

## CHAPTER XXV

### ENGLISH FICTION IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

I THINK we may begin the study of English fiction since 1850 with the name of a woman. It is curious that the first great period of nineteenth century fiction also begins with the name of a woman; for if Sir Walter Scott was the father of the modern romance, Miss Edgeworth was just as certainly the mother of the modern domestic novel, and the writing of novels of this class is a work depending much upon that delicacy of observation which women possess in a much higher degree than men. The same fact, I am told, is observed in the history of Japanese literature, though on this subject I am not qualified to speak. Nevertheless I imagine myself tolerably close to the truth when I say that a considerable portion of the best Japanese literature is the work of women.

The woman who began the second period of the nineteenth century novel writing was Charlotte Brontë. Miss Brontë was one of three sisters, all of whom possessed considerable literary ability. They were the daughters of an Irish clergyman, Patrick Brontë (or Brunty), who settled in Haworth. The Rev. Mr. Brontë was a passionate, ill-tempered man, and seems to have caused his daughters considerable unhappiness, and unhappiness which perhaps shows itself, like a fugitive gloom, through many pages of the work of the sisters. The living, as the curacy of such a clergyman is called in England, was very small; and poverty added to the bitterness of the girls' lives. They had no prospects; the position of a daughter of a poor clergyman is apt to be very unenviable. She is delicately educated and is therefore unfitted to marry into the artisan

class, while, unless possessing remarkable beauty or other advantages, she has very little chance of marrying into a higher class. In a large number of cases she is therefore doomed to remain unmarried, and is usually obliged, notwithstanding, to make her own living. Therefore she is trained for a governess—that is to say, a female teacher in a private family. The three Brontë sisters were so trained, and Charlotte was sent to Belgium for a special course. There was a brother, but he appears to have been a good-for-nothing, lazy fellow, who never gave his sisters any help, and who probably lived at their expense, which is considered a very shameful thing to do. Charlotte Brontë and Anne Brontë and Emily Brontë first attempted poetry. Their poems did not succeed, but some critics observed in them remarkable qualities. Emily wrote under the name of Ellis Bell, Anne wrote under the name of Acton Bell, and Charlotte under the name of Currer Bell,—each thus choosing a literary name beginning with the same letter as the real name. Charlotte Brontë next appeared in print singly, under the name of Currer Bell, with a novel called “The Professor.” This was followed by a novel called “Jane Eyre,” which startled England into the recognition of a new and very powerful literary personality. Nothing like “Jane Eyre” had yet appeared in literature. There was nothing romantic about it. It was not the story of a beautiful woman and a handsome man, such as other popular novelists had written, but the story of two very plain, very obstinate and very deep natures, alternately attracting and repelling each other, fearing to show love and withdrawing violently when it was shown, yet at last irresistibly drawn together in spite of this long struggle between pride and affection. It was a story of everyday humanity, and it appealed to a very large class. Its success was immense and well deserved. It provoked a great number of weaker writers to imitate it, and within a few years there were brought out, both in England and America, a great number of flimsy novels with ugly women for heroines, and ugly

obstinate men for heroes. After "Jane Eyre," Charlotte Brontë produced two other novels, "Villette," and "Shirley." The heroine of the latter is said to be a study of the character of one of her own sisters. Both are very good, but I think that "Villette" is the better,—indeed I have often been tempted to think that it is even better than "Jane Eyre," but perhaps the reason why I think so is that I have been in the same class of French school as those described in "Villette," and the verisimilitude of the narrative therefore appeals to me in a particular way. One feels in reading any of this author's books that one is reading not a story, but warm, living, cruel pages out of a life. What Charlotte Brontë did was simply to put into book form her own experiences of love, despair, and struggle, but this with the very highest art of the novel writer, with a skill of grouping incident and of communicating vividness to the least detail, rarely found in English fiction. The work of her sister Emily in prose, "Wuthering Heights," is gloomy and strong, weaker than her own, but showing much of the same originality. Anne, the other sister, produced two novels, "Agnes Grey," and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." They are not very remarkable. Charlotte alone is likely to remain a very great figure in English fiction, and only last year the taste for her work revived, with the result that a beautiful new edition of her novels was brought out in London. Some sneers have been made at the poetry of the sisters, chiefly because these poems were somewhat pantheistic in spirit, but I am inclined to think that the sneers were foolish. At all events the intense admiration expressed by John Addington Symonds for these poems served to awaken new interest later, and they have been reprinted. Symonds himself was not a very great poet, but he was a critic of excellent judgment and of no little weight.

Many other women figured in the roll of honour of English fiction since 1850, and Charlotte Brontë was not the greatest. Still greater was a woman born three years later, and now universally known to the English speaking world

as George Eliot. Her real name was Mary Ann Evans. She was born in 1819, the daughter of a steward in charge of an English estate at Arbury in Warwickshire. An English steward does not rank very high socially, and can be said to belong at best to the lower middle class; but he has to be a man of considerable intelligence as well as integrity, and he can usually command a very good salary. Mary Ann was not merely well educated by her father, but extremely well educated, some would say over-educated. She studied in Switzerland, followed the university courses so far as was possible at that time, and must be thought of altogether as a university woman. She was certainly an intellectual force rather masculine than feminine in her massiveness.

Her first literary work was a series of sketches of provincial life as seen in the neighbourhood of a country parsonage, and entitled "Scenes of Clerical Life." These stories appeared in *Blackwood Magazine*, and at once gave her a considerable reputation. Nevertheless she allowed quite a considerable interval to pass before again appearing in print. She went to London, began to write serious articles for *The Westminster Review*, and shortly became one of its editors. *The Westminster Review* was one of the ablest reviews of the time, but it was a thorn in the side of the godly, for it was anything but orthodox. Church prejudice abhorred even the name of it. It was mainly scientific and philosophical, with a fine flavour of pure literature noticeable in its criticisms. Darwinism had not then forced itself upon the conviction of the century, and the liberality of opinions expressed by *Westminster* was considered somewhat scandalous. Herbert Spencer was then a frequent contributor to *The Westminster*. He made the acquaintance of Miss Evans, and learning to estimate her as an extraordinary woman, introduced her to his friend the philosopher and critic, George Henry Lewes. The acquaintance thus resulting turned out somewhat differently perhaps from Mr. Spencer's expectations. The two fell in

love with one another, but there was an obstacle to their marriage in the fact that Mr. Lewes already had a wife. Mrs. Lewes was insane; but the law of England did not allow a divorce under such circumstances. Both Miss Evans and Mr. Lewes were philosophers, and deciding the question after their own fashion, they formed a union which, although illegal, was ultimately recognized to a certain extent by English society,—a strange example of the fact that genius is able to obtain even in England, the most prejudiced of countries, forgiveness for what is never forgiven to the ordinary class of people.

This union certainly had a very great influence upon the literary career of Miss Evans. Lewes was a good critic, though an unsuccessful story-teller. He was also a thinker, and one of the foremost scientific writers of the time. He was not of the dry class of learned men, but could write on the deepest subjects in the most romantic manner. He had the art-sense of the wonderful race to which he belonged, for he was a Jew, and therefore could appreciate all the qualities of the fine mind of his companion. Only by a very little did Lewes miss rising to the first rank in the scientific world. He was unfortunately a Comtist, and had been perhaps a little too hasty in yielding to the new thought of a new time. Most of the English writers who followed Comte made failures,—failures that chiefly show themselves in want of synthesis, in the lack of capacity to carry out a work upon intended lines. Buckle and Lewes alike show this weakness. Both began work upon a scale disproportionate to their powers, and both found it impossible to finish. While Lewes's "History of Philosophy" will always be found one of the most delightful books of its class, his great psychological work, "Problems of Life and Mind," is quite as much a failure as was Buckle's "History of Civilization." Both are full of good and grave things, but both show the lack of that wonderful synthesizing power which marks the superiority of minds like those of Spencer and of Huxley.

From these remarks upon Lewes, it is easy to see that

the mind of his companion was likely to receive influence both for good and bad. And such influences her most admiring critics have found traces of in her work. Her early novels, resembling in their simple strength and sunny humour the "Scenes of Clerical Life," differ so much from her later productions that it is almost impossible to understand how they could have been written by the same person. By earlier novels I mean "Adam Bede," published 1859, "The Mill on the Floss," published 1860, and "Silas Marner," published 1861, under the name of George Eliot—the author, like a very famous French woman who wrote in very much the same style, finding it advantageous to adopt a masculine *nom de plume*. Whether Miss Evans had the example of George Sand before her when she chose the literary name of George Eliot, I am not prepared to say; but I think that any reader of the works of these two women will find in the earlier work of George Eliot much of the charm that distinguishes the work of George Sand.

These were stories of simple characters and of simple life. In the meantime Miss Evans had been for many years preparing a novel of a totally different description, which appeared first in 1863. She said afterwards that she was a young girl when she began the book, and an old woman when she had finished it. In order to write it she had been obliged to read studiously more than five hundred different works in English, German, French, and Italian,—especially in Italian, because it was a story of the Italian Renaissance. The book is called "Romola," after the name of the principal female character in the narrative. The hero, or at least the chief male character, Tito, is one of those Greeks who, after the ruin of the Eastern Empire, became teachers in Italy of the arts and sciences, and helped the revival of learning. The great strength of the book is the study of Tito's character. It is a character extremely complex, extremely charming, and extremely detestable at the same time. It is a character to some degree void of moral conscience, void of moral honour, void of gratitude. Tito betrays his bene-

factor, not for gain, but through mere indolent lazy selfishness. He betrays his wife; he betrays his friends and his party; and he is at last killed by the hands of the very man who had once adopted him as a son. In short, Tito represents as faithfully as a great artist can paint it, one of the types of the Renaissance man,—neither the best nor the worst, but a type which must have been common enough. As a foil to it we have a drawing of the character of Savonarola, perhaps less successful. That which makes the book most agreeable reading, in my opinion, is the æsthetic study of the Renaissance which illustrates and beautifies every page; the descriptions of gems, bronzes, marbles, manuscripts; the colourful studies of costume and decoration; the rare but exquisite paintings of womanly sweetness and grace and statuesque loveliness. At all events I think it may be said that this book stands alone in English literature and perhaps in the world's literature, as a picture of the romantic epoch. Critics are very much divided in opinion about it. I must tell you that the majority of them have called it a failure, and when I say that it is to me the greatest of all George Eliot's books, I am speaking against the majority. Before turning to other works by the same author, I should like to direct the attention of the student to what seems to me one of the most particularly effective passages in the book, touched by a feeling not to be found in any other work of George Eliot,—the feeling of the weird. I mean the dream of Romola, that marvellous dream of the river whose waters are not waters but an unrolling of ancient parchments, and of the marriage at which the face of the priest became the face of Death. Whoever can read that and deny to George Eliot the qualities of poetic imagination, seems to me a poor critic. "Romola" cannot be said to suggest to the world the influence of Lewes upon George Eliot. That influence does not appear even in a subsequent volume, "Felix Holt," published in 1866, a strong, simple story which seems to return to the writer's first manner. But in the great novel "Middlemarch," which belongs to

the class of learned novels, the influence may be said to show itself. It appears especially in the psychological studies which give the volume quite a special character. It is beyond question a very great book, but a painful book, because of the painful truths of the conditions therein portrayed—the marriage of the girl through an ideal of duty to a man totally selfish and unworthy, with the inevitable disillusionment that such a step must bring to any fine mind.

In the next novel, published in 1876, there is no room to mistake the influence of Lewes. Daniel Deronda, the character who gives the name to the novel, is a Jew,—some have said an ideal study of Lewes himself, though that may be going too far. But all that part of the story treating of Jewish life, Jewish learning, Jewish religion, Jewish history, has obviously been written under urging and for a purpose not at all in harmony, I would not say with George Eliot's feelings, but with her natural literary tendency, and it is just this part of the book that the public pronounced a failure. It vexed her admirers and lost to her a great deal of the popularity that she had previously enjoyed. Nevertheless, I think the main part of the book contains some of the most splendid work ever done by any novelist. The character of the girl who marries a wealthy man whom she cannot love, in order to assist her parents; the character of the man, hard and cold as stone, the struggle between the two natures, in the cruel existence which the reader cannot help sharing, and the multitudinous moral questions that the narration suggests but leaves unanswered,—these would do honour to any of the great novelists of modern times, even the French masters not excepted.

There is not much to be said about the rest of George Eliot's work. After the death of Mr. Lewes she married a Mr. John Cross. Her later work was of very little importance. "Theophrastus Such," a volume of dissertations, psychological and philosophical, only suggests that the impulses received from Mr. Lewes toward the study of philosophy had at last entirely dominated her, and perhaps para-



lyzed her creative power. But I am not sure that this suggestion would be altogether correct. She had become an old woman, and at her age fresh novel writing was almost out of the question. I should mention also that she published several volumes of poetry, since collected into one. The longest poem in the collection is the "Legend of Jubal,"—in Bible story the first musician. Most critics deny poetical value to George Eliot's verses. They are sweet, melodious, pleasing; here and there one finds in them pretty little songs; but they are not great, or deep, or particularly wonderful in any way. Still, remembering the charm which they gave me at the time that I first read them, I cannot help believing that they would never have been so severely judged if they had been written by a less important person. In her greatest work this woman was so very great, greater than even any man of our time in the same field, that the world expected from her only gigantic things, and she could not always come up to its expectations.

After George Eliot's date, the next great name that interests us is that of Charles Kingsley, who figures especially about 1850. Charles Kingsley was the son of a clergyman, became a clergyman himself, and remained one all his life. But perhaps no other name in English literature so little represents those conservative influences which we are accustomed to associate with the Church. We see a very great deal of the man, and of the soul of the man, but of the clergyman we see very little; of the Christian nothing sectarian, nothing narrow-minded, only a great broad, deep, and true religious sense, toned by idealism, but never qualified by humbug.

Kingsley was born in 1819, educated first at King's College at London, and afterwards at Cambridge. His native place was Devonshire, and in many of his stories we find charming pictures of the Devonshire coast. After entering the Church he was appointed to the rectorship of Eversley in Hampshire, where he always lived. Perhaps because of his great literary powers he was made Professor of Modern

History at Cambridge in the latter part of his life. He was the brother-in-law of the great historian Froude, and what has been said of Froude, as Professor of History, has also been said of Kingsley in the same capacity. Indeed the men resembled each other in many respects, both of weakness and of strength. The fault found with the lectures of both was that they were too romantic, that they delighted the students by appealing to their imagination with vivid and emotional pictures, but at the same time gave them one-sided views of history. Romantic Kingsley's lectures certainly were, but in the most artistic sense; and it is certain that those who heard them with open minds obtained such glimpses of historic truth, and received such impulses of patriotic pride and heroism, as no merely pedantic work ever could have given.

His books represent much variety. We have pure scientific studies in natural history and geology; we have fairy tales; and we have a number of novels, both historical and romantic. The novels themselves cannot be classified under one general head nor even under three. For example, "Alton Locke" is a romance of the Chartist period in England, and largely expresses personal feeling; "Hypatia" is a story of the fifth century, and the scene is Alexandria in Egypt; "Westward Ho!" is a narrative of the great naval struggle between Spain and England in the sixteenth century; "Hereward the Wake" is a romance of the time of the Norman Conquest; "Yeast" embodies the theory of what was called in Kingsley's time "Christian Socialism," and "Two Years Ago" is perhaps the only novel of the lot in the strictest sense of the word—a novel of modern English life.

Perhaps because of the relation of the narratives to particular agitations of English social life, "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" are not well adapted for reading by students in Japan. I should not dare to recommend them; and yet I cannot but regret that they are not likely to appeal to you in the same way they once appealed to English readers. I do not know any pages in all Kingsley's work more politi-

cally impressive than those in which the dream of Alton Locke is described, the dream of the great migration of races from India westward, as it was imagined in the period when the new Sanskrit studies had first taught us that the English and the Hindoo were brothers in blood and kindred in speech. You will not easily forget the splendid phantasmagoria in this description—the vastness—the movement, the idea given of great space and great light, and the divisions always lessening behind the Himalayas, like a rosy dawn. More useful for your literary study, however, are almost any of his other books. Most critics say that “Westward Ho!” is his masterpiece, but I cannot help believing that English patriotic feeling inspires this judgment. “Westward Ho!” is a great book with its studies of West Indian life, its drawings of the English gentlemen’s adventures of Elizabeth’s time, its battle scenes, its heroism, and the awful but not impossible catastrophe at the end, when Amyas Leigh is blinded by a lightning flash; but somehow or other I cannot help thinking that to persons not English this story is less interesting than “Hypatia,” or even than “Hereward,” the most really English of all. I should say to the student, “Read ‘Hereward’ and ‘Hypatia,’ before you read any other work by Kingsley.” Hereward is the old English viking,—brother in blood and speech to the Scandinavian berserk,—the man who took off instead of putting on his armour to fight. There was really a Hereward in history, who long resisted the power of William the Conqueror and who was called the Wake, or the Awake, because he could never be taken by surprise. Kingsley has nobly idealized this figure; he has made Hereward not merely the typical man of the North, but a model of strong and generous manhood for all time. He once and only once does wrong—he is faithless to his wife because of the fascination and the charm of another woman, and this fault brings about his ruin and death, though not before he has made, as a man should make, proper moral atonement. So much for the merely ethical side of the story. But study

the artistic side! It is simply beyond praise. And here you can feel that the historian is behind the novelist. Only one who has read and studied northern literature and northern history very deeply could have made such pictures for us. As we read, we do not doubt that we really can hear the cry of the sea-kings, and the sound of the oar roll "like thunder working up from the Northeast."

I do not think that Kingsley loved the old North, the Scandinavian North, merely because he was an Englishman, but because the old North seemed to him ever the highest type of ideal manhood, combined strength of body and soul. No one, not perhaps even Mr. Swinburne, felt the beautiful side of Greek life more than Kingsley; you might be sure of that after reading the matchless volume of "Greek Fairy Tales" which he wrote for his own children, drawing the little pictures with his own hand. But he loved the North more than Greece; he loved its heroes, its scorn of death, its tremendous and ferocious energy. Therefore he introduces it to us under circumstances and in contrasts which manifest these qualities in quite a special way. "Hypatia," you know, is the story of one of the most horrible episodes of the history of the early Christian Church. Hypatia was the last of the pagan, that is to say Greek, priestesses of note; she was also the last representative of the pagan philosophers. She was a virgin and very beautiful, and her beauty and learning had made her famous. In the universities of Alexandria she taught the philosophy of Plato in its later form, the form known as Neo-Platonism. The savage fanatics of that time regarded her as their enemy, and as the enemy of Christianity. As she went one day to lecture, they seized her, stripped her naked, scraped all the flesh off her bones with sharp shells, and burned the miserable remains. With the death of Hypatia died Greek learning in Alexandria, and fanaticism and superstition obtained supremacy by the brutal murder.

Now this was a strange subject for Kingsley to make a novel of,—I say strange, because it was so painful, so hor-

rible a fact. But he treated it like a great artist, and he seemed to have chosen it because of the opportunity which it afforded him of introducing a Scandinavian study, or something very like it. As you know, the men of the North, under the various names of Goths or Vandals, descended upon the Roman provinces of northern Africa at an early day. Kingsley represents a small party of these terrible men entering the city of Alexandria and doing whatever they pleased by mere force of character. They avenged Hypatia. They killed four or five thousand monks just as a mere sacrifice to the soul of their chief. The contrast between the corrupted life of Alexandria and the life of these men, the study of the enervating effect of climate, luxury, and vice upon their moral character, and the magnificent sketch of the method by which they redeemed themselves triumphantly under the leadership of old Wulf,—these are the very noblest parts of the book. There are chapters which could not but appeal to the Japanese, imbued with the old Samurai spirit, which was not after all so very different from the northern spirit Kingsley describes, as you might suppose. In “Two Years Ago”—which is quite a modern English novel—we are introduced to another form of Kingsley’s idealism, generally known as “muscular Christianity.” At all events, it is in “Two Years Ago” that this idea is best expressed. And what is muscular Christianity? The shortest way of explaining is by stating Kingsley’s strictly personal views of religion. Although a clergyman of the English Church, and in so far perfectly orthodox, Kingsley held that true religion did not consist in faith but in works,—that it was not religion merely to kneel and pray in time of trouble, or to submit to every difficulty, with the idea that the will of God makes human misfortunes. He taught that it was the duty of a man to meet and to conquer obstacles; to strive with all his might, strength of body and soul, honestly for success; to cultivate his muscles as well as his mind, to enjoy the beautiful world as much as possible without being wickedly selfish or mean or

scheming. And Kingsley's readers saw in this new gospel a sort of union of the northern spirit with Christianity; they smiled at it and called it muscular Christianity. But it was good, sound teaching, no more peculiar to Christianity than to any other faith, no more English than Japanese, but simply the exposition of what religion ought to be for a gentleman of any country or any faith. "Two Years Ago" is the picture of Kingsley's ideal of an English gentleman and English university man, fighting his way through the world to success by following a few simple, noble, gentlemanly principles.

Besides the novels, Kingsley wrote a number of books for young people on scientific and other subjects, such as "Town Geology" and "Glaucus." These might have been more successful than they were, had not Kingsley happened to live in the time of Professor Huxley. Although Kingsley's books were very good in their way, Huxley's manuals for students, written in a simple form never attempted before, took away the public attention from the juvenile scientific books of Kingsley. More noteworthy are his beautiful fairy tales, "The Heroes" and "The Water-Babies." As for "The Heroes," it is beyond any question the best book of Greek stories written for children in any language. Kingsley has had hundreds of imitators, but none who ever approached him.

If I seem to be giving a great deal of space to Kingsley, it is because he was really one of the very greatest figures in nineteenth century literature, with talent of immense range. Above all, his attractiveness seems to be due to his power of exciting the emotion of heroism, of manliness, of self-confidence, of common expression, — and this by prose beyond the power of anybody but a very great poet to equal. Kingsley could also be a poet in verse. Several critics have agreed that his "Andromeda" is written in the very best hexameters in the whole range of English verse, Mr. Swinburne, I believe, alone dissenting from this rather generous praise. But in any case the verse of "Andromeda"

is confessedly grand. Kingsley wrote very little poetry, but he had more success with what he did write than perhaps any of our latest poets of the century. His two songs "The Three Fishers" and "The Sands of Dee" have been translated into every European tongue, as well as into various tongues not European. Some years ago it was announced by an English traveller that the Arab women were singing "The Sands of Dee."

For pure literature, I doubt whether there are two other names in the period we are considering really comparable with that of Charles Kingsley. If there are, one of them would certainly be Kingsley's brother Henry, who was born considerably later, in 1830. He showed at an early time evidence of the same peculiar faculty of writing poetically effective prose that distinguished his brother. Unlike his brother, unfortunately, he was troubled about the question of a livelihood. He was educated at Oxford, but after graduating went to Australia in the hope of making his fortune, like many other English younger sons. He remained in Australia five years, but was not successful, and returning to England was obliged to write for a living. He produced three novels—"Geoffrey Hamlyn," "The Hillyars and the Burtons," and "Ravenshoe"—the first being an Australian romance. All are good; but the last is supremely good,—so good that some critics have placed it above anything done by his brother. This is questionable. But "Ravenshoe" is certainly one of the finest novels of the century. The character of the English cavalry officer, Hornby, is noble, and the splendid story of his death in the Balaclava Charge is one of the best battle narratives in any language. I would recommend only this novel to you as a sample of the younger Kingsley's power. Afterwards he wrote several minor novels, including a book called "Hetty," which is pleasing. But Henry Kingsley was unfortunate in his circumstances; the necessity of writing for a living prevented him from showing all the skill of which he was capable.

A special era in novel writing is marked by the name of Anthony Trollope, born 1815. He was the younger son of a barrister, and was educated at Oxford. He belonged to a literary family. His mother was the same Mrs. Trollope who in 1832 wrote a book entitled "Domestic Manners of the Americans." There were three English writers who made Americans extremely angry—Captain Basil Hall (grandfather of Professor Chamberlain of Tokyo), Mrs. Trollope, and Charles Dickens. All three visited America at a time when the social conditions were really very bad, and they wrote truthfully, though perhaps sarcastically, about what they saw. But of these three Mrs. Trollope was the most unmerciful critic, and the Americans have not been able to forget her even to this day. Still her book shows great talent, and that talent she transmitted to her children. The eldest, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, was a writer on Italian history, and also a novelist, but not of the first rank. The younger, Anthony, achieved a prodigious success.

This prodigious success was simply the success of a story-teller. Trollope wrote novels dealing with the life of the great English middle classes, ranging principally from the upper rank of middle classes into lower rank of the nobility and gentry. He happened to strike a field that had never been adequately cultivated by any predecessor, and which gave him an enormous audience. But be careful not to compare novelists of this type with Kingsley or with women like Brontë or Evans. There is an immense distinction. The work of Trollope and of Trollope's imitators is not fine literature in the best sense of the word; it is only very clever story-telling, without much study of form. There are several curious things to be said about Trollope's work. In the first place he wrote so many novels that one of his recent critics, Mr. Saintsbury, confesses that he does not know how many novels Trollope wrote. Another curious thing is that Trollope did all this work while he was a clerk in the post office, a fact showing tremendous application. And a third queer thing about the work is that not a



little of it was done while travelling; for Trollope kept writing always and everywhere, in steamboats, upon railroads, and in cabs. The value of his work is not, as I have already said, purely literary. It is a faithful reflection of the manners, customs, thoughts, and feelings of the English middle classes. As a student of many types of the English nature, Trollope was very successful. It is said that he was the only man that could take his readers into a bishop's bedroom and make them hear all that the bishop was saying to his wife. He had an extraordinary imagination, but an imagination developed entirely in one direction, in that of character types. His position in the English civil service and his relations with that part of society to which his family belonged, were such as enabled him really to know his subjects. Studying characters by groups or types, he could use them as puppets, could arrange them like men on a chess board, and make them do whatever he pleased. Given a certain knowledge of the main lines of character, Trollope could say, "Under such and such circumstances, that man will do this; under other circumstances he would do that." And he was very seldom wrong. The great English reading world, at all events, thought him right, and made him rich, but he remained in the Civil Service until his death. Of the immense multitude of books which he wrote I should advise you to read only one, as a specimen, because Trollope is only of second or third rate value to the student of literature. But I will give you the titles of what are commonly considered his best works, — "Barchester Towers," "The Warden," "Doctor Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "The Last Chronicles of Barse," "The Small House at Allington."

In the same secondary category to which Trollope belongs, in spite of his great cleverness, I should also place Wilkie Collins — though Collins is in some respect a larger man than Trollope. He had a wider range of imagination, and a larger range of subjects. To identify him in a phrase, I should say that he was the greatest inventor of plot in the

whole line of English novel writers. As for style, he had very little. He wrote almost like a journalist, but his plots were wonderful, and his dramatic sense was very great. He was the son of a painter, was born in London in 1824, and died in 1889. I believe that some of his work has been translated into Japanese. His stories have been translated into many languages, because of their inventive superiority and their eccentric and picturesque phases of character. There was another peculiarity about the work of Collins, which reminds us of Stevenson. He could make the reader extraordinarily interested in bad characters. Collins would describe villains of the most villainous kind, but they were such impersonations of force in evil-doing, they were such splendid, exceptional villains, that you could not help feeling a natural admiration for them, just as you might admire the graceful motions of a deadly serpent, the grace of a leopard, or the strength of a tiger. Such a villain is Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White." Again Collins loved to draw for us studies of wicked women, — women immensely clever, but capable of any crime, and passing their lives in carrying out plots to ruin innocent people, or plots of revenge. Such a woman is the red headed governess in "Armada." Now you will see that in such work Collins very nearly descends to the vulgar,—to that circle of sensation lovers who devour with delight stories about thieves and murderers and bad characters of every kind. Write a book about the life of a thief or prostitute, and you will have a great many readers. But what kind of readers? What keeps Collins from being absolutely vulgar is the fact that he idealizes his bad characters, he makes them almost heroic incarnations of badness, like the villains of the great English dramatists. Again he saves himself from vulgarity by the magnificent ingenuity of his plots. In this respect he is really in the circle of genius, and therefore a little beyond the range of Trollope.

Charles Reade also belongs to that school of novelists who deserve the name of story-tellers, rather than that of

literary men. He was the younger son of a country gentleman of means, and was born in 1814. He had no public school education, but nevertheless was able to obtain an Oxford fellowship, which made him practically independent. He may have suffered somewhat by means of his independence in his literary profession, for being independent may in some cases tempt a man to do a good many things which he would not dare to attempt if obliged to consult the opinions of the public or his own financial interests. A great deal in such cases depends upon character; and Reade's character was very curious. He was perhaps one of the most irritable men of letters that ever lived, and criticism of any kind threw him into a passion. He was therefore not only sensitive to the advice of good judges, but naturally inclined to oppose that advice to the utmost degree possible. This peculiar disposition probably prevented him from obtaining a higher position in literature than he received. He wrote about twenty volumes of extraordinarily uneven quality; some rose to the standard of greatness, some sank to the level of mere sensationalism, but all had a good, bright style. Critics of eminence prefer the novel called "The Cloister and the Hearth," to any other of Reade's, and are inclined to give the next place to "It is Never too Late to Mend." The first is a story of the days of Erasmus, and Reade used a great deal of historical matter in its compilation. The second is a story of the Australian gold fever. These are very good novels, and show a peculiar mingling of romance and of realism combined. I should give the preference, however, to an extraordinary book, "A Terrible Temptation," in which there is an excellent study of gispy character as revealed in hereditary tendency. As for variety of subjects, it would be hard to name any English author who chose his themes from a more varied range of topics. He has given us stories of city life, studies of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, studies of modern life in many places. The following list certainly comprises his finest books: "Peg Woffington," "Griffith Gaunt," "It is

Never too Late to Mend," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "A Terrible Temptation," "Christie Johnstone," "Hard Cash."

Before approaching the next group of novelists, I would call attention to the child stories of 'Lewis Carroll.' 'Lewis Carroll' deserves separate attention. His real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was born in 1832, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained high honours in mathematics; and afterwards he became a clergyman. But his profession was that of lecturer on mathematics. In 1865 he produced a little book called "Alice in Wonderland," which has become famous in every part of the world. It has been translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages, and has passed through an immense number of editions. Carroll followed this up with other books in the same vein, such as "Sylvie and Bruno," "The Hunting of the Snark," "Through the Looking-Glass." These stories have an immense and peculiar value, because although apparently tales told to amuse children, they are really psychological studies of superlative merit. What Carroll has really done is to describe the mental process of dreams in the brain of an intelligent child, perhaps the very most difficult thing to do either in psychology or in literature. For you must know what the child dreams about, and why such dreams are formed; then you must be able to describe the vacillations and distortions, the impossibilities and absurdities, of the vision, and all the extraordinary sensations that accompany it, in such a manner as to give the reader the exact sensation of the dream. To do this is possible only for the highest genius. Lewis Carroll, as he called himself, was such a genius, but no man ever seemed less desirous of becoming known to the world. It has only been within the last few years that the real authorship of his books was even guessed, and he continued to write under the assumed name. Judging from his work, he must have been one of the most sympathetic and lovable of men, but his extraordinary position in literature has been ac-

quired without his own desire. He wrote these things only to please some children whom he loved, an example of a gigantic intellect applying itself to trifles with results great enough to startle the world.

We may now turn to the group of more recent writers who have reached literary fame, but before so doing, let us say a word or two about certain literary changes. Before the year 1880 English literature was almost completely dominated by the novel, as distinguished from the romance, and by the novel of a peculiar kind. It was the domestic novel, the novel in which Trollope especially excelled. To write a historical novel or a romance was in those years to risk loss of time and money. Only a very great genius could attempt it. The public wanted novels about family life and love and social matters. Short stories of wonderful beauty might be written, but made no impression. The hunger for one particular kind of fiction discouraged all attempts in other directions. Therefore it was inevitable that until the public became tired of the domestic novel, no great literary change could take place. The change came about 1880, partly because the art of the domestic novel had become exhausted, and partly because a few writers of extraordinary talent suddenly made their appearance and compelled recognition. They were preceded by Richard Blackmore in 1869, but his "Lorna Doone" did not win for him a permanent place. The next great place was won by Stevenson. It is very probable that the success of Stevenson was helped by a literary change in America. Through the success of Bret Harte, the short story had begun to receive attention in England. Another help was the amazing development of the short story in France, in the hands especially of Maupassant, perhaps the greatest short story writer in all modern literature. When an Englishman then proved himself capable of writing powerful short stories, the public at last turned to him with eagerness. Twenty-five years before they would not have listened to him. Robert Louis Stevenson was born in 1850, of a family famous, not in

literature, but in engineering and in lighthouse architecture. The Stevensons are probably known by name in Japan as well as in Europe. Robert was intended to be an engineer, but he refused to follow the necessary course of study. He was then given the alternative of studying law, and he graduated. But his literary tastes conflicted too much with the practice of law to admit of his achieving any success in that profession, and he wisely abandoned himself altogether to letters. His early writing exhibited the marks of an absolutely new talent, and succeeded so well that he soon found himself in a position to live by literary work alone. Regularly from the years 1878 to 1894 he continued to put forth an extraordinary amount of wonderful work, but ill health compelled him to leave England seven or eight years before his death. He settled in the Island of Samoa in the Pacific, where the gentleness of the climate probably prolonged a life already undermined by consumption, but he died there while still a comparatively young man. As a writer he holds a place entirely distinct; it would be very difficult to say in one word exactly how high a place, but we may begin a consideration of his work with the statement that he re-created the taste for romance as distinguished from the novel.

Half of Stevenson's work is not of the highest class; it is only clever journalism, and this alone accounts for his great productivity. For the student of literature, while everything of Stevenson's best belongs to English letters, and will probably become classic at a later day, the rest of his work has practically no literary importance, and does not belong to our study. "An Inland Voyage," "Travels with a Donkey," "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," even "Virginibus Puerisque," cannot be put in a high class. But even then we have a mass of work before us too great for the power of one sick man. It can only be explained by the fact that a considerable part of the work was done with help. "The Wrecker," "The Wrong Box," "The New Arabian Nights" were written, the first two in partnership with Mr.

Lloyd Osbourne, and the last with the assistance of Mrs. Stevenson. We must first give attention, therefore, to the books which Stevenson made alone, that is, so far as the title-page assures us; for it is probable that the story-teller always had some assistance, especially from his wife.

An extraordinary diversity of power is shown in his work. In "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" we have studies of Scotch life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; in "The Master of Ballantrae," sketches of the same life, with variations of adventures carried into North America. Stevenson here gives us studies of gentry, but an immense amount of research and of exact knowledge was necessary to depict the scenes of another century. The language, the costumes, the forms of speech and courtesy, the historical and social conditions of the epoch had to be thoroughly mastered before the story could be written. In the time of Walter Scott such exactness was never required, perhaps it was never thought possible. But times have changed. Stevenson knew that the chance for a revival of romance depended altogether upon the application of realism to the romantic method. And this application he made as no other had done before him. Hence the greatness of the books, merely as artistic constructions. Nor was Stevenson afraid to go back even further in his period for materials. He gave us in "The Black Arrow" a study of the time of the Wars of the Roses in the fifteenth century, one of the principal figures in the narrative being Richard III. It is true that the author here professed only to be writing a romance for boys; nevertheless the book is one which most appeals to grown people. In "Treasure Island," which has been called the best sea story in English literature, the time is set in another century; but in "The Wrecker" we have proof that a modern sea story was equally within the power of the writer's genius. Romantic all these are, in the adventurous sense, but we have in them very little trace of two influences required in the older form of romance,—namely the terrible, the tragical, and the love story. For a

long time it was even said that Stevenson was the one English writer who could write novels without women,—a fact which did not, however, imply that Stevenson could not create heroines, as he afterwards did, with immense success.

In the longer romances we are impressed by a certain air of reality, a consistency that prevents our asking whether the event described could have happened. But in some of the shorter stories, we enter at once into dreamland. In dreams a very normal person may do very immoral things; the sense of responsibility disappears. It is so in the delightful short tales. We read of the most extraordinary crimes without the least sensation of horror. Indeed, we feel at times rather amused. In "The Dynamiter" we have the story of an inventor who believes it a good thing to spread death about you as a sort of benefit to humanity. A beautiful young lady assists him in these infernal operations, which happily terminate without any very frightful tragedy to the parties concerned. In "The Suicide Club" we have the story of a society of unhappy men who draw lots to decide the order in which they shall die, each member being killed by another in regular rotation, lots also being drawn for the killing. The mixture of absurdity with the tragedy here is artistic in the extreme, and justifies the character of the title given to the whole series of extravagant stories to which "The Suicide Club" belongs. The general title is "The New Arabian Nights,"—for "More New Arabian Nights," "The Dynamiter," etc., are only continuations of the first volume. Those of you who know "The Arabian Nights" will remember the peculiar feeling which the Oriental stories give—you are intensely interested always, but never shocked or scandalized even when reading scandalous or shocking stories. In fact, the feeling is exactly like that in dreams in which the moral sentiment has no existence. It is no small art to be able to imitate the tone of "The Arabian Nights" while choosing modern London or Paris for the scene of the narration. And this is the feat which Stevenson accomplished.



But when he wished to write moral stories, he could do so after a unique fashion. The narrative of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is an example. No book of the year in which it was published created a greater sensation. It is the story of a man with two natures in him, evil and good, who manages to appear throughout the greater part of his life as two persons. In the character of Dr. Jekyll he is one individual; in that of Mr. Hyde, he is another, and a strange chance alone reveals the identity of the two. Perhaps we might call this book one of the most remarkable among modern psychological stories. Undoubtedly it inspired a number of symbolical tales which made their appearance within the last few years, and among others a queer study by Henry James, in which a man is described as having a social existence, but no private existence;—when you meet him in society he seems to be the most charming of men, but if you follow him into his private home he disappears; there is no body, nothing but a suit of clothes. Both stories are likely to prove classics because they reflect moral facts in quite an original way. Stevenson has also given us moral stories illustrating the power of remorse, the value of content, and the inheritance of evil passions. On the last subject he produced the only extremely horrible narrative which ever was created by his pen. I mean "Olalla," the fancy of a beautiful girl born with an irresistible tendency to bite and devour human flesh. It is a frightful fable, but its real significance is one which is becoming more and more a question of the day,—a question relating to the deepest and the greatest of social problems.

Transported to the other side of the world, among a Polynesian race, it might have been expected that Stevenson's imagination would have been affected by his strange surroundings to no small degree. As a matter of fact, he continued in Samoa to work very much as he had worked in England, writing stories about European life. But at times he permitted the Polynesian influence to inspire him, and then he gave to the world little stories of the weirdest

and strangest description,—illustrating the superstitions of a cannibal race whose religious and social customs differed from those of any other race until the time of their semi-civilization by force. I would call especial attention to the collection entitled “The Beach of Falesa,” now included, I believe, in the volume called “The Island Nights’ Entertainments,” but at first published separately. These Polynesian stories are unlike anything before written in any European language, and even their nightmare character does not detract from their delightfulness.

The stories written in connection with Mr. Osbourne include something of what we might call roaring farce in literature. “The Wrong Box” is simply the narrative of a man who finding a dead body upon his hands and anxious to get rid of it secretly in order to escape being arrested by the police on suspicion, tries to get rid of it by putting it in a box, and sending it to an imaginary address in London. A mischievous boy on the train sees in the car this and another large box, and to amuse himself changes the label upon the packages. Then the dead body begins to travel. Everybody who receives it naturally wishes to get rid of it as quickly as possible, but in spite of all efforts the police do get hold of it in the end. In “The Wrecker” we also have some excellent humour, but here the humour is mixed with the real terror of tragedy, and “The Wrecker” is on the whole anything but a funny book.

I should advise the reading of any of these works by Stevenson, and of another too, not yet considered, “Prince Otto,” an extraordinary book which has been translated into many languages. The advantage of the study of Stevenson is to be sought in his effects of style. By his style he belongs to the very first rank of English prose writers; he has never had a real superior; it is even a question whether among novelists he has ever had even an equal. The story charms, but the value is in the author’s manifestation of new flexibilities and powers in the use of English, such as before him were practically unknown.

It remains to say a few words about the verse of Stevenson. This is not really the place in which to consider verse, except in its relation to the life and thought of the prose writer. For this reason any consideration of its technical force and merits would be out of place; but its emotional qualities deserve a word. It is not great poetry, but it is peculiarly imaginative, dainty and sincere. He was most successful in the volume called "A Child's Garden of Verses." There are not many grown men capable of any other thought of authorship, who have the power to portray the feelings and fancies of a child so as to be able to charm at once both the very young and very old. Stevenson had this power, in a much less degree than Dodgson, but in a distinct way, and he deserves to be studied especially on account of it. I would recommend the reading, for example, of the little piece called "The Land of Counterpane," in which the imagination of a little child in bed looking at the wrinkles and folds of his bed covering, discovers in them mountains and valleys and forest-covered spaces.

But the Japanese reader should remember that the counterpane used in English beds is commonly white and covered all over with little white tufts of cotton, in which a child's fancy can easily discover wonderful shapes.

I think it is worth while to speak to you of three more writers in relation to the present epoch. I do not speak of Mr. James or Mr. Crawford, because these although writing in English are not Englishmen, but I cannot help speaking to you of George Meredith, of Rudyard Kipling, and George Du Maurier, whose sudden death last year compels at least an attempt to estimate his place. In pure literature I think that George Meredith's place will be decided rather by his poetry than his prose, for he is a poet of no mean order. As a novelist, he is very great indeed,—great as a psychologist, as a student of the motives and acts of the most complex and delicate varieties of character, in the highest forms of English and foreign society. He has no rival in his own peculiar field, and his especial force seems to be in

the depiction of a contest between two powerful characters in the social struggle. He is also great in his exactness,—in his perfect mastery of all the details of the epoch, the place or the condition which he paints. He is also great in his skill of portraiture,—in painting for us a multitude of different characters with such distinctness that we can see them and hear them; but I could certainly not recommend you to read any of George Meredith's novels, unless you want to read them only for the stories. The style is, in my opinion, detestable; it is certainly such a style as could not have any other than bad influence upon a student's style. It is colloquial, confidential,—as if the man were talking to you personally about matters which he presumed you knew all about; it is involved and often provokingly obscure, owing to a habit of suggesting facts rather than telling them. But if you should want to read something of Meredith so as to have a fair idea about his literary position, I should say to choose between "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" and "Vittoria." These two will suffice to show his power in completely different directions, for "Vittoria" is a story of modern Italy in the time of the great struggle for national independence.

The place of Kipling is in any case, I think, more important than that of Meredith, and he is certainly much more worthy of your attention, for many reasons. It may seem strange to attach such significance to the name of a new apparition in literature; but I have good authority, following the example of the leading critics of the time, and I cannot hesitate to express very plainly my admiration for the man and my conviction of his value to you in relation to the style of English prose literature, as well as of English verse.

Rudyard Kipling, like Thackeray, was born in India. He was born in Bombay in 1865, and made his reputation at the age of twenty-three. He was partly educated in England, but not at any of the universities. At an age when most youths are still studying, he was already editing

newspapers, acting as war-correspondent to English and Indian journals, and writing poems and stories. His abilities as a correspondent and journalist seem to have enabled him to travel over the greater part of the world before he was twenty-five years old. He has been almost everywhere, has seen almost everything, and has had nearly all those experiences of life, such as other men seldom have until they become old. This might account partly for the extraordinary character of his work; but you must remember also that his own abilities rendered this possible. His first success was made in India. He was the son of a civil service official, and when he began journalism at Lahore, he must have known a great deal about the secrets of official life in India. He produced a number of witty satires in verse upon the follies, absurdities, and tragedies of official life in the colonies. These were collected and published in a little volume called "Departmental Ditties." They were not great; but as the work of a boy of eighteen or nineteen, they showed extraordinary knowledge of life, uncommon power of wit, and exceptional ability in the handling of many different forms of verse. The next work which appeared made him famous, — a collection of stories of Anglo-Indian life written to be sold upon the railways, and published at Allahabad. Everybody in India read them and wondered at them, and their reputation reaching England, arrangements were made for the publication of his future works. Everything that has since issued from Kipling's pen has been not only of unique merit, but of a character to attract attention immediately in every part of the world where English can be understood. Already Kipling is known in half a dozen different languages.

Not to dilate too much, I may say in short that the work of Kipling is represented by two novels, two story books for children, two volumes of extraordinary poetry, and three volumes of short stories. He is without any comparison whatever, the greatest writer of short stories in English, greater even than Stevenson at his best; there is

absolutely no one with whom to compare him among English writers; to find comparison with him we must go to France. France produced in Maupassant perhaps the greatest short story writer in the whole history of literature; and it is only with Maupassant that I think Kipling can be compared. Mr. Gosse thinks otherwise, and finds that Kipling might be compared in some respects with Pierre Loti. But Mr. Gosse made this remark five or six years ago; I do not think he would say the same thing to-day. Loti, moreover, is not a short story writer, but a sketch writer, and the only point in which he resembles Kipling is that both men have their nervous sensibilities developed to a degree rare in ordinary human beings. But the difference of the nervous organization is enormous. Loti is all eye, ear, smell, taste. Kipling is all mind and eye.

There is nothing sensuous in his material; there is sensitiveness extraordinary, but it is the sensitiveness of facts in their relations to mental perception. He is supremely impersonal when at his best, and in this he resembles Maupassant, and also that other great story writer, Voltaire. But neither Maupassant nor Kipling ever wrote from imagination as did Voltaire. They resemble him only in strength and in the impersonality of their style. In Maupassant's case, as in Kipling's, the severity is even greater than in Voltaire's. Neither writer, in telling a story, describes; or rather both describe without describing. They do not tell you that a man is so many feet high, or that a woman's hair is just of such a colour, or that a street is built in just such a way, or a landscape had just such an appearance; but they can make you see the man, the woman, the street or the landscape much more plainly than almost anybody else could do who should attempt it. I say *almost* anybody else, because here the young French lieutenant, Loti, presents us with another and very different nineteenth century phenomenon. He can describe! As a rule, however, literary experience has shown, in our own time, that descriptions either of persons or of nature are not essential to good

story telling, and that a strong artist can do much better without them. I am thinking of general rules only. When Maupassant went to Africa simply to study nature he thought himself justified in description, and the world thanks him for "Au Desert." So when Kipling has occasion at rare moments to speak of memories of extraordinary places which he has seen, and which very few other persons have seen, he describes just enough to make an everlasting picture in your mind. But this, remember, is very rare, and has little connection with his art of story-telling. Even in such a marvellous thing as "The City of Dreadful Night," the suggestion of what the city looks like and what the surroundings are, is given to the reader much more vividly by the few terrible words about the sleepers under the open sky, and by the incidents of the heat in the streets and in the spiral staircase of the minaret, than could be done by any details about faces, landscape or architecture.

It is especially to this amazing power in Kipling that I wish to call your attention. No other story writer, always excepting Maupassant, is so much the reverse of prolix. The great art of telling a story depends just as much upon knowing what not to say, as upon knowing what to say; but the natural tendency of nearly all story-tellers is to say more than is necessary. Kipling is a great object lesson of the contrary virtue. He never says more than just enough to convey the idea desired, never uses more adjectives than he can help, and never uses a weak one. In his choice of words he shows exactly the same sort of care that a poet shows in work of the first order. No one has managed to produce great effects with so few words. Some of his stories are only two or three pages long, but you will never forget those two or three pages after having read them, nor will you forget some extraordinary uses of words in those two or three pages—uses that give to the words an altogether new force and colour. Simplicity is the apparent quality of the style, produced by anything but simple methods. The sentences are hard, very short and very strong; they

succeed each other like a rapid succession of powerful blows ; they strike the imagination so as to produce that feeling of astonishment mixed with pleasure to which the French have given the name "inquiétude," and to which Mr. Gosse has given the name of "intellectual uneasiness." Something of intellectual uneasiness is produced by any very superior power which manifests itself to us through literature. In the presence of this mental and emotional superiority we feel at first just as uncomfortable as when we are introduced for the first time to some person of rank and power incomparably above our own.

Stories of Indian life, or of the life of English soldiers in India, make a distinct department of Kipling's work ; but he is just as successful when writing of life in Africa, in Japan, in South America, in the United States, or in London, providing that he keeps to the form of the short story. Take for example "The Disturber of Traffic." Here we have the story of a man maddened by solitude, in one of the most lonesome parts of the globe,—keeper of a lighthouse in the Malay Archipelago, with no one for companions but wild beasts, and one savage, more beast than man. The story is written in dialect, and is full of humour ; but it is a terrible humour, this comedy of insanity in the midst of desolation, and its consequences in disturbing the traffic of the world. You know the man who wrote such a story must have been in the place described. Then we have another story of madness entitled "At the End of the Passage." Perhaps nothing equally horrible has ever been written about nightmare. The scene is, indeed, in upper India, but the event might happen anywhere else. "The Finest Story in the World," laid in London, deals with the question of remembering one's former lives. It shows that the author has not only been an extensive reader, but a reader of judgment. I doubt whether any better criticism upon Longfellow has ever been made, than those few references to him constitute, which occur in this really wonderful story. "Bertran and Bimi," and "Reingelder and the German Flag,"



are narratives of the American and Malay tropics; the first carries the element of terror to the very highest pitch excusable in art. Nearly always in the narrative, though the effect may be strange and unexpected, nothing appears to have been drawn from any other source than the observation of eye and ear. With the exception of the apparition of a sea-serpent in one story, I cannot at this moment remember anything in the multitude of them which might not have been really seen; and yet everything is unfamiliar. Even when we are brought into a camp of the British cavalry, and into the dining room of its officers, as in "The Man who Was," something happens in the most natural way which never could possibly have been anticipated. Again in London we go upstairs into a cheap lodging room to find assembled there a company of young English subalterns, "A Conference of the Powers." The conversation of these mere boys, as reported by the story-teller, revealed to the English people more concerning colonial conditions than had been generally known before that time. There are then two remarkable faculties shown by the writer outside of his mere literary ability. One is the power to stir fear and wonder in the human mind as no other writer has been able to do, not by the help of the impossible, but by the simple statement of the possible. The other faculty is that of explaining some enormously complex social condition by the selection of a few powerful and extraordinary incidents which suggest all that cannot be reported in detail.

The faculties of this man are not, however, confined to prose. As a writer of verse he has exhibited such power that no less than three eminent critics have declared that he should have been made poet laureate instead of the very insipid Austin. Certainly his claims to the laureateship would be justified by the splendid patriotism of those verses in which the whole work of English expansion is painted and panegyricized—such as "The Native Born," "The Flag of Their Country," "The Song of the Dead." Judged by such production Kipling impresses us, not only as a great poet,

but as the highest lineal descendant of the old English *Scop*, or Northern Skald. Where he has surpassed every other English writer, however, is in his ballads and songs, where he remains incomparably first among moderns. But most of these ballads and songs are in dialect, and for that reason are not paralleled with purely artistic ballad work such as that of Swinburne and Tennyson. They belong to a different and a special order. Yet in three or four examples he has attempted the artistic ballad, and he does not fall below the highest rank even then. A fine example is offered in the "Last Rhyme of True Thomas," probably written in scorn of the suggestion of his fitness for the laureateship. As for the form of his verse, I do not know how to define some qualities of it better than by saying that since Thomas Moore no English singer seems to have been born with such an ear for melody. What this man's future may be, is now a very interesting question. Some of his greatest admirers are afraid that he may exhaust his power even before the age at which most poets obtain recognition. He strikes them as being miraculously precocious; and there is always a great danger in precocity. But if there is one thing more characteristic of him than his mental power, that one thing is nervous force. Immense self-control, energetic strength, manly robustness show themselves in every line of his work. This tells of physical strength, but it reminds us of the chief defect which Kipling shows.

The defect is brutality. He is not only strong, but brutally strong, and manifests the pride of strength in unpleasant ways. He is nearly always cynical, and very often offensively so. Nothing which repels him escapes treatment because of its intrinsic disagreeableness; but is just on that account handled with diabolical force and mockery. There is very little of the tender, or gentle, or touching, in all this marvellous work; but there is a great deal of the strange, the horrible, the bloody, the morally terrible and naturally terrible. All his literary expression is like a celebration of Force, mental and moral physical force, as the

ruler of humanity; it is the great song of strength, a song of Odin and Thor, a modern utterance of the old Scandinavian spirit. The teaching is, "Be strong under all circumstances, strong of will, strong of body; gentleness is weakness; it is moral weakness; life is a fight; you must fight until you fall, and you must allow yourself to be killed rather than show a moment's weakness. You may be brutal, and still be a man; but you cannot be weak and be a man. Everything great or noble in this world has been achieved by hard fighting, and through all time the conditions must be the same. This is my gospel." And yet he is capable of the most exquisite tenderness. You all know that the tenderness of a very strong, stern, and rough character has an extraordinary quality in it—something massive, overwhelming, and all-conquering, very different from the affection of feeble natures. It is such tenderness that we meet with in that exquisite passage of "The Naulahka," a novel, half American and half Indian, where the Hindoo Queen speaks to the missionary girl about the meaning of maternity. I do not think there is anything more powerfully touching in literature. But this tenderness appears very rarely, and only from the lips of women. Perhaps the harshness which has given so much literary offence is sufficiently explained by youth, and will wear off gradually. But on one occasion it was manifested to a degree which called out very severe criticism. This was on the publication of a novel called "The Light that Failed," the story of an artist who became suddenly blind at the height of his success. The characters of the story were nearly all brutal to an extraordinary degree, even the women being, as Mr. Gosse says, utterly detestable. There were incidents of the fighting in the Soudan, which were offensively horrible, such as that of a war-correspondent tearing out the eyes of an Arab who had attacked him. Probably Kipling had himself seen the incident, but it was too much to be borne in print. Although ordinarily indifferent to criticism, he on this occasion yielded to the extent of rewriting and republishing

the whole book. But it is still a question whether he would have done better to leave it alone as one of the productions of his youth before his taste had been developed to the high level of his talent.

If I have dwelt so long upon one man's name, it is because of my sincere belief that the text of Kipling's stories ought to have exceptional value with Japanese students. I do not think his wonderful poetry can be of much service to you. It is too idiomatic even when not written in dialect. But his prose is unique prose, the only prose of the nineteenth century which offers you all the qualities of concentration and strength that characterize the best French writers. If there be any qualities especially absent from the composition of Japanese students, these are concentration and force. It is therefore that I especially recommend a careful study of at least the best among this writer's stories, believing, at the same time, that the peculiar talent exhibited in them is really more in accord with the art of the best Japanese story-tellers than anything which contemporary English writers of fiction can offer.

The case of George Du Maurier is a most unusual one. Within the space of about five years he made himself an extraordinary name in literature, and then disappeared from the world by a sudden death even before it had time to judge or explain him. Du Maurier was not by profession an author at all. He was an artist, the artist of the great English comic paper *Punch*, and his speciality was the portraiture of society life. His drawings were delicious, on account of their amazing truth and their delicate irony. As his name might suggest, he was only half-English; and having been educated on both sides of the Channel, either French or English came to him with equal readiness as the medium of expression. Probably the French element in his blood dominated a little, for he wrote English in French forms; but this might also be accounted for by the paramount influence of the study of those French authors whom he loved. It was in his advanced years that he first took a

notion to write, and produced an astonishing novel called "Peter Ibbetson," illustrated by himself in a most admirable way. Everything in this book—plot, fancy, style—was totally new. The startling idea that under certain conditions of self-training, the power of entering into the spiritual world might be obtained during one's lifetime, immediately gave the book a great vogue among those thousands interested in spiritual problems. Another singular fact about the story was that it presented to English readers, in a totally new way, some of the most remarkable of the ideas of Buddhism, and of Indian Brahmanism. It suggested new possibilities of remembering one's former life. Finally it was to some extent a musical novel, an artistic novel, and a social novel. It had every quality that could attract the largest possible class of readers belonging to the world of culture. Then the style was so queer, so French, free, eccentric, contrary to all English convention, and nevertheless full of poetry and charm. But remarkable as this book was, the volume that followed it was much more successful. I mean "Trilby." This was a story about hypnotism. A very great musician, himself without a voice, conceives the idea of mesmerizing a woman and using her as a sort of instrument through which to sing. He finds such a woman among the models who pose for the art students of Paris, obtains complete control of her will, and makes himself famous by means of her. She sings in the theatre to immense audiences, and is supposed to be the greatest singer in the world; but she is really unconscious of anything that she is doing in the theatre; she is mesmerized; and she sings not with her own knowledge or will, but by the science and will of her mesmerizer. He suddenly dies, and her power to sing is gone, for she never knew anything herself about music. This is the central theme of the story, which otherwise introduces a number of interesting characters and interesting incidents. The life of art students in Paris, a life which Du Maurier was perfectly familiar with, is represented in this volume with a grace of mingled pathos and comedy

reminding us of Henri Murger. The success of the book was exaggeratedly great—perhaps fully half a million copies have been sold up to this time. Extraordinary social crazes were created by it, and all kinds of fantastic things were done by young women who imagined that their feet were as beautiful as the feet of Trilby. The literary world proper remained dumb with astonishment. Such work violated all canons, yet there was no denying its power and beauty. Its success could not be called merely vulgar. How could a man who had never studied the art of writing at all, who never had any literary training, who would not submit to any literary rules, perform a feat of this amazing kind? To-day, I think, the answer has been given. The success of Du Maurier's work really rested upon the same power which made the success of the best French and English writers of the century, and that power was the power of observation. Du Maurier had studied human life, under the most favorable conditions and with the most exceptional opportunities, for nearly fifty years before committing his impressions to paper. Hence their value, which is not likely to prove merely ephemeral.