasienski appears to be thoroughly acquainted with the works of the English authors about whom he has written these appreciations.

When the late Lord Tennyson died, a leading London paper published a series of letters on the claims of various poets to the laureateship. One very noticeable letter was written in favour of Rudyard Kipling; indeed, this author seemed to have a number of admirers who thought him worthy of the honour which the laureateship conveys. America, as usual, has gone one better in this respect, for recently in Georgia the secretary and treasurer of a literary society were divided in opinion as to the better poet, Tennyson or Kipling. The treasurer favoured Kipling; the secretary, Tennyson. By way of deciding this momentous question the disputants wrestled in a catch-where-you-can fashion on the floor of the club-room. As the treasurer fished his opponent three times in rapid succession, there is no doubt that Rudyard Kipling should hold Mr. Alfred Austin's post. Will the latter kindly resign? Should anyone be of a different opinion, the treasurer of the Georgia Literary Society will be pleased to hear from him.

KIPLING AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Rudyard Kipling has taken his pen and his life in his hand, and gone to the scene of the Græco-Turkish war, at the behest of the London *Times*. They are giving him, we are told, a thousand pounds a month, and every possible assistance. By this time the world probably knows whether he was worth his hire or not—to the *Times*. It is certain, beyond any question, that he will be worth it to the world generally. Wittingly or unwittingly, the "Thunderer" is making a gift to the great multitude of story readers. Whether Mr. Kipling's war correspondence is good or not, the *Times* will have paid him five thousand dollars a month to go into the east and gather material for his imaginative work. But as a war correspondent we have our doubts of Mr. Kipling.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, Jan. 1897

The inspiration for the name of Mr. Kipling's last book, "The Seven Seas," has been discovered in "Omar Khayyam." He tells us that the phrase occurs in Fitzgerald's translation, the third edition, forty seventh quatrain:

When you and I behind the veil are passed, Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last! Which of our coming and departing heeds As the seven seas should heed a pebble cast.

KIPLING AND THE "AMERICAN INFLUENCE."

In the columns of a recent paper is sounded the cry that Rudyard Kipling is a plagiarist. The eagle eyed critic has discovered that "Bill 'Awkins" "shows unmistakable traces of the American influence." Then he goes on to prove, by the deadly parallel, that six lines from that poem jingle to the same sort of rhythm as a negro melody he heard long ago in New Orleans.

The fact is that there is no room for the unhappy poet to put his foot down without treading on the impress of some other man's paces. Yet a man must walk somewhere. Is he to sit at home because the whole earth is appropriated? Is it plagiarism to walk, if one walks on his own feet?

When the gentleman of the eagle eye will demonstrate to us that Mr. Kipling's work, his originality of theme, his striking freedom of movement, his boldness of expression, his whole unique individuality—that all these are only copied from a pattern devised by some one else, we shall concur in this charge of plagiarism; but just now the accusation rests on no more substantial datum than the accidental, but inevitable, falling of a single pace within the contour of some long forgotten footprint.

"SOME LIVING POETS."

APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

LECTURE BY MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

The Society of Women Journalists spent an unusually interesting evening at the Society of Arts yesterday, when they furnished an appreciative audience to Mr. William Archer while he expounded his views regarding "Some Living Poets." The lecturer's observations, including the reading of a series of charming selections from the works of our latter-day bards, were followed throughout with evident interest and enjoyment, and the usual compliment that was paid at the close was obviously no mere matter of form.

The chair was taken by Mr. H. W. Massingham, and among the large audience were the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, Mrs. Meynell (president of the society), Lady Colin Campbell, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beckett, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Passmore Edwards, Miss March-Phillips, Miss E. J. Curtis, Miss McHardy, Mr. Edward Rose, Mr. Lewis Hind, Misses Hepworth Dixon, Mrs. Beaufoy-Lane, and Mrs. Jack Johnson (hon. secretary).

The Chairman, in introducing the lecturer, said he was sure that Mr. William Archer needed no introduction to any gathering of men and women who were interested in English literature. They knew the character of the service that Mr. Archer had rendered to the English drama and to English letters—a service which for intelligence and scholarship and breadth of sympathy, and above all, for unbending and unvarying honesty, had, he thought, no equal among his contemporaries. (Cheers.)

We give below a series of extracts from Mr. Archer's lecture.

I need scarcely tell you that it is not a Jeremiad—no, nor a Dunciad—that I have to offer you to-night. I am a degenerate Scot. The lash of Francis Jeffrey, at all events, has not descended to me. Its strands have been untwined and parcelled out among a large family of little—I will not say puny—Jeffreys, who brandish their miniature knouts in the daily, weekly and monthly press. I, for my part, wield no knout, and don't want to sting anyone. No doubt I shall do so in spite of myself, for there is nothing so infuriating to some people as the suggestion, conveyed in the title of this discourse, that there are "some living poets." Some, mark you—several—not merely one, or even two. Every one admits that there is one living poet—what need to name him?—the poet of "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Songs before Sunrise." Some people, rather grudgingly, make room in their esteem for a second—Mr. George Meredith. A third even is generally postulated or rather a great many thirds; each critic backing or his own fancy, the laureate of his clique, if I may so express it. I daresay some of you have fallen into the habit of thinking that since Tennyson and Browning, Arnold and Morris, have passed away, and since Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Meredith publish but little, English poetry has fallen on evil days. It is that judgment I would ask you to reconsider. I would beg you—those of you who care for poetry—to be of good cheer. I am the last to disparage the poetry of yesterday, and I have the liveliest hopes for the poetry of to-morrow. But I want to speak

A Good Word for the Poetry of To-day. I would ask you to turn a deaf ear to timorous and carping criticism, and have courage to enjoy, love, praise—and, let me add, to buy—the work of living men and women born within, and well within, the Victorian era—men and women whom your love can hearten, your praise rejoice, and whom your soldier tribute, perhaps, may place in a position to develop their genius more fully than is possible while poetry, as the saying goes, is "a drug in the market." What, for my part, I cannot understand, is the perfect equanimity with which people proclaim the decadence of English poetry. To me, if I believed it, the thought would be crushing, paralyzing. There

never was an age that clamored more urgently for poetical interpretation—never an age of stranger and sublimer phenomena, or pregnant with greater issues. It is not impossible, I think, that, looking back upon this decade, criticism may distinguish it as the period of a *triumph of the good over the evil*, but as a time when poetry got closer to the life of the day, and interpreted it more intimately and sympathetically, than at any previous period.

A Sterilizing Catchword.

I am not here to attempt the no less impertinent than impossible task of establishing an order of merit among our younger poets. Time alone can do that; and Time itself might be more profitably employed. I ignore even the current distinction between "major" and "minor" poets. The phrase "minor poet" is to my thinking a destructive and sterilizing catchword. Why, the minor poets—some of them nameless—of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are among the glories of our literature. How incalculably poorer should we be to-day if they had been pool-pooched into silence, throttled by a supercilious epithet!

What we Have and What we Lack. My method in preparing this discourse has been a very simple one. I have emptied one shelf of my bookcase, ranged before me the twenty-five or thirty volumes it contained—all works of living men and women, most of them published since 1890—and I have asked myself the questions: "What have we here? And what do we notably lack?" To take the latter question first, we lack two things: great narrative poems and great poetic dramas. But the reason for this is not far to seek; the novel has supplanted the epic (taking that word in its widest signification), and our dramatic poems are written in prose. This may not always be so—for my part, I don't think it will—but the phase through which we are passing is a perfectly natural one, and is not confined to the immediate present, but has lasted through the century, to go no further back. And now for the former and more important question: What have we? Wherein does our wealth consist? Why, in everything except the drama and the long narrative—in the short narrative, or ballad, in contemplative, speculative, philosophic poetry, and in every form of lyric, from the ode to the versicle, from the avalanche to the single snowflake. Along two lines especially are we continuing, as well as heart can desire, the noblest traditions of English poetry. We are still great in the vision and interpretation of nature, and in the utterance of our national self-consciousness. Nor are we by any means to seek, I should say, in the exercise of that function which a poet-critic has somewhat paradoxically proclaimed the supreme function of poetry—to wit, "criticism of life."

Nature Poetry.

It has always been the delight of our English poets to talk about the weather; it has always been the delight of the English people to listen. The same fresh spring note that begins our first great national poem rings forth intensifies in our poetry of to-day. I take up, for instance, that wonderful little sequence of "Hospital Rhymes and Rhythms," by Mr. William Ernest Henley. Mr. Henley lay imprisoned for many months, I think for more than a year, in the Edinburgh Infirmary; and never did prisoned poet put his durance to nobler use.

Here the lecturer read the lines of "Pastoral" beginning:—

'Tis the Spring, Earth has conceived, and her bosom, Teeming with summer, is glad.

I venture to say that if Chaucer could read these lines he would hail this poet one of his rightful kindred. But the spring, in spite of the cooling of the planet and the heating of the furnaces, is still very much what it was in Chaucer's time. What is new and peculiar to our age is the teeming, throbbing, clangorous life of our great cities; and this too the modern poet ought to interpret. Well, again I turn to Mr. Henley—this time to his "London Voluntaries," and I find four pictures of London scenery which are pure masterpieces of vision and technical accomplishment. [Here the lecturer read a passage from the dawn-poem, ending with the lines:—

The ancient River singing as he goes New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.] Let us now take other aspects of nature, seen by other poets. Here, for instance, is a romantic landscape:— High on a hill the convent hung, Across a duchy looking down, Where everlasting mountains flung Their shadows over tower and town. The jewels of their lofty snows In constellations flashed at night;

Above their crests the moon arose; The deep earth shuddered with delight.

The adventurous Sun took heaven by storm; Clouds scattered largesses of rain; The sounding cities, rich and warm, Smouldered and glittered in the plain.

Is not the last stanza a Turner in a quatrain? The writer, as many of you probably know, is Mr. John Davidson. And Mr. Davidson does not excel in romantic landscape alone. I doubt whether any poet has ever had a keener or more loving eye for English and Scottish nature.

Somewhat similar, perhaps even finer, is the parable about the sea in Maire Bruin's appeal to the fairies in "The Land of Heart's Desire," a little play by Mr. W. B. Yeats:—

Fairies come take me out of this dull world, For I would ride with you upon the wind, Run on the top of the dishevelled tide, And dance upon the mountains like a flame.

If Mr. Yeats had given us nothing but this tragic suggestion of the "dishevelled tide" scudding before the wind, Ireland might still have claimed him among her poets; for what is the essence of poetry if it be not that magic which makes a phrase seem predestinate from before the beginning of years, a thing the world has been waiting for? Again, Mr. Francis Thompson has depicted sunsets and all the pageantry of heaven with a splendor of imagery scarcely to be rivalled. The very opulence, not to say turbulence, of his metaphors makes Mr. Thompson hard to quote. It needs time to follow the leaps and convolutions of his thought.

Philosophical Poetry.

And now, by way of transition to another branch of poetry, let me read you one or two stanzas in which the writer regards nature from what may be called the cosmic point of view. The writer is Mr. William Watson, a poet whose touch is, perhaps, too firm and definite to allow of his being a great landscapist. His feeling for nature is philosophical and imaginative rather than sensuous; but how splendidly imaginative it is, these stanzas, I think, will show. They are from one of his latest poems, an "Ode in May." (Here the lecturer read the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas of this ode.) It has been doubted whether science is the ally or the enemy of poetry. I think such a passage as this, and many other pages in the works of Mr. Watson, and Mr. Davidson, prove—what Tennyson, indeed, had already shown clearly enough—that poetry only needs time to assimilate the material brought her by science. Why, even Mr. Francis Thompson, mystic though he be, shows at many points (notably in his "Anthem of Earth") how the immensities and subtleties of scientific thought have kindled his imagination. In philosophical and ethical criticism of life all the poets I have just named are exceedingly strong. Mr. Davidson is nothing if not a thinker; his writings are a lava-stream of fervid doctrine and parable. The calmer and more cautious genius of Mr. Watson utters nothing that has not been clarified by patient labor; wherefore it is sometimes accused of shallowness and obviousness. Nothing could be more unjust. Mr. Watson is a consistent classicist, and in the last analysis an epigrammatist. An intensely imaginative wit is his master quality, and he stands alone among poets of this century in the art with which he has made poetry of criticism. Speculative and philosophic poetry is necessarily difficult to quote, since a train of thought requires space for its development. But there is one philosophic poem—the utterance, at any rate, of a personal philosophy—which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of citing. There are poems which we recognise as predestined to immortality from the moment we set eyes on them, and this is certainly one of them. It was published ten years ago in Mr. Henley's first book of verse, and already it is a classic. Stoicism has waited all these centuries for its superbest utterance, but here it has found it at last:—

Out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods there be For my unconquerable soul. In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud, Under the bludgeonings of chance My head is bloody, but unbowed. Beyond this place of wrath and tears Looms but the horror of the shade, And yet the menace of the years Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.



LITERATURE.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.

had been Gray and Messrs. Watson and David-son Wordsworth and Coleridge.

This is not the first time that this has been asserted, but, I believe, it is absolutely the first time that it has had the support of a critic of Mr. Archer's accomplishment and force. I confess it fills me with despair. In vain have we witnessed the magnificent and unbroken evolution of our poetry, in vain have the fluctuations of taste been displayed before us, if we are to be put off with empirical outbursts of individualism of this kind. It is the old, weary tale! I like Jones, therefore I cannot like Smith. I do not consider Robinson properly appreciated, therefore I will revile or ignore Briggs, who has been praised too much. For these names put two generations of admirable English artists, and you have what Mr. Archer has done. But is it to return in this way to the old spirit of Jeffrey and Gifford that we have been fighting for the last ten years in favor of the principle of evolution in literature?

To oppose that stream of fashion which Mr. Archer supports and accelerates in his brilliant lecture is vain, I know. Nor do I wish to stem that tide; there is hardly one of the poets whom he praises whom I do not delight in, hardly one who has not caused me, who does not continue to cause me, acute pleasure. I would even go further than Mr. Archer; I would ask him how he could enumerate the poetic forces of our time, and say nothing of Mr. Arthur Symonds, nothing of Mr. Lionel Johnson. But I appeal indignantly against the assumption that their predecessors were persons so insignificant that even with his microscopic Mr. Archer cannot discover their names. What are we to think of a critic of Mr. Archer's authority who speaks minutely of our living poets, and has nothing to tell us of Mr. Austin Dobson, or of Mr. Robert Bridges, to name but the greatest of the generation which he so audaciously ignores? There is not now living an artist in verse so exquisite, so sure of his effect, so completely master of his material, as Mr. Austin Dobson; nor, gay and epicurean as his mood is, is he incapable of sounding in a style wholly his own the deeper notes of human feeling. Since Mr. Swinburne there has been born no poet whose sudden flashing felicities, whose daring flights of lyric intuition, exceed in pure beauty those of Mr. Bridges at his best. I cannot find words of eulogy for Mr. Watson and Mr. Yeats if I am told that Mr. Dobson and Mr. Bridges are contemptible. And the mellifluous reverie of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and the grace of Mr. Lang, and the austere, dry dignity of Canon Dixon—who is Mr. Archer that he should treat all these as unworthy of mention? I know of but one reply, namely, that they belong to the age which Mr. Archer, in the interests of a younger school, desires to blot out of the very annals of English poetry.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDMUND GOSSE.

Jan. 29.

work, not condemned and scorned for his weakest. If he has written one true and vital poem, he is a benefactor to his country. Take, for instance, the song I have just read you, "Admirals All!"—I believe that if we were offered the price of a first-class line-of-battle ship to destroy, annihilate, wipe these verses out of existence, it would be very false economy to accept the offer. I believe Mr. Newbolt's little book will be worth many battle-ships to "the Rodneys yet to be." But one of the poets has put the case for poetry better than I can. The poem is called, "England my Mother," and the writer is William Watson.

[Here the lecturer read an extract from Mr. Watson's poem, concluding:—

So let the songsmith  
Proffer his rhyme-gift,  
England my mother,  
Maker of men.

Thou at the world-loom,  
Weaving thy future,  
Fifty may'st temper  
Toil with delight.

Song is no bauble—  
Slight not the songsmith,  
England my mother,  
Maker of men.]

At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Archer, on the proposition of Miss Curtis, seconded by Miss O'Connor Eccles; and in the course of his brief acknowledgment, Mr. Archer took occasion to apologise for not having realised, until too late, the appropriateness of doing more justice to the work of the lady poets. He hastened, however, to assure the meeting that this did not arise from lack of appreciation, for he held that the work of the ladies he had mentioned was at least on a par with that of the male poets.

The vote of thanks to the chairman was proposed by Mrs. Johnson, who felt that the presence in the chair of the editor of a paper constituted an acknowledgment of their society and an encouragement of their work. In seconding the resolution, Miss Marsh-Phillips referred to the prominent share taken by "The Daily Chronicle" in bringing meritorious poems before the public, and said she felt she must say a word for that anonymous poet who wrote in its columns in the "London vernacular."

JANUARY 31, 1898.

"SOME LIVING POETS."

THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The lecture by Mr. William Archer which you print in your issue of to-day must have been read by thousands of your subscribers with no less interest than by myself. It is marked by the vigor, the lucidity and the outspoken generosity which are characteristic of Mr. Archer. It is an utterance of weight, which will have a wide effect upon opinion. For this very reason I deplore what I conceive to be its singular defiance of the law of historic progression, and its studied unfairness to an entire generation of writers.

Although your report of Mr. Archer's lecture runs to the very unusual length of two columns and a half, I observe that it is described as "a series of extracts." It is possible, therefore, that just that is omitted which would complete the picture, and this I like to suppose the case. Since I agree with most of Mr. Archer's expressed judgments, I should like to think that you, Sir, have left out what I am so very sorry to miss. But I am bound to take the lecture as it stands, and I find it an attempt deliberately made to destroy the sequence of modern poetry, and wipe out of existence a whole generation of poets. A foreigner, reading your report of Mr. Archer's lecture, would gather that poetry in England ceased with Mr. Swinburne, who began to write about 1860, that there was an absolute "interlunar space" of nearly thirty years in which no poet appeared, and that then, about 1890, there was a glorious burst of song, a chorus of perfectly original bards, unrelated to any writer who had preceded them, who re-created verse out of the ashes of the century. Mr. Archer speaks exactly as if Mr. Swinburne

in the drama of the planet, and not, we may fairly hope, the least beneficent. And I think you will admit that the poets who keep us alive to our gigantic responsibilities and our magnificently precarious situation play a useful, nay, indispensable, part.

Three Patriotic Poets.

Many poets have sung, and sung well, of Britain and Greater Britain, but the three I have mainly in mind at this moment are Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. Henry Newbolt. What a strange product is Mr. Kipling—as new and problematic to literature as the British Empire is new and problematic to history. With what curious faithfulness does he not interpret one mood of the nation's mind! Far be it from me to declare it an entirely admirable mood, or to say that Mr. Kipling's utterance of it is free from all suspicion of over-emphasis. But what I would beg you to notice is the difference between Mr. Kipling's patriotism and the mere "Rule Britannia" boastfulness of bygone days. Mr. Kipling boasts too, but in a much subtler and, let me add, nobler way, for he boasts far less of what we have done than of what we have suffered and are suffering. No one can say that Mr. Kipling, whether in verse or prose, is an exhilarating author. He brings home to us as no one ever did before a sense of the cost of Empire in blood and tears. When he sings of the sea is to tell how

We have straved our best to the weed's unrest,  
To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid in full.

When he sings of Tommy Atkins, he tells us much more of the labors and horrors than of the glories and delights of that irrepressible gentleman's career. And he has introduced a new note into patriotic poetry in praising the enemy and celebrating his valor. This, too, no doubt, is indirect self-glorification; but if you will listen to his "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" I think you will admit that there is something more than that in it.

Very different, yet not less significant, is the patriotism of Mr. William Watson. It is, like his whole genius, critical. You all remember, of course, his sonnets entitled "The Purple East," written at the time of the Armenian massacres. I do not say that they were politically wise, still less do I say that they were not. No one can be always in the right, not even a poet. But I do say that these sonnets, though far from flawless, take a splendid place in literature, and are utterances of a sincere and noble patriotism. Mr. Watson has the art of using the sonnet like the sling of David. In the opening octave he whirls it round and round, with ever-gathering momentum, and in the concluding sestet sends his scorn or rebuke singing through the air, arrow-straight, to its mark.

Some years ago my eye fell idly on a set of verses in the "St. James's Gazette." A single line in the middle of the poem leaped out at me, as it were—the simple phrase:—

Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe.

"Hallo!" I thought, "that's a good line! That line dances itself!" I looked at the title of the verses: it was "Drake's Drum." I looked for the signature: there was none. I read the three stanzas, and instantly saw in them one of the best sea songs, perhaps the very best *navy* song, in the language. Before I went to bed that night I knew it by heart. But though this is the most immediately "taking" of Mr. Newbolt's verses, there are half-a-dozen other pieces in his little book, "Admirals All," that are really quite as remarkable.

[Here the lecturer read "A Ballad of John Nicholson."]

"I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas," said Sir Philip Sidney, "that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." I wonder what Sidney would say to the new song of John Nicholson and Mehtab Singh. But it is the sea that Mr. Newbolt loves best. He sings of it with an inimitable ripple and lilt, and glorifies the good old sea song of our grandfathers by informing with real beauty and vitality of style. This song alone would entitle him to rank as the laureate of the Navy.

"Slight Not the Songsmith."

Ladies and gentlemen, I have done. Perhaps this overdose of unmixed eulogy has defeated its purpose, and given you what we call in Scotland a "scunner" at latter-day poetry. But I warned you at the outset that my purpose was eulogistic, and that for the moment I renounced the right of censure.

I have nothing to say against searching, discriminating, even exacting criticism; and I plead guilty to an extreme intolerance for poets who are not poets at all. But when a poet is a poet—this is the thought I would urge upon you—he ought to be praised and loved for his strongest

It matters not how strict the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

We have among us, barely without the four-mile radius from Charing-cross, the man who wrote these four quatrains, or, rather, cast them in clanging bronze; yet simply because he is alive, because the voice of our homage could reach him, and to some extent mitigate for him the "fell clutch of circumstance," we hesitate to hail him a great poet!

The Miscellaneous Lyric.

Let us turn now from philosophic or critical poetry to what I may call, roughly, the miscellaneous lyric. There has been a great revival in late years of Elizabethan lyric verse. The labors of Mr. De Witt and other scholars have unearthed, or at any rate shaken the dust off, many forgotten treasures of sixteenth and seventeenth century song. A whole constellation of poets has suddenly blazed forth; anthologies have been rife, and we have all gone into raptures. I love these singers of the great century as much as any one; but I cannot help sometimes envying the scholar of the twenty-second century who shall make an anthology of late Victorian lyrics. The diction of to-day will have for our great-great-great-grandsons just that touch of quaintness which gives so much of their charm to Gascoigne and Dampson, and Breton and Browne; and from many a booklet of many a modest and unconsidered singer will be rescued happily-turned verses of true lyric quality. Among our better-known poets the harvest will, of course, be still richer. What raptures should we not go into, for instance, if we came across in an Elizabethan song-book Mr. Francis Thompson's little address, "To a Snow-Flake."

If Mr. Thompson should for a time pass out of knowledge, as did his spiritual kinsman Crashaw, what joy there will be over his rediscovery. It is in this lyrical department, as is but natural, that our women singers put forth their best strength. One, Mrs. Clement Shorter, excels rather in the ballad; but it is in the pure lyric that Mrs. Steynell, Mrs. Marriott Watson, Mrs. Hinkson, Mrs. Radford, Miss Alma Tadema are at their best. There is often a beautiful intimacy of emotion in the best work of these ladies, while its technical accomplishment is in some cases very high.

Racial Self-Consciousness.

I think one may say without trenching on politics—for this is a statement of fact admitted by Little-Englanders and Great-Englanders alike—that England at the present moment is one of the strangest phenomena known to history. A little island, crowded with millions, who could not subsist for a week on the products of their own soil, she has peopled and holds to her by indeterminate but very real bonds the hugest tract of the earth's surface that ever acknowledged one central sway, while she rules by force of arms a teeming and more or less restive Eastern empire, half the world away from her own shores. The thought of this unique and anomalous position elates some of us, and depresses others; but to all of us, I think, it nowadays brings, above all things, a sense of responsibility. The historian tells us that we drifted into empire in a fit of absence of mind; but from that we have now awakened, and we know that it behoves us to have all our wits about us.

We stand at a critical point of time, between a glorious past and perilous future. The romantic interest of our situation is intense, the ethical problems it raises are manifold and momentous. And I do not hesitate to say that our living poets have risen greatly to the occasion, and have contributed their full share to the enlarging of our sense of imperial responsibility. There is nothing in the world more melancholy and degrading than what we may call music-hall patriotism—ignorant self-glorification, ignorant hatred and contempt for other nations. That sort of thing is still rampant among us, and I think those who have the national education in their keeping ought to take measures gradually to undermine it. For instance, I would have our children taught, so far as teaching can go, to love and admire France, that glorious nation which has done so much and suffered so much for humanity. I would have them taught to realize that the whole world holds Italy, so to speak, in trust, as the treasure-house of all beauty, the nucleus of history and of civilization. Above all, I would have them taught to read with whole-hearted sympathy the history of America, and to regard Saratoga and Yorktown in the same light as Naseby Field or Marston Moor—that is to say, as incidents of a civil war, necessarily tragic in themselves, but by no means deplorable in their results. But, after all, to look around the nations—even if we make every effort to attain the aloofness of an astral intelligence—is merely to realize that England has played as great a part as any

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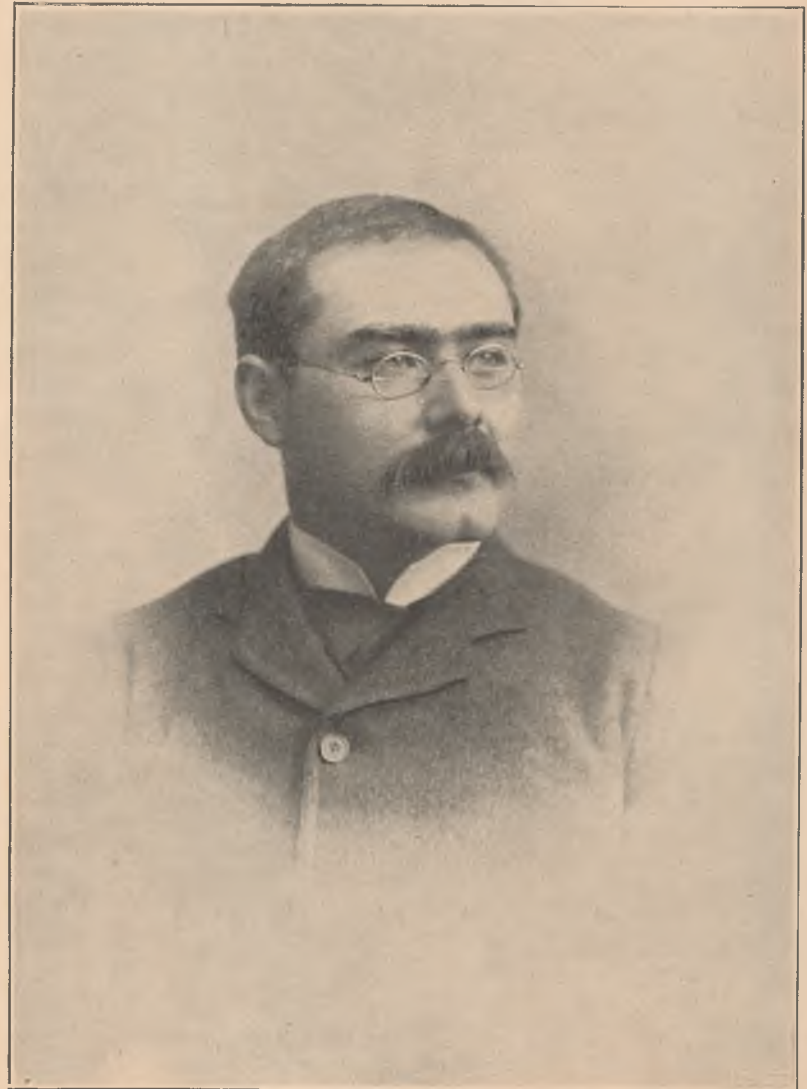


Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXX.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose new volume, "Captains Courageous," is reviewed in our columns to-day, was born in India thirty-three years ago, but received his education in England at the United Services College, Westward Ho. He returned to India to become Assistant Editor of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*. Most of his early verses and stories made their first appearance in Indian journals, but his fame spread to Europe, and he was soon recognised as the chronicler-in-chief of latter-day Anglo-Indian life and the laureate of Tommy Atkins. His "Departmental Ditties" (1880), "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Life's Handicap," "Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Jungle Book," and other volumes have since won him a unique reputation; and more recently his muse has sounded a deeper note, and placed him high



It matters not how broad the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

We have among us, barely without the four-mile radius from Charing-cross, the man who wrote these four quatrains, or, rather, cast them in clanging bronze; yet simply because he is alive, because the voice of our homage could reach him, and to some extent mitigate for him the "fell clutch of circumstance," we hesitate to hail him a great poet!

The Miscellaneous Lyric.

Let us turn now from philosophic or critical poetry to what I may call, roughly, the miscellaneous lyric. There has been a great revival in late years of Elizabethan lyric verse. The labors of Mr. Bulfinch and other scholars have unearthed, or at any rate shaken the dust off, many forgotten treasures of sixteenth and seventeenth century song. A whole constellation of poets has suddenly blazed forth; anthologies have been rife, and we have all gone into raptures. I love these singers of the great century as much as any one; but I cannot help sometimes envying the scholar of the twenty-second century who shall make an anthology of late Victorian lyrics. The diction of to-day will have for our great-great-great-grandsons just that touch of quaintness which gives so much of their charm to Gascoigne and Hampson, and Breton and Browne; and from many a booklet of many a modest and unconsidered singer will be rescued happily-turned verses of true lyric quality. Among our better-known poets the harvest will, of course, be still richer. What raptures should we not go into, for instance, if we came across in an Elizabethan song-book Mr. Francis Thompson's little address, "To a Snow-Flake."

If Mr. Thompson should for a time pass out of knowledge, as did his spiritual kinsman Crashaw, what joy there will be over his rediscovery. It is in this lyrical department, as is but natural, that our women singers put forth their best strength. One, Mrs. Clement Shorter, excels rather in the ballad; but it is in the pure lyric that Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Marriott Watson, Mrs. Hinkson, Mrs. Radford, Miss Alma Tadema are at their best. There is often a beautiful intimacy of emotion in the best work of these ladies, while its technical accomplishment is in some cases very high.

Racial Self-Consciousness.

I think one may say without trenching on politics—for this is a statement of fact admitted by Little-Englanders and Great-Englanders alike—that England at the present moment is one of the strangest phenomena known to history. A little island, crowded with millions, who could not subsist for a week on the products of their own soil, she has peopled and holds to her by indeterminate but very real bonds the hugest tract of the earth's surface that ever acknowledged one central sway, while she rules by force of arms a teeming and more or less restive Eastern empire, half the world away from her own shores. The thought of this unique and anomalous position elates some of us, and depresses others; but to all of us, I think, it nowadays brings, above all things, a sense of responsibility. The historian tells us that we drifted into empire in a fit of absence of mind; but from that we have now awakened, and we know that it behoves us to have all our wits about us.

We stand at a critical point of time, between a glorious past and perilous future. The romantic interest of our situation is intense, the ethical problems it raises are manifold and momentous. And I do not hesitate to say that our living poets have risen greatly to the occasion, and have contributed their full share to the enlarging of our sense of imperial responsibility. There is nothing in the world more melancholy and degrading than what we may call music-hall patriotism—ignorant self-glorification, ignorant hatred and contempt for other nations. That sort of thing is still rampant among us, and I think those who have the national education in their keeping ought to take measures gradually to undermine it. For instance, I would have our children taught, so far as teaching can go, to love and admire France, that glorious nation which has done so much and suffered so much for humanity. I would have them taught to realize that the whole world holds Italy, so to speak, in trust, as the treasure-house of all beauty, the nucleus of history and of civilization. Above all, I would have them taught to read with whole-hearted sympathy the history of America, and to regard Saratoga and Yorktown in the same light as Naseby Field or Marston Moor—that is to say, as incidents of a civil war, necessarily tragic in themselves, but by no means deplorable in their results. But, after all, to look around the nations—even if we make every effort to attain the aloofness of an astral intelligence—is merely to realize that England has played a great part as any

in the drama of the planet, and not, we may have hope, the least beneficent. And I think you will admit that the poets who keep us alive to our gigantic responsibilities and our magnificently precarious situation play a useful, nay, indispensable, part.

Three Patriotic Poets.

Many poets have sung, and sung well, of Britain and Greater Britain, but the three I have mainly in mind at this moment are Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. Henry Newbolt. What a strange product is Mr. Kipling—as new and problematic to literature as the British Empire is new and problematic to history. With what curious faithfulness does he not interpret one mood of the nation's mind! Far be it from me to declare it an entirely admirable mood, or to say that Mr. Kipling's utterance of it is free from all suspicion of over-emphasis. But what I would beg you to notice is the difference between Mr. Kipling's patriotism and the mere "Rule Britannia" boastfulness of bygone days. Mr. Kipling boasts too, but in a much subtler and, let me add, nobler way, for he boasts far less of what we have done than of what we have suffered and are suffering. No one can say that Mr. Kipling, whether in verse or prose, is an exhilarating author. He brings home to us as no one ever did before a sense of the cost of Empire in blood and tears. When he sings of the sea is to tell how

We have straved our best to the wood's unrest,  
To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid in full.

When he sings of Tommy Atkins, he tells us much more of the labors and horrors than of the glories and delights of that irrepressible gentleman's career. And he has introduced a new note into patriotic poetry in praising the enemy and celebrating his valor. This, too, no doubt, is indirect self-glorification; but if you will listen to his "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" I think you will admit that there is something more than that in it.

Very different, yet not less significant, is the patriotism of Mr. William Watson. It is, like his whole genius, critical. You all remember, of course, his sonnets entitled "The Purple East," written at the time of the Armenian massacres. I do not say that they were politically wise, still less do I say that they were not. No one can be always in the right, not even a poet. But I do say that these sonnets, though far from flawless, take a splendid place in literature, and are utterances of a sincere and noble patriotism. Mr. Watson has the art of using the sonnet like the sling of David. In the opening octave he whirles it round and round, with ever-gathering momentum, and in the concluding sestet sends his scorn or rebuke singing through the air, arrow-straight, to its mark.

Some years ago my eye fell idly on a set of verses in the "St. James's Gazette." A single line in the middle of the poem leaped out at me, as it were—the simple phrase:—

W! sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-tee.

"Hallo!" I thought, "that's a good line! That line dances itself!" I looked at the title of the verses: it was "Drake's Drum." I looked for the signature: there was none. I read the three stanzas, and instantly saw in them one of the best sea songs, perhaps the very best nary song, in the language. Before I went to bed that night I knew it by heart. But though this is the most immediately "taking" of Mr. Newbolt's verses, there are half-a-dozen other pieces in his little book, "Admirals All," that are really quite as remarkable.

[Here the lecturer read "A Ballad of John Nicholson."]

"I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas," said Sir Philip Sidney, "that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." I wonder what Sidney would say to the new song of John Nicholson and Meharab Singh. But it is the sex that Mr. Newbolt loves best. He sings of it with an inimitable ripple and lilt, and glorifies the good old sea song of our grandfathers by informing with real beauty and vitality of style. This song alone would entitle him to rank as the laureate of the Navy.

"Slight Not the Songsmith."

Ladies and gentlemen, I have done. Perhaps this overdose of unmixed eulogy has defeated its purpose, and given you what we call in Scotland a "scunner" at latter-day poetry. But I warned you at the outset that my purpose was eulogistic, and that for the moment I renounced the right of censure.

I have nothing to say against searching, discriminating, even exacting criticism; and I plead guilty to an extreme intolerance for poets who are not poets at all. But when a poet is a poet—this is the thought I would urge upon you—he ought to be praised and loved for his strongest

work, not condemned and scorned for his weakest. If he has written one true and vital poem, he is a benefactor to his country. Take, for instance, the song I have just read you, "Admirals All"—I believe that if we were offered the price of a first-class line-of-battle ship to destroy, annihilate, wipe these verses out of existence, it would be very false economy to accept the offer. I believe Mr. Newbolt's little book will be worth many battle-ships to "the Rodneys yet to be." But one of the poets has put the case for poetry better than I can. The poem is called, "England my Mother," and the writer is William Watson.

[Here the lecturer read an extract from Mr. Watson's poem, concluding:—  
So let the songsmith  
Proffer his rhyme-gift,  
England my mother,  
Maker of men.

Thou at the world-loom,  
Weaving thy future,  
Fifty may'st temper  
Toil with delight.

Song is no bauble—  
Slight not the songsmith,  
England my mother,  
Maker of men.]

At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Archer, on the proposition of Miss Curtis, seconded by Miss O'Connor Eccles; and in the course of his brief acknowledgment, Mr. Archer took occasion to apologise for not having raised, until too late, the appropriateness of doing more justice to the work of the lady poets. He hastened, however, to assure the meeting that this did not arise from lack of appreciation, for he held that the work of the ladies he had mentioned was at least on a par with that of the male poets.

The vote of thanks to the chairman was proposed by Mrs. Johnson, who felt that the presence in the chair of the editor of a paper constituted an acknowledgment of their society and an encouragement of their work. In seconding the resolution, Miss Marsh-Phillips referred to the prominent share taken by "The Daily Chronicle" in bringing meritorious poems before the public, and said she felt she must say a word for that anonymous poet who wrote in its columns in the "London vernacular."

JANUARY 31, 1898.

"SOME LIVING POETS."

THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The lecture by Mr. William Archer which you print in your issue of to-day must have been read by thousands of your subscribers with no less interest than by myself. It is marked by the vigor, the lucidity and the outspoken generosity which are characteristic of Mr. Archer. It is an utterance of weight, which will have a wide effect upon opinion. For this very reason I deplore what I conceive to be its singular defiance of the law of historic progression, and its studied unfairness to an entire generation of writers.

Although your report of Mr. Archer's lecture runs to the very unusual length of two columns and a half, I observe that it is described as "a series of extracts." It is possible, therefore, that just that is omitted which would complete the picture, and this I like to suppose the case. Since I agree with most of Mr. Archer's expressed judgments, I should like to think that you, Sir, have left out what I am so very sorry to miss. But I am bound to take the lecture as it stands, and I find it an attempt deliberately made to destroy the sequence of modern poetry, and wipe out of existence a whole generation of poets. A foreigner, reading your report of Mr. Archer's lecture, would gather that poetry in England ceased with Mr. Swinburne, who began to write about 1850, that there was an absolute "interlunar space" of nearly thirty years in which no poet appeared, and that then, about 1880, there was a glorious burst of song, a chorus of perfectly original barbs, unrelated to any writer who had preceded them, who re-created verse out of the ashes of the century. Mr. Archer speaks exactly as if Mr. Swinburne

had been Gray and Messrs. Watson and Davidson Wordsworth and Coleridge.

This is not the first time that this has been asserted, but, I believe, it is absolutely the first time that it has had the support of a critic of Mr. Archer's accomplishment and force. I confess it fills me with despair. In vain have we witnessed the magnificent and unbroken evolution of our poetry, in vain have the fluctuations of taste been displayed before us, if we are to be put off with empirical outbursts of individualism of this kind. It is the old, weary tale! I like Jones, therefore I cannot like Smith. I do not consider Robinson properly appreciated, therefore I will revile or ignore Briggs, who has been praised too much. For these names put two generations of admirable English artists, and you have what Mr. Archer has done. But is it to return in this way to the old spirit of Jeffrey and Gifford that we have been fighting for the last ten years in favor of the principle of evolution in literature?

To oppose that stream of fashion which Mr. Archer supports and accelerates in his brilliant lecture is vain, I know. Nor do I wish to stem that tide; there is hardly one of the poets whom he praises whom I do not delight in, hardly one who has not caused me, who does not continue to cause me, acute pleasure. I would even go further than Mr. Archer: I would ask him how he could enumerate the poetic forces of our time, and say nothing of Mr. Arthur Symonds, nothing of Mr. Lionel Johnson. But I appeal indignantly against the assumption that their predecessors were persons so insignificant that even with his microscope Mr. Archer cannot discover their names. What are we to think of a critic of Mr. Archer's authority who speaks minutely of our living poets, and has nothing to tell us of Mr. Austin Dobson, or of Mr. Robert Bridges, to name but the greatest of the generation which he so audaciously ignores? There is not now living an artist in verse so exquisite, so sure of his effect, so completely master of his material, as Mr. Austin Dobson; nor, gay and epicurean as his mood is, is he incapable of sounding in a style wholly his own the deeper notes of human feeling. Since Mr. Swinburne there has been born no poet whose sudden flashing felicities, whose daring flights of lyric intuition, exceed in pure beauty those of Mr. Bridges at his best. I cannot find words of eulogy for Mr. Watson and Mr. Yeats if I am told that Mr. Dobson and Mr. Bridges are contemptible. And the mellifluous reverie of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and the grace of Mr. Lang, and the austere, dry dignity of Canon Dixon—who is Mr. Archer that he should treat all these as unworthy of mention? I know of but one reply, namely, that they belong to the age which Mr. Archer, in the interests of a younger school, desires to blot out of the very annals of English poetry.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
EDMUND GOSSE.

Jan. 29.



THE DUKE OF TECK AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE.



honour of the anniversary. Later in that same year the engagement of Princess May to the Duke of Clarence was announced with a sequel which everybody knows. Not everyone, however, can imagine the grief and the anxiety which the Duchess of Teck endured all through that time of trial. Joy came to her at the last; and the birth of her grandson, Prince Edward of York, in 1894, gave her assurance that from her direct line would be sprung England's Kings to be.

That the beloved daughter of the Duchess happened to be staying at the White Lodge when her mother's sudden death took place was among the consolations of the sorrowful occasion. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and other members of the royal family hurried to the White Lodge with their condolences to the sorrowing husband and daughter. Of the Duchess's three sons, Prince George of Teck was early in the house of mourning. Two others, serving in the Queen's Army, had to hear at a distance the news of their bereavement. It was Prince George of Teck who registered the death of his mother at Mortlake.

The body of the Duchess was



THE IDLERS' CLUB—WHO SHOULD BE LAUREATE?  
 By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, WILLIAM SHARP, F. W. ROBINSON, OSCAR WILDE,  
 COULSON KERNAHAN, GEORGE GISSING, NORMAN GALE, AARON WATSON,  
 JOSEPH KNIGHT, I. ZANGWILL, GRANT ALLEN, GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,  
 WILLIAM ARCHER, JOHN STRANGE WINTER, CLEMENT SCOTT, BARRY PAIN,  
 RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, CLARK RUSSELL, G. B. BURGIN, BERNARD SHAW,  
 JOHN DAVIDSON, E. NESBIT.  
 Illustrations by LOUIS GUNNIS and PENRYN STANLEY.

I. ZANGWILL.

Without wasting time in reasons—theoretical or practical—for barring every other poetical genius, let me say at once that my selection is Rudyard Kipling. Quite unprompted by the possibilities of the laurel and the canary—or is it the sack that the Poet Laureate gets?—Kipling has sung the song of the British Flag in verses of unsurpassed imaginative vigour; he has interpreted the British soldier. He alone to-day possesses the secret of those Macaulay measures which are trumpets to the blood of the scholarly and the simple alike, while they are the only metres that really appeal to the crowd. His genius—the most brilliant, not to say glaring, that our generation has witnessed, always at a white heat, and, therefore, lacking the mellower radiances—is of the very fire that informs a Tyrtæus. His mind has that narrowness that makes a national bard, and that breadth which is indispensable for a British national bard, whose strains must echo the morning-roll of the drum that follows the sunrise round the world. The only thing which can be urged against Kipling's claims is his youth. But then Kipling—matured under Indian skies—was never young; in truth, genius—which we know from Oscar Wilde never develops, but revolves in a cycle of masterpieces—is always old, as old as all the other elemental mysteries. Tennyson never wrote anything really popular, in the Laureate line, except "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Kipling would be popular, even if he had to hymn the virtuous advent of princely twins. In brief, he is already practically the Laureate of the British Empire; the appointment only awaits ratification at the hands of "The widdor of Windsor."



I. ZANGWILL.

NORMAN GALE.

The difficulty in supplying a satisfactory answer to this question, arises from the fact that a Laureate may be admirable in one respect, but execrable in another. For instance, it is absurd to expect from one and the same poet a knack for writing fittingly of royal births, deaths, and ceremonies; a becoming talent for shouting himself gloriously hoarse over the success of our batteries on land and sea; and a genius for flinging to the nation songs of beauty that are due to nothing in the way of events at a palace, or sinkings at sea. I think there should be three Laureates. The first to be honoured because his utterance is the grandest; the second to enjoy his state because there resides in him the skill to pour out what we may christen ceremonial verse; the third to come to eminence because he can best stir the soldier and the sailor blood of England. Now, if a monarch must be hymned to the throne, surely it is not possible to find a fitter minstrel than Mr. William Watson. If both the civilian and the warrior are to be made to tingle with enthusiasm, there is only one man who has full control of the necessary note—Rudyard Kipling. But if the supreme claims of Poetry herself are to be considered before all else—if our Laureate is to be the singer who has touched the lyre to the noblest, the sweetest, the most lasting purpose—then it is incredible that man should doubt as to the proper choice. What does it matter about early poetical wild oats? If merit is not to go unrewarded again, Algernon Charles Swinburne should follow Tennyson.



NORMAN GALE.

MRS. E. NESBIT.



E. NESBIT.

If our Laureate must needs be our greatest poet, then were the laurel-crown for Mr. Swinburne's brow. But a republican singer could hardly, with grace, wear a crown queen-given. If England only needed a singer to hymn her Guelphs, to write sonnets when a royal babe is born, or odes when the royal hair is cut, who so fit or so fertile as he of Penrhyn? But England needs something more. Loyalty to the person of the sovereign has, for most of us, grown into devotion to, and pride in, the country; and our Queen is honoured because in her we see the figure-head of the State—the lynch-pin of the Empire. Our Laureate must be the man who can sing of England and her greatness; who is amorous of her splendid past—inspired by her still more splendid future; the man whose pride it is to sing the songs that make men's hearts beat high because their "bones were made in England"; the man who will sing us songs of battle and of victory, of honour and great glory. And that man's name is Rudyard Kipling.



















before us, an' though Providence had helped us that far, there was no sense in leavin' too much to its keepin'. When the second hawser was fast, I was wet wi' sweat an' I cried Bell to tak' up his slack an' go home. I've heard that Kinloch an' he got gey drunk the night, but I turned in to young Bannister's bunk an' slep' past any expression. For a general rule I sleep wi' both ears open, as a thinkin' engineer must, but I was deeper gone that night than I can ca' to mind in my life before. I waukened ragin' wi' hunger, a fair lump o' sea runnin', the *Kite* snorin' awa' four knots an hour; an' the *Grotkau* slappin' her nose under, an' yawin' an' standin' over at discretion. She was a most disgracefu' tow. But the shameful thing of all was the food. I raxed me a meal fra' galley shelves an' pantries an' lazaretes an' cubby-holes, that I would not ha' gied to the mate of a Cardiff collier; an' ye ken we say a Cardiff mate will eat clinkers to save waste. I'm sayin' it was simply vile! The crew had written what *they* thought of it on the new paint o' the foc'sle, but I had not a leevin' soul wi' me to complain on. There was nothin' for me to do save watch the hawsers an' the *Kite's* tail squatterin' down in white watter when she lifted over a sea; so I got steam on the after donkey-pump an' pumped out the engine-room. There's no sense in leavin' watter loose in a ship. When she was dry, I went down the shaft-tunnel an' found she was leakin' a little through the stufin'-box, but nothin' to make wark. The propeller had e'en jarred off, as I knew it must, an' Calder had been waitin' for it to go wi' his hand on the gear. He told me as much when I met him ashore. There was nothin' started or strained. It had just slipped awa' to the bed o' the Atlantic as easy as a man dyin' wi' due warnin'—a most providential business for all concerned. Syne I took stock o' the *Grotkau's* upper works. Her boats had been smashed on the davits, an' here an' there was the rail missin' an' a ventilator or two had fetched awa' an' the bridge rails were bent by the seas, but her hatches were tight an' she'd taken no sort of harm. Dod, I came to hate her like a human bein', for I was eight weary days aboard starvin', ay starvin' within a cable's length o' plenty. All day I laid in the bunk reading the 'Woman Hater,' the grandest book Charlie Reade ever wrote, an' pickin' a toothful here an' there. It was weary weary work. Eight days, man, I was aboard the *Grotkau* an' not one full meal did I make. Sma' blame her crew would not stay by her.

"It came on to blow when we fetched soundin's, an' that kept me standin' by the hawsers, lashed to the capstan breathin' betwixt green seas. I near died o' cauld an' hunge, for the *Grotkau* towed like a barge, an' Bell howkit her along through or over. It was vara thick up-Channel, too. We were standin' in to make some sort o' light an' we near walked over twa three fishin' boats, an' they cried us we were overclose to Falmouth. Then we were near cut down by a drunken foreign fruiter that was blunderin' between us an' the shore, and it got thicker an' thicker that night, an' I could feel by the tow Bell did not know whaur he was. Losh, we knew in the morn, for the wind blew the fog oot like a candle an' the sun came clear; and as surely as McRimmon gied me my cheque the shadow o' the Eddystone lay across our tow-rope! We were that near—ay, we were that near! Bell fetched the *Kite* round with the jerk that came close to tearin' the bitts out o' the *Grotkau*, an' I mind I thanked my Maker in young Bannister's cabin when we were inside Plymouth breakwater.

"The first to come aboard was McRimmon wi' Dandie. Did I tell you our orders were to take anything we found into Plymouth? The auld deil had just come down overnight, puttin' two an' two together from what Calder had told him when the liner landed the *Grotkau's* men. He had preceesely hit oor time. I'd hailed Bell for something to eat, an' he sent it o'er in the same boat wi' McRimmon, when the auld man came to me. He grinned an' slapped his legs and worked his eyebrows the while I ate.

"How do Holdock, Steiner, and Chase feed their men?" said he.

"Ye can see," I said, knockin' the top off another beer bottle. "I did not sign to be starved, McRimmon."

"Nor to swim either," said he, for Bell had tauld him how I carried the line aboard. "Well, I'm thinkin' you'll be no loser. What freight could we ha' put into the *Lammergyer* would equal salvage on four hunder thousand pounds—hull an' cargo? Eh, McPhee? This cuts the liver out o' Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited. Eh, McPhee? An' I'm sufferin' from senile dementia now? Eh, McPhee? An' I'm not daft, am I, till I begin to paint the *Lammergyer*? Eh, McPhee? Ye may weel lift your leg, Dandie! I ha' the laugh o' them all. Ye found watter in the engine-room?"

"To speak wi'oot prejudice," I said, "there was some watter."

"They thought she was sinkin' after the propeller went. She filled wi' extraordinary rapeedity. Calder said it grieved him an' Bannister to abandon her."

"I thought o' the dinner at Radley's an' what like o' food I'd eaten for eight days."

"It would grieve them sore," I said.

"But the crew would not hear o' stayin' and workin' her back under canvas. They're gaun up an' down sayin' they'd ha' starved first."

"They'd ha' starved if they'd stayed," said I.

"I tak it fra Calder's account there was a mutiny a'most."

"Ye know more than I, McRimmon," I said. "Speakin' wi'oot prejudice, for we're all in the same boat, *who* opened the bilge-cock?"

"Oh, that's it—is it?" said the auld man, an' I could see he was surprised. A bilge-cock, ye say?"

"I believe it was a bilge cock. They were all shut when I

came aboard, but some one had flooded the engine-room eight feet over all, and shut it off with the worm-an'-wheel gear from the second gratin' afterwards."

"Losh!" said McRimmon. "The inequity o' man's beyond belief. But it's awfu' discreditible to Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, if that came oot in court."

"It's just my own curiosity," I said.

"Aweel Dandie's afflicted wi' the same disease. Dandie, strive against curiosity, for it brings a little dog into traps an' suchlike. Whaur was the *Kite* when yon painted Liner took off the *Grotkau's* people?"

"Just there or thereabouts," I said.

"An' which o' you twa thought to cover your lights?" said he, winkin'.

"Dandie," I said to the dog, "we must both strive against curiosity. It's an unremunerative business. What's our chance o' salvage, Dandie?"

"He laughed till he choked. 'Tak' what I gie you, McPhee, an' be content,' he said. 'Lord, how a man wastes time when he gets old. Get aboard the *Kite*, mon, as soon as ye can. I've clean forgot there's a Baltic charter yammerin' for you at London. That'll be your last voyage, I'm thinkin', excep' by way o' pleasure.'

"Steiner's men were comin' aboard to take charge an' tow her round, an' I passed young Steiner in a boat as I went to the *Kite*. He looked down his nose, but McRimmon pipes up: 'Here's the man ye owe the *Grotkau* to—at a price, Steiner—at a price! Let me introduce Mister McPhee to you. Maybe ye've met before, but ye've vara little luck in keepin' your men—ashore or afloat?'

"Young Steiner looked angry enough to eat him, as he chuckled an' whistled in his dry old throat.

"Ye've not got your price yet," Steiner says.

"Na, na," says the auld man in a screech ye could hear to the Hoe, "but I've twa million sterlin' an' no bairns, ye Judeus Apella, if ye mean to fight; an' I'll match ye pund for pund till the last pund's oot. Ye ken me, Steiner! I'm McRimmon o' McNaughten and McRimmon!"

"Dod," he said betwix' his teeth, sittin' back in the boat. "I've waited fourteen year to break that Jew-firm, an' God be thankit I'll do it now."

"The *Kite* was in the Baltic while the auld man was warkin' his warks, but I know the assessors valued the *Grotkau* all told at over three hunder and sixty thousand—her manifest was a treat o' richness—an' McRimmon got a third for salvin' an abandoned ship. Ye ken there's vast deference between towin' a ship wi' men on her an' pickin' up a derelict—a vast deference in pounds sterlin'. Moreover, twa or three o' the *Grotkau's* crew were burnin' to testify about food, an' there was a note o' Calder to the Board in regard to the tail-shaft that would ha' been vara damagin' if it had come into court. They knew better than to fight."

"Syne the *Kite* came back, an' McRimmon paid off me an' Bell personally, an' the rest of the crew *pro rata*, I believe it's ca'ed. My share—oor share I should say—was just twenty-five thousand pound sterlin'."

At this point Janet jumped up and kissed him.

"Five-and-twenty thousand pound sterlin'! Noo, I'm fra the North, and I'm not the like o' man to fling money awa' rashly, but I'd gie six months' pay—one hunder an' twenty pounds—to know *who* flooded the engine-room of the *Grotkau*. I'm fairly well acquaint wi' McRimmon's eediosyncrasies, and he'd no hand in it. It was not Calder, for I've asked him, an' he wanted to fight me. It would be in the highest degree unprofessional o' Calder—not fightin', but openin' bilge-cocks—but for a while I thought it was him. Ay, I judged it might be him—under temptation."

"What's your theory?" I demanded.

"Weel, I'm inclined to think it was one o' those singular providences that remind us we're in the hands o' Higher Powers."

"It couldn't open and shut itself?"

"I did not mean that; but some half-starvin' oiler or, maybe, trimmer must ha' opened it awhile to mak' sure o' leavin' the *Grotkau*. It's a demoralisin' thing to see an engine-room flood up after any accident to the gear—demoralisin' an' deceptive both. Aweel, the man got what he wanted, for they went aboard the liner cryin' that the *Grotkau* was sinkin'. But it's curious to think o' the consequences. In a human probability he's bein' cursed in heaps at the present moment aboard another tramp freighter; an' here am I, wi' five-an'-twenty thousand pound invested, resolute to go to sea no more—Providential's the preceese word—except as a passenger, ye'll understand, Janct."

McPhee kept his word. He and Janet went for a voyage as passengers in the first-class saloon. They paid seventy pounds for their berths; and Janet found a very sick woman in the second-class saloon, so that for sixteen days she lived below and chatted with the stewardesses at the foot of the second-saloon stairs while her patient slept. McPhee was a passenger for exactly twenty-four hours, till they were out of soundings. Then the engineers' mess—where the oilcloth tables are—joyfully took him to its bosom, and for the rest of the voyage the company was richer by the unpaid services of a highly certificated engineer.

Rudyard Kipling



JANUARY 31, 1898.

In an interesting lecture on "Heroic Poetry," delivered at the South-place Institute yesterday, Sir Alfred Lyall gave the palm to sea-fighting as affording the poet a better chance of celebrating personal valor. He instanced Thomas Camp-bell's famous "Battle of the Baltic," written when the true account of Nelson's famous exploit was still fresh. It is not in every age, however, that the pulse of poets is stirred by war's victories, the three years' fighting in the Spanish Peninsula having, as Sir Alfred noted, produced little poetry of a memorable kind, save, perhaps, the Rev. C. Wolfe's poem on the death of Sir John Moore. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" was of course placed by Sir Alfred as in the category of incomparable heroic verse—as "hors concours," in fact; but after this he was compelled to fall back on Mr. Kipling, as the only modern poet who wears the blood-red bays.

Although Mr. Kipling's poems have not "the grand style" and they denote "a lack of nobility," Sir Alfred agreed that they stir the blood with a sense of reality. A reference to the storming of the Dargai Ridge seemed to indicate that the lecturer looks to our soldiers' laureate for a poem that shall be more than worthy a place among the "Barrack Room Ballads." One omission there seems to have been in Sir Alfred's lecture. No mention was apparently made of the poem of that other Alfred who wears the official title of laureate—and that despite the deathless lyric which treated of the famous Raid.

FEBRUARY 19, 1898.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, as was to be expected, received a very warm welcome on his arrival, with his family, at Cape Town, but the most interesting feature of it is undoubtedly a set of verses addressed to himself by a private in the ranks, and called "An Experiment in Imitation." They appeared originally in the "Cape Times," and we take them from the "Standard and Diggers' News."

I suppose you know this station, for you sort of keep in touch

With a Tommy wheresoever 'e may go;

An' you know our "bat's" a shandy, made of 'Ottentot an' Dutch,

It's a language which is 'ideons an' low,

Don't you know

That it's "Wacht-ee-beitje" 'stead of "Arf a mo'?"

We should like to come an' meet you, but we can't without a pass;

Even then we'd ardy like to make a fuss;

For out 'ere they've got a notion that a Tommy

isn't class;

'E's a sort of brainless animal, or wuss!

Vicious cuss!

No, they don't expect intelligence from us.

You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows;

But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'ills.

You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty cyclone blows,

You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,

An' we grills!

An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bills?

Since the time when Tommy's uniform was musketoon an' wig,

There 'as always been a bloke wot 'ad a way

Of writin' of the Glory and forgetting the fatig',

'Oo saw 'im in 'is tunic day by day,

Smart an' gay,

An' forgot about the smallness of 'is pay!

But you're our partic'lar author, you're our patron an' our friend,

You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,

You're the poet of the people, where the red-

mapped lands extend,

You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,

An' compare,

To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere!

Mr. Kipling, we should say, has a possibly dangerous rival in this poetical "Tommy."

The Sun

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1898.

## RUDYARD KIPLING AS HERALD.

During his visit to Kimberley Mr. Rudyard Kipling met a delegation from the South African League, a body which professes progressive political principles, and was asked to give an idea for a coat-of-arms for the League. He at once sketched a rough design, the main feature being a shield in four colours—red, white, blue, and orange, the divisions being by the great rivers of South Africa, the Zambesi, the Limpopo, the Vaal, and the Orange. Dominating the whole was the lion couchant, wearing a crown in token of the suzerainty. Beneath there was a scroll, bearing the motto, "Not less than the greatest."

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE GURKHA.

The Gurkha (writes our military correspondent, Lieutenant-Colonel Pulley) has never yet been shown to the public at home as he really appears. I have drawn this sketch from life, and it is a faithful likeness of the original as I caught him lounging against the wall of the entrenched camp. The 1st Batt. 3rd Gurkha Rifles have now been seven months in the field, having served from the beginning of the campaign in the Samana operations under the late General Yeatman Biggs. Their scouts have done much excellent work, and the battalion as a whole, belonging as it did to the 4th Brigade (General Westmacott's), has had its fair share of the fighting and hard work in this campaign. Yet the Gurkha, unrepresented as he was at the Diamond Jubilee, is to many in appearance an unknown quantity.



WITH THE TIRAH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: A TYPICAL GURKHA.  
Sketched from life by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.

Why did our women not all buy Rudyard Kipling before anyone else thought of buying him? The question in this form is somewhat Irish, but you know what I mean. The "Christmas Quartette" was published at Lahore for the price of one rupee, eight annas. Since then a single copy has fetched £12 10s., and the market price to-day is said to be about half that. Of course, the answer must be that most of us never even knew that the book was produced. It may be safely added that even if we had known, and had read it, most of us would not have risked one rupee, eight annas on the speculation, not even if we ourselves had been persuaded of the genius of the author, because you never can tell exactly what the public is going to do. It always likes the right things in the end, but it sometimes takes an unconscionable time in liking them. We might have stood out of any profit from that one rupee, eight annas, for a considerable period.

BARRY PAIN.

E. B.—I do not know of any of Kipling's work which is not "suitable for a present to a lady." I do not think that any selection of his stories has been made with a view to being especially suited to the peculiarly refined. I may add that I ardently hope it never will be. Why be afraid that anyone will regard you "as one of rough and coarse tastes" because you give him or her a volume of Kipling; and if anyone did, what on earth would his or her opinion matter to anybody? It would only prove that the person who held that opinion was unwise and uneducated.

## ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE. [OCTOBER 22, 1898.

Mr. Kipling's "Day's Work" and Mr. G. W. Stevens's "With Kitchener to Khartum" were published in the same week, and it is by no means uninteresting to read them side by side, and to mark how romance and reporting act and react on each other nowadays. The reciprocal influences have their good as well as their bad side, and it is not necessary to ignore the good side. Mr. Kipling's genius can assimilate a vast quantity of fact and technical terminology so long as the romance is sovereign; and it is difficult to imagine Mr. Stevens ever having given us his plain tale from the desert had not Mr. Kipling opened a new chapter of romance with his "Plain Tales from the Hills."

A doubt may strike some readers whether Mr. Stevens does not occasionally out-Kipling Kipling in his glorification of "Tommy" and the Briton abroad. He asks us ladies and gentlemen who stay at home at ease, if it is not good to think, as we walk in Piccadilly or the Mile-end-road, that every one of the niggers in Egypt honestly believes that to be English and to know fear are two things never heard of together; that he has seen many Englishmen die, but has never seen an Englishman show fear. Good to think certainly, but surely not quite easy to believe without qualification. This is not Lord Wolseley's report, and Lord Wolseley has had considerable experience as an eye-witness of English soldiers. And some of Mr. Kipling's most magnificent stories have described Tommy in his hour of panic. It has, no doubt, to be borne in mind that Mr. Stevens has only so far seen battles which he himself describes as "executions."

W. P. JAMES.



A SUGGESTIVE SPEECH TO THE WRITERS' CLUB.

By virtue of his recent visit to South Africa, Mr. Rudyard Kipling was the honoured guest of the Anglo-African Writers' Club, at their dinner at the Grand Hotel last night. There were so many guests that some had to dine at an overflow feast in another room. The writers were repaid by a thoughtful, suggestive, and Kipling-esque oration from the master in their craft.

Few men can both speak and write, and Mr. Kipling is not an exception. He can write, and he can speak, but his books are better than his orations. It is understood that he is not a rapid writer. He restores the average by speaking at a break-neck rate, which may or may not be a malicious revenge for his own trials as a reporter.

He has a light, clear voice, and an utterance singularly free from the affectations of modern oratory. His diction is plain and curt, he has no airs or graces, and he talks rather than orates. "Look here!" he says, with a jerk of the arm, when he introduces his arguments. He pauses in the full flood of adjectives to hope he does not bore his audience. And he acknowledges a cheer with a smart salute, like that of the great Mulvaney.

Mr. Rider Haggard, who presided, introduced his brother novelist in a speech of graceful and candid praise. He said that such men as Kipling are the watchmen of the Empire. If we are plunged into war, then it is that we shall see the advantage of Kipling; then will our Kiplings give us backbone, and excite the patriotism of the nation. "He has commended with the very spirit of our race; in future his name will be one of the few inscribed in

LIVING LETTERS

on the books of his generation." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Kipling, who is a modest man, hurried through a few words of acknowledgment and deprecation, and then plunged into the heart of his speech. It was all about South Africa, and the problems which offered there. He went with open eyes, and he gave his hearers, as men who know more about it than he does, the results of his observations and the effect of his views.

"It seems to me," he said, "that of all the strong men who are building up our empire, there are none who need our help and sympathy and understanding more than the men who are carrying out our work in our Africa. You must take my thoughts as the disconnected maunderings of a casual traveller—but here they are. It seems to me that those men have to deal with a very large amount of primitive and agricultural simplicity, which simplicity objects to all things which we understand as the elementary rudiments of civilisation.

"It objected to the simplest precautions against the spread of disease among sheep. That was iniquitous. It objected emphatically to all measures for the suppression of rinderpest. That was wicked. It objected more or less to everything which would develop the country—to railways, and to roads (!) of all kinds. That was—

What it was posterity will never know. The meeting attached

A CAPITAL "R"

to the "roads," and an entirely different spelling, and burst into a shout of laughter. Mr. Kipling's moralisation was drowned.

"It objected also," Mr. Kipling continued, "to little things like compulsory education and compulsory inoculation, and it founded a political party to give effect to its views. That party I found to be the most real, lively, and aggressive thing in our Africa as I saw it. I saw nothing more pathetic than the programme of progress laid down, unless it was the howl of protest with which that very modest programme was greeted. There, it seemed to me, was the difficulty on the very threshold of a new land.

"Behind that State was another, and in it was a city armed to the teeth, a city divorced from all considerations of business, a city rotten through and through, with every old, worn-out effete notion of Continental policy and Continental hush-money, and the like—hopelessly inert and crippled, except for the efforts of energetic men in its midst. We created that State. We are responsible for it. We made it; we financed it; we supplied it with men.

"I have never seen white men squashed before, but I saw them there. Boers were riding through the streets, armed to the teeth. It was a peculiarly sickening sight. There sticks in my memory one dinner in Johannesburg, given to me by white men who dare not speak their minds because they were spied on. I was checked back into the methods of 900 years ago, to see how I liked it—and I didn't."

Mr. Kipling went on to explain that when one has been Lord God Almighty over ten square

miles of earth, it is not pleasant to be

BUSTLED BY WHITE MEN,

who say, "What's on your farm, and what's underneath it, and what will you take for it?" "Upon my word," he said, "you cannot blame them for hating the white man. The land belongs to them. But unfortunately no man and no race can keep a land he cannot develop. Sooner or later the energetic man comes and offers a mortgage. Presently the mortgage is foreclosed; and then the first owner calls heaven and earth to witness that his successor is a liar, and a swindler, and a thief. So we must be careful. We are the elder brother among the nations. We cannot afford to do the things that others do. If we are impatient, hot-headed, and whack people on the head, there is a sort of feeling in the world that, being the elder brother, it is very wicked of us.

"It seems to me that it is our duty to be infinitely patient, because the game we are playing is a winning game. The more energetic race is coming down chock-a-block on the weaker. The weaker race is being turned under, and that is never a pleasant operation for those who are turned. Our business, it seems to me, is to teach them, by example and by precept, how to develop the country. It is no use getting angry. Our people have to live with them. The colonials and the Dutch are married and intermarried until you can hardly tell where one leaves off and the other begins. There is a dream of a Dutch Republic, and it seems to me that there is room enough in the land for both—always under the ideals of the white. There is no romance about it. It is a plain business of

'SIT DOWN AND WORK'

—and Mr. Kipling suggested more railways and more towns as a means of putting life into the sterile land.

Speaking again of the Transvaal, he said we had let the thing go on much too long. "They consider themselves our masters and our bosses; that is what they believe in the Transvaal to this day. We have allowed them to put back the clock throughout the whole of South Africa, and make a festering sore, whose influence for evil, if the sore were wiped out to-morrow, would last for ten years. It would not be desirable, I think, to claim our rights by force. But when I was there it seemed to me that, misted by various offers of Continental help, it was just possible that they might rise and cause trouble. Then, gentlemen, would be the time to clean the whole thing out. (Loud applause.)

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And Mr. Kipling concluded with a characteristic hope to heaven that he had done no mischief by his speech, and another salute for the cheering.



A TELAUTOGRAPHED MR. RHODES.

adequate appreciation. Briefly, it consists merely in a "scheme" of minute squares, understood at both ends of the wire. For instance, a portrait in outline is placed beneath a piece of prepared paper traced in minute squares. Each motion of the needle in following the lines of the portrait touches a certain square, which is transmitted to the receiver, and there correspondingly indicated.

The portrait of General Gomez which accompanies this article was despatched from Key West a few weeks since. The sketch was made by a war correspondent in Cuba with the insurgent leader. It was placed on a despatch boat, together with a sketch of a war-vessel entering Havana, and telegraphed to New York, where it was printed on the evening of the same day. Its distinctive point is

That it Depicts Gomez,

not as the popular likenesses show with a moustache alone, but with a pointed beard. To those familiar with the physiognomical traits of the Cuban leader the further hirsute adornment is decidedly in the nature of an improvement.

The late experiments above referred to were with portraits of Prince Henry of Prussia, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Kruger, Mr. Kipling, and Li Hung Chang. The average distance separating the artist from the receiver was over 100 miles, and the portraits are here given exactly as they were received, with, of course, such slight treatment as would enable them to be reproduced in a daily newspaper.

Properly elaborated, it will be seen that these portraits would stand out the equal of any that



MR. KIPLING (BY WIRE).

have from time to time appeared on this page. In the future a telegraphing apparatus will form an indispensable part of the working equipment of every war artist sent to the front.



PORTRAITS BY WIRE.

Latest Experiments in Telautographed Lineaments.

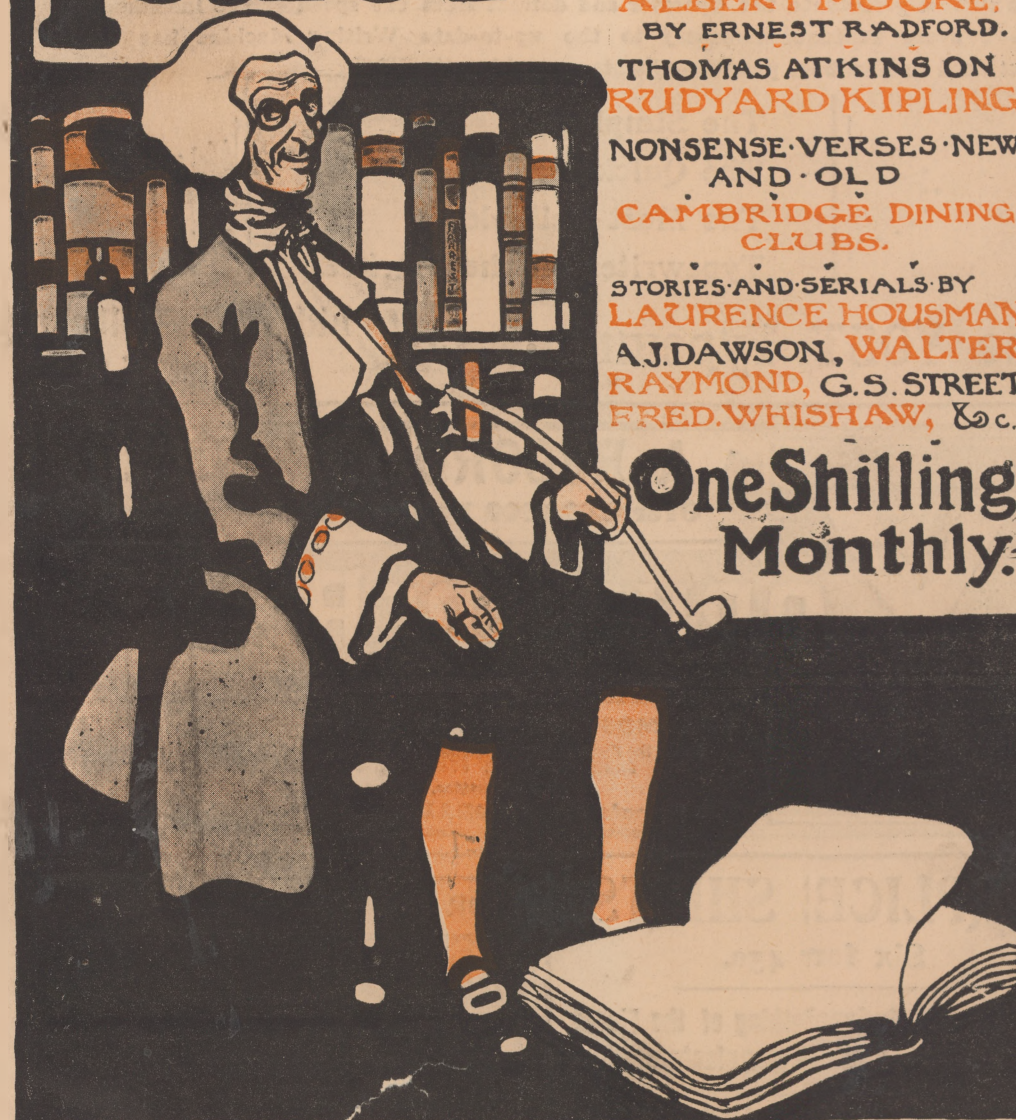
It would be difficult to lay one's finger upon a more characteristic feature of the age than the desire for actuality. It pervades every department of human endeavour—what is newest is perforce best, or at least most interesting. By the aid of the various developments and variations of the telautograph actuality in portraiture promises to become a more important factor than ever in the illustrated record of events.

For too long we have been accustomed to wait for our glimpses of the presentments of various personages and episodes. Soon all this antiquated system of art correspondence by wire will be exchanged for art correspondence by wire. It is not too much to believe, in view of the satisfactory results of the experiments lately conducted in London, that this page in the by no means remote future will contain drawings sent to us from various distant parts of the world a few hours before their reproduction.

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SUMMER NUMBER

The Idler



LOVE AMONG THE LIONS  
BY F. ANSTEY  
AUTHOR OF VICE VERSA &  
LITERARY & ARTISTIC  
HAMPSTEAD  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
HERBERT RAILTON  
ALBERT MOORE,  
BY ERNEST RADFORD.  
THOMAS ATKINS ON  
RUDYARD KIPLING  
NONSENSE VERSES NEW  
AND OLD  
CAMBRIDGE DINING  
CLUBS.  
STORIES AND SERIALS BY  
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One Shilling Monthly.

J. M. DENT & Co. London.

AUGUST

1898



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MR. K

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A Gallery of Great Masters

to lie and breathe was pain enough. Yet life went lingering on like an unloved guest.

"Good-night, Doctor, it is time you were off home." But to-night something in his friend's face made the Doctor not wishful to leave just yet. He put off going from minute to minute; and at last made up his mind to stay.

Before long Shalim left off enquiring when Gabriel would go. He lay in a heavy sort of trance, broken at times by fits of speech—soft, monotonous words, running together and dying off.

"In your lap, Beata, in your lap; and the nuns will come and bury us both." His eyes still dwelt on those mysterious possessions, and the Doctor sat by strangely impressed, fearful of what was to come.

Time trod heavily through that night—the night in which Shalim died. Towards morning there was a movement from the bed. Shalim made a short effort to raise himself, piteous to see in such extremity of weakness.

Gabriel bent close, watching. The eyes gazed out past him across the room, and the light they held was love.

"Beata!" said a voice; and then, like a coffin, the face closed. Shalim was dead.

Yet why, suddenly, as he raised his gaze, in silent grief from his friend, did the Doctor utter so strange a cry?

Around him stood four bare walls, stripped by the great hand of death. Shalim's Gallery of Great Masters had dispersed itself for ever.





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THOMAS ATKINS ON RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY CAPTAIN PHILIP C. W. TREVOR.



HAD often wished to know what he, Atkins, thought of him, Kipling. To make the discovery whilst in the service was an impossibility, though I had collected my share of misleading and inaccurate information by means of recourse to authorised and official sources. Chance, however, is usually a better friend than design. It was by the merest accident that I turned my bike off the Farnborough road to seek shade and rest beneath a gorse bush under the lee of Cove Plateau. Till then I scarcely realised that I had almost fallen into Alder-

shot, but conviction rapidly ensued. It was a still, stifling, breathless, sunstroky afternoon, and the District Staff had seized their opportunity. The Field Day that was belching and groaning in the Long Valley was a "special"—not an item of the week's military programme, but one thrown in for luck as it were. A man at the War Office had invented a new helmet, and the troops were experimenting with twenty cavernous inverted pie-dishes, and had been so experimenting since eight o'clock in the morning. That is to say, the twenty men underneath them had been doing so, the other nine thousand being in attendance presumably for purposes of comparison. It was a restful gorse bush that I selected, and the panorama that stretched in front was more than a recompense for the dusty toil of the Farnborough road. Here at least nature defeats man at every turn. Neither Claycart Bridge (the spiteful legacy of a bilious Royal Engineer), reared on its haunches, nor the subsequent perpetrations of lesser criminals, have power to mar the view that meets the eye. The dust rose sulkily and resentfully, a silent protest against its wanton disturbance; the Lee Metfords of a dozen battalions spat and spluttered blank cartridge in the far distance, and a voice beneath me gave thanks that its owner wasn't "for it." My soul had drunk but the first word of blasphemy of that tongue's utterance ere I knew Atkins was about. There were other gorse bushes contiguous, and a few steps brought me to the soliloquiser. "Why Rudd," I said, for I recognised an old friend who once 'lay along of us' in Colchester. He rose quickly and saluted. It was not my fault, for I hadn't time to stop him, and I could only apologize. "I'm afraid you've wasted that."

"Why you don't mean to say, sir, that—"

"Yes, I've left the service."

He laid down again crestfallen, but seemed easier when I suggested that he might feint not to notice the next officer who passed—an A.D.C., or a boss doctor, or someone who didn't matter—by way of getting quits. At any rate, he answered without resentment, "I'll 'ave to do

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somethin' o' that sort, and as you say, sir, it's a wonderful 'ot day." I had not discussed the weather, but I complied, and waited just so long as a man may walk from Cove Plateau to the Farnborough road and back, allowing for an interval of three minutes mid-between.

As he wandered off I saw that he had been reading, and I picked up the book which he had left behind. It was Mr. Kipling's "Soldier Tales." My chance had come at last. The book was private property, for the stamp of the regimental library was nowhere visible, and if the fact of "James Rudd, B Company" being inscribed on the title-page could be regarded as evidence, it was presumably the man's own. A six-shilling edition, too. We are not, most of us, in the habit of expending a fortnight's income on a single item of literature, and I was proportionately interested. The pages were grimy from constant and incautious use, yet the deep black lead pencil marks under and about certain passages stood out clearly from the surrounding dirt. So engrossed was I in the inspection that I scarcely noticed Rudd's return. He sprawled upon the ground without remark, affable and refreshed. I handed him back his book, and said (rather enthusiastically, I admit), "Do you read Rudyard Kipling?"

"Do I—?" He propounded a thoroughly irrelevant counter-question, which I was unable to answer.

Then, however, he "concluded," as the Americans say, to ask another. "Have yer ever met 'em, sir?"

"Them—who?"

"Who?" There was infinite contempt in his repetition of the word.

I was humbled, and I apologised. The context was so obvious.

"Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris?" He nodded.

"Well, I can't absolutely say that—"

"And yet you've been in India, sir?"

"Yes."

"And Burma?"

"Well, yes, but—"

He grew patronising. "Orficers I spose never do keep their eyes open. Never do know nuthin' which aint told 'em by the colour-sergeant."

I began to regret by acquiescence in his meteorological remarks, yet I hastened to make excuse.

"You see Burma is rather a large place, and India's a fair size, and—"

"Well, I dussay. But did yer ever meet the rigiment?"

"The regiment?"

"Good Gord, you come arsting me about Kipling as if yer knows somethin' about 'im, and seem quite 'elpless like when—"

It was quite time for me to interrupt. "I'm very sorry, I didn't quite understand. I see you mean Mulvaney's regiment. I can't say I have met it." If I had known what a blow I was dealing him I would have softened it down. He staggered under it.

"You've never met it?"

"No."



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miles of earth, it is not pleasant to be scolded by white men, who say, "What's on your farm, and what's underneath it, and what will you take for it?"

The Idler

"Good Gord!" There was no reply to that. Silence reigned for a few moments, broken only by the faint lowing of distant and triumphant bugles sounding the "Cease fire."

"I'm afraid not, but of course, if I can help you—" "I'd better have gone on the reserve." He spoke bitterly. "Have you extended your service, then?"

"Extended? Why my time was in last April twelvemonth, but I was for meeting that regiment, and I took on in the 'opes." I was still bewildered, but a chance question discovered the key to the situation.

"What good would it have done you if you had?" "Good?" It was all he could say for the moment. I had roused him, it was evident.

"Good? Look 'ere, Sir. For weeks and months and months I've just wanted to come acrost that regiment. He clutched the book in his hand convulsively. What a regiment! What a colonel! What officers!

"But there's just one or two bits that I don't get at no'ow." He turned over the pages slowly till he came to a place where the margin of the letterpress was heavily scored with the blacklead pencil. I looked over his shoulder, and saw that he had pulled up about half-way through that infinitely pathetic story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft."

"And 'ere again, Sir, 'If either of you comes to practice again with so much as a scratch on your two ugly little faces, I'll tell the drum-major to take the skin off your backs.'"

"Why, really I've never—" He travelled on again, without waiting for an answer, till he was pulled up by another danger signal.

"Looks as if they 'ad bin in the drums afore, don't it?" "Well, perhaps if—" "Arf a mo'. Why was the Gurkhas pouring over the 'ights at the double to the invitation of the regimental quickstep?"

"Why, my dear fellow—" I was not allowed to proceed. "Oh, I dussay," he interrupted abruptly, and turned over the pages anew.

He reached the story's end, and apparently read the closing words to himself. Possibly I am childishly emotional, but I had read them many

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times and had never yet been able to stand up and face them. Surely, I thought, they would bring tears to the eyes of an undertaker, but Rudd passed them by unmoved.

"Cavalry officers be — (he added a word), and I don't give a dam for Rooshans." He didn't allow me room to curse him, but drew up short at a passage in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd."

"Your—your bloody cheek," sez she, duckin' her little head down on my sash—I was on duty for the day—an' whimperin' like a sorrowful angel." He read the passage with the distinctness of a parson announcing a collection, laying an unctuous emphasis where he considered it necessary.

"Really, Rudd, your questions—" "And 'ere agin: 'But I tuk recruits at squad drill instid, an' began wid general battalion advance whin I shud ha' been balance steppin' them.'"

It was now unnecessary for me even to make pretence to answer. A cue had long since become superfluous. "S'truth, jest listen to this—'Wan day ivry shot goes wide or into the bank, an' the next, lay high, lay low, sight or snap, ye can't get off the bullseye for ten shots runnin.'"

"You said, Sir, you'd never met that regiment?" "No."

"Nor Mulvaney?" "No."

"Nor Ortheris?" "No."

"Nor Learoyd?" "No."

"And you've bin in all them furrin parts?" "Some of them."

He was thoughtful again by the space of one minute. Then he spoke with the air of a man who had digested a subject and drawn his conclusions. In his earnestness he forgot even to be impious.



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perversely preferred soliloquy to the conversation of two amiable and intelligent comrades. My self-communings, however, were justified, and I therefore made all the trite, obvious, and necessary quotations about gratitude that I could call to mind. But Tommy is hard to befriend, and he who would help him against himself must not be weary in well-doing.

Rudyard Kipling discovered Tommy Atkins. We had heard of him before as we had heard of the North Pole or the philanthropy of financial agents. But it was left to Mr. Kipling to dig him up, to partially cleanse him, to place him on high before the world, and to tell those who could not read at sight what he was, or, more engrossing still, what he might, or possibly is to, be. Charles Dickens abolished the Fleet Prison. Kipling established Tommy Atkins; and it is proverbially easier to destroy than to construct. Living as we do at the moment in a blaze of militarism, it is difficult to realise that this country is merely undergoing a phase. The sensation or disease is not chronic. Marlborough and Wellington were episodes—relegated to the poet and the dramatist directly the nation of shopkeepers, whose prosperity they established, had recovered from their fits of the shivers and had settled down to haggle again. Their soldiers were pawns thrust back into the box of oblivion until unfortunate necessity should require them to be pulled out again for the next game. The legislature has taken a similar view. Thomas was a being to get drunk and be shot at, at intervals, and to be paid a pittance for both privileges. And he seldom or ever came under review. The minister responsible for his interests was invariably a man of second-class ability—a disappointed man who had expected a better post and had been put off with the War Office—a man who fulfilled or got through his duties perfunctorily; who lay down for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to walk upon, and lived in the hopes of a vacancy higher up in the Cabinet. Lower down the scale things were much the same. Now and then a service member would get up and air a grievance about a man in an epileptic fit being treated as drunk, or about a deceased private's unclaimed balance; but it was to the invariable accompaniment of tramping feet and an exuding House. Nor in his own home had Tommy more honour than the proverbial prophet. The weeping woman who dried, or, rather, failed to dry her eyes on her apron, and lamented that her son had "gone for a soldier," was not a creation of stage-land. She could be met with, and those who ran might read. Then Kipling wrote, and the red coat which erstwhile blazed as a danger signal now shone as a beacon of light.

I suppose it is quite impossible to over-estimate Mr. Rudyard Kipling's services to the army.

He has applied the Kindergarten principle to his instruction of grown-up children, and we are, or ought to be, hugely the better for it. Some of us will still continue to struggle with Blue Books, and to mistake the reality of Thomas Atkins in the official reports which too often conceal what they affect to explain. But there are others amongst us who will mark attentively Mr. Kipling's fascinating addresses and find to our dismay

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that the clock has struck and that the lesson is over all too soon. We do not want to go out and play, and we beg our teacher to give us a little more school. One by one we seek to join Mr. Kipling, and some day even the civilian member of Parliament who lays down the law about the army will be aroused to a sense of his self-sufficient ignorance and ask to be allowed to come in. But he must go to the bottom of the class, and not hinder those of us who have learnt a little and are trying to learn some more, by putting silly questions or airing foolish views. Yet we can ill spare Mr. Kipling to turn aside to work on such sterile soil. The civilian M.P. has Moses and the prophets. My friend Rudd was not more ungrateful than his kind; and at least he had the excuse that his ingratitude was the result of ignorance. He fancied that Mr. Kipling had misplaced a button or mis-read a regulation, and he angrily turned from the man who had made much of his own narrow life worth living. Naaman, the Syrian, went away in a rage, but he came back again very sorry for himself. It was his interest to come back. If there are still any foolish military Naamans who have gone astray they will be wise to retrace their steps. The larger field of general life now engrosses Mr. Kipling's unique skill, and he seldom pays a visit to the little British Army corner which he once made so cosy. But his first love is still faithful to him. He was ever Tommy's guide and philosopher. He is still his friend.





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60 MR. KIPLING ON AFRICA.

A SUGGESTIVE SPEECH TO THE WRITERS' CLUB.

By virtue of his recent visit to South Africa, Mr. Rudyard Kipling was the honoured guest of the Anglo-African Writers' Club, at their dinner at the Grand Hotel last night. There were so many guests that some had to dine at an overflow feast in another room. The writers were repaid by a thoughtful, suggestive, and Kiplingesque oration from the master in their craft.

Few men can both speak and write, and Mr. Kipling is not an exception. He can write, and he can speak, but his books are better than his orations. It is understood that he is not a rapid writer. He restores the average by speaking at a break-neck rate, which may or may not be a malicious revenge for his own trials as a reporter.

He has a light, clear voice, and an utterance singularly free from the affectations of modern oratory. His diction is plain and curt, he has no airs or graces, and he talks rather than orates. "Look here!" he says, with a jerk of the arm, when he introduces his arguments. He pauses in the full flood of adjectives to hope he does not bore his audience. And he acknowledges a cheer with a smart salute, like that of the great Mulvaney.

Mr. Rider Haggard, who presided, introduced his brother novelist in a speech of graceful and candid praise. He said that such men as Kipling are the watchmen of the Empire. If we are plunged into war, then it is that we shall see the advantage of Kipling; then will our Kiplings give us backbone, and excite the patriotism of the nation. "He has communed with the very spirit of our race; in future his name will be one of the few inscribed in

LIVING LETTERS

on the books of his generation." (Loud cheers.) Mr. Kipling, who is a modest man, hurried through a few words of acknowledgment and deprecation, and then plunged into the heart of his speech. It was all about South Africa, and the problems which offered there. He went with open eyes, and he gave his hearers, as men who know more about it than he does, the result of his observations and the effect of his views.

"It seems to me," he said, "that of all the strong men who are building up our empire, there are none who need our help and sympathy and understanding more than the men who are carrying out our work in our Africa. You must take my thoughts as the disconnected maunderings of a casual traveller—but here they are. It seems to me that those men have to deal with a very large amount of primitive and agricultural simplicity, which simplicity objects to all things which we understand as the elementary rudiments of civilisation.

It objected to the simplest precautions against the spread of disease among sheep. That was iniquitous. It objected emphatically to all measures for the suppression of rinderpest. That was wicked. It objected more or less to everything which would develop the country—to railways, and to roads (I) of all kinds. That was—"

What it was posterity will never know. The meeting attached

A CAPITAL "R"

to the "roads," and an entirely different spelling, and burst into a shout of laughter. Mr. Kipling's moralisation was drowned.

"It objected also," Mr. Kipling continued, "to little things like compulsory education and compulsory inoculation, and it founded a political party to give effect to its views. That party I found to be the most real, lively, and aggressive thing in our Africa as I saw it. I saw nothing more pathetic than the programme of progress laid down, unless it was the howl of protest with which that very modest programme was greeted. There, it seemed to me, was the difficulty on the very threshold of a new land.

"Behind that State was another, and in it was a city armed to the teeth, a city divorced from all considerations of business, a city rotten through and through, with every old, worn-out effete notion of Continental policy and Continental hush-money, and the like—hopelessly inert and crippled, except for the efforts of energetic men in its midst. We created that State. We are responsible for it. We made it; we financed it; we supplied it with men.

"I have never seen white men squashed before, but I saw them there. Boers were riding through the streets, armed to the teeth. It was a peculiarly sickening sight. There sticks in my memory one dinner in Johannesburg, given to me by white men who don't speak their minds because they were spied on. I was chucked back into the methods of 500 years ago, to see how I liked it—and I didn't."

Mr. Kipling went on to explain that when one has been Lord God Almighty over ten square

miles of earth, it is not pleasant to be BUSTLED BY WHITE MEN, who say, "What's on your farm, and what's underneath it, and what will you take for it?" "Upon my word," he said, "you cannot blame them for hating the white man. The land belongs to them. But unfortunately no man and no race can keep a land he cannot develop. Sooner or later the energetic man comes and offers a mortgage. Presently the mortgage is foreclosed; and then the first owner calls heaven and earth to witness that his successor is a liar, and a swindler, and a thief. So we must be careful. We are the elder brother among the nations. We cannot afford to do the things that others do. If we are impatient, hot-headed, and whack people on the head, there is a sort of feeling in the world that, being the elder brother, it is very wicked of us.

"It seems to me that it is our duty to be infinitely patient, because the game we are playing is a winning game. The more energetic race is coming down chock-a-block on the weaker. The weaker race is being turned under, and that is never a pleasant operation for those who are turned. Our business, it seems to me, is to teach them, by example and by precept, how to develop the country. It is no use getting angry. Our people have to live with them. The colonials and the Dutch are married and intermarried until you can hardly tell where one leaves off and the other begins. There is a dream of a Dutch Republic, and it seems to me that there is room enough in the land for both—always under the ideals of the white. There is no romance about it. It is a plain business of

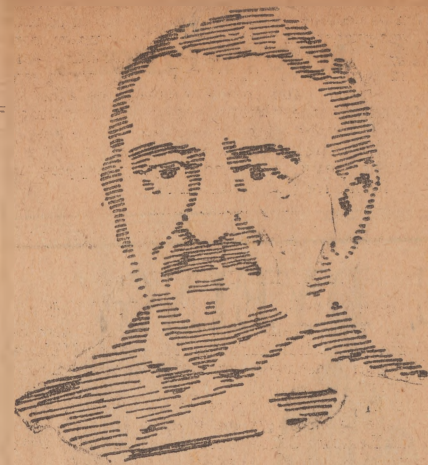
"SIT DOWN AND WORK"

—and Mr. Kipling suggested more railways and more towns as a means of putting life into the sterile land.

Speaking again of the Transvaal, he said we had let the thing go on much too long. "They consider themselves our masters and our bosses; that is what they believe in the Transvaal to this day. We have allowed them to put back the clock throughout the whole of South Africa, and make a festering sore, whose influence for evil, if the sore were wiped out to-morrow, would last for ten years. It would not be desirable, I think, to claim our rights by force. But when I was there it seemed to me that, misled by various offers of Continental help, it was just possible that they might rise and cause trouble. Then, gentlemen, would be the time to clean the whole thing out. (Loud applause.)

"We cannot do it now. It is not fair. We are the elder brother. But sooner or later, if they are unwise enough to take encouragement from some Continental shindy—then will be the time to scoop them out."

And Mr. Kipling concluded with a characteristic hope to heaven that he had done no mischief by his speech, and another salute for the cheering.



A TELEAUTOGRAPHED MR. RHODES.

adequate appreciation. Briefly, it consists merely in a "scheme" of minute squares, understood at both ends of the wire. For instance, a portrait in outline is placed beneath a piece of prepared paper traced in minute squares. Each motion of the needle in following the lines of the portrait touches a certain square, which is transmitted to the receiver, and there correspondingly indicated.

The portrait of General Gomez which accompanies this article was despatched from Key West a few weeks since. The sketch was made by a war correspondent in Cuba with the insurgent leader. It was placed on a despatch boat, together with a sketch of a war-vessel entering Havana, and telegraphed to New York, where it was printed on the evening of the same day. Its distinctive point is

That it Depicts Gomez,

not as the popular likenesses show with a moustache alone, but with a pointed beard. To those familiar with the physiognomical traits of the Cuban leader the further hirsute adornment is decidedly in the nature of an improvement.

The late experiments above referred to were with portraits of Prince Henry of Prussia, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Kruger, Mr. Kipling, and Li Hung Chang. The average distance separating the artist from the receiver was over 100 miles, and the portraits are here given exactly as they were received, with, of course, such slight treatment as would enable them to be reproduced in a daily newspaper.

Properly elaborated, it will be seen that these portraits would stand out the equal of any that



MR. KIPLING (BY WIRE).

have from time to time appeared on this page. In the future a telegraphing apparatus will form an indispensable part of the working equipment of every war artist sent to the front.



PORTRAITS BY WIRE.

Latest Experiments in Teleautographed Lineaments.

It would be difficult to lay one's finger upon a more characteristic feature of the age than the desire for actuality. It pervades every department of human endeavour—what is newest is perforce best, or at least most interesting. By the aid of the various developments and variations of the teleautograph actuality in portraiture promises to become a more important factor than ever in the illustrated record of events.

For too long we have been accustomed to wait for our glimpses of the presentments of various personages and episodes. Soon all this antiquated system of art correspondence by post will be exchanged for art correspondence by wire. It is not too much to believe, in view of the satisfactory results of the experiments lately conducted in London, that this page in the by no means remote future will contain drawings sent to us from various distant parts of the world a few hours before their reproduction.

The system of despatching and receiving pictures by wire is in reality so simple in its modus operandi that it is singular that the idea has had to wait so long to be effectively exploited. It is yet in its veriest infancy, but its possibilities have already begun to receive

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[PUBLISHED TO-DAY.]

Is Mr. Kipling played out? That is the question I ask, persistently, obstinately, irreverently, as I read the dozen stories, short and long, in "The Day's Work" (Macmillan). In matters literary, to ask a question is often to answer it, and ominous is the very fact that baleful doubts and impish unbeliefs make me miserable as I kneel once more at the shrine of our popular idol. I fight against the questioning of my congenial impertinence. Who am I that I should refuse to bow to the image which the *Times* has set up, and which all the nation delighteth to honor? But the idol has feet of clay. Is it not hard that I, who roared over "Soldiers Three," wept over "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and learned the "Barrack-room Ballads" by heart, should be compelled to weep publicly over this bad "Day's Work"? Bad, did I say? Yes, relatively bad, for nothing Mr. Kipling does is absolutely bad. His failures are better than many a man's successes, for he is the raging Thor of letters, with the whole earth for his anvil. Terribly resonant are his blows at all times, but most terrible when his hammer fashions nothing but the sparks struck from the smitten face of the cold iron. In most of these stories I feel that a great many foot-pounds of energy are being consumed, the sparks are blinding, the clang is deafening, the biceps of the blacksmith are herculean, but after all the noise and all the concussions, there is little left but a big silence.

The truth is, Mr. Kipling is possessed of a devil, named Fact. Fact roars for gargantuan meals of detail, and Mr. Kipling slaves and sweats in the garnering of tons on tons of this devil's grain. It is tragical. His gigantic imagination struggles to digest the arid technicalities of ship-building, and bridge-building, and heaven knows what else. In his fury of despair, he personifies inanimate things until I am driven mad by the talking rivets, stringers, capstans, plates, deck-beams, garboard - strakes, funnel - stays, bilge-stringers, and what not, in "The Ship that Found Herself" being studied by Kipling. There is nothing on earth that he would not make talk. He is the Universal Interviewer, the Champion Descriptive Reporter, the Emperor of the Tribe of Note Takers, the Demon Recording Angel.

And, after all, it is only Dickens and slang. Dickens made some things talk. Kipling plays the Dickens with everything. Horses talk to horses, locomotives to locomotives, polo ponies to polo ponies, wild beasts to wild beasts, all in the dialect of Kipling. This was very well in the jungle stories, but when all the parts of a ship begin to converse with each other, though it may be a wonderful tour de force, it is not art. And Kipling does what Dickens never did—he makes description his be-all and his end-all. But description is properly only an accessory of dramatic action, and all the genius in the world cannot knead yeast into bread, or persuade me to accept fricasseed fact for imaginative art. The worst of it is that Mr. Kipling has no need to do these things. The best story in this book is "The Tomb of His Ancestors," in which the old Kipling with the old magic flashes a picture of the Englishman in his Indian setting before our eyes. The old magical pathos shines also in "William the Conqueror." But all the coarse brutality which is Mr. Kipling's besetting sin breaks loose in "My Sunday at Home," with its revoltingly repulsive theme, to wit, the agonies of a drunken navy, to whom a doctor, under the delusion that he had been poisoned, gave an emetic, e.g.—

The stuff was getting in its work. Blue, white,

and blue again, rolled over the navy's face in waves, till all settled to one rich clay-bank yellow and that fell which fell.

I thought of the blowing up of Hell Gate; of the geysers in the Yellowstone Park; of Jonah and his whale; but the lively original, as I watched it foreshortened from above, exceeded all these things. . . . nor was there lacking when he caught his breath, "the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the tide. . . . Curiously enough he used no bad language; that had gone from him with the rest. . . . Linneus had thanked God on his bended knees when he first saw a field of it [gorse]; and, by the way, the navy was on his knees, too. . . . But he was by no means praying. He was purely disgusting.

Mr. Kipling further explains that "it was colossal—immense; but of certain manifestations the English language stops short"; and, for once, I am thankful for the limitations of our tongue. "French only, the caryatid French of Victor Hugo, would have described it." I doubt whether there is anything so nauseous in the works of Victor Hugo; and confronted by this "colossal," this "immense" outrage, an outrage which would appal anybody except a Yahoo, I am forced to ask once more the question—Is Mr. Kipling played out?

J. D.

MR. KIPLING'S NEW BOOK.

"The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. (London: Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

[PUBLISHED TO-DAY.]

Of the thirteen stories in this volume we doubt whether more than one will make any deep impression on the reader who has a vivid remembrance of Mr. Kipling's best work. If the fault of the book is to be put into a sentence (and it seems a strange fault to find with Mr. Kipling), we should say that these tales are not human enough. There are too many talking beasts, talking locomotives, talking bits of mechanism by land and sea. One story, "The Ship that Found Herself," is a perfect manual of technique in the construction of a steamer. The captain talks to the deck-beams, and the port and starboard upper deck stringers have a word to say, and the screw is eloquent, and so are the thrust-block, and the garboard strake, the cylinder, the steam, and the forward collision-bulkhead. Another story, called ".007," shows that Mr. Kipling has mastered all there is to be learned about the locomotive, especially the American locomotive; but unless the reader is an engine fitter he will not find much pleasure in this bewildering maze of technical terms. "A Walking Delegate" is full of talking horses, and "The Maltese Cat" is not a tale of cats, but describes polo from the pony's point of view. "The Bridge-Builders" contains every blessed detail that goes to the making of a bridge over a great river; but it has a human interest, because the chief engineer knows that his reputation is bound up with the stability of this structure, which will be tried sooner or later by a flood. The flood comes, not only in water, but also in the parts of speech with which Mr. Kipling too liberally endows his bulls, elephants, tigers, crocodiles, and apes. It is all amazingly clever, and bears in every line the stamp of prodigious application, but why should a romancer who has made his fame by writing about men and women lavish this disproportionate energy upon adaptations of Æsop, and the fantastic loquacity of machinery? There is just one story in "The Day's Work" which is a vivid flash of the earlier Kipling. It is called "The Tomb of His Ancestors." A certain John Chinn, subaltern, returns to India, where he was born, and joins a native regiment of Bhils, fierce little tribesmen, who knew and worshipped his father and his grandfather. The night of his arrival the servant he has brought with him takes to flight, and then ensues this scene:—

Young Chinn, walking like a man in a dream, had fetched a compass round the entire cantonment before going to his tiny cottage. The captain's quarters, in which he had been born,

delayed him for a little; then he looked at the well on the parade-ground where he had sat of evenings with his nurse, and at the ten-by-fourteen church, where the officers went to service if a chaplain of any official creed happened to come along. It seemed very small as compared with the gigantic buildings he used to stare up at, but it was the same place.

From time to time he passed a knot of silent soldiers, who saluted. They might have been the very men who had carried him on their backs when he was in his first knickerbockers. A faint light burned in his room, and, as he entered, hands clasped his feet, and a voice murmured from the floor.

"Who is it?" said young Chinn, not knowing he spoke in the Bhil tongue.

"I bore you in my arms, Sahib, when I was a strong man and you were a small one—crying, crying, crying! I am your servant, as I was your father's before you. We are all your servants."

Young Chinn could not trust himself to reply, and the voice went on:

"I have taken your keys from that fat foreigner, and sent him away; and the studs are in the shirt for mess. Who should know, if I do not know? And so the baby has become a man, and forgets his nurse; but my nephew shall make a good servant, or I will beat him twice a day."

Then there rose up, with a rattle, as straight as a Bhil arrow, a little white-haired wizened ape of a man, with medals and orders on his tunic, stammering, saluting, and trembling. Behind him a young and wiry Bhil, in uniform, was taking the trees out of Chinn's mess-boots.

Chinn's eyes were full of tears. The old man held out his keys.

"Foreigners are bad people. He will never come back again. We are all servants of your father's son. Has the Sahib forgotten who took him to see the trapped tiger in the village across the river, when his mother was so frightened and he was so brave?"

The scene came back to Chinn in great magic-lantern flashes. "Bukta!" he cried—and all in a breath: "You promised nothing should hurt me. Is it Bukta?"

The man was at his feet a second time. "He has not forgotten. He remembers his own people as his father remembered. Now can I die. But first I will live and show the Sahib how to kill tigers. That that yonder is my nephew. If he is not a good servant, beat him and send him to me, and I will surely kill him, for now the Sahib is with his own people. Ai, Jan baba—Jan baba! My Jan baba! I will stay here and see that this does his work well. Take off his boots, fool. Sit down upon the bed, Sahib, and let me look. It is Jan baba!"

He pushed forward the hilt of his sword as a sign of service, which is an honor paid only to Viceroy, Governors, generals, or to little children whom one loves dearly. Chinn touched the hilt mechanically with three fingers, muttering he knew not what. It happened to be the old answer of his childhood when Bukta, in jest, called him the little General Sahib.

The major's quarters were opposite Chinn's, and when he heard his servant gasp with surprise he looked across the room. Then the major sat on the bed and whistled; for the spectacle of the senior native commissioned officer of the regiment, an "unmixed" Bhil, a Companion of the Order of British India, with thirty-five years' spotless service in the Army, and a rank among his own people superior to that of many Bengal princelings, was a little too much for his nerves.

After that John Chinn is believed by his men to be his grandfather reincarnated, and as the elder Chinn has the habit of riding a ghostly tiger at certain seasons, the subaltern has to visit his grandfather's tomb and lay one of the ghosts by shooting a very substantial tiger he finds there. The story has all that wonderful atmosphere of the native Indian mind, and of the Englishman's hold upon it, which distinguishes Mr. Kipling's writing in his most successful vein. Unfortunately, there is nothing else in this volume which takes the same rank.

THE NEW KIPLING.

Haply for weeks to come—the cry of the faithful Kiplingite will be loud in the land. For three or four of these thirteen stories are fairly characteristic of the Rudyard who is worth reading. They have his power, even though they show his limitations. In the distant day when people come to consider the actual addition made by Mr. Kipling to English prose, some, but not a great deal, of this volume will pass. By no means uninteresting at the moment, a large share of it is destined for the waste-paper basket of the gods. We know the particular Kipling of this book. We have met him before. He has come out from the colossal pantechnicon of detail in which he lost his artistic sense (such as it was) in "Captains Courageous," but he still can dump down sufficient detail for quite three story-builders. It is material detail: forceful, stunning, jawy detail—in fact, a big deal of this book is simply materialism made articulate. One of the neatest examples is "The Ship that Found Herself"—not a new story by the way—in which every item of the great vessel is made a sentient thing, and speaks its spirit on that first voyage which, human-like, it deems so momentous, as if no ship had ever done it all before in the world's history. Of course, the inspiration of this sort of thing is as old as folk-lore, and what to folk-lorists was a vital idea becomes occasionally a mere trick, though at times a singularly clever trick, with Mr. Kipling. And whether it is a part of a ship, or an engine, or an American horse that talks, the speech is rather monotonously man-like. Man may be the master of things, but even the philosophers who believe in the sentience or symbolism of all things in Nature, psychical or material, will hardly find his accent in everything. In the "Walking Delegate" a Kansas horse urges a passive revolution against Man the Oppressor, theorising significantly on the unalienable rights of the horse, and gets kicked for his pains by the conventional brother horses of the great continent. It is all fairly smart, but it is very suggestive of the "alive" American reporter in his fanciful mood.

We grow weary of Mr. Kipling when he gives merely a cheap modern significance to very old ideas. There is even something of that in the comparatively strong opening story, "The Bridge Builders"—at least in that part of it where "Mother Gunga," having arisen in flooded wrath to sweep away the desecrating bridge built over her ancient tide, the Indian gods are conjured up in a fine and feverish night-scene, and speak their thoughts of destiny, and dreams, and man, and his fire-carriages. It is powerful in essence, and well led up to—the great bridge is almost made to live before us, the engineer's pride in the three years' life with it, and its gradual growth, the dramatic suspense with which he watches the rise of the sudden Ganges flood, the struggle between the terrible watery element and human art and handiwork—all is strongly realised. The semi-mad scene in which the several deities materialise and argue has both boldness and vision; but here and there one cannot get over the fact that their talk is too cheap for the occasion. Other Indian stories have no special new significance. Of English stories, "My Sunday at Home," dealing with a navy who has been given an emetic, and has revolted in more ways than one, has touches of keen comedy, the Nature suggestions of the scene have a sheer but incongruous beauty, but, on the other hand, there is patent coarseness, however relieved by the comic spirit. At his best as usual Mr. Kipling is the worshipper of power: he all but deifies force.

"The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 6s.

THE LAND OF LETTERS.

THE SUN. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1898.

THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

Did Mr. Gladstone ever read Mr. Rudyard Kipling? There seems to be no evidence on this point, but the chances are that Mr. Kipling's fiction did not distract Mr. Gladstone's mind from the Waverley novels. A writer in "Blackwood's" suggests a sinister reason for Mr. Gladstone's hypothetical indifference to Mr. Kipling's reputation:—

It is surely no vain imagination to suppose that the Jubilee rejoicings of last year possessed a deeper significance and were informed with a more exalted spirit than those of ten years before. The soul of the nation seemed to be more profoundly stirred. Ideas and aspirations of a loftier order seemed to have taken root in the nation's heart. And if such indeed were the case, it was to Rudyard Kipling more than to any other writer that the change was due, just as it was he who seized upon the unspoken national thought and enshrined it in imperishable verse. On one Englishman of eminence, and one alone, it is to be feared, did the writings of Mr. Kipling during the last decade fail to produce a perceptible impression. From childhood to old age the more poignant emotions of patriotism and the fine sense of national honor were, unhappily, strangers to the bosom of William Ewart Gladstone.

It never occurs to the writer of this partisan fustian that Mr. Kipling's contribution to the Jubilee was a poem called "Recessional," which might have been a deliberate echo of Mr. Gladstone's religious spirit. In "Harper's" Mr. Smalley concludes his observations on Mr. Gladstone's life and character in a tone which is in marked contrast to his earlier utterances. Tories who write in "Blackwood's" will be astounded to learn that Mr. Smalley regards Mr. Gladstone as an Imperialist with the keenest sense of national honor. Here is an anecdote of the time when the Penjdeh incident threatened war between England and Russia:—

Mr. Gladstone took a tone which ought to have convinced Europe, and particularly Russia, how dangerous it was to press him beyond a certain point. But they were not convinced.

One of his colleagues, himself a man supposed to have no great eagerness for conflict, was so convinced as to become alarmed for peace. In the midst of the Afghan dispute—about the time when Mr. Gladstone declared so impressively in the House of Commons that the book was not yet closed, and that another chapter might have to be added—I met this peace-loving colleague. He loved Mr. Gladstone also, and resented the current criticisms on him, which sometimes passed into sneers. He said:—

"True, Mr. G. will not fight to please these jingoes, nor perhaps for the same objects which would lead them to war. But give him a cause he thinks just, and the old man will fight harder and longer than any of them. He will fight for the empire. He is an imperialist; nothing of the Little-Englander about him. Make no mistake. He knows that the empire was won by the sword, and must be kept by the sword."

A just estimate, I thought, and still think. Who could look into his face and doubt it? Who that ever saw the deep fire in his eyes when he was angered could doubt that the gaudium certaminis was his whenever the contest was worthy of him or of his country?

After the Emperor of Russia had rewarded General Komaroff for his share in the Penjdeh business with a jewelled sword, I met again this peace-loving colleague of the Prime Minister. The Emperor's shifty tactics, and his reward to the officer who had improved them into open perfidy, were mentioned. "I should like," said this English lover of peace, "to cram Komaroff's sword down his lying throat." Then, after a pause, "And, you may depend upon it, so would Mr. Gladstone." I did not in the least doubt it.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

MR. KIPLING AND MR. ATKINS.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

Having served more than a quarter of a century in the Army—twelve of that in India, and for more than five years sergeant-major of a battery—perhaps I may be conceded the privilege of knowing something of the thoughts of the rank-and-file as to the writings of Mr. Kipling.

Except in the very few instances where he writes in a natural strain, they are classed as trash by Tommy, and Unique.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

If Rudyard Kipling were to mix a little with soldiers he would soon discover that the language he attributes to them exists in his vivid imagination only.

He professes great admiration for the Army. Why, then, insult it by putting into good enough verse slang and vulgar phrases which most of our "lads in red" must find difficult to understand, much less appreciate? So tell Rudyard to alter his ways, and we will forgive and love him again. EX-SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

What do they know of Kipling, who only England know? The glorifier of Messias, Thomas Atkins Brothers usually selects for his crystal-edged, cameo-cuttings—a prose or verse those of the red-coated firm he has met in foreign lands, and these men, after being on the confines of civilisation for a few years, are very different to the Guards at Wellington Barracks. They are vulgar in the eyes of those who are of cotton-wool natures, but by men like themselves, the vulgarity is understood as a coarse expression of rugged manliness.

Of course, all soldiers are not alike, but Kipling's types exist wherever our flag floats, and he who has not seen our "Tommys" in the front in foreign countries cannot appreciate R. K. to the full measure. O. B. K.

LONDON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1898.

MR. KIPLING AND MR. ATKINS.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

It would be impossible for any writer, however gifted, to invent such characters as those under discussion. Therefore they exist.

Excuse may be made for staff men with long periods of home service not having met many such characters, as the latter flourish better abroad.

The gentleman who has interviewed so large a number of soldiers with such satisfactory results will probably never meet a "Kipling character." Tommy is suspicious of such gentry. It takes a Kipling to make him "discourse freely," and set the result down, true to nature, in his own inimitable manner. TIGER AND ROSE.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

As an ex-soldier of twenty-five years' service I see no reason to complain of Mr. Kipling. I think his soldiers are very fair samples.

Of course, all sorts and conditions of men are to be found among the rank and file. Once, when a recruit, I slept in a barrack-room with a bachelor of arts in the next bed on one side and an ex-costermonger on the other side.

As a rule a much better class of men are found in the ranks of the cavalry and in departmental corps (Engineers, etc.) than in the other arms of the service. My experience is that Kipling is simply worshipped by those in the Army who read him; and with the exception of Hardy's "Trumpet-Major," I know of no other books in which English soldiers are portrayed with anything like fidelity. ANOTHER SAPPER.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

One of your correspondents seems to imply that officers of the Army, as a rule, stand sponsor for Rudyard Kipling as regards his correctness in demeaning regimental life. I do not think this is at all the case.

Mr. Kipling, no doubt, writes most amusing and clever stories, and we all read them. It is, however, only the civilian public who have constituted him an authority on life in the Army. I do not think I have ever read one single military story of Mr. Kipling's in which at some point in the narrative I have not put down the book, and said, "What utter rot; no soldier could possibly have written that."

Every man to his trade is a good old adage, and it is not unreasonable to assert that, unless you are brought up in a trade you must make continual slips in writing about it. The famous "Drums of the Fore and Aft" is full of silly blunders which no lance-corporal of a year's service would have perpetrated. By the way, when will the great British public give up calling the soldier "Tommy"? Never, I am afraid; but it is an offensive designation, and he doesn't like it. A BRITISH OFFICER.

THE STAR. FRIDAY, 7 OCTOBER, 1898.



LONDON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1898.

MR. KIPLING AND MR. ATKINS.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

I have been headmaster of a Board school for nearly twenty years, and during that time a good many of my ex-scholars have entered the Army. Not one of them would speak as "Tommy Atkins" is made to do in Kipling's verses. That I am certain of.

Mr. Kipling forgets that the Elementary Education Act has been in force for nearly thirty years. Judging from the sample I know of I should say that the average soldier nowadays is fairly well educated.

HEADMASTER.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

I entirely disagree with those of your correspondents who would pretend that Mr. Kipling's Ortheris, Mulvaney, and Leary are not types of the rough and ready British soldier. There are certainly a great many refined "Tommys," but the majority of "buff-sticks"—to say nothing of the N.C.O.'s—speak in what is now termed "Kiplingese."

When I first read "Soldiers Three" aloud to my barrack-room chums—in a cavalry regiment—the general opinion of his vivid character portraits was, "He must have been a soldier, or else how could he know all about us?" In every regiment of the service you can find the prototypes of his characters, and I think those who say the contrary must know but little of soldiers or soldiery, except, perhaps, what they may have learned from novels of the "Boodle's Baby" type.

SOLDIER OF THE QUEEN.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1898.

MR. KIPLING AND MR. ATKINS.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

If Thomas Atkins is not what Mr. Kipling paints him, why, so much the worse for Thomas Atkins!

Without doubt there are very many men in the ranks who are vastly superior to Mr. Kipling's heroes in their intellectual attainments, but in taking the very roughest and the least school-board-polished among them, and showing us, with the insight of true genius, the big, manly British heart of them that beats beneath the unpromising exterior, surely he has done a great deal to enlist the sympathy and affection of the nation for the Army as a whole, and to teach us civilians not to look at T. Atkins as a mere drilling and gun-firing machine, but to realise that he and we are indeed "brothers under our skins."

GILBERT STANHOPE.

LONDON, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1898.

Unrolling the Map.

One leg of our new dominion, in the shape of the Nile Valley Railway—only broken between Assuan and Halfa—will rest on the Mediterranean, the other, in the shape of the Uganda Railway, will rest on the Indian Ocean. Between them will stretch first a piece of that great freshwater sea, the Victoria Nyanza, and then a long reach of navigable river broken only by the swift but short cataract at Dufie. That is a wonderful piece of empire-building, and one as yet hardly realised by our people. While the public have been sleeping, the ever-advancing lines have been giving us new provinces and adding to what Mr. Kipling has toasted as—

The last and the largest Empire.

The map that is half unrolled.

—The "Spectator."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling will likely enough make light of the protest of certain indignant soldiers against his Barrack-room Ballads. Some of us, however, who are not soldiers are none the less decidedly weary of his Tommy-this-and-Tommy-that sort of jingle-jangle. Mr. Kipling has given us, and will no doubt continue to give us, fine stirring poems. We are among his most ardent admirers, but a good deal of his Tommy Atkins' stuff seems to us vulgar, far-fetched, and also tedious.

Memoirs of the Moment.

So many modern poets, from the mystic Patmore to the realist Kipling, have sung the praise of battle that there is nothing incongruous in the presence of Mr. George Wyndham at the War Office. The new Under-Secretary, it should be remembered, was once in the army, though fighting was never the subject of his song. He left the song of the sword to his friend, Mr. Henley, and he himself made numbers on "A Walking Skirt":

The band of it a circle, supple as 'tis round,  
The hem another circle, a foot above the ground:  
Below the hem her ankles, her waist within the band  
As she trips it, are the trimmest and slimmest in the land.  
Above the dainty waistband, when she takes a walk,  
Her face above her body floats, a flower on its stalk;  
Beneath the hem a-swinging, as she sways along so sweet,  
The eyes of men are tangled in the twinkle of her feet.

Mr. Wyndham will have wonderful details to settle as to the accoutrements of the army, all of which are covered and lined with red tape. Meanwhile his views, now that he is a military milliner, may perhaps carry the more weight with women, who, at the beginning of the mud months, may be glad to have his high authority for the short skirt, "a foot above the ground."

The omission of Mr. Kipling's lines entitled "Bobs" from the new collected edition of his works is deplored by many bookbuyers. The result is that the number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* which contained the poem beginning—

There's a little red-faced man, which is Bobs,  
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—Our Bobs—

is being eagerly sought after, and copies now command double the published price.

Kipling collectors are multiplying apace, and a City firm of booksellers are sufficiently alive to this fact to turn it to profit. Thus the thirteenth number of the *Horsmonden School Budget*, which contained Mr. Kipling's maxim for school-boys, has been bought up by this firm, who are obtaining a good price for the copies.

By the way, we were in error last week in attributing the drawing reproduced from *The Cantab* to Mr. Kipling's pencil. It was the work of an undergraduate.

M. A. P. SEPT. 10, 1898.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING smiles seldom, but when he does, it is a very broad, genial smile. A short, straight pipe is always screwed into one side of his face. He has a short, rather heavy figure, and carries himself erectly. He is neither muscular nor active. His skin has a yellowish, bilious tinge, as is the case with so many Anglo-Indians. His short, bristly moustache is practically jet-black.

His eyes seem greyish when seen through his heavy glasses. They are resolute, quiet, capable, inscrutable eyes. His manners are frank, but not expansive. He looks straight at you when speaking. He will talk freely and well, if certain that he is not being interviewed. In dress, he inclines to rather loud checks. He is a good feeder, and never complains at his hotels. Ten years from now he will probably be very stout. Even now, although he is only a little way into the thirties, he is developing a "corporation." He will not discuss his own writings, but on the characteristics and needs of the private soldier of any nation he will talk by the hour—provided, of course, that the talk is not to be printed.

LONDON: THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1898.

TO KIPLING.

MR AUSTIN'S WARNING WORD.

Mr. L. F. Austin finds it is time to teach Mr. Kipling the way he should not go, and he does it in the "Illustrated London News." Mr. Kipling (Mr. Austin is distressed to find) introduces us to the nerves of cylinders and screws, to the remarkable sensitiveness of a new locomotive. The various parts of a steamer's mechanism chatter to one another in a storm, and the reader struggles with the dialect which is spoken by machinery in an American engine-yard. Apes, tigers, elephants, crocodiles, and polo-ponies contribute characteristic speech to this singular Parliament of animated nature. It cannot be that Mr. Kipling has exhausted his observation of men and women. Is he coming to Hamlet's philosophy? "Man delights not me, nor woman neither." That would be a sorry state of things for his admiring public.

Man has his faults; but he is more interesting than any conclave of brutes on the banks of the Ganges. Woman may deserve all that has been said of her by pessimists; but the world would rather listen to her than to the imaginary vernacular of boilers. (Mr. Austin has now warned to his subject.) Mr. Kipling has been cruising in one of Her Majesty's ships, and I suppose the result will be a marvellously intricate study of a naval interior, with the expressive vocatives of all the appliances in a floating arsenal. The literary talent which can give voice to the handiwork of naval engineers is of no common order. Under Mr. Kipling's touch a scupper has a soul, and a porthole opens self-consciously to the horizon of Empire. But the human interest of fiction should predominate over the "shop" of shipbuilding, however original and ingenious. (Mr. Kipling shan't do it again.)

LONDON: FRIDAY, SEPT. 16, 1898.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND THE TARS.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just had a pleasant experience with the British Navy. Some three weeks ago he joined Her Majesty's ship *Pelorus* at Milford Haven, and proceeded with the Channel Fleet on a cruise round the coast of Ireland. The return journey to Portland was made the occasion of a race between the cruisers the *Blake*, the *Arrabrant*, the *Furious*, and the *Pelorus*. The *Pelorus* is the smallest of the four, and was left a long way behind in the high swell, so that when she reached Portland the rest of the fleet signalled to her "Welcome, little stranger"—the salutation being intended also for the distinguished guest on board.

STAR. WEDNESDAY, 7 DECEMBER, 1898.

There is a supreme fitness about the appointment of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to the vice-presidency of the Navy League. If the league is wise it will get him to superintend its literary propaganda. Its periodical appeals to patriotism for a bigger navy would be quite certain of insertion in full in every newspaper if Mr. Kipling would do them into rousing rhymes.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1898.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING TO GLORIFY THE NAVY.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling passed several weeks at the naval manoeuvres last year; and this year he extended his observations by means of a further cruise with the Channel Squadron. A series of articles by him, embodying his experiences on a British man-of-war, have been written for the "Morning Post." These articles, besides presenting in vivid language the writer's impressions of our fighting-ships, with their guns and torpedoes, and of the sea in ever-varying moods, are enriched with character sketches which promise to do for the Navy what Mr. Kipling has already done for the Army. His word pictures of officers of all ranks, from admirals to midshipmen (not forgetting his favourite, the sub-lieutenant), and of marines, signalmen, and "sea lawyers," are interwoven with many a shrewd and pointed comment by one whose vigilant eye nothing can escape. The articles in their entirety give the most animated and faithful account—at once photographic, stirring, and "human"—of life on board a modern war-ship hitherto published. The first of the articles will be given to-morrow.

IN PASSING

THE ashes of Sir Edward Burne-Jones were committed to the earth on Tuesday last at Rottingdean, the Sussex village where he and his wife made their country home. It was a very sorrowing company of friends that met there, for Sir Edward was essentially a man who won the warm affection of those who knew him well. He will be terribly missed, not only as a painter but also as a friend. Lady Burne-Jones was present at the funeral, and laid a bunch of purple heart's-ease in the grave, and her children themselves carried the urn. It was a true Midsummer day, and the earth itself seemed to bear its best tribute of health and beauty to the great painter who interpreted its riches with such genius and such delight to himself and to us. The service was full of comfort and inspiring hope. And so—

They laid him by the pleasant shore  
And in the hearing of the wave.

The Outlook [JUNE 25, 1898]

Rottingdean will greatly miss Sir Edward Burne-Jones. He and his wife lived there when they were not in London, and showed a warm and practical interest in the poor and in parish matters. Lady Burne-Jones, indeed, held office on the Parish Council, and did valuable Poor Law work, while Sir Edward himself had an enthusiasm not only for the working classes, but for that wretched substratum below the working classes who are so difficult to help, and who need so much patience and so much generosity. The church at Rottingdean is glorified by a beautiful stained-glass window from the hand of the great artist. St. George is in the centre, and there is below an exquisite representation of an angel leading by the hand a small up-looking child.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1898.

But whatever we may think of foreign decorations, few Englishmen will be found to criticise the award of the Albert Medal of the Second Class just made to Richard Wright Toman, engineer of her Majesty's ship *Foam*. In the course of a full-speed trial at Malta on the third of August last, the *Foam's* main pressure cylinder burst. What that may involve Mr. Rudyard Kipling has done his best on several occasions to impress upon the land-lubber. In this case, the engine-room was immediately filled with steam. Mr. Toman rushed into it, after ordering out everybody else, and by turning off various complicated taps confined the steam to the boilers only. This not only lessened the risk of serious immediate loss of life, but probably prevented part of the machinery being driven through the bottom of the ship and sinking her. The engineer's hands were by this time almost bare of skin, but he searched the engine-room for men, and turned the fire-extinguishers on to the boilers before he got on deck again, after two attempts, through the clouds of scalding steam. Few men have deserved such recognition better, and few finer comments on "McAndrews' Hymn" have yet occurred in what little "real life" happens to get into the newspapers.

ONE MORE TOAST!

"OUR MERCANTILE MARINE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—I have been reading Mr. Rudyard Kipling's contributions with the greatest enjoyment and profit. A Naval officer said to me: "If Rudyard Kipling had been born in a battleship, if all his life he had drilled with the Marines, stoked with the stokers, hauled with the Jacks at the falls, loaded and fired every gun aboard, coned the vessel on the bridge, grasped the spokes of the wheel, chaffed and argued in the Gun-room, and in the Ward-room listened with a respectful countenance, he could not know more about it."

Bread may rise to 4s. a quarter, and the Income Tax may prove unspeakable, but we know that Chucks and Swinburne are afloat still: that the hearts of to-day pray, as did the Old Navy, for heavy weather, and that the men who make the battleship and the cruiser as populous as a city are as alert, resolute, and lion-hearted as the seamen who fired the guns while Collingwood munched the apple, as the pig-tailed braves whose thunders on the 1st of June, at Camperdown, and Trafalgar—shall I recite the glorious list?—roll like Tennyson's echoes "from soul to soul" down our marvellous stream of history.

But my object in writing to you, sir, is not to say this only. Within a few columns of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's fifth article you published a full report of the toasts and speeches at the Lord Mayor's Banquet. As heretofore, so then, the Army and the Navy, and possibly—but I cannot be sure—the Auxiliary Forces, were given.

Now, will the Lord Mayor of London dare an innovation, and set an example? Will he include in the toasts at forthcoming banquets that of "Our Mercantile Marine"? Is not some honour due to our Red Flag and to the men who serve under it, who take and fetch, to the great profit and the steady expansion of our amazing Empire? Has not the Merchant Service produced its host of heroes? Did it not fight the battles of these Kingdoms before the Royal Navy had existence? Did it not supply a huge proportion of the best of the men who fought under the Colours of the State, men not less lion-hearted than those who control the destiny of the warship, walk the bridge of the ocean passenger steamer, and of the sorry deep-laden tramp? No glory is gained by them: their deeds are obscure, though often magnificent. Over the story, the long and heart-stirring story, of ocean peril, of ocean adventure, of the enlarged dominion the Red Flag flies.

What labour should I be entering on if I attempted to catalogue the deeds, the daring, the dumb heroism (they have no *Gazette*) of the men who are the masters, the mates, and let me emphatically add the British sailors of our Mercantile Marine, past and present. No reference is ever made to this phenomenal industry, to its achievements and its heroes, at the sumptuous tables of the Mansion House—the central temple of a City whose inhabitants should be taught to understand what is signified by their splendid Docks, by the ships which stem the tide of their grand old River, and by the men who put forth, blow high or blow low, in the interests of that Peace whose victories should be not less renowned than War's.—Yours, &c.,

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

9, Sydney-place, Bath, Nov. 11.

JULY 2ND, 1898. ANSWERS

"What is that you have there?" inquired the editor, as Mr. Kipling entered the office.  
"That?" said the famous author. "Oh, that's another story."



## VIEWS AND REVIEWS

RUDYARD KIPLING

WE have all read "The Truce of the Bear"; all of us, because, though a notable poem, it was understood to be political, yet was thrust under our noses in a newspaper. Some sported, as horses will when they find the unaccustomed in the accustomed manger; but all came to chew. And a great many of us are reading "The Day's Work." The many of us read Kipling because we have acquired that taste or habit; just as many have acquired the taste for tobacco or the habit of taking violent exercise. But how did we come by the habit? The thoughtful will ask this question of their souls. "He disconnected the after-engine, laid piston and connecting-rod, carefully tallowed, where it would be most inconvenient to the casual visitor, took out three of the eight collars of the thrust-blocks. . . ." Why, one asks oneself, am I reading this? That is the question. It sounds easy, but the answer is not obvious. Before attempting it, you must combine memory with imagination—a complicated achievement. You must evoke the man you were before reading "Soldiers Three." And that phantasm of another decade will tell you, unless your imperfect spell shall have conjured up a lying spirit, that he for his part would sooner be a "piston carefully tallowed" than thus to read of "coal-bunkers and valve-spindles . . . carefully laid where most inconvenient to the casual" reader. In the Eighties you could not have read this; in the Nineties you must. Why? The mind thus "violently arrested"—by self-analysis—"may easily jerk off the nut of the holding-down bolt." Kipling again! And, again, why? Distracted you plunge for relief into recollection of J. K. S. :—

These are the questions nobody can answer,  
These are the problems nobody can solve;  
Only I know that man is an advancer;  
Only I know the centuries revolve.

"But so," says the slave to Kiplingomania, "do the screws: turning inside and churning outside, revolving that the Ship may advance." Then "the Dawn" dawn comes up like thunder, and the midnight sea of your turmoil is illumined to a vast expanse, with a symbolic ship on the radiant waters, visibly going her way. Mr. Kipling's eternal ship is symbolic. So is his everlasting sea. The man, whether he means it or not, is talking in parables: not writing, it seems, at a desk, but talking to us and teaching us by a sea. His ship becomes any man of us all—more especially a "white" man in the sense of that epithet special to lands where all men are not white; and perhaps, dimly, in a far-distant future which even he, the seer, dare not descry, his ship becomes all mankind, becomes our earth, spinning, but advancing, through the infinite sea of space. And he teaches that the earth, the white races, the Empire, the regiment, the one white man, even you, the casual reader, are like his symbolic ship. He tells you that you don't know whither you are going nor why you are going; but that you must go, and that the question is, not whither, nor why, but how? He takes up the parable of The Preacher and of Khayyâm. But, instead of answering the first two questions with the word of emptiness, "vanity," he asks the third question, "How?" And he answers it. In the light of a later day, he teaches that the vastness and the vagueness of environment have their

counterpart in the fulness and the minuteness of his symbolic ship: that the world, that white races, that the individual man, are each of them single but not isolated, and are each of them infinitely complex within their seeming oneness. The world, the race, the empire, the regiment, the man, are not merely machines, but each is a congeries of machines, each of which, and each part of which, must be "carefully tallowed," and rivetted, and exercised, and made to function in a definite way, in accordance with received tradition, as a single thing of exquisite perfection, and also as part of a whole which it cannot comprehend, and as an ally of other parts equally incomprehensible, to which, at a pinch, it must give way that they, too, may perform their appointed task. That is his parable. If his ponies talk polo, if his "spindle-valves" show proper pride, but in the end allow "connecting-rods" to connect, it is because, as matter of knowledge, the individual man must act as part of a machine, must ever recognise that he, too, is complex, with organs, muscles, brain, nerves; with health, will, imagination, memory, sentiment, emotion, each to be "carefully tallowed" and each to be exercised in immemorial functions, with much of self-respect, and a little, but not too much, of respect for other parts functioning also. And beyond this there shall be nothing save confidence, blind to the verge of indifference, in the ultimate destination of the whole.

Thus he teaches, and because he believes we listen, and ponder even if we do not believe. But who is this man?

How does he make us listen? Oddly enough—in the main—by sitting at a desk, dipping his pen into an inkpot, "same as you and me." He is an artist in words, with a vast vocabulary, who picks his word to suit his intention, and uses it with effect, as a dentist picks one instrument out of the rack. Surely he must dream of words. But—perhaps to banish professional nightmare—he trains for writing as an athlete for football. He keeps himself in the pink of condition, in order to write of sailors and soldiers and polo ponies and "spindle-valves": having learned—probably from his models—that blood must have oxygen, as pistons oil, if the whole, of which each is part, is to do good work. His work is to describe these men and animals and machines as they are. So, as a painter strides up to his model and back to his canvas, does he go down to the sea, or the barrack, or the new country, and then back to his desk. But his work is symbolic—consciously or unconsciously—in "The Truce," or in "The Day's Work." More often, perhaps, his symbolism is unconscious, for the man—primarily—is an artist. It seems to spring from the practice of the very theory which he teaches. His business is to describe the ship, the regiment, the soldier, the machine, and to describe them accurately: as the ship steers, as the regiment manoeuvres, as the soldier drills, as the machine functions, accurately. But, whatever the artist's intention may be, his description, if truly accurate, even of a knitting-needle, becomes a symbol, and a talisman: great is truth and it shall prevail! This makes for art even in the hackneyed sense of that word. There is beauty of truth as there is beauty of holiness: a something splendid and serene in the incontestable eternity of truth. Some have a special apprehension of beauty, others of goodness, yet others of truth; and Kipling is of those. But in his search after truth he rarely uses the microscope; he does not, for the most part, believe that things are infinitely important merely because

they are infinitely small, or that disease, the exception, outweighs in interest health, the rule. Even the love of woman, the chosen field of the microscopic school, shows in his art as it is in the aspirations of all but the morbid, and in the best years of the lives of the majority of men. And he rarely uses the telescope, believing that the near is more important than the far; that home, wife, child, comrade, chief, contest, mother-land, race, are nearer to most of us than Utopia. Occasionally, he does use the microscope, occasionally (as I say) the telescope; but the kaleidoscope never. Those who prefer jewelled patterns to pictures of life must seek elsewhere.

For Kipling's self-appointed task is to describe the life of the sane white man at the end of the nineteenth century. He loves that life with full love born of intimate study and confirmed by infinite pains bestowed on its reproduction in his art. He looks at his copy and sees that it is good, and this persuades him to believe the like of his model. Illogical? Yes, but convincing! His readers come to believe that life is good.

Life is worth Living  
Through every grain of it,  
From the foundations  
To the last edge  
Of the corner-stone, Death.

Thus the Poet of the Cry. Mr. Kipling is the symbolist of the Proof. G. W.

## THE NEW KIPLING \*

It is written, I am told, that Mr. Kipling is "played out": that his imagination has departed him, that his invention is in a fair way of following his imagination, that he has none other god but Facts, mistakes an interest in technical terms (which he shares, among other qualities, with a certain William Shakespeare) for inspiration, has forgotten the true function of romance, and has not the stuff of another notable book left in him. All this, and much else to a like purpose, or worse, on account of "The Day's Work"; though why all this—or any of this—on account of "The Day's Work," I, after several readings of that volume, find it hard to understand. True it is that one or two of the dozen stories—"My Sunday at Home," for instance, and "An Error in the Fourth Dimension"—come tamely off after "The Brushwood Boy," say, or even "The Devil and the Deep Sea." But the worst are better than most men's best; while, so it seems to me, the best are as good, along their several lines, as any that Mr. Kipling has done. Indeed, I cannot but think that the reviewers' grievance is simply this: that these said lines are not the lines along which the public has followed its Kipling thus far. Not for nothing has he made India known to us, and got himself recognised as the sole and singular laureate of Tommy Atkins, and set the world rejoicing in the acts and deeds of Mulvaney and his chums, and left the world wondering over Mowgli and the creatures of the unstoried, unimaginable Jungle! An artist of whom the half has not, it seems, been told to us, he has passed through and done with these things, and would concern himself with others. Yet, 'tis at his peril and at his popularity's peril that he turns from them and sets himself to pluck out the heart of other mysteries than theirs.

Here, for instance, are half a dozen stories as good as

\* "The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan. 6s.

man need wish to read, and vastly better than any living man save Mr. Kipling can write. But Tommy cuts no figure in them, nor Baloo the bear, nor any of the Matchless Three; so they are voted stale, and it is announced that their author is written out. He may take courage in the very charge. It falls to the lot of all them that are worth reading to be "written out" a score of times in the course of a life of writing. Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac, Dumas, Tennyson, Hugo—*J'en passe et des meilleurs!* Who, in fact, that ever did anything at all worth doing has *not* been "written out" so soon as ever one of the many things he came to do was done? The old-world Greek was sick of hearing Aristides called "the Just." He was honest, at least—honest according to his lights; and he has left a flourishing and an enduring descent. It may very well be that some of his set have found their way into the reviewing business. That were an easy explanation of the matter at issue, and one that would come as pat in the case of "The Day's Work" as in the case of "A Tale of Two Cities," or "The New-comers," or "Amelia," or—well—anything you like to name. But I am loth to prefer—much less to accept—it. And I revert with pleasure to my first suggestion: that, in the case of "The Day's Work," writer's crime is no crime, but an unfamiliar virtue, and the name of it is New Material.

There are, I believe, who find "The Bridge-Builders"—an epic in twenty pages—"a little lengthy." They talk wisely, for they talk in what, I believe, is called "the leading literary journal"; yet one need not mark them. For what they ask of Mr. Kipling is—on their own showing—not this, but something else. Give them the same kind of stuff in Zola, call it "Germinal," or "Ponts-et-Chaussées," or "Un gros Numéro," and spread it over some 350 pages, and they will own to reading it with "enthusiasm," and profess that, after all, there is nothing like Realism, and that if you want the Truth, the vitalising Essential of Things, here is a feast indeed. But Mr. Kipling doesn't theorise—he is content to tell stories; he has told stories before; those stories have dealt with life in certain circumstances of romance; here he makes an essay in the romance of engineering; and, inasmuch as engineering is not fighting, nor drinking, nor love-making, nor even polo-playing, the record is dismissed as "a little lengthy." Now, to consider it in the proper spirit—in the spirit, that is, of them that appreciate a work of art for itself, and are becomingly interested in whatever material the artist has seen fit to take in hand—"The Bridge-Builders" is a little masterpiece of observation, invention, realisation, wherein is no word too much, and which has never a detail that does not serve its turn, and—the engineering interest apart—an interest of character (Peroo), and vision (the Dream of the Gods), which you seek in vain outside the covers of a Kipling book. This is the first number in "The Day's Work." The last, "The Brushwood Boy," is still more remarkable, still more convincing, far more novel, more engaging, and more wonderful. It is a romance of dreams, as the first is a romance of facts; and the reviewer who bars "The Bridge-Builders" as "a little lengthy" does not so much as mention its name. Why? In truth, I know not. It cannot be because of "technicalities." For there are none. 'Tis a romance of dreams, as I have said; and, though comparison be impossible, I do not hesitate to set it beside the greatest Kiplingism of the past—I mean, of course, "The Man that Would be King"—and to state



(MACMILLAN.)

In a series of six papers, originally published in the columns of a morning contemporary, and now reproduced in book form, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recorded his experiences on board a British man-of-war during the summer of 1897 and the early autumn of 1898. On the former occasion the cruiser which afforded a genial hospitality to Mr. Kipling, took part, in common with some thirty vessels belonging to the Channel Fleet, in the customary Naval Manœuvres off the Irish coast; on the latter she was at Devonport "on urgent private affairs" when he joined her, but shortly afterwards received orders to proceed to Bantry Bay, where a squadron of eight battleships, four cruisers, and numerous "small fry" was being assiduously exercised in the operations of mimic war. Mr. Kipling's remarkable capacity for realistic and picturesque word-painting has never been more effectively displayed than in his vivid descriptions of the outward aspects and inner life of a Queen's ship, probably the most remarkable production of mechanical science and highly-trained intelligence of which the Power that rules the seas can justly boast at the present day. The leviathans of the deep that fly the white ensign in every quarter of the globe contain some seventy several and distinct sets of machinery, worked by the different motor forces subordinated to the use of man, and directed by skilled experts in the application of their various energies, themselves subject to a sagacious and unflinching discipline that effectually minimises the possibilities of any waste or misdirection of power on their part. The wonderful workings of this rigorous but never unreasonable discipline, and the marvels of a latter-day warship's fighting, travelling, and manœuvring faculties have manifested made deep and lasting impressions on Mr. Kipling's receptive mind; impressions which his great descriptive gifts have enabled him to convey to his fellow-countrymen with convincing exactness. He is not only a consummate literary draughtsman, but a verbal colourist of the first flight; his masterly word-pictures are as vivid and real to us as though we were actual participants in the scene. After describing the exquisitely symmetrical formations executed by the fleet as soon as it had abundant sea room at its disposal, he observes:

One thing more than all the rest impresses the passenger on a Queen's ship. She is seldom for three whole hours at the same speed. The liner, clear of her dock, strikes her pace and holds it to her journey's end, but the man-of-war must always have two or three knots up her sleeve in case the Admiral demands a spur; she must also be ready to drop three or four knots at the wave of a flag; and on occasion she must lie still and meditate. This means a varying strain on all the mechanism, and constant strain on the people who control it.

How deftly the huge and ponderous vessels are handled by their commanders may be gathered from the following passage:

No description will make you realise the almost infernal mobility of a fleet at sea. I had seen once called, to all appearances, out of the deep; split in twain at a word, and, as 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 riat is coiled at the saddle-bow; dealt out card-fashion over fifty miles of green table; picked up, shuffled, and re-dealt as the game changes. I have seen cruisers down like hawks, ridden like horses at a close finish, and manœuvred like bicycles; but the wonder of their appearance and disappearance never failed. The Powerful spoke, and in ten minutes the cruiser-squadron had vanished, each ship taking her own matches and sulphur to make a hell of her own. And what that hell might be, if worked at full power, I could presently guess as we swung round a headland, and the bugles began. At this point the gunner became a person of importance (in the Navy each hour of the day has its king), and the captains of the guns separated themselves a little from the common herd. We were merely a third-class cruiser, capable, perhaps, of slaying destroyers in a heavy sea, but meant for the most part to scout and observe.

Appropos of the irrepressible torpedo-destroyers, Mr. Kipling writes:

The possibilities of a good sea-boat are almost illimitable, given always the man who knows how to handle her—the men who will take their chances. In the Army, as in the Navy runs the unwritten law: "You must not impair the property of the taxpayer committed to your charge, or you will be probably broke; but if you do not take every risk you can, and more also, you will be broke in the estimation of your fellows. Your men will not love you, and you will never get on." To do him justice, the junior officer steers a very fair line between the two councils. Thanks to our destroyers, which give him an independent command early in his career, he studies a little ingenuity and artifice. They are young on the destroyers—the chattering black decks are no place for the middle-aged—they have learned how to handle 2000 ft of shod death that cover a mile in two minutes, turn in their own length, and leap to racing-speed almost before a man knows he has signalled the engine-room. In these craft they risk the extreme perils of the sea, and make experiments of a kind that would not read well in print. It would take much to astonish them when, at the completion of their command, they are shifted, say, to a racing cruiser. They have been within spitting distance of collision and bumping distance of the bottom; they have tested their craft in long-drawn Channel gales, not grudgingly or of necessity because they could not find harbour, but because they "wanted to know, don't you know"; and in that embroilment have been very literally thrown together with their men. This makes for hardiness, coolness of head, and, above all, resource. You realise it when you hear the dear boys talk among themselves. The naval man's experience begins early, and by the time he has reached his majority a sub-lieutenant should have seen enough to sober Ulysses. But he utterly refuses to be sobered. There is no case on record of a depressed Sub. It takes three of him to keep one midshipman in order; but the combined strength of the assistant engineer, the doctor, and the paymaster will not subdue one sub-lieutenant. He goes his joyous way, impartially and picturesquely criticising his elders and his betters; diverse, undulating, and irrepressible.

Here is a graphic bit of description:

Many things are impressive and not a few terrifying in the Fleet; but the most impressive sight of all is the swift casting-forth from the trim black sides of the instruments and ministers of death. A wisp of signals floats from the Flagship. Our little cruiser crumples like a hite—and someone takes out a watch. There is a continuous low thunder of bare feet, a clatter, always subdued, of arms snatched from the ranks, a creaking of falls and blocks, and the noise of iron doors opening and shutting. Of a sudden the decks stand empty; the Maxims have gone from the bulwarks, and the big cutters are away, pulling mightily for the Flagship. From each one of our twelve neighbours pour forth the silent, crowded boats. They cluster round the Flag, are looked over, and return. They are not merely boats with men in them. They are fully provisioned; the larger ones have boat-guns, the smaller Maxims, with a proper allowance of ammunition and spare parts, medical chests, and all the hundred oddments necessary for independent action. All or any one of them can be used at once for patrol work, or for landing parties—can be switched off from the main system, as a light engine is switched off up a siding. Each unit is complete and self-contained. In ten minutes the boats are back again, the Maxims replaced, the rifles stacked and racked, the provisions and water returned to store.

The booklet closes characteristically with an "appreciation" of the assistant engineers on board a man-of-war.

"And 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."

## MR. KIPLING AS A SCHOOLBOY.

## SOME REMINISCENCES.

In reading of Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle, of Kipling's unique stories of schoolboy life, I feel as if I was meeting old friends. I knew the mischievous trio well, under their true names, B—, D—, and Kipling himself. Kipling was "Beetle," although we called him "Gigs." D— has since become an officer in the Indian Army.

I first met Kipling in 1879, when he was about 13 years old. In that year I joined the United Service College, "Westward Ho," in the parish of Northam, North Devon, which had then been in existence for several years. I was at once assigned to the same house with Kipling, and after a few terms Kipling was changed to my dormitory, over which his particular friend, D—, was eventually made sub-prefect. I sat at different times in the same classes with Kipling, and during the last year that I spent at the college, 1883, my study was immediately below the one occupied by B—, D—, and Kipling.

The United Service College, which was intended chiefly for the education of sons of Anglo-Indian civil and military officers, was within sight of the open Atlantic. The immediate neighbourhood, too, was of a character to delight the heart of any boy—high frowning cliffs, at whose base terrible jagged rocks ran far out into the sea, as a warning to vessels of their sure fate if, by any unlucky chance, they missed the bar. These cliffs, however, were the abode of several species of rare sea birds, thus offering a splendid field for hazardous adventure.

During these seven or eight years, as seen by his schoolfellows, it could hardly be said that Kipling appeared to them as a prodigy. In the first place, he was always extremely near-sighted, which was, perhaps, the reason for his not taking any very keen interest in either field sports or athletics—a proficiency that almost alone makes an English boy a hero in the sight of his schoolfellows. On the other hand, Kipling was not by any means a "sweat." He was not always to be seen poring over his books. He was seldom at the top of his class, though to be sure never at the bottom. He did not take all the prizes that came in his way, and he was not even in due course promoted to the office of sub-prefect, although when he left the college in 1882 he carried with him the well-earned first prize in English literature. Only, he did seem to be able to solve a problem in ten minutes over which another boy might have laboured for an hour. He was chiefly noticeable in his schoolfellows' eyes for a keen wit and a flow of language that would only be suppressed by depriving him of his spectacles.

About the middle of his school life Kipling entered into a strong tie of friendship with two other boys, in many respects of his own temperament. The trio seemed to have aims of their own apart from the rest of the college, leading a kind of Bohemian existence, and amusing themselves by tilts at the powers that were, in which encounters they frequently came off victorious, as related in the "Stalky" stories. At the time when Kipling and his two chums were first assigned a room or "study" for their own use, the aesthetic wave of some seventeen years ago was sweeping over English society, and the three boys at once determined to "live up" to the prevailing fashion. They first of all painted a wonderful stork dado round their room, then they purchased a number of old plates, spotted-less teapots, Japanese fans, and hung them upon the walls. They called it very "high art," and for a day the whole school came to see and wondered.

At the United Service College the custom prevailed, as in most English "public schools," of placing a great part of the out-of-class discipline in the hands of the head boys, who are called prefects or monitors. In particular these head boys are responsible for the maintenance of order in the large dormitories or sleeping-rooms—one prefect having charge of perhaps a dozen or fifteen boys. Now it happened that the prefect of the dormitory in which Rudyard Kipling slept was a great admirer of the thousand-and-one stories of the "Arabian Nights," and conceived the idea that it would conduce to his early repose if he compelled each of the boys in his room to tell stories in turn. The idea was at once put into practice, and the boys told such stories of sport, love, and adventure as the fertility of their brains brought forth; but it became quickly apparent that Kipling so far surpassed the others in that talent that the prefect insisted upon his telling stories out of his turn, of which the result would be generally somewhat as follows:—

The light having been extinguished, the voice of the prefect would be heard: "Now then, Gigs, a yarn." "Gigs" was an abbreviation for gig-lamps—a nickname conferred upon Kipling by his schoolfellows on account of the extra large spectacles he wore.

There would come no response from the bed in the corner.

"Gigs! You hear; a yarn." Still no answer.

"Look heere, Gigs; if you don't wake up I'll—"

An expositating voice from underneath the clothing: "Oh, what

is it?"

"A yarn—a yarn."

Protestingly: "But, I say, it's not my turn." Dictatorially, "I don't care if it isn't. A yarn." After which there would perhaps follow a pause of five minutes, when the voice of the prefect would be heard again: "All right, Gigs, you brute," immediately succeeded by the crash of a boot in the neighbourhood of Kipling's bed, to be followed by the muffled sound of a piece of soap striking the clothes.

"I say," from Kipling, by this time wide awake. "What is it?"

"A yarn, a yarn."

"I don't know any."

From the prefect: "Oh yes, you do; but, anyway, I'll give you a skeleton. Once upon a time there was a man who went to sea, killed the captain, turned pirate, got wrecked on an island, where he fought a battle against a lot of savages, married the chief's daughter, died, and lived happily ever afterwards. Now go on."

With a grunt of dissatisfaction Kipling would thereupon begin; shortly, however, making the prefect the villain of the story, and placing him in such absurd situations that the whole dormitory would be shouting with laughter, and the noise of creaking shoes upon the stairs would come as a warning that the house master was on his way to see into the nocturnal disturbance.

For two years Rudyard Kipling occupied the editorial chair of the "United Service College Chronicle," during which period many bright verses and clever articles from his pen appeared within the pages of that little journal. This was entirely an honorary position, which, however, led to an engagement on the local paper under novel and amusing circumstances. It would seem that one of the masters of the college, apart from his scholastic duties, held the office of chairman of the local board, partaking of the nature of an unpaid rural supervisorship, with perhaps a little patronage attached that somebody or other was anxious to possess, and he had succeeded in gaining the assistance of the editor of the local paper. The consequence was that, for a time, a number of crudely virulent and personal attacks were made upon the policy of the board, to all of which the master paid no attention whatever. Then the editor, probably having seen some of Kipling's work on the college paper, entered into an agreement with him—that for a small weekly consideration the latter should do his best to goad the master into the indiscretion of a retort. It was not long, therefore, before denunciatory articles appeared in the paper, treating of the board's local drainage scheme in such poignant sarcastic terms that everybody began to talk about the matter, and the master was compelled to take up his pen in self-defence—a literary duel thus commencing between the all-unconscious master and his pupil that afforded those who were in the secret a weekly fund of amusement. Eventually the master resigned his chair; but whether he discovered the personality of his brilliant antagonist is not known. Had he done so, there is a probability that young Kipling would have been painfully made aware of the fact, as the cane and the birch are still important factors in English "public" school discipline.

When a looking-glass first engages the serious attention of a youth a somewhat ludicrous devotion to the wardrobe is often the result. In that respect Kipling and his two particular chums inclined toward the Bohemian, until they perceived in the opposite extreme a change to enact a good part, which, for the time being, afforded their companions no little amusement. At the United Service College it happened that there was a certain classical master who had developed a profound aversion to anything approaching foppishness, and to whom fancy waistcoats, sporting scarf-pins, and silk handkerchiefs were an abomination second only to what was termed the "modern" side of the school. To such an extent did this master carry his discrimination in the matter of clothes, that those attending his classes or coming more particularly under his jurisdiction who evinced the least tendency to "style" were promptly made the butts of his most withering sarcasm, and were even occasionally peremptorily ordered not to appear again in his presence wearing conspicuously offensive garments. Now Kipling and his two chums in the course of promotion at length found themselves brought into daily contact with this master, and, having duly made note of his supreme aversion, they proceeded to stimulate it after their own fashion. So it shortly came to be noticed that the Kipling trio were putting on "style"—a fact that the master in question noticed also, but concerning which he contented himself with scornful remarks, until a shilling bottle of overpowering perfume was the direct cause of an explosion of wrath, of the class-room windows being thrown wide open one cold winter morning, and of something besides invective being hurled at the offenders' heads.

In site of this emphatic rebuff, Kipling and his chums continued their efforts to approach the extreme height of fashion, borrowing such likely garments as they did not themselves possess, and choosing Sunday as the day on which to make a brave display of their personal adornments, for the three sat close to the classical master in church. Again, for a time, the master confined himself to sneering remarks; but three pairs of light cloth-topped patent leather shoes brought the matter to a climax. On the particular Sunday when the shoes were first worn the classical master quickly spied them out, and having beckoned the three youths before him, pointed to the objectionable articles, and desired to be informed as to their precise nature.

"Which things, sir?" asked Kipling, following with his gaze the direction indicated by the classical master's forefinger, and wonderingly survey-

ing the floor as if he expected to behold some strange insects crawling there. "Which things, sir?"

"Those things," emphatically replied the master, pointing to Kipling's feet.

"My feet, sir?" asked Kipling, as if he were still in doubt as to the master's exact meaning.

"No, the vile things you've got on them," angrily explained the former.

"Go and take them off at once. At once! D'you understand me?"

Whereupon the Kipling trio divested themselves of their beautiful shoes, and the classical master posted a house notice to the effect that patent-leather shoes, among other enumerated "foppish" articles of dress, were henceforth strictly prohibited. As if in despair at the sweeping nature of this edict, the Kipling trio immediately reverted to the other extreme, and the next Sunday appeared at the church call-over as if they had slept in their best clothes overnight, with only their shoes so wonderfully polished that the classical master at first mistook them for the contraband patent leathers. On closer inspection, however, being satisfied that his surmise was incorrect, and perhaps regarding the trio's dishevelled appearance as, for once, a backward step in the right direction, he merely recommended a vigorous application of the brush, and unsuspectingly permitted them to go on their way to church. It was not long after the service had commenced before every one in the vicinity of the Kipling trio became conscious of a most pungent and sickening odour of blacking, the classical master, who sat next to Kipling, being the first, of course, to sniff the air with suspicion. But as the church warmed up the smell became so altogether unbearable that the classical master, casting a look of supreme disgust upon the remarkably devout and apparently quite innocent youths at his side, hurriedly rose from his seat and sought refuge in another part of the church. Then, as the other boys near by crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to suppress explosions of laughter, a merry twinkle beamed out through Gigs' enormous spectacles. It was generally thought that the three would meet with a swift and terrible punishment; but the classical master, for some reason, decided to hold his peace, and, what is more, permitted the foppishness edict to fall into abeyance.

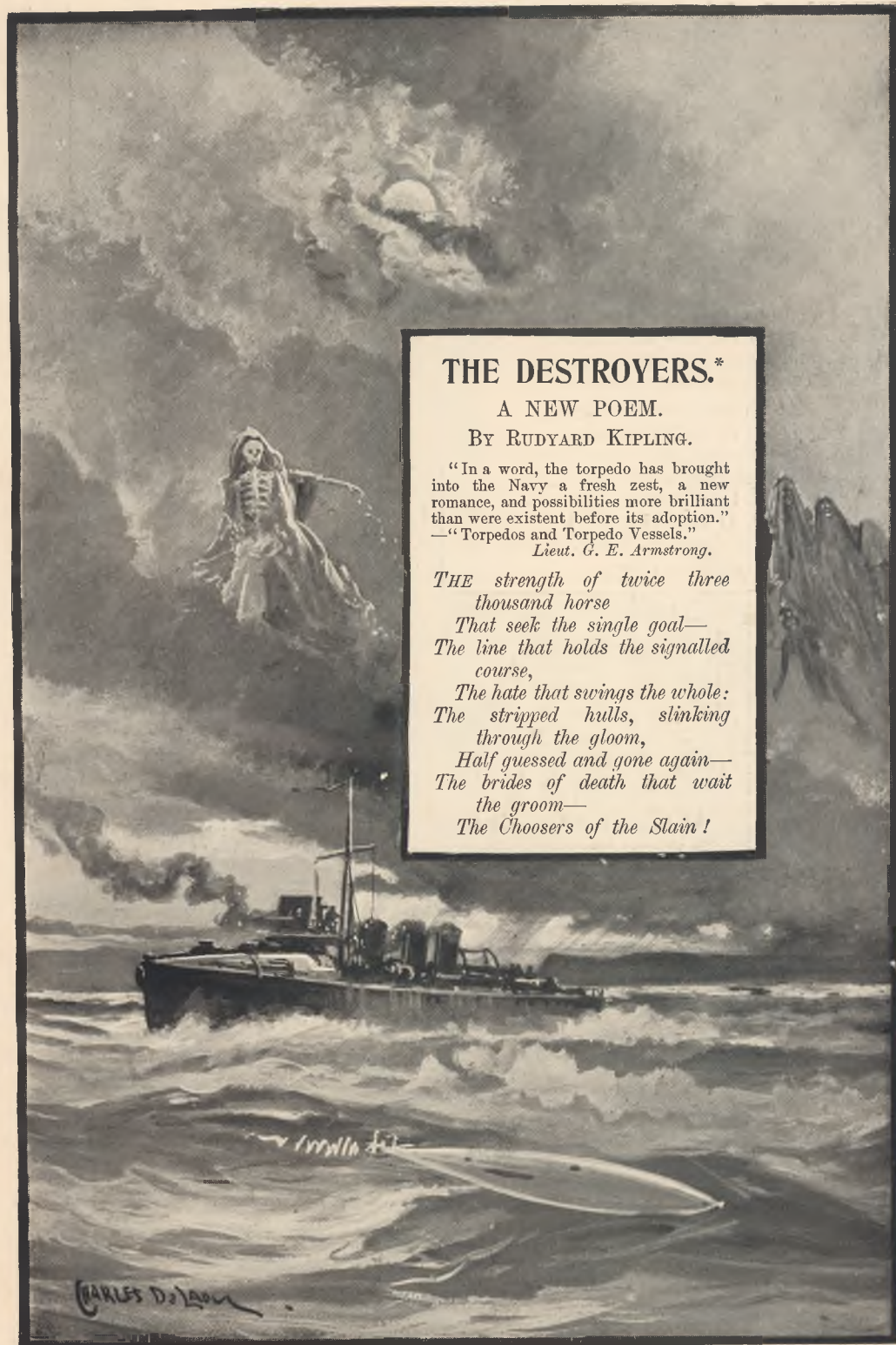
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## DECEMBER 18, 1898. THE REFEREE

## THE ROUND TABLE

There is one man who must be as tired of the name of Rudyard Kipling as Johnson was of the memorable event which evoked from the Great Bear of English Literature the emphatic protest that he "never wished to hear of the Second Punic War again as long as he lived"; for the stories of military life in India by Lieutenant Colonel Newnham-Davis have rarely been reviewed without gratuitous reference to the distinguished writer, who had been there before him. Allowance should be made for the difference of point of view. Mr. Kipling writes from the outside, Colonel Newnham-Davis from the inside. For his "Military Dialogues" (Sands and Co.), Colonel Newnham-Davis has nothing of the sort to fear. This is a new idea. There has been nothing like it. In these "Military Dialogues" the intimate life of a soldier, at work and at leisure, is described in a series of animated sketches in dramatic form. Our author begins at the beginning with a scene of comedy in which a callow subaltern is the chief figure, and ends with an unforced touch of the pathetic—a chance meeting between a retired colonel and a commissionaire. Take, for instance, the closing words of what may be called the stage directions in this final sketch "Old Soldiers": "The look that is in the commissionaire's eyes, as he watches the retreating form, is the look that comes into the eyes of an affectionate dog." "Superannuated," a "soliloquy," is admirable; the revelry of the youngsters, when morning is treading on the heels of the night, stimulates the reflections of the retiring officer—using the word in more senses than one—who is as strong in brain power, as sound in wind and limb, as ever he has been in his life. As he turns in, these are his last words: "I suppose I had better get to bed and try to get some sleep, though, Heaven knows, I shall have the rest of a lifetime with nothing else to do." In "A Subaltern's Court-martial" and in "At a Sergeant's Dance" the author is in a merry humour. Whatever his mood is, the picture he presents is always a living picture—a picture of a scene that has been lived. He is dealing with things which are real to the writer, and real to the reader, too. The observation of life and character and the skill in presentation revealed in these "Dialogues" will be appreciated by the civilian not less than by military men. The "real gaiety of the Service," says the author, "is only to be found in the ranks of 'the subalterns,'" and "to all good subalterns" the book is heartily dedicated. They will fail to deserve their reputation if they do not avail themselves of the obvious means of returning the compliment. Mr. Caton Woodville and Mr. Louis Edwards have illustrated the book with drawings that are illustrations in the proper sense of the word.





**THE DESTROYERS.\***

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BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Lieut. G. E. Armstrong.

*THE strength of twice three thousand horse  
That seek the single goal—  
The line that holds the signalled course,  
The hate that swings the whole:  
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,  
Half guessed and gone again—  
The brides of death that wait the groom—  
The Choosers of the Slain!*

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JUNE, 1898. 3

B 2

LILY TELEGRAPH, WEI

**BLACKWOOD'S  
MAGAZINE.**

No. DCCCCXCVI.



Contents for October 1898.

- Autobiography of a Child. Chaps. i.-v.
- The Works of Mr Kipling.
- The Death-March of Kûlop Sûmbing. By Hugh Clifford.
- Romance of the Fur Trade: The Companies.
- The Real Dugald Dalgetty. By C. Grant Robertson.
- Travel Pictures in the Caucasus. By J. Y. Simpson.
- Velasquez the Courtier.
- Madeira Waterways. By Rye Owen.
- A New Game-Law for Norway. By Sir James Forrest, Bart.
- To my Sister.
- Between Two Stools. With Map.
- The Looker-on.—Our Second Battle of the Nile—Kitchener Portrayed—The Russian Circular: as meant by the Czar: as meant by Count Muravieff—The Appliances of War—The Romish Invasion of the Church.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS  
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

PRICE 2/6

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An expositating voice from underneath the clothing: "Oh, what



Offshore where sea and skyline blend  
 In rain, the daylight dies;  
 The sullen, shouldering swells attend  
 Night and our sacrifice.  
 Adown the stricken capes no flare—  
 No mark on spit or bar,—  
 Darkling and desperate we dare  
 The blind-fold game of war.  
 Nearer the wheeling beams that spell  
 The council of our foes;  
 Clearer the anxious guns that tell  
 Their scattered flank to close.  
 Sheer to the trap they crowd their way  
 From ports for this unbarred.  
 Quiet, and count our fatted prey,  
 The convoy and her guard!  
 On shoal with scarce a foot below,  
 Where rock and islet throng,  
 Hidden and hushed, we watch them throw  
 Their sweeping lights along.  
 Not here, not here your danger lies—  
 (Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)  
 Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise,  
 The lit cliffs give no sign.



4



Therefore—to break the rest  
 ye seek  
 The Narrow Seas to clear—  
 Hark to the syren's whimpering  
 shriek—  
 The driven death is here!  
 Look to your van, a league  
 away—  
 What midnight terror stays  
 The bulk that checks against  
 the spray  
 Her crackling tops ablaze?  
 Hit, and hard hit! The blow  
 went home  
 The muffled knocking stroke—  
 The steam that over-runs the  
 foam—  
 The foam that thins to smoke—  
 The smoke that clogs the deep  
 aboil—  
 The deep that chokes her  
 throes  
 Till, streaked with ash and  
 sleeked with oil,  
 The lukewarm whirlpools  
 close!

5

NO OTHER NEAR IT IN REPUTATION, MERIT, OR SALE.

The British and Colonial Druggist, in its issue of April 5, announces the result of a competition to decide which preparation for the hair has the largest sale. This competition, open to all Chemists and Druggists and their Assistants, has placed

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No. DCCCOXCVI. OCTOBER 1898. Vol. CLXIV.

**CONTENTS.**

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD. CHAPS. I. V., . . . . .	453
THE WORKS OF MR KIPLING, . . . . .	470
THE DEATH-MARCH OF KÜLOP SÜMBING. BY HUGH CLIFFORD, . . . . .	483
ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE: THE COMPANIES, . . . . .	495
THE REAL DUGALD DALGETTY. BY C. GRANT ROBERTSON, . . . . .	509
TRAVEL PICTURES IN THE CAUCASUS. BY J. Y. SIMPSON, . . . . .	524
VELASQUEZ THE COURTIER, . . . . .	542
MADEIRA WATERWAYS. BY RYE OWEN, . . . . .	550
A NEW GAME-LAW FOR NORWAY. BY SIR JAMES FORREST, BART., . . . . .	558
TO MY SISTER, . . . . .	566
BETWEEN TWO STOOLS. With Map, . . . . .	567
THE LOOKER-ON, . . . . .	575

OUR SECOND BATTLE OF THE NILE—KITCHENER PORTRAYED—THE RUSSIAN CIRCULAR: AS MEANT BY THE CZAR: AS MEANT BY COUNT MURAVIEFF—THE APPLIANCES OF WAR—THE ROMISH INVASION OF THE CHURCH.

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To whom all Communications must be addressed.



# The Windsor Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1898.

	PAGE
"ROSE, SOFTLY BLOOMING" ... .. Frontispiece.	
THE DESTROYERS, A Poem ... .. RUDYARD KIPLING	3
PARTED ... .. 7	7
LATEST PORTRAIT OF DR. NANSEN ... .. 8	8
WITH NANSEN IN THE NORTH: A Record of the Fram Expedition ... .. LIEUT. HJALMAR JOHANSEN	9
THE GOLDEN CHAIN ... .. 23	23
C. B. FRY BATTING FOR SUSSEX ... .. 24	24
SOME FAMOUS CRICKETERS ... .. C. B. FRY	25
AMANDA ... .. 30	30
PHAROS THE EGYPTIAN, Chapters I.-II. ... .. GUY BOOTHBY	31
THE MAY-FLY ... .. J. PAUL TAYLOR	48
JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST. No. VI.—The Explosion at the Treasury ... .. COTTELL HOE	51
TEASING. A Poem ... .. 62	62
PICTURESQUE LONDON ... .. H. C. SHELLEY	63
THE EMPEROR'S DETECTIVE. No. VI.—The Incident of the Magic Card ... .. PERCY ANDREE	67
RIISING STARS ... .. 78	78
A QUESTION OF LONGITUDE. A Complete Story ... .. EDWARD NOBLE	79
MEN WITH A FUTURE: M. HANOTAUX ... .. ERNEST E. WILLIAMS	89
THE IMPERIAL HERITAGE. Conclusion ... .. HARRY FURNISS	98
A VISIT TO ADELAIDE ... .. ETHEL TURNER	101
A SUBURBAN TERRACE. A Complete Story ... .. EVAN T. KEANE	107
TO AN OLD MEMORY. A Poem ... .. FREDERICK T. SOUDEN	108
HOW LONDON IS SUPPLIED WITH WATER ... .. E. V. LUCAS	113
SCHOOL HAMPER ... .. 116	116
EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK ... .. H. GRAHAM	117
TAR AND FEATHER SERIES: THE CAT ... ..	

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angrily—"I am sick of these complaints of Angela's temper. When she is with me she is better behaved and gentler than any of them. You can twist an angel into a devil if you worry and ill-use it."

I know now that he suffered for his partisanship of me, and that he forsook my cause at last from sheer weariness of spirit and flesh. He thought it better for his own peace to leave me to the mercies of my mother, concluding probably that I should not be worse off.

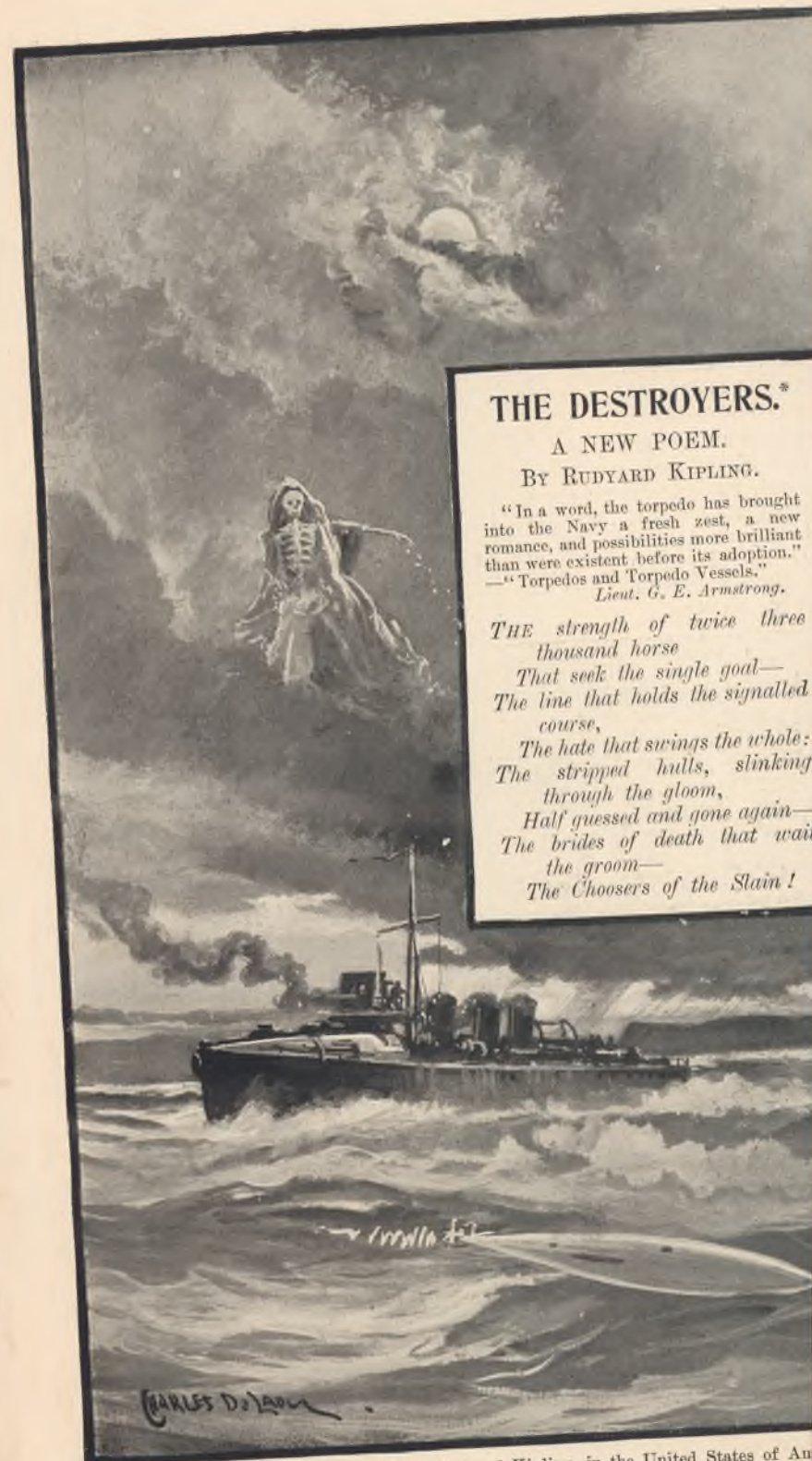
Our home must have resembled the American man-of-war in the vicinity of which, the French Admiral wrote, nothing was heard from morning till night but the angry voices of the officers and the howling of trounced sailors. Up-stairs in their play-room the children were happy enough, but to venture down-stairs was the hardihood of mouse in the neighbourhood of lion. One or the other, for no reason on earth, was roared at, her long fair hair was caught by white maternal hands, and then began a ferocious banging against walls, or table, or floor. Such shrieks of infuriated woman and terrified child still ring upon my ears in all their infernal eloquence.

Servants have been known to fly to the rescue. Once when I came home from a walk, one of the nurses complained in my mother's hearing that I had wilfully splashed my boots with mud. Instantly I was seized, and the mystery to me to-day is how I survived such treatment. One of the servants, a delicate fair young man, called Gerald, rushed upstairs, scarlet with indignation, and tore me from my mother's hands. I have forgotten what he said, but he gave her notice on the spot in order to express himself more freely.

Once, again, I was rescued by a young lady in a silk gown of many shades. Her face is a blank to me, but I distinctly remember the green and purple lights of her shot-silk gown, and the novel sound of her names, Anastasia Macaulay. She had come to lunch that day, and had taken a fancy to me, which was quite enough to excite my mother. The scene is blurred. I sat on Anastasia's lap, playing with her watch-chain, and suddenly I was on the floor, with smarting face and aching back. Anastasia saved me from worse. She sent me a picture-book and a doll, but never entered the house again.

(To be continued.)





### THE DESTROYERS.\*

A NEW POEM.  
BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"In a word, the torpedo has brought into the Navy a fresh zest, a new romance, and possibilities more brilliant than were existent before its adoption."  
—"Torpedos and Torpedo Vessels."  
Lieut. G. E. Armstrong.

THE strength of twice three  
thousand horse  
That seek the single goal—  
The line that holds the signalled  
course,  
The hate that swings the whole:  
The stripped hulls, sinking  
through the gloom,  
Half guessed and gone again—  
The brides of death that wait  
the groom—  
The Choosers of the Slain!

\* Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling, in the United States of America.  
JUNE, 1898. 3

#### THE WORKS OF MR KIPLING.

LITERARY reputations have often been rapidly won. To wake one morning and find himself famous has been the lot of many a writer besides the poet, the England of whose time,—the England, that is to say, of the Peninsula and Waterloo—the England of Wellington, Scott, and Castlereagh,—is pronounced by Mr Stephen Phillips to have been "for the most part petty and hypocritical"! (See the 'Cornhill Magazine' for January 1898, p. 21.) Our fathers were almost as much on the alert as ourselves for the appearance of a new genius; but never have men of letters succeeded in reaching the substantial honour of a "collected edition" so early in life as at the present day. That distinction used to be jealously reserved for veterans. Now it is liberally bestowed upon authors who (one hopes) have at least as many years of at least as good work before as behind them. We do not grumble at the innovation. The old style of "édition de luxe," whose inconveniences were so feelingly portrayed by the late Mr Du Maurier, has fortunately gone out of fashion; and the new style is sure to be convenient for reading as well as ornamental to the bookshelf. The resources of typography are freely drawn upon for its production, and the result is something eminently pleasant to the eye, whether the contents of the volumes are to be desired to make one wise or the reverse. From our lips, therefore, no word of disparagement shall fall with

reference to the edition of Mr Kipling's works, the publication of which has just been completed.<sup>1</sup> The printing is all that could be desired, though no more than was to be expected from the celebrated house founded by the late Mr Robert Clark, that "warrior" and hero of a hundred well-fought golf-matches. Mr Kipling, too, has done well in refraining from introductory prefaces—a sort of writing which calls for a touch of the Magician's own wand. But were the edition as mean and unworthy in externals as it is handsome and sumptuous, we should none the less welcome it as supplying a convenient pretext for attempting to weigh in the critical balance the productions of the most remarkable writer of his generation.

It is not much more than ten years since the attention of the English public was first attracted to an unknown author (with a name suspiciously like a *nom de guerre*) by the appearance of some spirited prose sketches and of one or two ballads, possessing the genuine ring of poetry, in the pages of a contemporary. The attention so drawn was riveted by certain poems from the same pen in which a new and original note was undoubtedly struck, and which Mr Henley was the means of introducing to the world in a vivacious weekly periodical. Thenceforward, Mr Kipling's literary career is matter of common knowledge. It has been his portion to gain the ear of the great non-

<sup>1</sup> The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling. 12 volumes. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1897-98. Departmental Ditties and other Verses. By Rudyard Kipling. London: W. Thacker & Co., 1898.

literary reading public, and at the same time to win the enthusiastic applause of that limited body of men whose pleasure in a work of art is derived from a perception of the means as well as of the end. Such good fortune falls to few. There are writers whose work is keenly appreciated by their literary brethren, but who make little or no impression upon "the great heart of the people." Of such, Mr Stevenson was a typical representative. There are others, again, who sell their tens of thousands, yet whose glaring faults of taste effectually repel the sympathies of the educated minority, the *cachet* of whose approbation, while they profess to despise, they secretly long for. But the critic to whose palate the works of Miss Corelli or Mr Caine are as ungrateful as a meal of dust and ashes, is well aware that from the point of view of literature neither the lady nor the gentleman exists. Their performances will have as much significance for the competent critic of the future as the "Dagonet Ballads" or Captain Coe's finals. So, too, the reviewer to whose hardened sensibilities the pathos and the humour of the Kailyard alike appeal in vain, has more than a suspicion that Messrs Crockett and Maclaren will not enter into the reckoning of our sons' sons. But he knows that Mr Barrie is certain to count. And even so it is with Mr Kipling. You may lay your finger on faults real or imaginary; you may find his verse flashy and his prose irritating. But you cannot (being in full possession of your senses) pass him by; you cannot maintain that, in estimating the literary forces and tendencies of our age, it is possible to leave him out of account. As well ignore Dickens in a review of Victorian literature; as well

ignore Keene in a review of Victorian art.

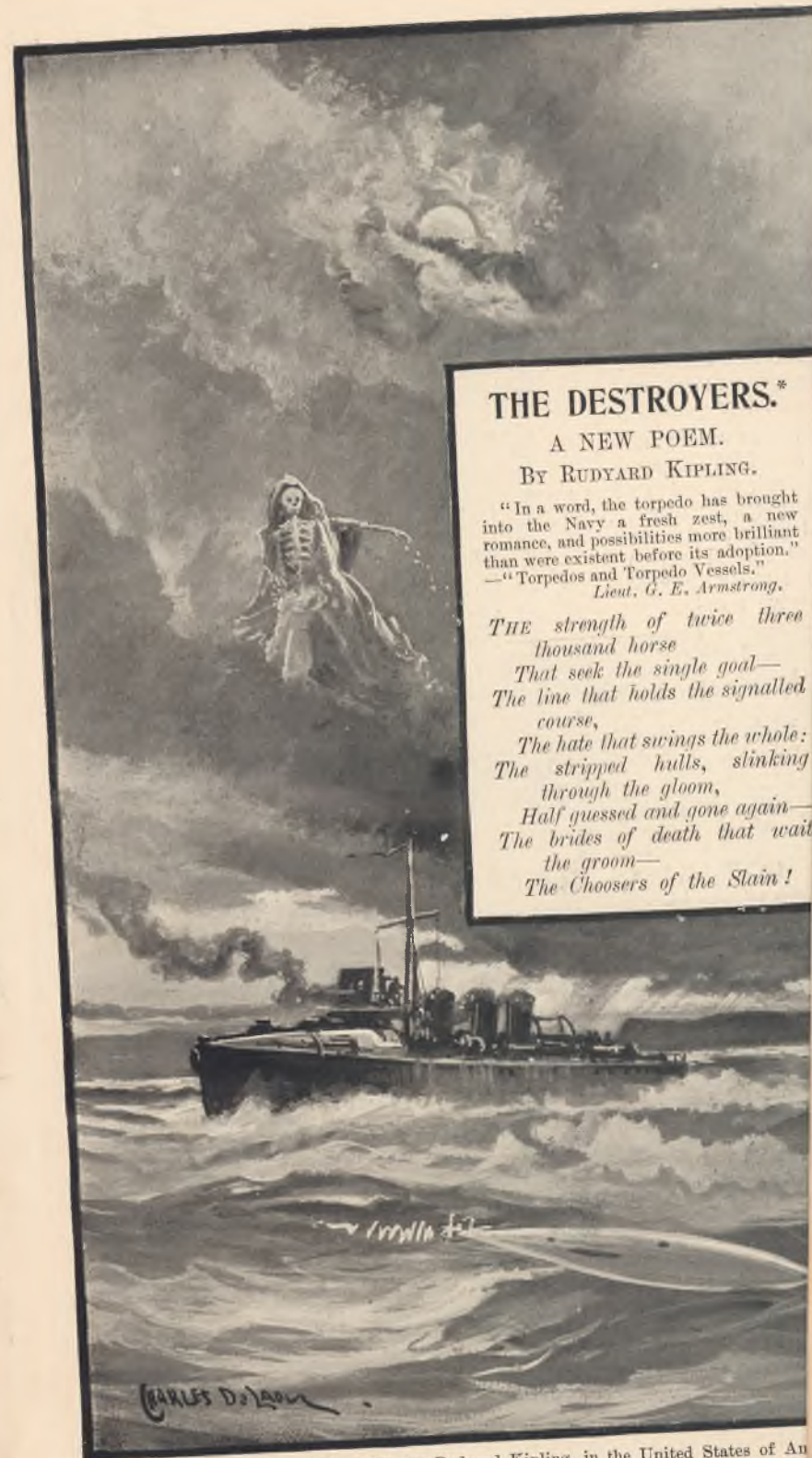
Perhaps the most striking feature of Mr Kipling's work is the wide range over which it expatiates. Subjects the most diverse are handled with the same air of ease and intimacy; and no other writer is so well entitled to repeat with proper pride the most familiar and the most hackneyed of Terentian sentiments, "For to admire and for to see, For to behold this world so wide"—that is his *métier*; and we may proceed with the quotation and add that "he can't drop it if he tried." How or where Mr Kipling acquired his "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of the physical world, of the human heart, and of animated nature, is no business of ours. As he himself sings—

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre  
'Ed 'eard men sing by land an' sea;  
An' what 'e thought 'e might require  
'E went an' took—the same as me!"

No doubt in 'The Three Musketeers' he allows the world a glimpse of one of his methods of collecting raw material. But there are matters innumerable in his writings for which there is no accounting unless we are prepared to concede to him a full measure of that faculty of divination which is heaven's best gift to a chosen few.

It is a commonplace that Shakespeare was accustomed to handle with astounding felicity and correctness the technical phraseology of the law, of the *manège*, of ventry, and of many other departments of human activity. It being, of course, impossible that a Warwickshire yokel, whom we know to have been but imperfectly educated, could have acquired so minute a knowledge of so many complicated subjects, a sapient school of critics





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JUNE, 1898.

has not hesitated to assure us that the author of the Shakespearean plays was not one but many—was a lawyer, a Jehu, a Nimrod, a Papist, a Protestant, a Jesuit, a Puritan—was anything you please, in short, but a man with an unrivalled *flair* for the niceties of language, and an unequalled share of IMAGINATION—that quality of all others most abhorrent to the dunce. Let us adopt this singular fallacy for a moment, and see to what conclusion it leads us in Mr Kipling's case.

It is plain, to begin with, that Mr Kipling must have studied long and ardently at all the best schools and universities in the world. How else could he have acquired his thorough acquaintance with zoology (*vide* the 'Jungle Books'), with geography, including the use of the globes (*vide* 'The Flag of England' and 'The Children of the Zodiac'), with archæology (*vide* 'The Story of Ung'), and with botany (*vide* 'The Flowers')? It is equally beyond dispute that he served a long apprenticeship on the sea; and it seems likely that he first gratified his passion for that element by taking service in a Greek galley and afterwards in that of a Viking. He must then have occupied a post on the following vessels in succession—a Chinese pig-boat, a Bilbao tramp, a New England fishing-smack, a British man-of-war, and an Atlantic liner. It was certainly in the engine-room of the last-named vessel that he learned those details about machinery which he reproduces so faithfully in "M'Andrew's Hymn."

We infer that Mr Kipling next withdrew for a few years' complete rest to the solitude of the jungle. He there added materially to his knowledge of natural history,

and familiarised himself thoroughly with the manners and customs of bird, beast, and reptile. (If he did not, how on earth *could* he have written the 'Jungle Books'?) It is also quite obvious that he has held a large number of appointments in the Indian Civil Service; and that he served for a considerable period in the ranks of the army. No sane man can doubt that he took part in several hot engagements, and fought in at least one Soudan campaign. A good many years must also have been passed by Mr Kipling in disguise among the natives. By no other means could he have become conversant with their habits of thought and ways of life. It is further beyond dispute that he must have slummed in London; that at one time he must have had a studio of his own; and that the inside of a newspaper office must have been during a certain period of his life a place of almost daily resort.

Our chain of reasoning is now almost complete, and we defy any one to snap it. No man can acquire a knowledge of the terminology of soldiering, or sailing, or tinkering, or tailoring, unless he has been a soldier, or a sailor, or a tinker, or a tailor. But human life is too short for a man to be all four, and, *a fortiori*, for a man to follow fifty occupations. Argal, Kipling is but the name of an amanuensis or hack, through whose pen certain eminent soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, &c., have chosen, for some undisclosed reason, to tell their story to the world. Such, without exaggeration, is the reasoning of the dullards who have presumed to tamper with the fame of England's greatest poet.

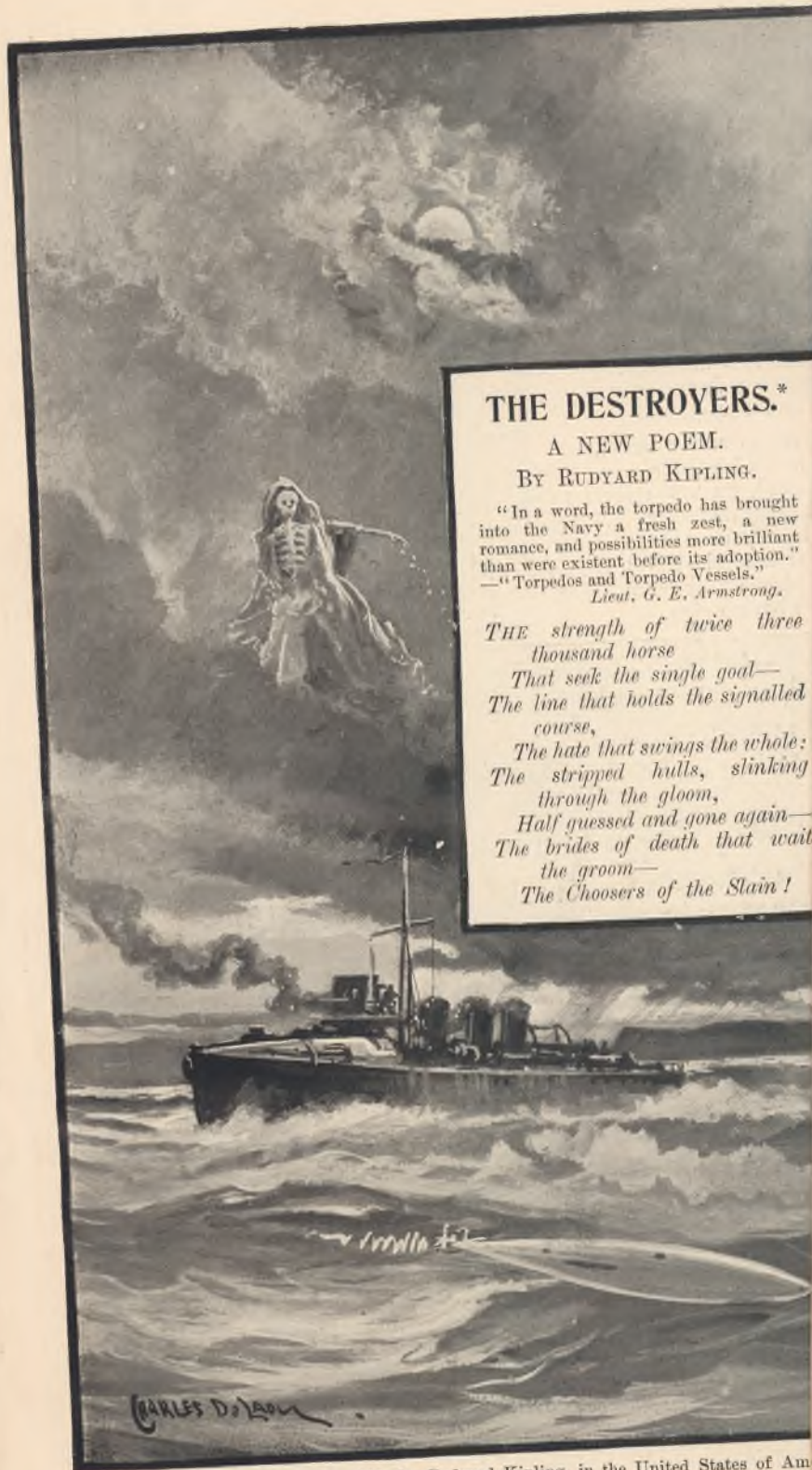
While Mr Kipling surveys man-

kind from China to Peru, he does so not from the dubious point of view of the cosmopolitan, but from the firm vantage-ground of a Briton. It is merely his due to attribute to him the chief share among men of letters in that revival of the Imperial sentiment, both in these islands and in our colonies, which has been so striking a phenomenon of recent years. To have reawakened a great people to a sense of its duties and responsibilities, to have fanned the drooping flame of an enlightened but fervent patriotism—these are achievements of which few indeed can boast. It is, we trust, unnecessary to disclaim all intention of disparaging the good work performed by great men in years when the country seemed plunged in a fatal lethargy, and men appeared to have grown indifferent or insensible to England's mission and destiny. Lord Tennyson, for example, has no stronger claim upon the reverence and affection of all generations of his countrymen than the fact that from time to time he set the trumpet to his lips and blew a strain whose echoes will never cease to encourage and to inspire. But old and neglected truths sometimes require to be presented in a new garb; and abstract principles constantly need to be driven home by concrete illustrations. It has been Mr Kipling's enviable task to bring down patriotism from the closet to the street, and to diffuse its beneficent influence among millions who had hitherto remained untouched.

As so frequently happens, Mr Kipling's teaching fell upon willing ears. The English nation is patient and long-suffering enough. It is also extraordinarily loyal in its allegiance to its chosen favourites. But the Government which

mismanaged the affairs of this country from 1880 to 1885 was kind enough to supply at least two specimens of the application of Liberal principles to foreign politics which can never be forgotten. The shameful peace concluded after our defeat at Majuba Hill—a peace so pregnant with trouble and disaster—was not rendered more palatable to a people which loves honesty and plain-dealing by the sanctimonious cant characteristically employed to justify it. The projected relinquishment of a portion of Egypt might, indeed, have passed at the time without exciting the national resentment. But the cold-hearted abandonment of Gordon aroused a storm of indignation which in reality has been the motive-power of that series of laborious yet brilliant operations whose culmination was successfully attained a few weeks ago. The better-informed classes of Englishmen were at the same time aware that, in the East, Lord Ripon had embarked upon a course of policy, the ultimate result, if not the conscious design, of which must be the overthrow of British power in India. Worse, if worse were possible, remained behind. The most audacious and malignant of blows was presently struck at the integrity of the empire by hands the measure of whose evil-doing not even Majuba Hill and Khar-toum had sufficed to fill up. The dismemberment of the United Kingdom was solemnly and seriously offered as the price of political support to a faction "steeped to the lips in treason." This master-stroke was attended by at least one happy consequence. The nobler elements in the Liberal party were for ever severed from the baser, and became practically fused with the Conser-





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DAILY TELEGRAPH

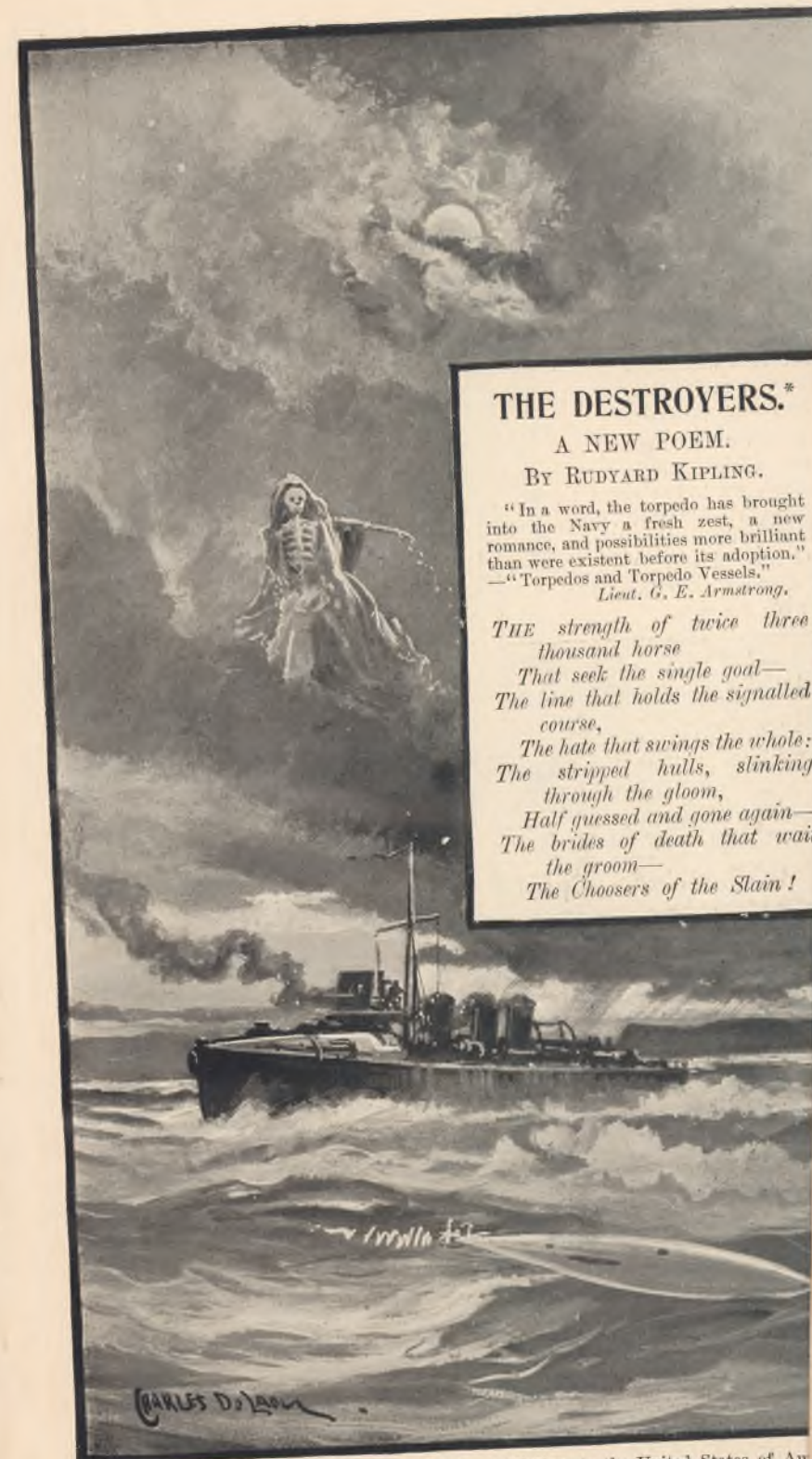
vatives. No wonder that men's hearts were longing for an outspoken proclamation on the side of loyalty and empire! No wonder that the Jubilee celebrations of 1887 were hailed as an outward and visible sign of the reawakening of the national spirit! Yet they announced merely the inception of a great movement. It is surely no vain imagination to suppose that the Jubilee rejoicings of last year possessed a deeper significance and were informed with a more exalted spirit than those of ten years before. The soul of the nation seemed to be more profoundly stirred. Ideas and aspirations of a loftier order seemed to have taken root in the nation's heart. And if such indeed were the case, it was to Rudyard Kipling more than to any other writer that the change was due, just as it was he who seized upon the unspoken national thought and enshrined it in imperishable verse. On one Englishman of eminence, and one alone, it is to be feared, did the writings of Mr Kipling during the last decade fail to produce a perceptible impression. From childhood to old age the more poignant emotions of patriotism and the fine sense of national honour were, unhappily, strangers to the bosom of William Ewart Gladstone.

one of the most trenchant pieces of rhetoric in any language (Juvenal himself might be proud to claim it for his own), but it furnishes an absolute and conclusive answer to the contemptible sophistries by which men who had once had at least a bowing acquaintance with honesty were fain to palliate their connection and co-operation with ruffians and assassins. But the truth is, that no more formidable attack has been delivered upon Liberalism in the present generation than Mr Kipling's work, taken as a whole. The shameless lies by which the friends of disaffection and the devotees of so-called philanthropy have never scrupled to fortify their cause, crumble to atoms at the touch of the artist whose highest aspiration it is "to draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are." The precious, time-dishonoured formulæ become meaningless when confronted with the very essence of practical experience. Mr Kipling has taken the pains (in "The Enlightenments of Padgett, M.P.") to set forth his opinions in direct and almost didactic shape; but a story like "The Head of the District" is more valuable than many such discourses, and illuminates the situation as with a flash. Here are facts, stubborn facts, which it is the very *raison d'être* of Liberalism to ignore, but the ignoring of which means the end of all government worthy of the name. It is of a piece with his sound and comprehensive view of politics that Mr Kipling should strike the true note in comparing the relative value and importance of the man of action and the man of letters. He is guiltless of the affectation of depreciating his own calling. But his judgment coincides with that invariably pronounced by Sir Wal-

ter Scott. "A Conference of the Powers" is in many ways by much the least felicitous of the numerous productions of his pen. Nowhere else is his touch so uncertain; nowhere else does the author strike one as being so much of a *poseur*; nowhere else does he come so near to trespassing upon the unconsciously ridiculous. But, despite its manifold imperfections, it teaches lessons which we fear that many journalists and many more pretentious writers have yet to learn. The particular quarter of the globe in which Mr Kipling reduces Liberal principles *ad absurdum* is of course India; and, though the universe is his by right of conquest, India is, no question, his particular domain. 'Twas there his earliest triumphs were achieved; and with it the most instructive portion of his work is concerned. Whatever his excellences or defects, it was he and no other who first brought home to the average Englishman something like an adequate conception of what our Indian Empire means. We all knew that there was a subtle and mysterious charm about the East. Those who had read the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Tancred' had a faint conception of its potency. Those who were fortunate enough to have relatives in the Company's or the Queen's service were, of course, in the enjoyment of a much ampler knowledge. The Mutiny taught us something, though that something was gradually being forgotten. But it was not until Mr Kipling's arrival on the scene that "the man on the knife-board" was dumped down, as it were, by the compelling force of an irresistible will among a mass of "raw, brown, naked humanity"; that he realised the existence of a vast body of fellow-

subjects to whom his favourite catchwords (such as "liberty" and "progress") would have been absolutely unintelligible; and that he was enabled to apprehend, however imperfectly, the magnitude of the work which it has been the privilege of England to initiate and carry on in the East Indies through the instrumentality of a handful of her sons. One of the main secrets, we believe, of the extraordinary vividness with which Mr Kipling represents scenes so wholly different from anything in the experience of the average Englishman is, that he never pauses to make preliminary explanations. His early writings, by a fortunate accident, were addressed to an Anglo-Indian audience upon whom such explanations would have been thrown away. They knew Jakko and Peliti's, and Tara-Devi, and Benmore and Boileaugunge as well as a man about town knows Piccadilly or an East-ender Epping Forest. Tonga-bars and rikshaws, dák-bungalows and saises, pipals and walers, had no mysteries for them. A glossary would have been more of an impertinence and a superfluity for them than a glossary of the dialect of the 'Sporting Times' would be to the ordinary middle-aged and middle-class householder. Hence Mr Kipling grew accustomed to waste no time in commentary, and the sudden plunge into a strange atmosphere and into unfamiliar "shop" and slang which he compels the English reader to take is eminently bracing and delightful, though it takes away the breath to start with. In his hands we may truly say that new things become familiar and familiar things new. Which (to borrow a form of sentence much affected by himself) is half the battle. A vivid impression, it is true,





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is not necessarily a correct one, and it is quite natural that there should be more than one opinion as to the truth of Mr Kipling's sketches of Anglo-Indian society. Here his detractors (if he any have) will find the most promising material for animadversion. None of his stories, indeed, are wholly outside the region of possibility; while many of them doubtless had a more or less solid "foundation in fact." Some of the 'Plain Tales' read like nothing so much as a reproduction of the current gossip of a day now dead and gone, with a proper alteration of names, dates, and immaterial surroundings. Human nature, after all, is not vastly different at Simla from human nature elsewhere. Why should jobbery and favouritism, which find a home in every clime, pass India by? In what country have men not been occasionally preferred to high office through the influence of pretty women? Doubtless merit swelters in the plains from time to time, while stupidity and incompetence are promoted to the honours and emoluments which they never earned. 'Tis a mere question of the thermometer. In more temperate zones, "virtus landatur et alyet." Thus most of Mr Kipling's anecdotes are probably, in one sense, well-authenticated. Chapter and verse could be cited for every one of them; and regarded as a collection of isolated and independent details they may be said to be literally true to life. But when these details come to be considered as parts of a greater whole, when the picture invites criticism as a complete work of art, the matter assumes an entirely different complexion. The Government of India is emphatically not conducted at headquarters in obedience to the dictates of in-

triguing hussies and their unscrupulous hangers-on. No more is the Government of Great Britain. Yet a satirist with the necessary adroitness could present the world with a description of the social and political life of London which would be absolutely horrifying and absolutely misleading, yet of which each individual stroke should have been painfully copied from the living model. He would be able to quote facts in proof of the existence among us of failings and of vices notoriously inconsistent with social or political wellbeing. But if he inferred, for example, universal corruption from the records of the divorce-court, he would be as wide of the mark as if, from a perusal of their light literature, he drew the conclusion that the French attach no sanctity to family life. The analogy we have suggested should put us on our guard against accepting as typical and representative personages or episodes with no claim to being anything of the kind. To hit off the exact proportion in which the component elements in the character of any community are blended is never an easy task, and its difficulty is not diminished for the story-teller by the fact that the baser ingredients lend themselves to his legitimate purposes in proportion as they are pungent and high-flavoured.

There are, to be quite frank, a few of Mr Kipling's literary offspring which we would throw to the wolves without the least compunction. Mrs Hauksbee "won't do"; and no more will the "boys" who make love to her. What in the rest of Mr Kipling's work is knowledge degenerates too often into knowingness, a very different quality, when he begins to depict Indian Society. We become conscious of a certain aggressiveness

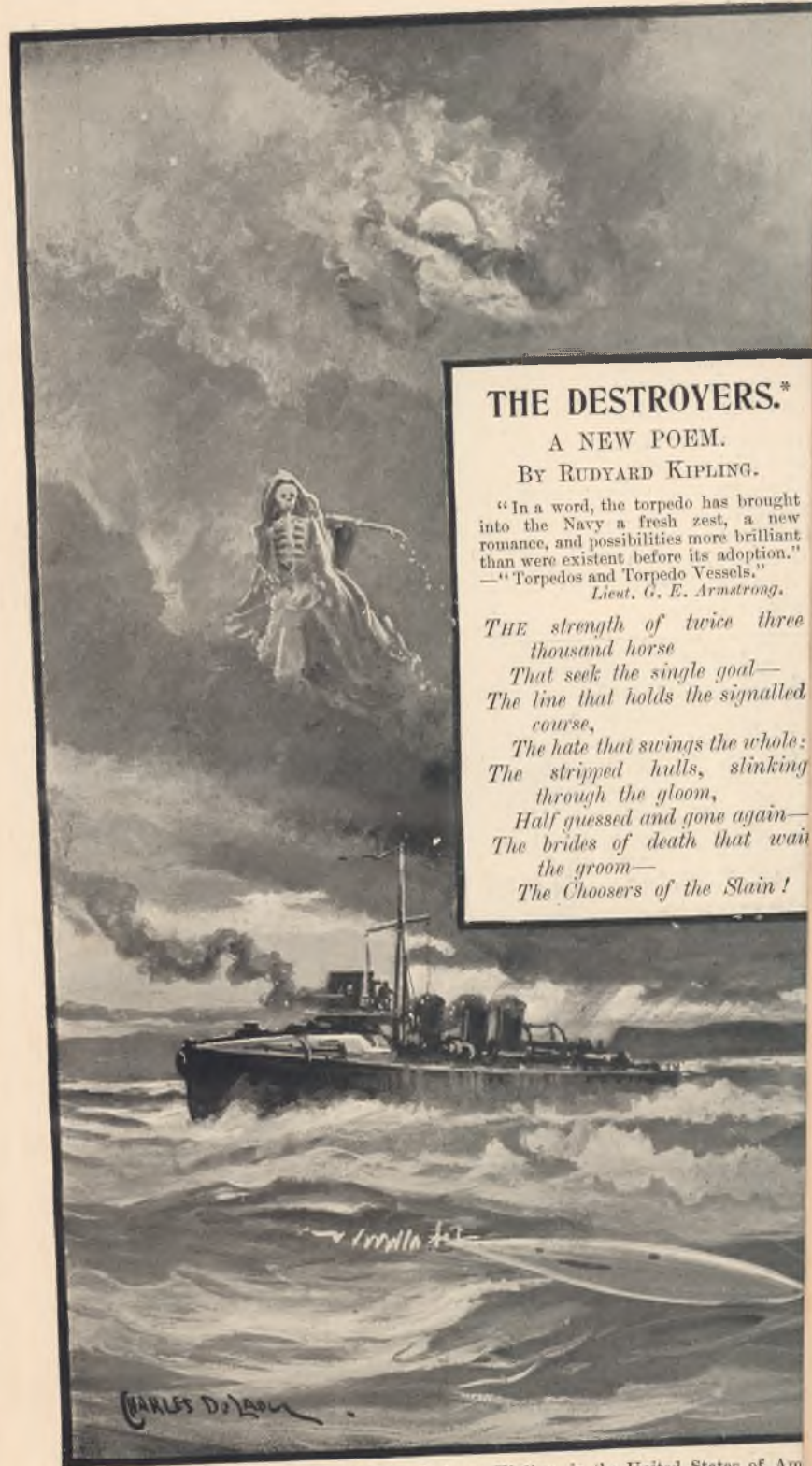
in his touch—of the absence of the tone of true fashion—of more than a hint of that uneasy familiarity which may be frequently observed in the very young or the hopelessly shy. The ladies are not exactly patterns of good breeding, while the men who associate with them have a cheap swagger which Ouida's guardsmen would despise. So at least some devil's advocate might argue with no little plausibility. There is unquestionably much better stuff in such slight sketches as "Bubbling Well Road" or "The Finances of the Gods" than in a thousand elaborate pieces of the type of "Mrs Hauksbee Sits Out," which leave behind the disagreeable suspicion that the author deliberately tried to scandalise. Sailing near the wind is a dangerous and undignified pastime for a writer of Mr Kipling's calibre.

Nothing, indeed, is more extraordinary in this portion of Mr Kipling's work than the intermingling of good and bad, worthy and base, essential and trifling. Cheek by jowl with smart snipsnap you find something that probes the inmost recesses of your soul. Only a few pages of print separate a specimen of flippant superficiality like "The Education of Otis Yeere" from a masterpiece of analysis and penetration like "The Hill of Illusion." And 'The Story of the Gadsbys'—at once the glory and the shame of Mr Kipling's prose-muse—what is it but a field where wheat and tares grow together in careless and inextricable confusion? To read that singular drama for the seventh or eighth time is to pass once more from delight to disgust and again to delight—is to marvel that genius which can soar so high should ever be content to stoop so

low. At one moment the author discloses some of the deepest secrets of the human heart—secrets which most men take half a lifetime to find out—with a frankness and a simplicity which attest his extreme youth; at another his facetiousness is such as a respectable pot-house would reprobate, and his view of life too raffish for even a military lady-novelist to adopt. The most moving pathos alternates with the most brazen-faced vulgarity, and the most vital facts of human existence are handled with the raw cocksureness of an inspired schoolboy. 'The Gadsbys' is the most amazing monument of precocity in all literature. Yet who can doubt that its faults, palpable and serious though they be, are upon a general balance outweighed by its merits? Or who would not swallow the opening scene, albeit with a wry face, rather than give up that later episode, where the author's method is so simple yet so telling, and its outcome makes so irresistible an appeal to the primary emotions—we mean the scene of Mrs Gadsby's illness and delirium? If in none other of his writings he has sinned so grievously, in none has he made so ample an atonement.

In estimating the accuracy of Mr Kipling's picture of the English in India the critic is entitled to fall back upon his knowledge of the corresponding ranks of society at home; but no such assistance is available when he comes to consider Mr Kipling's treatment of native life. Its fidelity to the original has never, so far as we are aware, been impugned, and there are few besides Mr Kipling himself who possess the qualifications necessary for sitting in judgment on this department of his work. For him, as for Strickland,





**THE DESTROYERS.\***

A NEW POEM.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"In a word, the torpedo has brought into the Navy a fresh zest, a new romance, and possibilities more brilliant than were existent before its adoption."  
—"Torpedos and Torpedo Vessels."  
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That seek the single goal—  
The line that holds the signalled  
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The hate that swings the whole:  
The stripped hulls, slinking  
through the gloom,  
Half guessed and gone again—  
The brides of death that wait  
the groom—  
The Choosers of the Slain!*

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"the streets and the bazaars and the sounds in them are full of meaning," though he would probably be the first to admit how superficial any European's knowledge of the inner life of the "black man" must needs be. It is not safe, to be sure, to take Mr Kipling seriously at all times. Extravaganza is a form of art to which he occasionally condescends with the happiest results. What else are "The Germ Destroyer" and "Pig" in the 'Plain Tales'? And what is "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" but rollicking, incomparable, irresistible farce? But nobody can suppose for a moment that "In Flood Time" or "On the City Wall" was written "with intent to deceive"; and even if a hundred pedants were to suggest a hundred reasons for suspecting the fidelity of his portraiture, we should prefer to maintain the attitude of unshaken faith, and to enjoy what is so admirably calculated to produce enjoyment. For, to tell the truth, the native tales carry their credentials on their very face. Like holograph documents, they must be allowed the privilege of proving themselves; and if work at once so powerful and so exquisite as "Without Benefit of Clergy" happens not to be true to nature, so much the worse for nature. The description of life at a Rajput King's Court in "The Naulahka" is worth countless blue-books and innumerable tracts as a revelation of the inveterate habits of thought and of the social customs which a beneficent Government must attempt by slow degrees to accommodate as far as possible to the ethical standards of the West.

Mr Kipling's military stories have probably enjoyed the greatest vogue of all his writings in this country, and not without reason.

The subject of everyday life in the British army, though a tempting one, had been practically left untouched, and clamoured for a man of genius to "exploit" it. We know with what complete success he took it up. Who can withstand Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris? "'Tis immortal fame the gentleman's going to give us," predicted the first-named, and the prophecy bids fair to come true. Since the deathless Pickwick and his faithful band desisted from their wanderings, no group of personages has gained so well-assured a footing in the affections of the public as these same "soldiers three." Men do not love them, perhaps, for their own sakes. As studies of character they count for comparatively little. They are not discriminated with any great nicety, and the marked difference in their speech dispenses with all necessity for the finer and more delicate strokes of the brush. We cannot pretend to look upon Mulvaney as a Milesian Prometheus, with the vultures of remorse preying upon his vitals; nor does Learoyd seem to be distinguishable in any particular from our old friend the Yorkshireman of the stage. The claim which the trio really have upon our undying gratitude and regard arises mainly from their being the mouthpiece of the author for a series of stories which hold their own with any in our language in point of variety, humour, spirit, and power. It is unnecessary to expatiate on their merits, though we may call attention to the extraordinary felicity and appropriateness of their respective settings, of which Mulvaney and his comrades are *pars magna*. Nor is it possible to arrange them in order of excellence. Each seems the best until the next is read. We should not quarrel seriously with

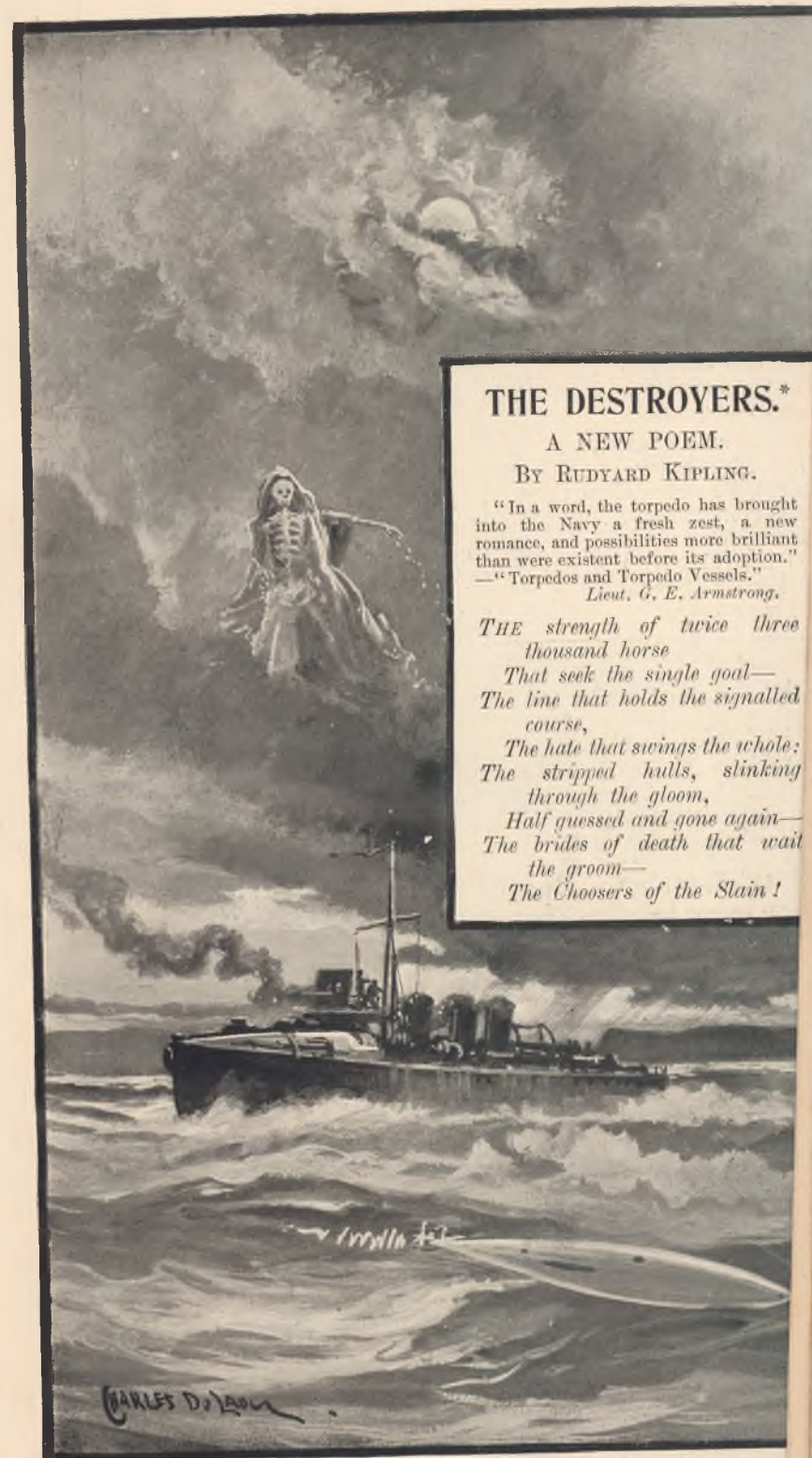
any one who indicated a special preference for "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and "With the Main Guard," the latter being Mr Kipling's best war piece, with the exception of "The Lost Legion." But we cannot pass from them without congratulating the British private upon having at last found his *vates sacer*, and the army generally upon having fallen in with a writer who has taught the least imaginative of nations what manful work its soldiers are doing for it. There is a fine healthy ring in all Mr Kipling's utterances about her Majesty's forces. But his inspiration was curiously anticipated by a writer who in other respects is his very antithesis. Tom Robertson was timid, artificial, and conventional. Mr Kipling is dashing, original, and bold. Tom Robertson seems hopelessly out of date. Mr Kipling is essentially *dans le train*. But he must be a rare hand indeed at the splitting of a hair who can detect any appreciable distinction or difference between the tone and sentiment of "Ours" and those of "The Big Drunk Draf," or "Only a Subaltern," or "The Man Who Was," or "His Private Honour."

The rough classification which, for convenience sake, we have made of Mr Kipling's short stories is not quite exhaustive. There remain a fair number which are not tales of Anglo-Indian society, nor tales of native life, nor yet tales of the British army. There are, for instance, what we may call the tales of physical horror. Among these are "Bertran and Bimi," "A Matter of Fact," and "The Mark of the Beast"; and, without embarking upon the general question whether such topics are deal with fall within the legitimate sphere of art, we confess that we could have willingly

spared them. The stories of the supernatural, on the other hand, like "At the End of the Passage," we could spare by no possibility whatever. Finally, there is a small class which stands by itself in virtue of possessing in an especial degree the characteristic excellences of its creator's genius. "The Finest Story in the World" will always stand out as perhaps the most striking illustration of Mr Kipling's versatility. The deeper problems it suggests may be put on one side; what is of real moment is the snatches from the galley-slave's experience. Here are the same matchless power of presenting a scene and suggesting an atmosphere, the same realistic commemoration of minute details, the same idealistic selection of the revelant and the essential, which distinguished the Indian narratives, and all applied to a state of facts long since passed away. Yet even this miracle of invention and artifice must give place to "The Man who would be King," which we venture to consider Mr Kipling's *chef-d'oeuvre* in prose. The fable makes considerable drafts on one's credulity at the outset; but the drafts are instantly honoured, and the reader, falling more and more under the master's spell, is whirled along triumphantly to the close. No time to take breath or to reflect, so impetuous and irresistible is the torrent. Those to whom emotions are as daily bread will find there a truly bounteous repast.

Whether a writer of short stories can write long ones and *vice versa* has often been acrimoniously debated; but one thing is plain, that Mr Kipling has not yet proved the affirmative. 'The Light that Failed' and 'The Naulahka' have their moments. They are much more readable than most con-





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temporary novels, and the latter is as thrilling as 'Treasure Island.' But to compare them with, say, 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft' would be ridiculous. Perhaps one reason of their failure is the thoroughly uninteresting character of the hero and heroine. Who cares much for Dick and Maisie? Who for Nicholas Tarvin and Kate Sheriff? Better by far the society of Mowgli and the wolves—than whom indeed more agreeable company is not to be found without much seeking. None of Mr Kipling's works have the same graciousness and charm as 'The Jungle Books,' none are so wise, so considerate, so kindly. If, before trying them yourself, you follow the old maxim and "try them on the dog," the result is certain to be satisfactory. Children adore them, and add the animals to that menagerie which Robin, Dickie, Flapsy, and Pecksy used to adorn. And if, fortified by the success of your experiment, you try them on yourself, you will thenceforth use no others. The reader will perhaps forgive an uncontrollable lapse into the dignified phraseology of latter-day criticism.

The peculiar attraction of Mr Kipling's prose work lies much less in any solicitude for style than in his unique fertility of imagination. He need never beat about the bush, for it disgorges a hare every two minutes; nor has he time to be fastidious in his choice of words. In some of his earlier pieces his manner is almost vicious. It is like "the picture-writing of a half-civilised people," to borrow an apt metaphor of his own,—crude, jerky, flippant. The straining after smartness and sensation is too evident, and the flash epigram is too frequent and favourite an ornament. That these faults have been to a great extent

corrected by the maturer taste and sounder discretion of advancing years is perfectly true. But they are not wholly eradicated, and Mr Kipling has still to vindicate his title to be considered as a model of English style. That he could make it good if he pleased, we have not the least doubt. A descriptive passage like the following proves that he has little to learn:—

"Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but, preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a grey shadow, more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry-fire, leagues away to the left. A native woman from some unseen hut began to sing, the mail-train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story."

There is no doubt about that as a piece of English; but the great bulk of Mr Kipling's most vigorous and successful prose-work is not in ordinary English but in dialect. It is in the lingo of the Cockney, the Irishman, or the Yorkshireman; or it is in a tongue specially invented for the use of birds and beasts; or it is in a language designed to reproduce the characteristic *nuances* of oriental thought and feeling. It is through such a medium that Mr Kipling's genius seems to find its most ample and fitting expression; and perhaps it is on that account that his long stories are disappointing. They are necessarily in more or less literary English, for dialect cannot be maintained beyond a

certain length of time without fatiguing the reader.

That Mr Kipling has performed prodigies of ingenuity, and of more than ingenuity, with dialect in verse as well as in prose, is no more than the truth. He has indeed accomplished what, perhaps, was never achieved before. He has selected a *patois* the associations of which were wholly mean, commonplace, ludicrous, and degrading, and has made it the vehicle of poetry characterised by qualities the very reverse of these. But his verse, whether in plain English or in dialect, is superior to his prose in plain English, because poetry is more exacting than prose. It is the paradox of poetry that it permits no synonyms. The poet is in perpetual quest of the one inevitable word, and only the true poet can find it. Now in Mr Kipling's poetry the right word emerges at the right moment, and no one can doubt that it is the right word.

"So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!  
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me!  
Oh, 'ark to the fives *a-crawlin'*!  
Follow me—follow me 'ome!"

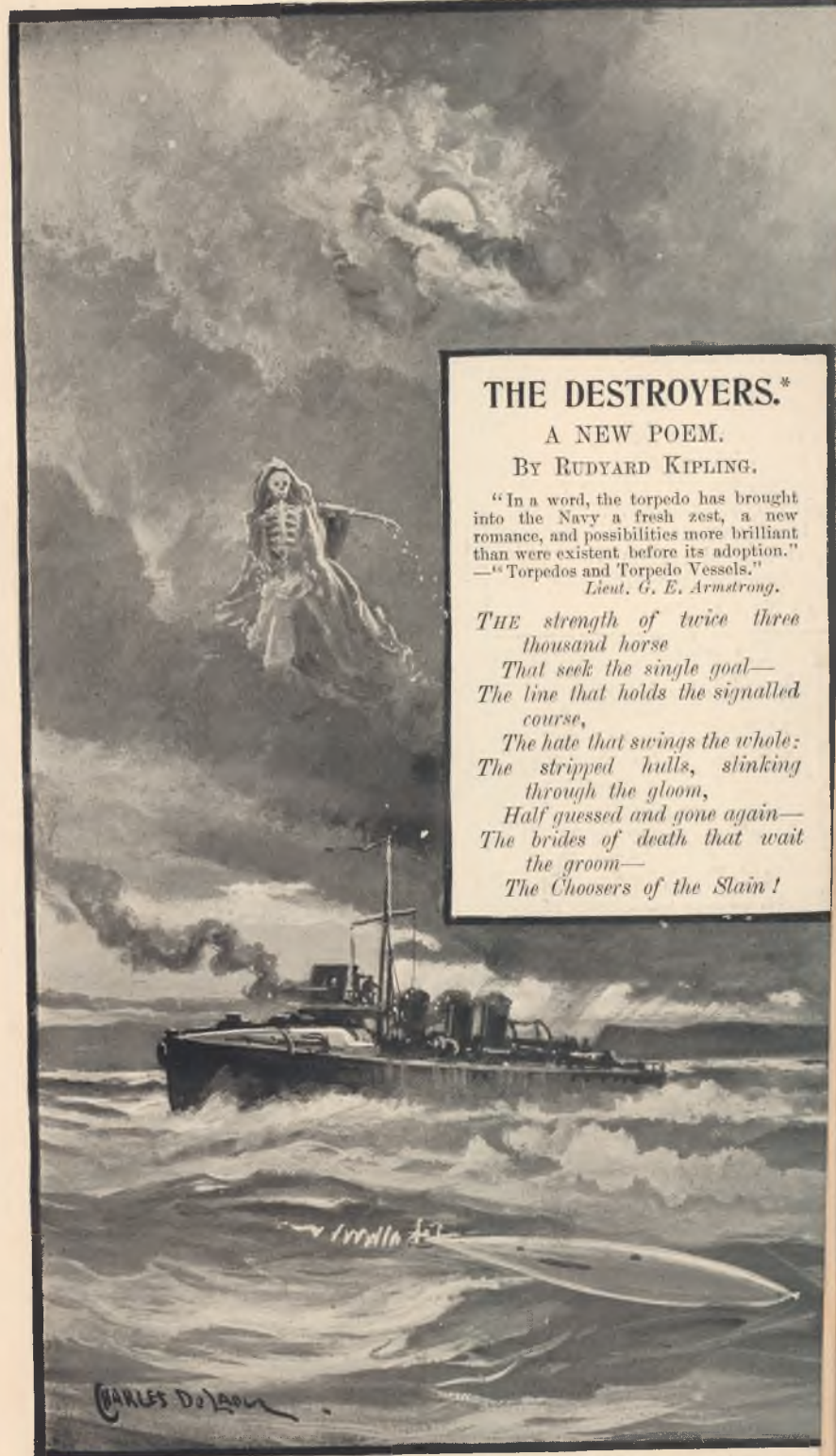
Does not the word we have italicised almost make one catch one's breath by its startling appropriateness? But we must not begin to quote, or this article would never end.

The technical difficulties of poetry have no terrors for Mr Kipling.<sup>1</sup> His command of rhythm and metre is absolute. No measure is too intricate for him to

<sup>1</sup> It is the more provoking that he frequently indulges in Cockney rhymes, such as *abroad* and *Lord*. The final verse of "The Last Chantey" is disgraced by a false assonance of this sort, and so is the closing couplet of "M'Andrew's Hymn," where of course it is peculiarly out of place.

<sup>2</sup> It is interesting to note that Mr Kipling has scattered some of his best poetry among his prose with a prodigality that reminds one of Sir Walter Scott.





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travelling alone in the jungle, he decided on making a lone-hand raid into the Sàkai country, which lies between Pèrak and Pahang. Here he would be safe from the grip of the white man's hand, and well removed from the sight of the Government's eyes, as the Malays name our somnolent policemen, and much wealth would come to the ready hand that knew full well how to seize it. He, of course, felt absolutely no twinges of conscience, for you must not look for principle in the men of the race to which Kùlop Sùmbing belonged. A Malay is honest and law-abiding just so long as it suits his convenience to be so, and not more than sixty seconds longer. Virtue in the abstract does not fire him with any particular enthusiasm, but a love of right-doing may occasionally be galvanised into a sort of paralytic life in his breast, if a haunting fear of the consequences of crime are kept very clearly before his eyes. So Kùlop kicked the dust of law-restrained Pèrak from his bare brown soles, and set out for the Sàkai country, and the remote interior of Pahang, where the law of God was not and no law of man held true.

He carried with him all the rice that he could bear upon his shoulders, two dollars in silver, a little tobacco, a handsome kris, and a long spear with a broad and shining blade. His supplies were to last him till the first Sàkai camps were reached, and after that his food, he told himself, would "rest at the tip of his dagger." He did not propose to really begin his operations until the mountains, which fence the Pèrak boundary, had been crossed, so was content to allow the first Sàkai villages to pass unpillaged. He impressed some of the naked, frightened aborigines as bearers, he levied

such supplies of food as he needed, and the Sàkai, who were glad to be rid of him so cheaply, handed him on from village to village with the greatest alacrity. The base of the jungle-covered mountains of the interior were reached at the end of a fortnight, and Kùlop and his Sàkai began to drag themselves up the steep ascent by means of roots, trailing creepers, and slender saplings.

Upon a certain day they reached the summit of a nameless mountain and threw themselves down panting for breath upon the round bare drumming-ground of an argus pheasant. On the crest of almost every hill and hog's back in the interior these drumming-grounds are found, bare and smooth as a threshing-floor, save for the thin litter of dead twigs with which they are strewn by the birds. Sometimes, if you keep very still, you may hear the cocks strutting and dancing, and thumping the hard earth, but no man amongst us has ever seen the pheasants going through their performance. At night-time their full-throated yell rings across the valleys, waking a thousand echoes, and the cry is taken up and thrown backwards and forwards by a host of pheasants, each answering from his own hill. Judging by the frequency of their cry, they must be among the most common of all jungle birds, yet so deftly do they hide themselves that they are but rarely seen, and the beauties of their plumage—at once more delicate and more brilliant than that of the peacock—and the wonders of the countless violet eyes with which their feathers are set, are only known to us because these birds are so frequently trapped by the Malays. Where Kùlop and his Sàkai lay the trees were thinned out. The

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KITCHENER.

(In the metre of Mr. George Meredith's Poems, recently published.)

BACK to the Soudan, sun-smitten, calorific, scorchant, Gone! Far from the quenchless, tonant town-councils, no longer amot, Persistent to harry his leisure, immeasurably scant, With receptions repercutant and addresses adulant, or something of the sort; Far from dinners, magnanimous, galopshus stodge; Far from orators, catastrophic, gurglant, glumming on, Some mumble, with hesitations murmurant, Some, fluent with indefinite jaw-cackle, prank, All glaucous and tommyrotant; Far from redundant busybodies difficult to dodge. Oh, my eye, after such a fling, What paradisaical peacefulness in the incalescent, arenaceous deserts, which flank The equinoctial ups of the Nile! There, later on, in the College, cumulative, quenchless, of the STRDAR, Highcockalorumjig hip hip hurrah Panjandrum, The inconscient, tenebrious blackamoors Will learn The English tongue. Not, let us fervently desiderate, the English of CARLYLE, Bogglant, Teutonic, repellent hoots glum, Jaw-gapes athwart booming far, Ridged up for boors; Nor yet the English of KIPLING, Lambent with exotic gabble-quirks, In a "Madrissa for Hubshees," A College for Soudanese, dolorous, decreescent, nigerous, young; No! Not the English of KIPLING, who makes "fourth" rhyme with "worth," And "men" with "again"; evocative jerks! What on earth Made him do it? Neither of these, Nor yet the graceless, unapt English of the crowd, Of the braggart butcher, the bodiful baker, or the calamitous candlestick-maker, Of the scornful omnibus-conductor, Staggerant in the spirally upward of the omnibus steps, Of the stockbroker, white-waistcoated, declamant, penetrant, loud, Of the tolerant tinker, Of the triumphant, tonant, towering tailor; No! They ought to learn that imarcessible English, Clarion, equipollent, succourful, Clamant as the magnanimous ballyrag when cabbage-stalks spurn, Veridical as the adolescent hippopotamus, Voicing the delinquent chimney-pots forthwith, Grumous as fried fish, Rumpling lapis lazuli boomerang electro-plated bull Mountainous brain-awake friable malignant omnibus; That is what the Soudanese must learn— The English of GEORGE MEREDITH.

DEC. 28, 1898. THE SKETCH.



PUBLISHED BY CASSELL AND CO.

starts with a quotation from Mr. G. S. Bowles' "A Gun-Room Ditty-Box," which Cassell and Co. have just published.

The author has handicapped himself in two ways. First, he inevitably challenges comparison with Kipling; secondly, he has mingled prose and verse in a small book, with the result that we do not get a sufficient taste of his quality in either. But starting handicapped does not prevent a man from running a good race, and a good race Mr. G. S. Bowles has run, otherwise, even in his small book, one would have had quite a sufficient taste of his quality. His sketches and verses are of the ocean breezy. "Borley" is a capital analysis of the midshipman, while "The Story of Tallock" is a yarn of official peccadilloes which an eminent writer might have very well given us had he actually served in the Navy, and not been obliged to "cram" his nautical knowledge. "Leader of the Line" is also a living bit of work. The prose is better than the verse, as a rule. The homely elegiac, "Raggy," has natural touches and an easy rhythm; but in "To Explain," the line "Fight the wars and keep the laws," where a leonine rhyme is obviously intended, will not do. Extremes of the service meet on the title-page, which describes the book as by one who was "lately a Sub-Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy, with a preface by Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford."

books for boys.

Mr. Kipling is now writing a schoolboy story, entitled "Stalky and Co.," for the Windsor Magazine, and it is thus he begins the January instalment:—

IT was a maiden aunt of Stalky who sent him both books, with the inscription, "To dearest, Artie, on his 16th birthday"; it was McTurk who ordered their hypotheation; and it was Beetle, returning from Bideford, who flung them on to the window-sill of Number Five study, with news that Bastable would advance but ninepence on the two, "Eric; or, Little by Little," being almost as great a drug as "St. Winifred's." "An' I don't think much of your aunt. We're nearly out of cartridges, too, Artie, dear."

Whereupon Stalky rose up to grapple with him, but McTurk sat on Stalky's head, calling him a "pure-minded" boy till peace was declared. As they were grievously in arrears with a Latin prose, as it was a blazing July afternoon, and as they ought to have been at a house cricket-match, they began to renew their acquaintance, intimate and unholy, with the volumes.

"Here we are!" said McTurk. "Corporal punishment produced on Eric the worst effects. He burned, not with remorse or regret—make a note of that, Beetle—but with shame and violent indignation. He glared—oh, naughty Eric! Let's get to where he goes in for drink."

"Hold on half a sec. Here's another sample. 'The sixth,' he says, 'is the paladium of all public schools.' But this lot—Stalky rapped the book—'can't prevent fellows drinkin' and stealin', an' lettin' fags out of window at night, an—an' doin' what they please. Golly, what we've missed—not goin' to St. Winifred's!'"

KIPLING'S CONSECRATION

Of British Mercantile Enterprises From a French Point of View.

The Morning Post's Paris correspondent gives a summary of the Figaro's review of Rudyard Kipling's "The Seven Seas."

Kipling, says the review, has served Great Britain well in giving the consecration and absolute of poetry to her exactions. The fair purchase justified Britain's threatening attitude and ennobled her brutally practical policy. Nothing has ever expressed the underlying beauty of modern activity with such eloquence and conviction as "England's answer to the oratics." Rudyard Kipling has struck the heroic chord hidden in Britain's "little cargo boat" enterprises.

THE STAR, SATURDAY,

31 DECEMBER, 1898.

RIVAL WRITERS FOR BOYS.

Mr. Kipling's Boys' Free Criticism of Dean Farrar's Books.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has perpetrated a literary gaucherie, which is likely to be commented upon very freely, even if it does not provoke a retort from the injured person, who is Dean Farrar. In 1858 and 1862 the Dean wrote two stories of schoolboy life, entitled, "Eric" and "St. Winifred's." They have always been popular as gift books, and have been regarded as eminently "safe" and improving

Daily Mail

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

MR. KIPLING'S CHARGES.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

It was my privilege to meet Captain Castle at Madras in the early sixties, when he was still engaged in the East India trade, but I have not had the pleasure of seeing him during this long interval.

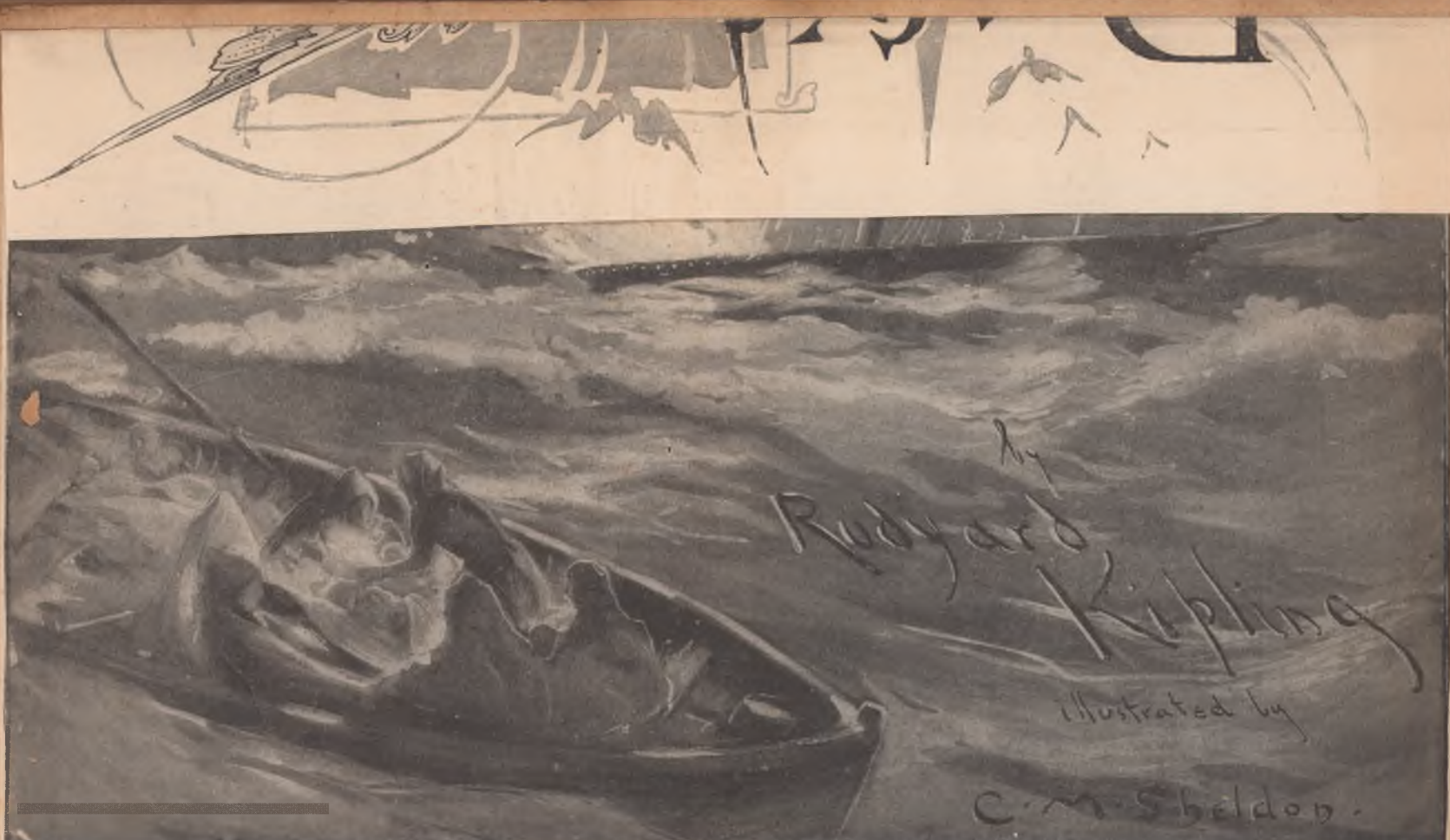
At the period named his services in connection with the saving of the Sarah Sands, and the safe navigation of the vessel to Port Louis, were most fully recognised by everybody in the East; the feeling, indeed, was general that to his judgment, heroic conduct, and good seamanship the lives of all on board, under Providence, were due.

I can remember well that all regarded him at that time as a hero, and there were many such about in India in those stirring times. I was more than surprised to read Mr. Kipling's paper some weeks ago, and to find the gallant captain's, as well as his officers', part in the affair practically ignored.

I think this would not have happened had Mr. Kipling's informant been present at the time. I can only conclude that the paper was prepared of data more or less of a hearsay character.

C. WAPSHARE. Hillside, St. Anne's, Lewes.

STAR, THURSDAY, 22 DECEMBER, 1898.



MEN have sailed the seas for so many years, and have there done such amazing things in the face of danger, difficulty and death, that no one tale of heroism exists which cannot be capped by at least a score of others. But since the behaviour of bodies of untried men under trying circumstances is always interesting, and since I have been put in possession of some facts not very generally known, I have chosen for my contribution the story of the Sarah Sands.

She was a small four-masted—you must specially remember the masts—iron-built screw-steamer of eleven hundred tons, chartered to take out troops to India. That was in 1857, the year of the Indian Mutiny, when anything that could sail or steer was in great demand—for troops were being thrown into the country against time.

Among the regiments was the 54th of the Line, now the Second Battalion of the Dorset Regiment—a good corps, about a hundred years old, with a very fair record of service, but in no special way differing, so far as one can see, from a hundred other regiments. It was hurried out in three ships. The headquarters—that is to say, the Lieutenant-Colonel, the regimental books, pay-chest, band and colours; you must specially remember the colours—with some fourteen officers, three hundred and fifty-four rank and file, and perhaps a dozen women, left Portsmouth on the 15th of August all packed tight in the Sarah Sands.

Her crew, with the exception of the engineers and firemen, seemed to have been foreigners and pier-head jumpers picked up at the last minute. They were bad, lazy and insubordinate.

The accommodation for the troops was generously described as "inferior," and what men called "inferior" in 1857 would now be called vile. Nor, in spite of the need, was there any great hurry about the Sarah Sands. She was two long months reaching Cape Town, and she stayed there five days to coal, leaving on the 20th of October. By this time the crew were all but openly mutinous, and the troops, who must have learned a little seamanship, worked her out of harbour.

On the 7th of November, nearly three weeks later, a squall struck her and carried away her foremast, and it is to be presumed that the troops turned to and cleared away the wreckage. On the 11th of November the real trouble began, for, in the afternoon of that day, three months out from Portsmouth, a party of soldiers working in the hold saw smoke coming up from the after-hatch. They were then, maybe, within a thousand miles of Mauritius, in half a gale and a sea full of sharks. Captain Castles, the skipper, promptly lowered and provisioned the boats; with some difficulty got them over-side and put the women into them. Some of the sailors, the bad kind—the engineers and firemen and a few others behaved well—jumped into the long-boat and kept away from the ship. They knew she carried two magazines full of cartridges.

The troops, on the other hand, did not make any fuss, but under their officers' orders cleared out the starboard or right-hand magazine, while volunteers tried to save the regimental colours. These stood at the end of the saloon, probably clamped against a partition behind the captain's chair, and the saloon was full of smoke. Two lieutenants made a dash for them, and were nearly suffocated; a ship's quartermaster—Richard Richmond was his name—put a wet cloth over his face, managed to tear down the colours, and then fainted. A private—and his name was W. Wiles—dragged out both

Richmond and the colours, and the two men dropped senseless on deck while the troops cheered. That, at least, was a good omen.

The saloon must have been one of the narrow, cabin-lined, old-fashioned "cuddies," placed above the screw, and all the fire was in the stern of the ship, behind the engine-room. It was blazing very close to the port or left-hand magazine, and as an explosion there would have blown the Sarah Sands in two, they called for more volunteers, and one of the lieutenants who had been choked in the saloon went down first and passed up a barrel of ammunition, which was joyfully hove overboard. After this example work went on with regularity.

They pulled up the fainting men with ropes, while those who did not faint grabbed what they could get at in the smother, and an official and serene quartermaster-sergeant stood on the hatch as he jotted down the number of barrels in his notebook. They pulled out all except two, which slid from the arms of a fainting man—there was a great deal of fainting that evening—and rolled out of reach. Besides, there were a couple of barrels of signalling powder for the ship's use, but this the troops did not know, and were the more comfortable for their ignorance.

Then the flames broke through the after-deck, the light attracting shoals of sharks, and the mizzen-mast flared up and went over-side with a crash. This would have veered the stern of the ship-head to the wind, in which case the flames must have swept forward; but a man with a hatchet ran along the bulwarks and cut the wreck clear, while the boats surged and rocked at a safe distance, and the sharks tried to upset them with their tails.

A captain of the 54th—he was a jovial soul, and made jokes throughout the war—headed a party of men to cut away the bridge, the deck-cabins, and everything else that was inflammable—this in case of the flames sweeping forward again—while a provident lieutenant with some more troops lashed spars and things together for a raft, and other gangs pumped desperately on to what was left of the saloons and the magazines.

One record says quaintly: "It was necessary to make some deviation from the usual military evolutions while the flames were in progress. The men formed in sections, countermarched round the forward part of the ship, which may perhaps be better understood when it is stated that those with their faces to the after part where the fire raged were on their way to relieve their comrades who had been working below. Those proceeding 'forward' were going to recruit their exhausted strength and prepare for another attack when it came to their turn."

No one seemed to have much hope of saving the ship so long as the last powder was unexploded. Indeed, Captain Castles told an officer of the 54th that the game was up, and the officer replied, "We'll fight till we're driven overboard." It seemed he would be taken at his word, for just then the signalling powder and the ammunition casks went up, and the ship from midships aft looked like one volcano.

The cartridges sputtered like crackers, and cabin doors and timbers were shot up all over the deck, and two or three men were hurt. But—this isn't in any official record—just after the roar of it, when the stern was dipping and all believed the Sarah Sands was settling for her last lurch, some merry jester of the 54th cried, "Lights out," and the jovial captain shouted back, "All right, we'll keep the old woman afloat yet." Not one man of the troops made any attempt to get on to the rafts; and when they found the ship was still floating they went to work double tides.





"MORE TROOPS LASHED SPARS AND THINGS TOGETHER FOR A RAFT"

Black  
supplied,  
NOV.  
SPECIAL.  
Twelve Mo  
Three Men  
Six Months  
Twelve Mo

634





At this point in the story we come across Mr. Frazer, the Scotch engineer, who, like all his countrymen, had been holding his trump card in reserve. He knew the *Sarah* was built with a water-tight bulkhead behind the engine-room and the coal bunkers; and he proposed to cut through the deck above that bulkhead and drown the fire. Also, he pointed out that it would be as well to remove the coal in the bunkers, as the bulkhead was almost red-hot and the coal was catching.

So volunteers dropped into the bunkers, each man for the minute or two that he could endure, and shovelled away the singeing, fuming fuel, and other volunteers were lowered with ropes into the bonfire aft, and when they could throw no more water they were hauled up half roasted.

Mr. Frazer's plan saved the ship, though every particle of wood in the after part of her was destroyed, and a bluish vapour hung over the red-hot iron beams and ties, and the sea for miles about looked like blood under the glare, as they pumped and passed water in buckets, flooding the stern, sluicing the bulkhead and damping the coal beyond the bulkhead all through the long night. The very sides of the ship were red-hot, so that they wondered when the plates would buckle and wrench out the rivets and let the whole freight down to the sharks.

The mizzen-mast, as you know, had gone; the main-mast, though wrapped round with wet blankets, was alight, and everything abaft the main-mast was one red furnace. There was the constant danger of the ship, now broadside on in the heavy seas, falling off before the wind and leading the flames forward again. So they hailed the boats to tow and hold her head to wind; but only the gig obeyed. The others had all they could do to keep afloat; one of them had been swamped, though all the people were saved, and as for the long-boat full of mutinous seamen, she behaved infamously. One record says that "She not only held aloof, but consigned the ship and all she carried to perdition." So the *Sarah Sands* fought for her own life alone.

About three on the morning of the 12th of November, pumping, bucketing, sluicing and damping, they began to hope that they had bested the fire. By nine o'clock they saw steam coming up instead of smoke, and at mid-day they called in the boats and took stock of the damage. From the mizzen-mast aft there was nothing that you could call ship except the shell of her. It was a steaming heap of scrap-iron, with twenty feet of black, greasy water flooding across the bent and twisted beams and rods, and in the middle of it all four huge water-tanks rolled to and fro, thundering against the naked sides.

Moreover—they could not see this till things had cooled down—the powder had blown a hole right through the port quarter, and every time she rolled the sea came in green. Of the four masts only one was left; and the rudder-head stuck up all bald and black and naked among the jam of collapsed deck-beams. The photograph of the wreck looks exactly like that of a gutted theatre after the flames and the firemen have done their worst.

They spent the whole of the 12th pumping water out as zealously as they had pumped it in; they lashed the loose tanks as soon as they were cool enough to touch; and they plugged the hole at the stern with hammocks, sails and planks, and a sail over all. Then they rigged up a horizontal bar gripping the rudder-head. Six men sat on planks on one side and six at the other, hauling on it with ropes and letting go as they were told. That made as good a steering-gear as they could expect.

On the 13th of November, still pumping, they spread one sail on their

solitary mast—it was very lucky that the *Sarah Sands* had started with four of them—and took advantage of the trade winds to make for Mauritius. Captain Castles, with one chart and one compass, lived in a tent where some cabins had once been; and at the end of twelve days he sighted land. Their average run was about four knots an hour; and it is no wonder that as soon as they were off Port Louis, Mauritius, Mr. Frazer, the Scotch engineer, wished to start his engines. The troops looked down into the black hollow of the ship as the shaft made its first revolution, shaking the hull horribly; and if you can realise what it means to be able to see a naked screw-shaft at work from the upper deck of a liner, you can realise what had happened to the *Sarah Sands*. They waited outside Port Louis for the daylight, and were nearly dashed to pieces on a coral reef. Then they came in without loss of a single life—very dirty, their clothes so charred that they hardly dared take them off, and very hungry. Port Louis gave them public banquets in the market-place, and the French inhabitants were fascinatingly polite, as only the French can be.

But the records say nothing of what befell the sailors who "consigned the ship to perdition." One account merely hints that "this was no time for retribution;" but the troops probably administered their own justice during the twelve days' sail to port. The men who were berthed aft, the officers and the women lost everything they had; and the companies berthed forward lent them clothes and canvas to make clothing.

On the 20th of December they were all re-embarked on the *Clarendon*. It was poor accommodation for heroes. She had been condemned as a coolie-ship, was full of centipedes and other animals picked up in the Brazil trade; her engines broke down frequently, and her captain died of exposure and anxiety during a hurricane. It was the 25th of January before she reached the mouth of the Hoogly.

By this time—many men probably considered this quite as serious as the fire—the troops were out of tobacco, and when they came across the American ship *Hamlet*, Captain Lecran, lying at Kedgeree on the way to Calcutta, the officers rowed over to ask if there was any tobacco for sale. They told the skipper the history of their adventures, and he said: "Well, I'm glad you've come to me, because I have some tobacco. How many men are you?" "Three hundred," said the officers. Thereupon Captain Lecran got out four hundred pounds of best Cavendish and a thousand Manilla cigars for the officers, and refused to take payment on the grounds that Americans did not accept anything from shipwrecked people. They were not shipwrecked at the time, but evidently they had been shipwrecked quite enough for Captain Lecran, because when they rowed back a second time and insisted on paying, he only gave them some more grog, "which," says the record, "caused it to be dark when we returned to our ship." After pipes were lit "our band played 'Yankee-Doodle,' blue lights were burned, the signal-gun fired"—that must have been a lively evening at Kedgeree—"and everything in our power was had recourse to so as to convey to our American cousins our appreciation of their kindness."

Last of all, the Commander-in-Chief issued a general order to be read at the head of every regiment in the Army. He was pleased to observe that "the behaviour of the 54th Regiment was most praiseworthy, and by its result must render manifest to all the advantage of subordination and strict obedience to orders under the most alarming and dangerous circumstances in which soldiers can be placed."

That is the moral of the tale.

## THE ZAGABOG

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME

I.

HERE'S a story, little people, of an Isle beyond the sun,  
Of a gleaming, Golden Island seldom seen by anyone;  
So prick your ears and listen to my most eccentric lays  
Of the Island and the Zagabog from old Red Sandstone days.

The mild and humble Zagabog,  
The plain, good-hearted Zagabog  
With pre-historic ways.

II.

Upon his wondrous head he wore a very funny crown,  
His eyes were green and rather sad, his tail hung meekly down;  
But on a Palæozoic throne he comfortably sat,  
And ruled his Golden Island in a way I marvel at.

He was a peaceful Zagabog,  
A practical old Zagabog,  
And quite unique at that.

III.

For Nature only made but one, though we shall never know  
Why just a single Zagabog exhausted Nature so;  
His subjects they were Dinosaurs and Pterodactyls, too,  
With other bygone beasts that leapt and swam and crawled and flew.

But all obeyed the Zagabog,  
The good Red Sandstone Zagabog,  
Which they were right to do.

IV.

From periods called Primary he dated, as we know,  
And with the greatest interest observed that wondrous show  
Of shells and fish, of monstrous newts, of dragons on the wing;  
He noted all the changes that the rolling ages bring.

That scientific Zagabog,  
That most observant Zagabog;  
And he loved everything.

V.

Some twenty million years passed by, and all the Isle went well;  
Great palms grew on the mountain-tops, huge ferns adorned the dell;  
And everywhere vast reptiles took their Mesozoic ease,  
And ate each other frequently, with snap and snarl and sneeze.

But their beloved Zagabog,  
Their wise, primeval Zagabog,  
They always tried to please.

VI.

For in those Secondary times, when monsters had their day,  
Triassic and Jurassic giants about his feet would play;  
And through the air there sometimes came the Archaeopteryx—  
A funny sort of feathered thing where bird and dragon mix.

"Your fossil," said the Zagabog,  
The humour-loving Zagabog,  
"Will put them in a fix."

VII.

He made no laws; he made no fuss; he just sat on his throne,  
With a genial simplicity peculiarly his own;  
The Plesiosaur, the Teleosaur, the Early Crocodile,  
The weird, Cretaceous ocean-folk, who never, never smile—

All worshipped the old Zagabog,  
The quaint, benignant Zagabog,  
Of that enchanted Isle.

VIII.

The ages passed, the monsters passed, and others took their place;  
The Zagabog he still endured from endless race to race;  
Till Toxodons and Mammoths came, with Sloths of stature grand,  
Whose small relations still exist in many a distant land.

Of course, an old-time Zagabog,  
A right down primal Zagabog,  
Such moderns could not stand.

IX.

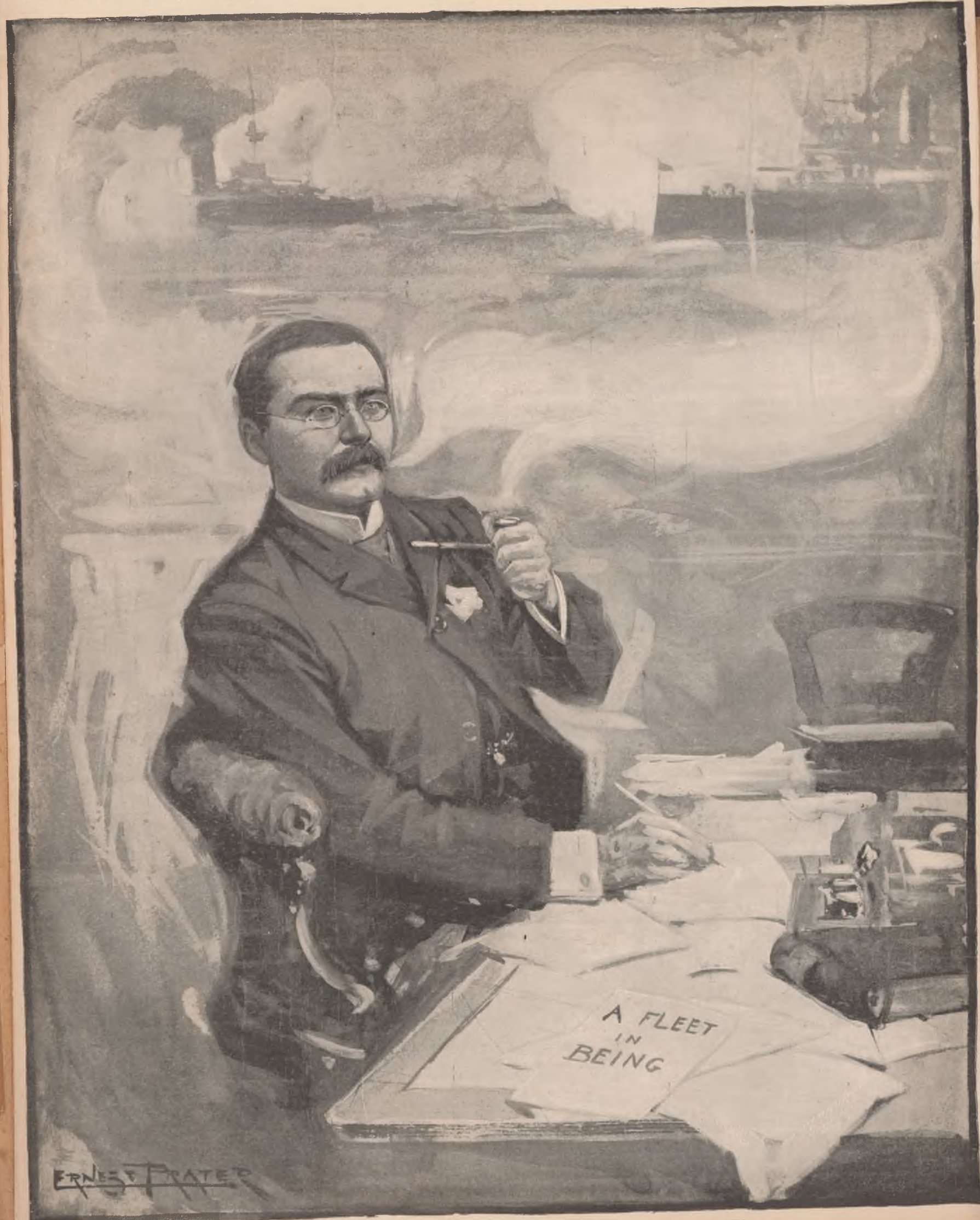
But still, with all the wisdom of a million million years,  
He tried to be more hopeful and resist his growing fears,  
Till Palæolithic ages brought Dame Nature's latest joys,  
And all the Golden Island rang and rippled with the noise.

"Good gracious!" said the Zagabog;  
"God bless us!" cried the Zagabog,  
"They're little girls and boys!"

X.

About his throne with laughter shrill the lads and lasses came  
And put their little hands in his and bid him make a game.  
So still he rules and still he helps the children with their fun.  
Of course he'll never die himself, there being only one—

One good Red Sandstone Zagabog,  
One old Devonian Zagabog  
Beyond the setting sun.



"LEST WE FORGET"

Drawn by Ernest Prater



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THE PASSING HOUR

GREAT BRITAIN will hail the *Gazette* of the Soudan Honours, and add the voice of the nation's hearty congratulations to those various distinctions measured out to the British forces in the last and greatest Egyptian Campaign. Lord Kitchener, whose military genius and magnificent powers of organisation were the foundations of our success, has well earned his peerage and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath; while the splendid support of those under his command wins for them proportionate distinctions. Major-General A. Hunter and Major-General N. M. L. Rundle become Knight Commanders of the Order of the Bath; and Major-General W. F. Gatacre, who commanded the British division during the march on Khartoum, receives a like honour. Sir Francis W. Grenfell, Commander of the Army of Occupation in Egypt, receives the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath; while Colonel H. Cooper and Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald become Aides-de-Camp to her Majesty. Among the thirty-seven who receive the Distinguished Service Order is the Rev. R. Brindle, Chaplain of the Forces, a recognition that will gratify the friends of the Army Chaplain far and near. Colonel Martin, of the 21st Lancers, wins a C.B., and his regiment receives no less than three of the V.C.'s, the

recipients being Captain P. A. Kenna, Lieutenant the Hon. R. H. L. J. de Montmorency and Private T. Byrne. Captain N. M. Smyth, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, also wins the cherished prize; and it need not be recorded that the Victoria Cross in every case was won by conspicuous and heroic pluck and self-sacrifice in the very jaws of death. To sum up the long honour list is grand reading, for it shows our soldiers are made of the old stuff and only want their opportunity to prove themselves the true successors of our heroes, who have fought and perished for their country since Great Britain "arose at Heaven's command."

It is not too much to say that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's important series of articles in the *Morning Post* have attracted an amount of attention to journalism even of the highest order. His graphic pictures of life aboard a battleship during the annual summer mobilisation have appealed with tremendous force to those familiar with the conditions he described; while to the bulk of the nation—to those who pay for the glory but do not know a cruiser from a battleship, or a destroyer from a gunboat—the artist has brought a glimpse of the truth as keen and bright, as full of the smell and din, and strength and humour of it all as words have power to produce. His papers abounded in brilliant and characteristic impressions; each had some gem of description or some sledge-hammer phrase by which we remember it; and the entire brilliant series, in the publication of which the *Morning Post* is to be heartily complimented, will go far to carry into the landsman's heart the true significance of that terrific power represented by the British Navy. At such a moment as the present, when rumours of wars fly upon many tongues and the Lion is openly reported to have passed his prime, it seems good to think of the Navy and to note how the mere report of a little bustle at Portsmouth, Devonport and elsewhere is sufficient to bring about the peaceful



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR G. H. U. NOEL, K.C.M.G. LATE SIR J. S. GOLDIE-TAUBMAN  
British Admiral at Crete Speaker of the House of Keys

solution of a misunderstanding with one of the greatest Powers in the world. Our other illustrations include one taken by flash-light of the interior of an engine-room of a battleship and a quick-firing gun and her crew shut up in their casemate and ready for action.

THE ARTS OF PEACE  
(As understood in Russia)

ENOUGH of war, the bane of man!  
Let all the e preparations cease,  
And let us follow, if we can,  
The vastly nobler arts of peace.

Let England's navy fade away,  
And all her sailors drive the plough,  
Or drive a cab, or drive a dray;  
They'll not be fighting anyhow.

Let France think not of arming men,  
As painters, sculptors, they should shine;  
She'll have an Exhibition then,  
Where all the arts of peace combine.

Let Germans love *Gesang und Bier*—  
The sword abandoned for the lute,  
That Pomeranian grenadier  
Reduced to playing on the flute.

Meanwhile the Muscovite might try  
What he could do with arts of peace.  
Now railways, no one can deny,  
Are things we always should increase.

Canals are very useful too.  
The Riga-Kherson one is great;  
And roubles saved much good may do  
To push the progress of the State.

Then warships—they can just be filled  
With settlers for some distant part;  
And forts—well, forts are things you build,  
And architecture is an art.

Ten peaceful years might do much good;  
The Russ, whose work need never cease,  
Could show how he had understood,  
"Prepare for war, if you want peace."

H. D. B.

THE late Sir John Senhouse Goldie-Taubman was born in 1838, the son of Lieut.-Col. Goldie-Taubman, of the Scots Guards, and the brother of Sir George Taubman-Goldie. In 1867 he was made Speaker of the House of Keys, the Legislative House of the Isle of Man, a post his grandfather and father had held before him. (Photo by Bruton.)

THAT affairs in Crete have now attained real quietude is a condition due to the personal energy and forcefulness of one man—that man being the



ON THE "MAJESTIC," SHOWING THE NEW GUN-HOOD



QUICK-FIRING GUN PRACTICE—IN THE CASEMATE

"A FLEET IN BEING"

Photos by Reinhold Thiele and Co.



