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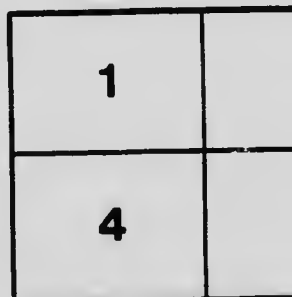
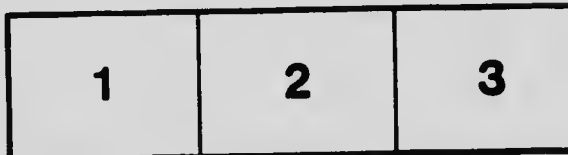
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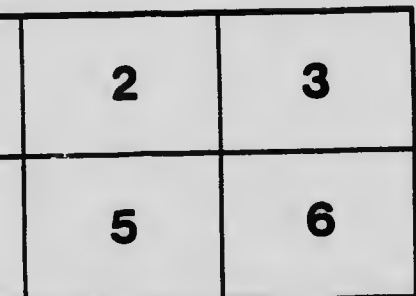
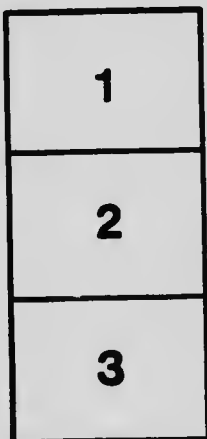
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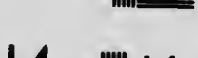
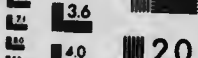
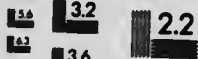
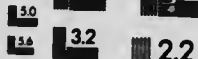
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# RUDYARD KIPLING

## AN APPRECIATION

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“Gobind, the sadhu. A holy man. Gobind the one-eyed. A prince of story-tellers, old and waiting death in the monastery of Dhunni Bhagat, his voice most like the rumbling of heavy guns over a wooden bridge, told me these things.”

“And what,” said Gobind, “is your honoured craft, and by what manner of means earn you your daily bread?”

“I am,” said I, “one who writes with pen upon paper not being in the service of the Government. I write of all matters that lie within my understanding and of many that do not. But chiefly I write of Life and Death, men, women, and Love and Fate, according to the measure of my ability, telling the tale through the mouths of one, two or more people.”

“In what manner think you is it best to set about these tales?”

“How do I know? Yet, how should I not know?” said Gobind, throwing out his knotted hand. “God has made very many heads, but there is only one heart in all the world, among your people or my people. It is in my heart that grown men are but as little children in the matter of tale and the oldest tale is the most beloved. According! tell them first of those things that thou hast seen and they have seen together. Thus their knowledge will piece out thy imperfections. Tell them of what



thou hast seen, then what thou hast heard; and since they be children tell them of battles, kings, horses, devils, elephants and angels; but omit not to tell of love and such like. All the earth is full of tales to him who listens . . . . and the poor are the best of tale-tellers for they must lay their ear to the ground every night.' ”

“ Peace be with thee and with thy book. And now 'tis good-bye between us for I go soon, on a long journey, a longer one than thou, for the term of my years is accomplished.' ”

Into the mouth of old “ Gobind,” the sadhu, has Kipling put these words and it was Rudyard Kipling himself who said farewell and left the old man sitting in the sunshine, huddled under his quilt, -- came away pro. using to write stories, to tell to the world tales of men and women, Love and Fate, and Life and Death. And, assuredly, he has kept his word, he has told the world stories, and the soul of old “ Gobind” may rest in peace.

Rudyard Kipling then, and upon his own profession, is essentially a story-teller, in prose or in verse, a teller of tales. Oftentimes, it is true, he is more than this, and much more; but in such way nevertheless has he chosen modestly to designate himself and so accordingly is he to be adjudged. That much of his prose is a masterpiece of pure, terse, vigorous Anglo-Saxon, and that much of his verse is true poetry, can only make us feel that he is better than his word, that we are the gainers, the immense gainers, of his own bargain. For, as it were, while promising only a barn-dance he has given us a Charity Ball.

In the great synagogue of letters, this then is Kipling's chosen place, the humbler seat of the story-teller. The higher places of the poet or the novelist he has not taken. Let the critics of the aisle pray remember this, and that he speaks a way from his own place. If his voice dominates the others and at times fills full the aisles of the great synagogue so much the greater marvel is it, for it is the voice merely of one who telleth tales.

And now a picture of the man himself,—taking three impressions.

Rudyard Lake lies near Burslem in Staffordshire and there one picnic-day in summer John Lockwood Kipling met Alice Macdonald,—met and loved her. Oddly enough, children were they both of Wesleyan clergymen, he, a modeller and designer at the neighbouring potteries, a young man of promise, studious and artistic, a somewhat eccentric and enthusiast; she, a girl of intelligence, beauty and charm. Their vows were plighted 'neath a lucky star for when Lockwood Kipling, after spending some time at the Art Schools in Kensington, went to India as Professor of Architecture and Sculpture at the School of Art in Bombay he took with him Alice MacDonald as his wife. And there in Bombay in the Christmas week of 1865, a son was born to these two and they called him Rudyard for the love they bore their first trysting-place, the little lake in Staffordshire.

Rudyard, or "Ruddie" as he was called, grew a chubby-checked, independent baby in this great cosmopolitan Bombay,

"Between the palms and the sea  
Where the world-end steamers wait."

Worshipped by the native household and all their legion of adherents, he learned their babel of vernacular more rapidly than his mother-tongue. All natives he loved instinctively and from the first, and with the years his knowledge of them grew, as witness the picture of the little white-frosted child in the crowded city street, tugging by the hand, to overtake his mother, a new-made friend, a big bearded, evil-smelling Pathan:—"Wait, muvver, here is my brudder."

And this is the first impression.

When Ruddle was six there came separation from India, from his parents, and all his varicoloured friends, and for him and his little sister, the six motherless and cheerless years in the austere home at Southsea. Here the 'elderly relative,' whose name does not transpire, and very fortunately, took the two children, with the aid of her Calvinistic God, under her loveless care. These were the years depicted in "Baa-Baa, Black Sheep," and the opening chapter of "The Light that Failed"; the days of grief and of loneliness, of many whippings, of "Aunty Rosa" and "Mrs. Jennett." "Mrs. Jennett" of the black bombazine and silk mits, a widow with unblighted matrimonial aspirations, cold, angular and prayerful: the days of "Maisie's" goat "Am-moma" who, you remember, swallowed the two pin-fire revolver cartridges and was banished as too explosive company.

The day school at Southsea taught the boy something and for the rest, despite the prayerful relative, he grew, till at the age of twelve, his parents recovered the bare-kneed baby of Bombay as a sly awk-

ward, rather untidy boy, near-sighted and passionately fond of books. His was the childhood tragedy, the inheritance of all Anglo-Indian children.

And now at thirteen Rudyard becomes a public-school boy, for he was in 1878 entered as a pupil at 'The United Service College' of Westward Ho, at Bideford, North Devon, an institution intended chiefly for the education of sons of Anglo-Indian civil and military officers. From a "fag" in common-room to the sixth form with a study of his own, runs the story of these school days. "Gigs" or "Giggysy" as he was called by reason of his large spectacles, was no diligent or distinguished student. He was simply all boy, idle and mischievous, though devoted in a vagrant way to original composition and to much reading in books of his own choice. No dullard, and quick if he chose, he was noted rather for his wit, his gift of story-telling and his doggerel verse. Barred from most games by his defective sight, he was a good swimmer, a born naturalist with a love "of the open and the sky" in his young soul.

But the story of the "Old Coll," as it was known, is all written in "Stalky & Co." wherein "Giggysy," figures as "Beetle," the much-enduring mischievous, ink-fingered "Beetle," the sworn ally of "Stalky" and "McTurk." Was it not "Beetle," the virtuous "Beetle," who was the perpetual poet-torment of "Proudfoot and King"; and who other was it, who smuggled the dead and much-affected cat into the dormitory, close buttoned to his bosom? A great school-boy trio it is, "Beetle," "Stalky" and "McTurk," and great in their respective ways

have they since become ; but the greatest of the three is "Beetle"---Kipling himself. And the Head of the College, Mr. Cornell Price, the "Old Head," a stern disciplinarian and learned in boydom's devious ways, yet the fatherly and wise counsellor of them all, the "Primus," "Secundus" and "Tertius," long after they have left him, has won from "Beetle" a great immortality, in the school-boy phrase of admiration and endearment, "The Prooshian Bates, a rare old downey bird!"

When Kipling left Westward Ho he had been for two years the editor of the College paper and had won a first prize in English literature. And so ended, when he was eighteen, his academic education. He returned at once to India and to Lahore where his father, already an authority upon the native art of India, was now curator of the Government Museum. After the gulf of childhood the family quartette was again united.

From the beginning of things young Kipling's bent had been always towards journalism and through his father's influence he was made sub-editor of the "Lahore Civil and Military Gazette," the most influential paper of North-western India. And here for five years Kipling laboured, earning his bread of some few hundred rupees a month, not by the sweat of his brow only, but literally of his whole body. In summer it can be hot in Lahore—the "City of Dreadful Night."

But he took to the life and loved it. And he worked, for there were but two men on the editorial staff and the paper was a daily paper. His chief, a grim, subversive sort, wrote only the editorials,

dubbed him a "clever pup" and piled the burden heavier till upon the young shoulders was laid the whole task of editing the paper. Still he flourished; from office to press room, where side by side the typesetters sweated, Hindu, Mohammedan and Sikh, and from press room to office he pistoned, always at top-speed, breathless and ink-bespattered till in his own phrase the issue of the next day "was put to bed." If you want to know what this putting-to-bed process was like in the hot weather read the pages of "The Man who would be King" beginning:—"It was cooler in the press room, only 96°. The night was pitchy black and the *loo*, the red-hot wind from the Westward was booming among the tinder-dry trees and now and again a single large drop of rain, almost boiling hot, would fall in the dust with the flop of a frog."

In addition he did much work as an outside reporter, so renewing his boyhood acquaintance with the natives, his brothers, the caste and casteless; was sent subsequently in the interests of his paper on many missions to the frontier and the native states, and so met on their own ground and face to face the officialdom and rank and file of the military and civil services; so came to know Simla from Jakko to "that cool rest house down the glen"; so encountered and grew to understand and love the greatest personage of them all 'Thomas Atkins.' 'Main Rukhn-ud-din' the Mahommedan foreman printer said, "Kupuleen Sahib! he does the work of three grown men."

Yet in the midst of all this maelstrom of activity Kipling stole time to write,—things of his very own

and for the very love of doing it. Verses were they first, satirical ballads, with an occasional short story suitable for his paper, full of local colour and topical allusions. Four years later a number of these verses he collected and published under one cover, upon brown paper like a public document:—"On Her Majesty's Service Only, Departmental Ditties and Other Verses." So in 1886 was born the first book, "a brown baby with a pink string round its stomach" as he lovingly describes it. And in this wise Rudyard Kipling began the way, the old, arduous way, which leads from journalism to literature.

The home-life at Lahore, in his father's house, was an ideal one and rather famous throughout India. This father was more than an artist, he had become a scholar as well, and possessed of a polished literary style; being, moreover, a rare genial soul with a generous cynical sense of humour. He was at this time already at work upon his great book "Beast and Man in India." And Alice MacDonald, the mother, had kept woman's pace with her husband, while, in conventional phrase, preserving all the graces of her youth. In common with her two sisters in England, the one the wife of Sir Edward J. Poynter, the other the wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, she had developed a wide literary and artistic culture and was already noted for her bright, if occasionally caustic, wit. And with these two, their two children!

The sister, the early "Aunty Rosa" piety long since forgotten, a true daughter of her mother and in the intervals of her brother-worship—for this was

before the advent of Mr. Fleming, whom she afterward married—sincere in her young devotion for all things pertaining to literature!

And the brother, the healthy, humoursome, hard-worked brother; alive to and interested in, everything within and without; overflowing with energy and animal spirits; excellent company, in a rush always; known and popular everywhere, from the English Club within the city to the native Lazarus at the gate; a "dear boy," spruce, well dressed, and conventional upon his visits to "Mrs. Hauksbee"; and faithful beyond all decencies of the senses in his crusading exploits among the natives, ("I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi and they were all my brothers.") And through it all was he a "regular literary blotting-pad soaking up everything on the face of the earth."

Here, too, and not to be forgotten, lived "Vic," the famous fox terrier, Kipling's great pet. "Vic," who was afterward to figure as "Binkie" the single comforter of "Dick Helder's" blindness; and the croney, in his pious hours, of the dog-stealing "Ortheris."

This then is the Lahore household as it stands half revealed to us. We can guess the rest, the love, the mutual stimulus and help.

The year before the appearance of their boy's first book, "the brown baby with the pink string," the Kiplings together, as four writers, contributed to their son's paper, its Christmas Annual, calling it "The Quartette." Rudyard's share in this includes "The Phantom Rickshaw" and "The Strange Ride



of Marrowbie Jukes, C.B." A pretty domestic picture the making of this Christmas Annual presents, and there is a certain strong satisfaction in remembering that this little booklet of 1885, a beggar in its own land at one rupee eight annas, is now in request the world over at £12 sterling the copy.

How much Kipling must have learned in these five formative years at Lahore and of his father and his mother, is it any wonder that he says; "All that I am or shall be, I owe to them." And from these years we select the picture of Kipling in the midst of the hot weather, clad only in white cotton trousers and shirt, bespattered with ink till he looks like a Dalmatian dog; and only in this attire, and with his spectacled face peeping out from under an enormous mushroom-shaped pith-hat the "Gazette" put to bed, as he drives in a pony cart, "Vic" of the wise and wide smile on the seat beside him, home to breakfast. And this is the second impression.

And now the kaleidoscope quickens. In 1887, when he was twenty-two, Kipling was appointed Assistant Editor to the "Pioneer" at Allahabad, and two years later this paper sent him as a special reporter, round the world. And round the world he went from Hong Kong and Yokohama to Chicago and Musquash by way of the "great interview" with Mark Twain. It all appears in the "Pioneer" letters, since bound together in "From Sea to Sea." With him he carried the cheap paper editions, previously published in India, of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "In Black and White" and "Soldiers Three," but they found in America no publisher. So in September of his year of travel

he came to London and McMillan published the "Plain Tales." But the book did not attract the reviewers and failed to sell, and the silence closed upon it "as the ram on the head of a cotton-bale." Until a friend, how often it is a friend! remarked one night at dinner to Edmund Yates of the "World,"—"why not discover Rudyard Kipling?" "Who in thunder is Rudyard Kipling?" asked Yates, and, the Gods be thanked, he saw fit to answer the question by a two-column interview in his paper. "The Times" followed with a review of "Plain Tales," the reading world had got its cue, and Kipling, in hackneyed phrase, woke to find himself famous. His age, be it not forgotten, was twenty-five. "In Black and White," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "Soldiers Three," "Departmental Ditties"—now a sizable child in a shift,—cascaded upon the wholly appreciative but somewhat bewildered Anglo-Saxon; while the author had meanwhile quietly slipped away from it all, "on the old trail; he was sagging South on the long trail" to the Cape, Australia and home.

For a day he sat in the old office-chair at Lahore, for old sake's sake, correcting for "Mian Rukhu-nd-din" the same old proofs on the same old yellow paper. But he returned almost immediately to London and there met the great friends of his life, the two Balestiers—Wolcott Balestier, the young American author, and his sister, Caroline. Kipling never does things by halves, so before the year was out he had collaborated with the brother a story, "The Naulakha," and had married the sister in "All Souls Church." It is to this brother,

whose untimely death he greatly mourned, that he has dedicated "Barrack Room Ballads" as to one "who had done his work and held his peace, and had no fear to die."

For four years Kipling made his home with his wife's people in Brattleboro, Vermont. Here he built a house, "Naulakha," a long, low, two-storied bungalow; he wrote here "Many Inventions," "The Seven Seas," and "Captains Courageous," and here were born two of his four children.

In 1896 Kipling returned to England and after a short stay at Torquay and a visit to the Cape, finally settled in his present home, "The Elms," at Rottingdean, a village near Brighton, in Sussex. We know that he was with the Channel Fleet at their manoeuvres in 1898, for we have "A Fleet in Being," and we know also of the memorable visit to America, in the following year, when in New York, during the month of February he hovered between life and death with a double pneumonia, while the world in the words of the German Kaiser, "prayed God that he be spared to them"; and while little "Joe," the eldest child, stricken even as her father, when only six, found and passed over the "River of the Arrow," the old "Lama's" "River of Healing."

Rudyard Kipling is now forty years old, a middle-sized, rather thick-set man and slightly stooped. The blue eyes, deeply set and wide apart, look out keenly from the midst of the dark-complexioned, strongly-featured face. A man-of-war type it is—the strong, straight, stubborn hair; the thick-thatched eyebrows; the heavy, straight moustache;

the strong white teeth —and instinct with the power behind it. It is a business figure and a downright face "that looks straight out upon the big plain things."

And so is the man himself, straight and abrupt in manner and in speech; critical and reserved rather, but alert, ready and sympathetic, for the eyes above, do they not soften always the set of the jaw beneath. Yet that jaw can be dominant at times and the voice has a note to match. A gracious host, he is upon occasion a brilliant talker with quiet listening moods between, and over all the Gods have flung the kindly, keen, Mulvaney, soul-refreshing humour. A simple, vigorous, self-possessed soul that the London drawing-rooms have signally failed to spoil!

And the day at Rottingdean is a well-ordered and industrious day, given, the major part of it, to his honoured craft. He writes slowly and at great pains, in constant search of the perfect, glove-fitting word. For every story that appears, scores are sacrificed to oblivion, for he is, as nearly as may be, a perfect craftsman.

And the rest is his home and his children. Devoted to out-door life he rides and tramps the country round and is a gardener enthusiastic. All children love him as they did "McAndrew," and "Vic's" memory is kept ever green with many dogs. We can guess how well he knows the rustic and the village folk, and rumour has it that within the sanded parlour of the village inn, many a pipe is smoked across two pints of "bitter," while the old landlord, "Welfare," talks to Kipling of the inwardness of things.

So in his wide-windowed study at "The Elms" he sits, this man of forty, world famous; and writes for us of "The Day's Work," "Pycroft," and "The Five Nations," older, more sedate and less ink-stained than at Lahore, but with the same passion for his work. With "Wressley of the Foreign Office," "his heart and soul are at the end of his pen and get into the ink. He has his vast special knowledge with him, so to speak, and, moreover, the spirit, the woven-in-human touch, the poetry and the power of the output, which are beyond all special knowledge."

There he sits and writes. And this is the third impression.

So much for the workman and now something of his work!

Concerning this work, the prose and the poetry, there is already an immense periodical literature, though so far as I know six books only have been written and these are small and chiefly American. Taken as a whole, these books and periodicals constitute an amusing conglomerate of criticism. For example, what shall be said of the critic who condemns the ballad "Mandalay" because in such manner Milton would not have sung it. Of another, who bewails the ruin of the story, "The Brushwood Boy," in reason of "Miriam's" single exclamation, "My God!" at the sudden recognition of "Major Cottar" as the incarnation of all her dreams. Of a third, who refuses to regard "The Truce of the Bear," as allegorical, and insists that hunters invariably feel pity, at the last, for the

upright, advancing brute. To whom, a brother scholar from Denver replies that the only feeling in a hunter's breast when a bear rises on its hind legs and advances towards him is "an irresistible desire to at once close the interview, and in retiring from the scene, to hit only the high places in the landscape." And so on, these pages of criticism run in all seriousness and at great length. Much that is written is appreciative, with stress laid upon his two clergyman grandfathers and his own religion, but there seems a singular dearth of what can be called sound criticism. Most of the reviewers simply yelp or fawn at his heels. Already, however, the loud refrain of the professional men of letters, the aesthetic and the purist, that greeted his appearance, has grown more faintly heard; the refrain of "coarse, brutal and bad art"; and one can but wonder, at the present feelings of the Cambridge scholar, who at that time voiced in parody his longing for:—

"That far distant shore  
Where there stands a muzzled stripling,  
Mute, beside a muzzled bore,  
Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling  
And the Haggards Ride no more."

To a man of conscience, what is written is written.

In any sense, no adequate criticism of Kipling has as yet appeared. Peradventure it is too soon to ask it, for his brothers-in-art have not yet shaken altogether clear of their bewilderment. So we

leave them with the rules of the game, the wrangle of the where and the whence, shall he be called also a poet, named a disciple of Carlyle and Walt Whitman, and be placed with Balzac and Poe, Loti and Bret Harte? And we confess we do not greatly care, for ours is the present possession and the enjoyment thereof.

In his twenty working years Kipling has written, not including "From Sea to Sea" and "A Fleet in Being" in prose, some eight-score stories, "The Light That Failed," "Stalky & Co.," "Captains Courageous" and "Kim" being simply the longer ones; while there are in verse "Departmental Ditties," "Barrack Room Ballads," "The Seven Seas," and "The Five Nations."

From among these our possessions let us take first the stories,—the tales of men and women, Love and Fate, of Life and Death. Bound singly are they or in groups and the salt of their savour is at once suggested by the familiar titles. "Plain Tales From the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "Life's Handicap," "The Light That Failed," "Many Inventions," "The Day's Work," "Stalky & Co.," "Captains Courageous," "Traffics and Discoveries," "The Jungle Books," "Kim," and "Just-So Stories." The very names are enough. A marvelous collection they are, these stories, garnered from the four corners of the world, swept from land and sea, gathered from the high-ways and threshing-floors, the cities and waste places of the earth. From the North of Baffin Bay they come with "Quiquern" and "The White Seal," to the equatorial South of "Bertran and Bimi," and "The Dis-

turber of Traffic "; from the West of Bret Harte's country with "The Naulakha" and "Salmon Fishing on the Clackamas," to the East of Mandalay and Simla with "Soldiers Three," "Kim," and "The Jungle Books." In poetic phrase, homeward they come to us, "these caravels of a new world-round Columbus."

And of these, each one comes true in its own setting, is, as it were, a piece transplanted complete, with its own folk, its own sights and sounds and smells, its own Heaven and its own earth. We may quarrel if we like with the choice of the piece transplanted, preferring to it another, but not even the veriest pedant, can question its magic accuracy.

And the style of the telling is biblical in its simplicity and at the same time direct as a rapier's thrust.

The words are simple, honest, every-day Saxon words, and always they meet and carry the situation with a characteristic, taciturn fluency. There are just words enough and no more. It is a masterful style, terse, individual, Kiplingesque.

It is universally admitted that a story to be good must have an outside and an inside, a body and a soul; and, moreover, that these two must correspond or match. The body, or objective side must be physically true, in local colour, in atmosphere and in characterisation; while the soul, the subjective side, must furnish the movement, must portray, though not obtrusively, the appropriate *motif*. For example, it is a good story that makes "Mowgli," the wolf-child of the "Jungle Book," clad with a few flowers in his hair, recite for old "Baloo"



the law of the Jungle; it is a bad story that would clothe the same "Mowgli" in an Eton jacket, and ask him to say the "Ten Commandments," admirable though these two considerations undoubtedly are. These sayings may appear trite; nevertheless, it is just this nice balancing of externals and internals that constitute the perfect story.

And it is just this power that Kipling possesses to an almost supernatural degree; his story is always a created, sentient personality, with just enough "ego in its cosmos." And in this there is no one to approach him. Take any of the stories you choose, and there are a number to select from. The setting is painted in with marvellous and often technical accuracy, whether it be "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney"; the lone wolf "Ake-la's" "Council Rock," the fishing-schooner "We're Here," the Himalayan foot-hills, the Vermont "horse-pasture," or the engine-room of the "Haliotis," it is all there, vivid, photographic. And the *personae* blend with their picture, fittingly clad and furnished with appropriate speech, even to the veriest dialect or vernacular. And when the action begins, these move, act and have speech together, not like string-pulled puppets, but as veritable men and women, "most remarkable like you." And, moreover, as we read, the soul of the story, "the interwoven human touch" comes home upon us: and all natural is the life and the lesson, with the "inevitable consequences," the tragedy, the comedy, the humour, the pathos, and the pain.

Perfect stories they are, many of them, living and complete. Take, for example, the one "With-

out Benefit of Clergy," the life, the love and the sudden awful tragedy of it all. You remember the little household overlooking the great city where dwelt "Ameera" and her son, the little lord of all the house, "Tota"; and all "Holden's" heart which lay within the wooden gates that "Pir Khan" so well guarded. And then; the life of little "Tota" goes out in fever and—"we be two who were three, the jealousy of God was upon us." And soon yet again there is a sound in the night and "Ameera's" soul came back a little as "Holden" bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," she said. "Take no hair from my head, *she* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. I bear witness,—I bear witness that there is no God,—but—thee, beloved." And for "Holden" it is finished, save the dead, dumb anguish of it all, and the awful loneliness with "Ahmed Khan's" hand for the one time upon his shoulder. "Eat, Sahib, eat. Meat is good against sorrow. I also have known. Moreover, the shadows come and go, Sahib, the shadows come and go. These be curried eggs."

Yea, verily, the human touch and the "inevitable consequences."

And so it is, in more or less perfect degree with all the stories—they all bear the same master-hand impress and are compact with feeling and with life.

And the lessons that they teach are the old, true, hard, high-priced lessons of human experience: "What ye sow that shall ye also reap."

With mute lips they teach it, for Kipling is no professed gospeller; by simply being so intensely what they are. Carlyle's enunciation, "What you are thunders 'so loud I can't hear what you say,'" fits exactly their method. The gospel is the plain gospel of work, the world's work, the straight, strenuous endeavour to do, to achieve something, standing upon your own feet and for your own soul's sake; often at great odds, and, for no reward, but in order that at the last, you at least may prove "a stubborn antagonist of destiny who went down, scornful, before many spears."

And the word-pictures that adorn these stories!

- One meets them everywhere, proffered in prodigal fashion, and in the most unexpected places. Kipling is a great word-painter, the greatest that I know. He sees not only *with* his eye, but *through* it; he has the selective power and the execution of the great artist. Words do his any bidding and they are always the exact words, scrupulously chosen, and not infrequently self-coined. Continually he speaks in metaphor, and his choice of adjectives is marvellous, for always is it the magically-right adjective. His is the gift of the "inevitable word." And the result of the few vital, bold strokes is a picture, impressionist it may be,—a picture which you see, vivid, as a flash of lightning. For instance, and among them all, the difficulty is to choose, take the the picture in "The Light That Failed," of the wild rush of the Mahdi's men upon the British square. "Where no civilized troops in the world could have endured the Hell through which they came, the living leaping high to avoid the dying who clutched

at their heels, the wounded cursing and staggering forward till they fell, a torrent black as the sliding water above a mill-dam, on the right flank of the square."

And, again, the description in "Salmon Fishing on the Clackamas," in "From Sea to Sea," beginning with "California's" exclamation:—" 'Partner! partner! this is glory. Now catch your fish. Twenty-four years I've waited for this.' Portland had no rod. He held the gaff and the whiskey.'" And, lastly, the picture in "Kim" of the halting-place on the Grand Trunk Road; and "Ortheris" description of the Tangi in "My Lord the Elephant," where, "we hadn't no tempers and no seats to our trousers, . . . and the whole pass was a swimming Hallelujah for a mile and a half."

And the personages that are met with in these stories! All sorts and conditions of created things are they, from "Kaa the Rock Python," in the jungle to "Badalia Herodsfoot," in Whitechapel. Men, women and children, fowls of the air and beasts of the field, they are all here and chameleon-like they match their surroundings, are part and parcel of them. And they are alive, very much so, with distinct individual personalities, each and every one,— "they come of our lot, they was brothers to us, they was beggars we'd met and knew."

What appears to be the most wonderful delineation is seen in the animal stories. The character of each while zoologically correct is nevertheless made interesting and understandable. Ernest Seton Thompson, a specialist in the matter, has not succeeded to the same degree. For do we not actually

play with the cubs in "Mother Wolf's" den ; love good old "Baloo" ; thoroughly respect "Bagheera," the black panther with the coat, marked like watered silk ; admire old "Akela," though we shiver at his call from the "Council-Rock," "Look well, look well, oh, wolves" ; and laugh with genuine laughter at the "Elephant's Child," who was always so full of "satiabile curiosity," and who was spanked by his broad aunt the Hippopotamus because he wanted merely to know what the Crocodile had for dinner.

But the greatest interest pertains naturally to our nearer kith and kin, the children, the women and the men.

✓ Kipling is very happy in his portrayal of children. He loves them always and understands them with a deep and sympathetic understanding. Listen to what he says of them and the great tribute that he thereby pays to their mothers. "Only women understand children thoroughly. But if a mere man keeps very quiet and humbles himself properly and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world." And sometimes they have been good to him, for he has preserved to us a little legion of them, of all faiths, colours and sizes. Little "Tota," "Gaddy junior," "Taffy," of the Alphabet, Miss Beddum's "Toby," "Toomai" of the elephants, "Wee Willie Winkie," "Little Towbrah," "Muhammed Din," with the brown plump stomach and the inadequate shirt, the memorable "Drums of the Fore and Aft,"—"Jakin and Lew," and not to be forgotten the "dream-children" in "They." These play their parts, lov-

ing and lovable usually, sad sometimes, but wonderfully natural always.

And from the children we come, naturally, first to the women, Kipling's women. And it is here always that the Heavens of adverse criticism open and the floods descend. It may rain criticism in other quarters but here is the veritable deluge, for it seems that Kipling has not depicted, in all his stories, one "thoroughly nice woman." In all seriousness, it is a little difficult to understand just what is meant by the "nice woman." In the sense of being ultra-refined and semi-exalted above the earth, neither has Kipling given us one nice man. His characters, men and women alike, are all flat down on the earth, some of them, it is true, up to their ankles in it. They are for the greater part "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and have to do with the actual realities of things. Moreover, the action of the story occurs frequently outside woman's sphere, even in the widest American acceptance of that term, for he tells us he prefers to write of things "within his understanding." It is thoroughly natural that many women will, in consequence, not be interested in many of these stories any more than they will understand a steam-roller, or not to get off a street-car backward. But the stories are scarcely to be condemned in consequence. One cannot dictate to an author what he shall write or whom he shall write to, and it is scarcely fair to quarrel with Kipling, because, as yet, he has neglected to ascend above the earth and paint the ideal woman. Moreover, and very fortunately, Kipling's men are not "Harry Lears,"

they do not expect too much, and are always quite ready to believe that the rustle of their women's silken skirts is really the fluttering of their angel-wings.

It comes after all to this, that Kipling refuses to be mere idealist, and this is the grievous sin:— he sees and tells things as they are. He will call a spade a spade, peradventure a d—d shovel, for in actual life it is often just such a tool. The philosophy of it all is, that "you cannot make omelets without breaking eggs"; and though many women enjoy omelets, they don't know, they don't want to know, and absolutely refuse to believe, in the Heaven-ordained breakage.

In the "mixed sets" of the stories the women match the men, and the men, as is their privilege, devoutly worship them. "Scott" his "William the Conqueror"; "Captain Gadsby" his "Minnie Threegan"; "The Brushwood Boy" his "Miriam Lacy"; "Mulvaney" his own "Dinah and always Dinah to me"; "McPhee" his "'Janet,' who stood five feet nine in her stockings and whom it was wholesome and antiseptic to love." And again we read that even "Mrs. Hauksbee's" eyes softened with the mother instinct when she knew "Baby Bent" had diphtheria, and what a hero on this occasion was "Mrs. Delville," though she could not properly put on her clothes. What a missionary was "Badalia Herodsfoot"! and "Eliza Roantree," though dead, was the one woman in all Jock Learoyd's "big life. And "Old Pummeloe," "Mrs. McKenna," who nursed through the cholera "her boys" of the regiment, with a drink of water and—

"you're better in the morning," till, in consequence, it was for her "the everlasting morning at Peter's gate."

Of course there's "Maisie." But "Maisie" was selfish from the first and "Dick Helder" was, more or less, a fool. Moreover, "Maisie," though she could neither love, paint or do anything else, had her points, in respect of her grey eyes and her moulded chin. We must not ask too much. Though she did not know it, and never could know it, she inspired the best work of "Helder's" life, the "Melancholia,"—the head of the woman who has seen the game played out and yet laughs; the poor "Melancholia", doomed to darkness even as "Dick" himself. But the luck, "Maisie's" luck, held good at the end, you remember, and "Dick," dead from the merciful bullet, was spared the knowing utterly,—

"And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white-hot brand,  
It's coming to know that she never knew why  
(Seeing at last she could never know why)  
And never could understand."

And the men!

I would speak first of "Mulvaney," "Private Terence Mulvaney," of B. Company of the "Ould Regiment," "six, clear feet of big, black-haired Irishman," with the "unquenchable thirst." "Mulvaney," old, scarred, reckless and resourceful"; "Chief of the 'Three Muketeers,'" the wise counsellor and abiding comfort of "Ortheris" and



"Learoyd"; with the tongue, the "edicated fist-  
eses," the humour and the philosophy. In the days  
of his youth a Lothario of many experiences till he  
met "Dinah." "Dinah, a shlip of a girl, her hair a  
winking glory"; "Dinah, with the flower hand, foot  
av shod air, and the eyes of the living morning."  
And now, still in his own words, "I'm a born scutt  
of the barrack-room with the pipe-clay in the mar-  
row of me. I am old, and my hide is worn off in  
patches. Sintro-go has disconcerted me and I'm a  
married man, too. But I've had my day, I've had  
my day and nothing can take away the taste of that.  
. . . . The whiskey is in the heel of your hand,  
Regiment," three fingers, standing up."

And also of "Mr. Emanuel Pyecroft," second-  
class petty officer in His Majesty's navy and second  
in command of torpedo boat, 267; the omnipresent,  
adequate, "Pyecroft," concerned in "Steam Tac-  
tics," and "Upon their Lawful Occasions" with  
his,— "Buy a ham and see life, for it is a fair day  
and a fair wind for all, thank God." "Pyecroft,"  
who forgave "Morgan," the signaller, saying be-  
hind his hand:—"If I die o' joy, remember I died  
forgiving Morgan, from the bottom of my heart,  
because, like Martha, we have scoffed the better  
part."

I would speak also of "Henry Salt Hinchcliffe,"  
first-class engine-room artificer; "Ag," the carrier's  
cousin, and the friend of "Pyecroft." In the shape  
of engines what he could not drive, he could coax.  
"If you hand him a drum of oil and leave him alone,  
he can coax a stolen bicycle to do typewriting."

And, lastly, of "McPhee," husband of "Janet," and chief-engineer of the "Breslau" and "Kite." He "with a thirty-two years' knowledge of machinery and the humours of ships. One side of his face wrecked by the bursting of a pressure-gauge. . . . and his nose rising out of the wreck like a club in a public riot." He who 'garmed' all over with oil went out-board from the "Kite" for the salvage of three hundred thousand pounds. "Ay, wisdom is justified of her children, and I'll go to sea no more, Janet, except, maybe, as a passenger."

Friends are these whom we know, and hope to meet again.

Read these eight-score stories; but first and last, as the most perfect of them all, read "Bread Upon the Waters."

And now of Kipling's poetry, the metrical stories of the "Barrack-Room," "The Seven Seas," and "The Five Nations."

And here near the beginning the well-known voice sings in his dedication to "Thomas Atkins":

"I have made for you a song  
And it may be right or wrong  
But only you can tell me if its true.  
I have tried for to explain  
Both your pleasure and your pain,  
And 'Thomas,' here's my best respects to you."

And we choose to change the apostrophe of the stanza, to filch from "Thomas Atkins" his dedication. So changed, it may stand for all of Kipling's

verse as a dedication to our own great "Five Free Nations." For as "Aureate of the Greater Empire," Rudyard Kipling in all his poetry sings to these:—

"I have made for you a song  
And it may be right or wrong  
But only you can tell me if its true,  
I have tried for to explain  
Both your pleasure and your pain  
And "Nations" here's my best respects to you."

In the poetry as in the prose we share the early porringer with "Thomas Atkins."

Again, there is more here than there seems; more than metrical stories, there is much true and great poetry. For if by poetry is meant "the expression of emotion in musical rhythm," then is Rudyard Kipling a poet.

Listen! in "A Song of the English," he is describing the lighthouses that warn the English Coast.—"The Coastwise Lights," he calls them.

"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."

The swing of the scnorous lines is as the swing

of the seas themselves—a stanza that Swinburne only might have written.

And again in “The Feet of the Young Men”:

“Do you know the blackened timber, do you know  
that racing stream,  
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end.  
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man  
may bask and dream,  
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend.  
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels  
and traces  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know,  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the star-  
light on our faces,  
For, the Red Gods call us out and we must go.”

And the “Wet Litany” of the Channel Fleet in  
a fog:—

“When the waters’ countenance  
Blurs ’twixt glance and second glance,  
When the tattered smokes fore and  
Ashen ’neath a silvered sun  
When the curtain of the haze  
Shuts upon our helpless ways,  
Hear the Channel Fleet at sea!  
Libera nos, domine!”

And this is Kipling in his loftier mood, the mood  
of Byron, Campbell and Scott.

But these moods are as various as “Mulvaney’s”  
and wide as the excursion of “Tomlinson”—“down  
to Gehenna and up to the Throne.”

Kipling as a poet is the same man that he is in prose, the man of action, and we naturally search in vain for the idyllic transcendental repose of Wordsworth or Tennyson; for the patient resignation of the virtuous, meditative "Williams," or the introspective, finely-wrought mosaic of "In Memoriam." No, here the picture is impressionist, the theme is practical, and the action is strong.

And these themes are as various as the moods, for the verses are simply prose in the hands of a great and versatile musician, who can play upon any instrument, from the Jew's-Harp and the banjo to the church organ. This theme-versatility is immense, and yet the metrical composition ever fits its lightning changes, and is cast to them in perfect mould. And so the metres, often manufactured to suit himself, are as various as his themes. In his verse-building also, he is a law unto himself. And his method is always the Kipling method. Plain, common, Saxon words he takes, from the street, the workshop and the barrack-room and yet invariably he builds them with strong, vigorous handling into a House Beautiful. A master-builder whether it be with the Cherubim in "The Last Chantey," or with the native water-carrier, "Gunga Din." To change the figure, his touch very truthfully is that of the alchemist, who turns everything to gold.

As an illustration of what Kipling can do as a mere mechanician, read his "Sestina of the Tramp Royal." This is the most intricate mould in which it is possible to cast verse. Nevertheless, there is in it all no constraint, but rather the freedom of the very wind "that tramps the world."

And the voice of Kipling's verse, its soul, is the great human cry of all the work-a-day world from "Delos up to Limerick and back." The whole gamut of that voice is here from the coarse devilment of the Barrack-room to the dignified Hebraic chant, "Lest We Forget." Is it possible that the same voice sings "The Shut-eye Sentry": —

"But we sluiced 'im down an' we washed 'im out,  
An' a first-class job we made,  
When we saved 'im, smart as a Bombardier,  
For six o'clock parade."

And the "Recesional":—

"God of our Fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget!—lest we forget!"

And as if this were not enough, to complete our wonderment, he groups them together and with a half-cynical smile tosses them to us with:—

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' tyre,  
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;  
'An' what 'e thought 'e might require,  
'E went and took—the same as me!

"They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.  
They didn't tell nor make a fuss,  
But winked at 'Omer down the road,  
And 'e winked back,—the same as us."

And yet it is just in such devious ways as these that Kipling is universal, and reaches deep and far into the complex heart of human life.

From the tense, anguished cry of "The Banjo,"

"By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread";—

"In the twilight on a bucket upside down

Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess;—

I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!

I am all that ever went with evening dress.—

and the deeper groan of the "Gentlemen Rankers":

"We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost  
to Love and Truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung."—

Kipling's strong voice bears us onward through

the tears and travail of it all, upward, hopeful, glad

and loud, till it ends in that grand paean of the

Empire Builder: "The Young Queen":

"She came to the Old Queen's presence in the Hall

of Our Thousand Years—

In the Hall of the Five Free Nations, that are peers  
among their peers;

Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the  
head,

Crying: "Crown me, my Mother"—and the old  
Queen stood and said:—"

And this far-reaching, leader, voice, is the voice  
of a man not yet old.

His own work he humbly presents in this wise,  
to the Great Master Workman:—

"One stone the more swings to her place

In that dread Temple of Thy worth,

It is enough that through thy grace,  
I saw naught common on Thy earth."

Rudyard Kipling looks still through a fore-vista  
of years. In his poetry as in his prose, his gospel  
is the great gospel of work; of a new Heaven and a  
new Earth, where,—

"Each in his separate star  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of  
Things as They Are!"



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