

turesque figures. A poet, M. Moréas, who was an Athenian Greek of good family, and whose real name

Jean Moréas

was Papadiamantopoulos, gained recognition in the eighties as one of the leaders of that group known first as "dégénéralisés," and later as "symbolists." He was one of the earliest to pay court to Verlaine after that poet's return to Paris from England, and like many of his fellows, he adopted certain of Verlaine's less reprehensible habits. Thus, he made the boulevard his home, and the café his workshop, living the poetic life full in the public eye. A friend has given the following picture of him in those days: "One commonly comes across M. Jean Moréas on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, if it is winter, in the cafés that are hospitable to the din of poets, if summer, on the terraces, nonchalantly exposed to the curiosity of the passer-by. At whatever hour you meet him, he is working, by which I mean that he makes verses or recites them. With a fine deep-throated voice, which accentuates the mute syllables in a bizarre fashion, he gives a new gravity to the strophes of Ronsard and La Fontaine, of Thibaut de Champagne and Alfred de Vigny; and, by the peaceful quiver of his lip, every one understands that M. Moréas feels perfectly happy. He has found the sovereign good." Another observer, less sympathetic, portrays him in a similar posture but with an added touch of vanity, praising his own verses as he declaims them, and comparing them favourably with Verlaine's, while, occasionally, refreshing himself with a sip of absinthe, he glances with unaffected admiration at his own reflection in the café mirror, and gives voice to an enraptured "*Ah, que je suis beau!*"

Moréas had for a time another idol besides himself and Verlaine. This was Mallarmé. It was Mallarmé who said to him after his first attempts in the new style of poetry in which the Greek oddly sought to revive the traditions of mediæval and Renaissance poetry in France: "*Monsieur, vous trichez avec les siècles.*" In founding the "école romane," which was the expression of this wish to restore

the past, Moréas broke with many of his early friends who remained in the symbolist camp and regarded him as a traitor to the cause. Chief among these was Gustave Kahn, who has indulged in more than one fling at his old comrade and at his *chansons romanes*, which even well-disposed critics had to admit were often so filled with archaisms of thought, language, and expression as to be unintelligible save to the scholar. But Moréas had a surprising way of changing his base, and was constantly establishing new schools on new principles that suggested themselves to his fertile mind. Hence no one line of attack was effective against him for long, and when he was seized by a new conviction, he would himself repudiate with charming candour the works composed under the previous critical obsession, or rather, he would re-edit these, and would add them to the catalogue of his "œuvres de jeunesse"—another milestone in his "passionate pilgrimage" through life. In later years he lost many of his eccentricities, adopted most of the conventions in poetry against which he had ardently rebelled, ceased to announce schools and to publish manifestoes; and, interviewed in the course of one of those "*enquêtes littéraires*" inaugurated from time to time by enterprising Parisian journalists, he summed up his mature creed in the single phrase: "*Il faut être bon ouvrier.*"

The Kipling paper which we quote below has recently been reprinted in the London *Spectator* à propos of the anarchist outrages in India. It was published originally in the *Pioneer* of January 11, 1888. Its application to present conditions in India is obvious, and it leaves no doubt that Kipling, who was then only twenty-three, saw further into the state of affairs than many of the wisecracks of the time. Its real interest, however, lies as much in the manner as in the matter. The style is that of Kipling in his maturity, neither better nor worse than in many passages that may be found in some of his most admired writings. Even in the pages of *Kim* you find the same ironic note of

patronage toward modes of thought with which he does not agree. It has been called a "know-it-all" manner and "swagger." George Moore once said it consisted in whispering to the reader between the lines, "I know a trick worth two of that." George Moore seemed almost morbid on this subject. He said he could not read anything of Kipling's without hearing "I know a trick worth two of that." The paper is not in the best vein of the mature Kipling, but it is certainly better than a good many things that are bound up in his complete works. It suggests at least the question that if the *American Notes* are worth a binding, why are not these other contributions to the Indian press on subjects with which Kipling was familiar?

A LITTLE MORALITY

Morality, heavenly link,
It is to thee that I drink!
I'm awfully fond
Of that heavenly bond
Morality, heavenly link!—*Bab Ballads.*

The Government of India woke up with a start. The air was full of flippant language. "Bless our Souls," said the Government of India, "this is painful! They are actually getting irreverent. We must do something." They called up all the Secretaries and took their opinions, and the Secretaries said with one voice that there was nothing like Morality. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," murmured all the Secretaries, because they had read Tennyson in the six-shilling edition and had ideas on governing India. "The fact of the matter is," said the Government of India impressively, "something has gone wrong somewhere. We don't quite know what it is, but we are determined to set it right." And all the Secretaries murmured applausively: "Set it right. By all means, set it right."

And really, the state of affairs demanded some sort of correction. The Government of India was in the habit of giving little boys four rupees a month to sit still and load themselves up with Spenser's *Faery Queen*, pp. 1 to 131, inclusive, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* and Colenso as far as Decimal Fractions, and Fawcett's *Political Economy*, and *Hypatia*, and the *Elements of Logic*, and whole pages of *Chaucer*, besides unlimited quantities of History, and things of that nature. On the

strength of his four rupees a month, the boy took a wife, and by the time that his subsistence allowance came to an end he was usually the owner of two children, in addition to a mass of mixed information regarding Magna Charta, Deucalion, Empedocles on Etna, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," "Wilkes and Number 45," Colonel Olcott's lectures and the back numbers of the *Theosophist*. Just as he was comfortably settling down, and had brought his wife's widowed sister and a younger brother or two to share his wealth, the Government was in the habit of withdrawing the subsistence allowance, and saying cheerfully: "Now we've given you a first-class education. Please walk about a little and get a living. We regret to say that our offices are full." Then that boy would go away very sorrowfully, because he was a married man with an indifferent constitution and a large experience of life, and would curse the Government of India by all his own gods and a host of new ones borrowed from the *Rape of the Lock*, and the Logic books, and *King Lear*, and all Macaulay, including the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. At first the Government of India used to listen smirkingly and pat him on the head and say to every one: "Hear him swear! All those bad words are out of our primers. Isn't he fluent? That's intellectual activity, that is! You wait a few years, and you'll see the poets and the novelists, and the historians and the eminent manufacturers, and the clear-headed engineers, just jostling each other through the length and breadth of the Empire." So the Universe lit a cheroot and waited for the procession of proficient. But the boy who was also a married man—the child who was a father—did not want to be a poet, or any of those unremunerative things. He had his children to look after, and, because he was an old man at thirty-five and generally died at forty-five, he wanted to do his work quickly. His fathers had an extensive literature of proverbs which said nothing about going away from home and carving out careers, but a good deal about the necessity of enjoying a great man's protection, and climbing over other men's shoulders to authority. Some of the proverbs said: "A mahout is as strong as the elephant when he is on its neck," and others that "It is better to be the foot-servant of a king than a chief of two villages." The boy believed these proverbs, because they were drilled into him in his home life, which was as entirely distinct

from his school life as anything you could well conceive. At school he spoke one language; at home another; at school he dressed in one fashion; at home in another; at school he sat in one fashion; at home in another; at school he thought in one groove; at home in another; and so on, because he came of a very, very old stock.

Later on he discovered how to print the thoughts that filled his poor brain, and he mixed up the teachings of the *purohīts* with Fawcett and Mill, and tangled the *Shasters* with Spencer, and strung *Kalidasa* and *Cleopatra* in alternate lumps. The Government of India was immensely pleased, and said: "Now you'll see! This is the beginning of a National Literature. Observe the fireworks!" But the National Literature had been written by the boy's forefathers ages and ages ago in their own way; and ages and ages ago the clear-headed engineers had done the national monuments, also in their own way. The stock was an old, worn-out stock, and, as has been said, Death came early to the boy and those like him. Some of his writings were peculiar and not exactly what the Government of India has expected. They had sown Carlyle and there came up anything but *Hero Worship*. It rather resembled the *French Revolution*. But the Government of India said: "For goodness' sake don't interfere with it. It will settle down and leave the National Literature and the Legitimate Political Aspiration." The German read a few pages of the stuff and said dreamily: "Mine Gott! You haf missed der soul-life-drift of dese people. Dey haf der power of defining afrydings, but dey haf not de power of understanding what is der meaning of der definition. I tell you dey are de soul-mit-ancient - clouds-encumbered - double-life-bejointed people, and you haf dreated dem as dough dey was into-der-tendency-of-politics-scope-seeing Teutons. Dere will be, as you Englanders say, Hellto bay!" But nobody attended to the German, partly because no one could understand him, and partly because every one was so busy copying the pattern of his *Pickelhaube*. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and said: "*Mon Dieu!* I have known you English for fools these eight hundred years. But you are to-day such fools as I have never seen. No, never." The Frenchman was volatile, and had made such a mess of a place called Tonquin that no one attended to him.

The boy went on in his wonderful way, his

poor head swimming with the things he had picked up in the days of his subsistence allowance, and at last created the "New English." Everybody laughed at it, but it was all his own—unique and unapproachable. And the Government of India shook its head, for the "New English" seemed a poor distillation from the strong wine poured out so lavishly. Then the boy found his *métier*, poor fellow. You must understand that his mother-tongue was almost inconceivably rich in terms of abuse, and the language of his home life bristled with peculiar terms and strange twists of expression which would have deeply shocked the Government of India had it heard them. But, as the Government of India was nervously anxious not to penetrate into the sacredness of his domestic life or to upset his religious prejudices, it missed the wonderful language which the boy would use toward his wife, or his mother, when the one had been misbehaving herself or the other had slapped one of his children. When to the immense natural resources of the country were added some Emerson, Carlyle, Swift and Johnson, the result even in temperate hands would have been fine. But the boy was, by heredity and national temperament, devoid of any sense of proportion, and constitutionally prone to exaggeration. The style and composition of the old-time histories might have convinced the Government of India of this; but they never cared to look.

So the boy found his *métier*, which was to abuse the Government of India; and here everything was in his favour. By the irony of Destiny he abused it, not for half-poisoning him and giving him indigestion, but for not poisoning him half quickly enough. The New English was a flexible tongue and the boy was an apt copyist; albeit he had no notion of the value of words. This was curious, because for generations and generations words had been things to his people. He turned up his books and abused it as the French peasantry abused the aristocracy before the Revolution; then he abused it in the Ciceronian style beginning: *Quousque tandem*, etc.; then he cursed it in the Swiftian manner, which was rather more vitriolic than the others; then he pulverised it on paper in Macaulay periods, and, when he was nearly exhausted, a cynical Fate put the *Pall Mall Gazette* and some American papers in his way. He copied everything and made no doubt but that he was doing well; and the cry of his torment, for he was nearly dead

with the terrible indigestion of half-bolted studies, was heart-rending. But over and above, and through and under, the Swiftian, Ciceronian and Steadish invective could be heard the winged words of the *bazaars* in which he had been brought up. It was a pitiful, a pathetic thing; and the worst of it was that the boy did not know what was the matter with him, any more than does a baby suffering from colic. To its eternal credit be it written, the Government of India did not add a fresh mistake to its original sin. Any other Government on hearing the language the boy used would have imprisoned him. *One* Government would have hanged him as high as Haman. The Indian Government felt dimly that it had done him a great wrong, and appointed a Commission to soothe him. But his trouble was not curable by Commissions, though he himself said it was. He had mixed up the proverbs about climbing over other men's shoulders to employment with Smiles on Self-Help and the curious teachings he had learned at his mother's knee. He drank, so to speak, brandy and curds, heady port and *arrack*, together, and the natural indigestive result was extreme discomfort. Then said the Government of India, who had been lavishing lakhs and lakhs and lakhs on subsistence allowances in order to make him what he was: "He is irreverent! We must seriously consider the matter. His language is really shocking." And so it was!

The Conference of the Secretaries held itself, and unanimously resolved that Morality was what he lacked. The boy had three hundred and thirty-three million, three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three gods of his own; but the Secretaries thought that he might endure yet one more—a colourless and abstract sort of god, carefully arranged so as not to hurt his religious feelings. When they were all settled down, the Military Secretary drifted in, booted and spurred, on his way to the race-course. "Irreverence is it?" said he. "Morality be dashed. When I did anything wrong at school I was flogged to bring me to my bearings, and so were you." He departed tempestuously, while a Secretary murmured: "You can't flog a married man—boy—what is it?" A Lieutenant-Governor said: "Hang it, no. They'd make a Dacca schoolboy's case out of it!" And that was the stumbling-block. The boy was not only a married man, but also claimed to be the People of the country. In England a

future Prime Minister can be birched till he bleeds and no one says anything. In India a future anybody cannot be touched without serious discussion; and this, too, is the fault of the Government of India. "Make prefects," said a Secretary. "No end of good in prefects. I was a prefect once." Another Secretary exploded with a cackle and said: "They'd take bribes." But the recommendation was written down. Then a brilliant genius said: "Give 'em a primer to teach 'em Morality," and Lord Cross, seven thousand miles away, in a London fog and all among the Societies for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, the Protection of Aborigines, the Lying-in Hospitals and the Missions to Fallen Women, sent some sample primers across the sea to the boy who was, on one side, as old as all Asia, as wise as all Asia, and, on the other, younger than the youngest puppy that was ever born, dying of indigestion in the spirit, and dead in the flesh before its fiftieth year. He knew rather more about Morality than any of his examiners, for many, many years ago his forefathers had walked through Morality and come out on the other side. His complaint was indigestion—acute mental dyspepsia, and for *that* the Government of India gave him a fresh book to swallow.

Just as the Great Morality Manifesto had been drafted, the Secretary in the Revenue and Agricultural Department entered. He had lost his way to his office in a fit of absence of mind, and there was a light of deep thought in his far-away eyes. "Oh! you here!" said he. "By the way, what's the best thing for a cow that has gorged herself with clover?" The question had nothing to do with the Educational Department, and it remained for the Military Secretary, fresh from his morning gallop, to answer it. "You can't do anything," he said, "but *if* she recovers keep her on dry diet."

The Great Morality Manifesto went forth to the World.

And the World laughed.

Speaking of Kipling, we recently met an Englishman who claimed to have known the real Namgay Doola. We do not think that any real lover of Kipling will have to pause long before recalling this tale and its setting. There, "between the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier and a dark birch forest," is the little opéra-bouffe kingdom four miles square (but

most of the miles stood on end) and the royal elephant which ate up the revenue, and the standing army of five, and the king himself, who would not imprison, because, having been once bedridden he "perceived the nature of the punishment," nor burn a rebel out, "because a hut is a hut and it holds the life of a man." Then Namgay Doola himself red-headed, blue-eyed, wild Irish from top to toe, with his red-headed offspring standing in a semi-circle before the little oil lamp and the worn crucifix crooning their plaintive hymn:

Dir hané mard-i-yemen dir to weeree ala gee,
which is all that the years have left of
They're hanging men and women, too, for
the wearing of the green.

The story of Namgay Doola was written in the early nineties. The Sikkim campaign took place in the summer of 1889. The Englishman who told us the story relates that among the prisoners taken at the battle of the Jelap was a Thibetan, who had been badly wounded while defending a stone wall that had been thrown up to impede the British advance. The man was fair, with blue eyes and red hair. Though manifestly Thibetan in dirt, speech, habits and ways of thought, he was obviously of European extraction. His name was Namgay Doola and he could tell but little of himself except that his father, Timlay Doola, had had much the same physical characteristics. As the prisoner's wound healed he picked up English phrases with extraordinary facility. The case aroused much interest among Europeans, with the result that inquiry of one of the Lamas at the Pemancha Monastery extracted the story of Timlay Doola which, to use Kipling's words, "was Tim Doolan gone very far wrong indeed."

Back in the fifties a batch of invalids had been sent to the capital Convalescent Depot at Jalapahar. Among them was a wild harum-scarum red-headed Irishman named Timothy Doolan, whose constitution had been shattered by fever and strong liquor. Tim became smitten by a good-looking Lepchani, and speedily grew

careless and dirty in his habits, and was frequently late at roll-call. It was at last decided to send him back to his regiment, and he received his marching orders. The next day, however, he could not be found. It was learned that the woman and her family had left for Sikkim and a party of sappers was sent in pursuit. Three or four days later the party returned and reported that they had come up with the deserter and the Lepchas beyond Runjeet, but the soldier, who had taken all his arms with him, had fired upon the pursuers and driven them back. This was the last seen of Tim Doolan, who probably settled down as Timlay Doola to a comfortable loafer's life. Further evidence as to the identity of the deserter with Namgay Doola's father was furnished by a messenger who brought from Namgay's house in Thibet an old brass breastplate, used formerly for fastening a soldier's cross belts, with the number of the regiment on it, a small well-worn brass crucifix and an old tobacco-stopper.

Professor Grant Showerman in his volume of essays entitled *With the Professor*, has many a sneer at the "practical" American's indifference to "Culture."

A Defender
of Culture

The "professor" is a teacher of the classics in a Western State college, and his monologues, which make up the successive chapters of the book, are all written from the point of view of a "cultured" person on the defensive, among the rough, overmastering Philistinism of every-day life. His weapons are irony and mock humility, and he employs them for the most part against the sort of man who asks, What is the use of literature? He also has his opinion of those college professors who are teaching "every practical thing under the sun—from the care and feeding of babies to the construction of a steam engine." Verily they have their reward, but forsooth and forsooth!

Of course, it goes without saying that the Professor was too modest to claim any such glory for himself and his colleagues in the academic department. Their aims were not practical. All they were doing was to send out into the society of the State cultivated