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RUDYARD KIPLING.

We have been asked for an opinion upon the recent poetical productions of the world-known literary meteor, Rudyard Kipling. It would, in truth, be a matter of no small labor to undertake an analysis of his very strange and very original productions. However, we will take the last and second last of his effusions and with a few words of comment (very few will suffice) we will express what we honestly think of this strange light in the firmament of letters. It appears that his latest prose work has not received comment quite as favorable as those lavished upon his earlier stories; but, perhaps, the novelty of his style and of the peculiar daring of his excursions into the realms of fancy, has worn off, and the reading world is awakening to the fact that it is not a fixed star but an erratic comet that has flashed upon the sky.

The June number of the Pall Mall Magazine publishes Kipling's strange poetic production entitled "The Last Chanty:—'And there was no more Sea.'" What Christians, on the one hand, and critics, on the other, may think of this strange effusion, we know not; but it seems to us that the author defies both the first principles of Christianity and the most elementary rules of versification and grammar. In the same magazine, in literary notes, I. Zangwill thus speaks of this young writer: "Kipling is an artist who paints in broad slashes of picturesque color, I should like to hear native (oriental) opinion on his work; meantime I mistrust this aspect of it. By the way the 'Jews of Shushan,' in 'Life's Handicap,' being a story of *mine* own people, I can certify, is inaccurate. His 'modernity,' his quick touch, his contempt for speculative philosophy and ideals (we might add for everything else), his admiration of action, his concreteness and sensuousness, his audacity and cock-sureness, his frankness and generosity, his vivate tenderness, ay, his very passion for globe-trotting are all American. He would not be out of place presiding over the World's Fair, master of every trade and coming like a wise Lord God to tell the reporters tales of his daily toil and Edens newly made."

To persons who have not become familiar with Kipling's expressions the last sentence may sound harsh; but when the reader has found that Rudyard is constantly speaking of the "Lord God," not exactly in a tone of devotion, but rather using the words as a barrack-room oath, or catch word, the critic's phrase is easily understood. There is a species of irreverence or rather flippancy in the way Kipling deals with most serious subjects, and he carries to an unpleasant extreme his passion for unusual expressions, Anglo-Indian idioms, and words that only a certain class of men—as sailors or soldiers in the East—can understand; add to this his very ungrammatical flights, and his vagueness of expression and you have about all that is wonderful in his works. Like Carlyle's "Awfully Deep," that no one but the author of it could fathom, Kipling's "Last Chanty" may be the work of a genius, but only a genius could grasp the meaning of it; perchance in that lies the evidence of the poet's worth—yet poetry that requires a mental strain on the

reader's part is anything but pleasant. Take the following stanza from the "Last Chanty."

"Thus said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree:—

"Lo! Earth has passed away
On the smoke of Judgment Day,
That Our Word may be established, shall we gather up the Sea?"

"Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly Mariners;
Plague upon the hurricanes that made us furl and flee!
But the war is done between us,
In the depths the Lord has seen us,
Our bones we'll leave the barracout'; and God may sink the Sea!"

Then Judas complains because once yearly he came to quench his thirst in the Sea; and the off-shore Wind Angel complains because his occupation is gone; and St. Paul complains because he had a liking for the Sea; and the mariners complain, because:—

"Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily,
Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard,
May we lift the Dipsea Chanty such as seamen use at Sea?"

Becoming tired of singing heavenly canticles, we find them,

"Crying, 'Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor ice!
Must we sing forever more
On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat for open Sea!"

These queer rhymes are followed by this ungrammatical stanza; the italics are our own, for the purpose of drawing the reader's attention to the language and style.

"Then stooped the Lord and He called the good Sea to Him,
And established its borders unto all Eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the Sea."

Mr. Kipling must have a Cockney pronunciation, and writes as he pronounces, else he is careless regarding his rhymes. He tells us:—

"And the ships shall go abroad
To the glory of the Lord."

And in another place we find "Dawn" and "Horn" ending their respective lines; and again "Wool" and "Hull." Evidently he pronounces his favorite word "Lawd," and calls the famous Cape "Hawn."

We would like to have space to give a lengthy analysis of his "Song of the English," but it is impossible, at least for this issue. He opens it with an imitation of Macaulay's style, as noticed in certain "Lays," but he gives eight different species of verse before coming to a close. He begins with his "Lord God" smothering a pathway to the ends of the earth for the English, that is to say, for "Ye who come of The Blood." Speaking of the Faith he makes use of a low expression, not unfrequently found in the writings of Shakespeare and others of his day, and which while admissible in that age, is vulgar and debasing in the poetry of our times. Poetry should please with its harmony; but such-like expressions grate upon the ear of modern readers and are alien to the spirit of true poetry. His "Coastwise Lights" is a very fine conception, but spoiled by the tangle of nautical expressions that the general reader cannot readily understand. In his "Song of the Cities" of the Empire he gives the East seven, and the antipodes five, while he shunts Canada aside with one stanza on Quebec. And Quebec is by no means a typical Canadian city; it is the only relic of medievalism in North America. In justice he should have touched on Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa. But his purpose would not thus be suited. He wished to cast a slur upon this Province on account of its Catholicity; he wanted to express his narrow and bigotted idea that while we live under a free British constitution we are still slaves of superstition. And in his ignorance of our Faith, his lack of acquaintance with Quebec, his adoration

of what he calls "The Blood of England," he thus gives vent to his spleen and at once exhibits his audacious presumption and his narrowness of soul.

"QUEBEC."

"From my grey scarps I watched, with scornful eyes,
Ignoble broil of Freedom most unfree,
Fear nothing, mother! where the carcass lies
That Uncle Sam must be!"

We have said enough to convey an idea of what we think of Rudyard Kipling as a genius; a Barnyard Stripling might be a genius and a wonderful poet, if eccentricity constitutes the former and presumption is all that is required in the latter.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe and other sources.)

It is reported (under reserves) that the Holy Father will shortly issue a very important Encyclical on the Jubilee treating of the Papacy and its relations to contemporary questions.

Assurance is given that Turkey recently started secret negotiations with the Pope to obtain a concordat regulating affairs touching the Christian subjects of the Ottoman empire. The Holy Father refused lest he might interfere with the protectorate of France.

A special commission has been appointed to take up the cause of the Blessed Joachim Piccolomini, Servite, so that his canonization may be proceeded with. The cause of the Blessed Majella, Redemptorist, has also been taken up with the same object.

The liberty of the press is a dead letter in the kingdom ruled by Humbert and Tiburzi, the brigand of Viterbo. The manager of the *Osservatore Romano* has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £10 for having published an article headed "After the Fetes," touching the visit of the Emperor William to the Quirinal.

There has been a revolution in the Italian army. Bandmasters are in future to rank as officers. This is but imitating the system which prevailed in the Pontifical army. The celebrated Maestro Rolland, for instance was musical chief of the gendarmery. If veterinary surgeons and rough-riders are recognized as gentlemen, why should not professors of the heavenly art of music? Dan Godfrey is the only celebrated musical officer in the British service, and he is but a lieutenant.

Sergeant Rougault, an old Pontifical Zouave, has just passed away to his reward in France. For a time he was preparing for a religious life, but volunteered for the service of the Church under arms when the Pope called for volunteers. In succession he was an artilleryist and a dragoon, and afterwards joined the regiment of De Charette. At Mentana he distinguished himself. He was a dead-shot, and laid fourteen Garibaldians low before the combat was brought to a termination. For six hours he discharged his rifle or that of others, and he is but ceived as much as a scratch.

Religious Notes.

Rev. J. E. Poitras, who has been vicar of St. Johns for the last two years, has been transferred to the College of L'Assomption where he will become one of the professors.

The ecclesiastical retreat of the priests of the archdiocese of Montreal will be opened on Monday next. Archbishop Fabre is to preside.

Rev. M. Gandet, parish priest of Lacadie, has been appointed parish priest of Point St. Charles, to replace Rev. Mr. Carriere, who is retiring to Ste. Therese because of ill-health.

Mgr. Decelles, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, laid the corner stone of the new Catholic church at St. Casaire last Sunday.

Again has Notre Dame University been bereaved, this time in the person of the Rev. Alexis Granger, O.S.C., the first vice-president of the University. He died on the evening of July 26, as the age of seventy six. Father Granger for many years was the Provincial General of the Order of the Holy Cross in America.

Cardinal Gibbons has declined the proposed \$10,000 purse his priest and people wanted to collect.

CATHOLIC NEWS ITEMS.

"Parish Works" is the general intention recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart by the Pope for the month of August.

A great Catholic Congress which recently met at Cracow sent a telegram to the Holy Father warmly protesting against the restrictions on his liberty.

The Right Rev. Bishop Kain received at Washington, D.C., the Papal document making him Archbishop of the see of Oxrychus in partibus infidelium and appointing him coadjutor, cum jure successionis, to the archbishop of St. Louis.

In the municipal elections throughout Italy the Catholics are this year gaining triumphs which must greatly stimulate them in the exercise of their power. At Monza their candidates headed the list, the first place being held by professor Talmoni, a priest.

Cardinal Gibbons wants his silver jubilee to be celebrated in a simple manner, but at the same time it is his desire that the ceremonies shall be both solemn and impressive. The jubilee will unquestionably be one of the grandest ceremonies ever witnessed in the Baltimore cathedral, for in many respects the Baltimore prelate is regarded as the foremost of American Catholic dignitaries, and will be honored as such next October.

Among the notable papers that are to be read at the coming Catholic congress to be held next month at Chicago are ones by Bishop Watterson of Columbus, who has been accorded the honor of treating the Papal question, and by Rev. John T. Murphy of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and the well-known president of the Holy Ghost College, at Pittsburg. Father Murphy stands in the front rank of our Catholic educators, and as the subjects he is to treat in his paper is an educational one, "Catholic High Schools," those who are fortunate enough to hear him will enjoy a literary treat.

THE SHAMROCKS' VICTORY AT CHICAGO.

Hail, champions of the nations game,
Once more green laurels deck your brow,
Illuming on the roll of fame,
The honor victories bestow.
Where'er lacrosse's pennant waves,
In memory let it keep unfurled
For the true, the noble, and the brave,
The Shamrocks—champions of the world.

Could you but see the anxious crowd
That thronged St. James's street the night
That victory placed the laurel wreath,
And crowned you foremost in the fight.
They scanned the news with sparkling eyes,
And hands shook hands, while shouts of joy
Burst forth upon the evening air,
In honor of our Shamrock boys.

Oh! where's there a shout like an Irish shout,
Oh! where is there love like the Irish love,
Oh history trace for that grand old race,
Whose heroic valor made nations move.
Often forced to roam, from their native home,
With tear and moan and with many a sigh,
And for France, with fame, they engraved
their names
With their gallant charge at Fontenoy.

From that race has sprung, and whose praise I sing
A gallant band of young Irishmen.
At the World's Great Fair did thousands stare,
The charge they made as the game was seen;
Oh! to hear the shout that then rang out
When victory blighted upon the green,
'Twas a sight entrancing, and wild from dancing
They cheer with joy for the Shamrock team.

Home boys again, and an Irish welcome
Is ever ready to feast you here;
With love we'll greet you where'er we meet you,
And faith we'll treat you with something dear.
You have crowned with glory, what will live in story
Chicago's trophy will proudly gleam,
And as years do glide, we'll look with pride
To that victory won by the Shamrock team.

Montreal, August 10th, 1893. —JOHN DODD.

Official returns show a marked increase in the ravages of cholera in the parts of the Russian Empire where the disease is epidemic.

The death occurred on July 13th at Rome of Father Nicolas Mauron, the head of the Redemptorist Order for the last thirty-nine years. He was seventy-nine years of age.

Lady Aberdeen has given an order to a Dublin nurseryman for 1,000 pots of shamrocks to be sent to the Irish village at the World's Fair.

HISTORY OF 15 YEARS.

For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhoea, and we never had anything to equal it. We highly recommend it. SAMUEL WEBB, Cobourg, Ont.