

two lines which Kipling remarks are two of the five best lines in English literature: the two famous lines about "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn." Kipling quotes also the three other best lines: they are from Coleridge and his "Kubla Khan," and are no doubt well worth quoting. But this is the extreme case of literary criticism and allusion which I have found in his stories.

At this point, if at all, I ought to say a word of his artistry. Some foreigners have written whole books on this one subject, but to so analyze a poet is rather like peeping and botanizing on a mother's grave; besides, personally, I wholly disbelieve the Stevensonian theory. Stevenson analyzed the passage from Keats' ode to a nightingale just referred to into permutations and combinations of p, v, and f: *credat Judaeus*; let the latest materialistic man of science who belongs to Berlin or Judæa believe it: the charm seems to lie in picturesque images more than in melodious sounds; and Kipling's force seems to derive from the same origins. He has written nothing more characteristic than "The Bolivar," and no lines in it more characteristic than

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell,
Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we,
Some damned liner's lights go by like a grand hotel;
Cheered her from the Bolivar, swampin' in the sea.

It is the picture, not the permutations of letters, which fixes the passage in the memory; its verbal artifices are nothing more novel than alliteration—the oldest, easiest, and most obvious of artifices. I think the same may be said of the most effective stanza of "Sussex":

Here leaps ashore the full sou'west,
All heavy-winged with brine;
Here lies above the folded crest
The Channel's leaden line;
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach.