



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



OCTOBER, 1956

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927 by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district

The subscription is : Home Members, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly

Correspondence should be addressed to :—

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings - 1956-1957

MEMBERS are requested to make a note of the following dates which have been fixed for future meetings of the Society in London :—

October 4th, 1956. Annual Conference of the Society.
Greenwich House, London, E.C.I. 2.30 p.m.

October 11th, 1956. Annual Luncheon. Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.I. 12.30 p.m. for 1 o'clock. Guest of Honour, Lord Rowallan, K.B.E., M.C, T.D. Circulars for booking places will be sent out in due course.

November 21st, 1956. Discussion : The Bull that Thought; The Propagation of Knowledge (both in Debits and Credits) ; The Miracle of St. Jubanus (Limitations and Renewals). Lansdowne Club. 2.30 p.m.

January 10th, 1957. Lecture by Professor Bonamy Dobrée.
National Book League, Albemarle Street. 8.15 p.m.

February 20th, 1957. Discussion : The Second Jungle Book.
Lansdowne Club. 2.30 p.m.

April 10th, 1957. Lecture. National Book League. 2.30 p.m. for 3 p.m.

NOTE.—It is hoped that members and their friends attending the Discussions will come prepared to discuss any stories they specially like.

C. H. LYNCH-ROBINSON,

Hon. Secretary.

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Notes

"F. Anstey"

AUGUST 8th was the centenary of the birth of Thomas Anstey Guthrie, still well remembered as the author of *Vice Versa*, and by some readers at least for such masterpieces of humour and fantasy as *The Brass Bottle* and *In Brief Authority*, *Lyre and Lancet* and *The Man from Blankley's*.

Anstey was one of Kipling's earliest literary acquaintances on the return to London in the autumn of 1889. They met first at dinner at the Poynters: "I had known and admired his Indian stories almost from the time they appeared," wrote Anstey in his autobiography, "as some of them had been lent to me by a friend of his and mine. . . . We became friends, and he came to my rooms once or twice, and we went for walks together occasionally. On one of them he told me the outline of a story he was writing—it was the priceless one of the medical man and the drunken navy on the platform of a country railway station on a Sunday afternoon in summer, and I am sure he found me an appreciative listener. On another he was very anxious that I should write a story on a subject he suggested—a 'monkey - puzzler' tree, its owners wondering whether it really would puzzle a monkey to climb it. . . . I, however, protested that he would treat the idea infinitely better himself—which I am glad to say he did."

Their last meeting was shortly before Kipling's marriage, "to meet

him and his fiancée, Miss Balestier," but letters continued to pass between them, as for example "in 1900 he wrote me an extraordinary kind and generous letter about *The Brass Bottle*."

Like Kipling himself, "F. Anstey" is one of the few humourists whose work does not become "dated" from the point of view of ceasing to amuse: for his vivid descriptions of all strata of the social scene in the 'Nineties his equal is hard to find.

A "Popular Ballad"

Who wrote the following lines?
The answer is not as easy as it seems!

"Trust not the words the Gorgio says,
Trust not his shining gold,
His way and ours still lie apart,
As in the days of old."

The hawk unto the open sky,
The red deer to the wold,
The Romany lass to the Romany lad,
As in the days of old."

These lines are 'not' by Kipling, but form two stanzas of a "popular ballad" called *The Romany Lass* published about 1880 by Boosey & Co., with music by "Stephen Adams" [Michael Maybrick]. The author of the words was Frederic Edward Weatherley (1848-1929), well known for such famous songs as "The Midshipmite," "The Old Brigade," "Danny Boy" and "The Roses of Picardy."

When Kipling wrote "The Gipsy Trail" he cribbed shamelessly from Weatherley. His poem first appeared in *The Century Magazine* in December 1892, with no acknowledgment of

his debt. When, however, it was first collected in the *Inclusive Verse* of 1919 the Weatherley stanza was printed between inverted commas.

Kipling's poem, of course, completely transcended his original: his main debt is really that of theme and metre, and that is also apparent in "Gipsy Vans" in *Debts and Credits*.

Echo and Parody

Kipling was an adept at both parody and imitation in the ordinary and accepted ways; *Echoes* and *The Muse Among the Motors* contain as good examples as any by Stephen or Calverley. But he was inclined also to borrow in a more subtle way, whether transcending an inferior "original" as in the case of "The Gipsy Trail," or writing a companion piece to a well-known poem by way of contrast. Thus W. E. Henley's charming verses which begin:

" Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave.
I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian Slave "

are contrasted by "The Changelings" (in *Debts and Credits*), beginning:

" Or ever the battered liners sank,
With their passengers to the dark,
I was head of a Walforth Bank,
And you were a grocer's clerk."

The effect is similar to that obtained by Masfield with the last stanza of "Cargoes."

More subtly, Kipling sometimes echoes a rhythm in such a way that the chords of a much deeper poem seem to be sounding in the background. This is true, for example, of "Neighbours" (*Limits and Renewals*) where the echo is from the theme-song of William Morris's *Love is Enough*.

Midway between the two kinds lie such examples as "The Benefactors" (*The Years Between*), where there is no apparent reason for the echo, yet

the first stanza is an almost direct parody of Landor's "Rose Aylmer," and the metre is the same throughout.

The Use of Recollections

Andrew Lang once compared fiction to a kaleidoscope: there are only a certain number of pieces of glass, but the art of the writer lies in re-arranging these in new and original patterns.

Kipling was, of course, one of the great masters at the manipulation of these fragments of coloured glass—and one of the most pointless forms of literary research is the hunt for examples of the same crumb used by various other authors.

Slightly different, however, is the occasional similarity which appears to be caused by subconscious remembrance of an actual passage. Kipling's recollections of rhythms in the poems seem always to be conscious and intentional: but inevitably there occur examples of the sub-conscious echo in the prose tales.

Thus in "How the Whale Got his Throat" Kipling is using the general stock "myth" when the Whale swallows the Mariner without his victim taking any harm in the process: Jonah is the obvious archetype. But a hundred years before *Just So Stories* another adventurer had been swallowed by a whale: "I passed directly between his jaws and into his stomach, where I remained some time in total darkness, and comfortably warm, as you may imagine. At last it occurred to me that by giving him pain he would be glad to get rid of me. As I had plenty of room I played my pranks, such as tumbling, hop, step and jump, etc., but nothing seemed to disturb him so much as the quick motion of my feet in attempting to dance a hornpipe. Soon after I began

he put me out, by sudden fits and starts. I persevered. At last he roared horridly, and stood up almost perpendicular in the water, with his head and shoulders exposed—"and was, on this occasion, caught, killed, and opened, as may be read in *The Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, as published in 1786.

Backgrounds in Reality

Of far more importance and much greater interest are the echoes from actual experience which occur in any writer's works, but are of particular consequence in such stories as "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" or *Stalky & Co.*

Our various authorities for what really happened at 5 Campbell Road, Southsea, during Kipling's six years in that "House of Desolation" have recently been weighed and sifted by Mr. Carrington in his Biography; but some useful and additional details from various sources may be found in the Earl of Birkenhead's paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, and published in its volume of *Essays by Divers Hands* (N.S.XXVII) for 1955. Dealing with "The Young Rudyard Kipling," the speaker confined himself mainly to the days at Southsea, and the holidays with the Burne-Jones family, and added several new and interesting facts. He spoke interestingly, also, of Kipling's return to London after his years in India (of which little is said), and gave a few minutes to Westward Ho!, where some short notes from contemporaries of Kipling add force to the contention

that the "background" of *Stalky & Co.* is by no means exaggerated.

This classic still comes in for an occasional buffet. A recent writer in *The Times Educational Supplement* (March 30th, 1956), when praising P. G. Wodehouse's school stories (the earliest of which appeared in 1902), declared that "none of his work is today at all silly, or soppy, or unpleasant. Which is more than can be said for *Tom Brown* and *Stalky*, for a start."

Kipling Black or White

Stalky & Co. is not, perhaps, a fair test, but, none the less, critics seem to be as sharply divided as ever. "Kipling is intensely loved or hated. Hardly any reader likes him a little," as C. S. Lewis began his penetrating study of "Kipling's World." Personal likes and dislikes are of relatively small importance, but John Beecroft, in America, has just edited a two-volume selection. Details are not yet to hand, but when they are, a comparison with Mr. Maugham's anthology will be at least instructive.

But the time is ripe for a full-dress critical study of Kipling—if such a thing is possible without excessive bias to one side or the other. Perhaps length would only produce prolonged defence or denigration: in which case Professor Lewis may already have given us as profound and thought-provoking a study in his one essay as we can ever expect.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN.

A KIPLING ROOM AT DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

FROM Halifax, Nova Scotia, we learn that Dalhousie University recently conferred an honorary Doctorate of Laws on Mrs. Elsie Bambridge, daughter of Rudyard Kipling. The ceremony took place at a special

convocation which was held in conjunction with the opening of a new university library, and the dedication of a Kipling Room containing many of Kipling's works,

Kim and the Apolitical Man

by Christopher Hollis

(This article is reproduced by kind permission of "The Spectator," 99 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.)

I HAVE recently been re-reading *Kim*, and what a good story—or perhaps one should rather say, what a good panorama—it is. Its two faults are obvious enough, and one of them at any rate must have been obvious to Kipling and deliberately incurred. In the first place, we today have had more experience of underground security organisations than Kipling, or anybody else then living, had had at the time of *Kim*. It is difficult for us to see 'the Game' as a purely romantic one or to believe that all who played it are bold, single-minded, humorous and chivalrous. We all of us know today from bitter experience how underground and security organisations have a habit of sometimes attracting to themselves the most appalling bores, what a large share of their mumbo-jumbo is purely bogus and what a part the cross and double-cross and petty jealousy inevitably play in their lives. All this, possibly, Kipling did not know at the time of the writing of *Kim*, for that was still the time of the Stevensonian image with its 'Are we never to shed blood again?' Kipling's taste for Masonry led him to exaggerate the virtues of a secret society, drawing its members to a higher purpose, from all classes, creeds and races, and to overlook its dangers.

Of the second fault Kipling must have been much better aware than we. *Kim* is a boy whose habits of life have been wholly formed by native influences. He is depicted to us as a wild boy, always getting into trouble

but at the same time wholly likeable. His transgressions are such as never to make him unattractive. But Indian habits are notoriously such that Indian boys do in their teens a number of things which may weigh heavily or may weigh lightly against them at the Judgment Day, but which do not make them attractive in European eyes and which would be considered as serious blemishes on a European character. Kipling, who obviously knew this a thousand times better than any of the rest of us, lets drop a few passing sentences about the premature maturity of the Oriental. Mahbub Ali, the old grizzled horse-dealer, is allowed to grumble, in criticism of keeping *Kim* still under discipline at the age of sixteen, that at that age he himself had 'killed his man and begotten his man,' and it is not to be believed that, however heavily in general good may have outweighed evil in his character, a high-spirited, anarchical youth like *Kim* would not have had some similar experiences among His early adventures. Kipling, writing for a Western public, prefers to say nothing about them. The reason obviously is that, if he dwelt upon them, it would be impossible to make *Kim* seem attractive to the Western reader. But in fact, no doubt, in the very different atmosphere of the East, boys who are still truly likeable may nevertheless have done things that appear horrible to Western eyes.

Yet these are small points. What is the secret of the attraction of *Kim*? It is not in the story, which is, after all, fairly simple-minded and not very convincing, nor in the philosophy of the lama, which is not especially

coherent. Kipling was a wonderfully keen observer of the external world, but he had no great understanding of the life of contemplation. The attraction of *Kim* is in the extraordinarily vivid pictures of Indian scenes and Indian types. In the painting of such pictures Kipling was, as far as I can remember, not only champion but unique among all the writers of the British Raj. It is not that he did it better than others, but that nobody else did it at all. His uniqueness is indeed a striking proof of the unbelievable philistinism of the British in India—of their quite extraordinary lack of interest in the life around them.

I can only think of one other English writer who has given a picture of Indian life in a novel that can lay any claim to greatness, and that is Mr. E. M. Forster in *A Passage to India*. But Mr. Forster's portraits of Indians, interesting as they are, are greatly inferior to Kipling's. Mr. Forster does not attempt to deny that it is with the Europeans and the problems of the Europeans that he is primarily concerned. How ought the Europeans to treat the Indians? Never for one second do we get the illusion, which Kipling alone can give us, that we are seeing the world through Asian eyes. But beyond that Mr. Forster is concerned throughout with a debate and a political problem. So—inevitably—have been all recent writers about India. Indeed, no one was to become more of a political writer, whether about India or about other subjects, than Kipling in his later years. But the whole attraction of *Kim* is that in it Kipling is able to write about India as if it were a stable society. He is able to take the arrangement of society for granted and to describe men as he saw them. Whether he was justified in doing so, whether

the forces that were even then beginning to transform that society were stronger than he guessed, whether the society was already a society in transition, is another question. I am concerned for the moment with a problem of literature and not of politics. That is how he saw it. The British Raj was established and taken for granted. Subversive movements and foreign intrigues on the frontier might be introduced in order to make the plot of a story more exciting. But there was no question of such movements succeeding or changing the nature of society.

Now it was in such societies that most of the world's great descriptive literature was produced. It was in such a society that Chaucer wrote and that Shakespeare wrote. Chaucer did not foresee the Reformation and Shakespeare did not foresee the Civil War and the Commonwealth. They may be to blame as political thinkers for not doing so, but, if so, at any rate their lack of foresight was to their advantage as artists. Kipling, in *Kim*, was of the company of Chaucer and Shakespeare. The later Kipling—the Kipling who wrote

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war,
The Hun is at the gate,

was of a different calibre. He is not to be blamed for writing differently in a different world. If the world had changed, how could he help but change too? But Kipling's literary career is a most important example of the immense impoverishment which our modern life has suffered through its utter domination by politics. Just as in earlier centuries both art and life were impoverished by the utter domination of theological debate, so in our time art and life are impoverished by the predominance of

political debate. In a healthy society politics have made their honourable rôle, but

The proper study of mankind is
Man.

and if the writer and the artist can never talk about man as they see him, but must be always talking about man as a problem, man as a voter, about the vote that man will give for the rearranging of society, art is killed. Art cannot flourish as a mere department of politics. In the end politics themselves perish from this mere surfeit of politics, for, if Man is

never allowed to stand still and to enjoy anything, a time soon comes when it is a matter of accidie and indifference whether we have one political arrangement or another. The condition of all art and of all politics is that we should from time to time be able to say :

How good is Man's life—the mere
living—

How fit to employ

All the heart and the soul and the
senses

For ever in joy.

—even if it is not quite true.

R.K. and Rider Haggard

[This is the second part of a talk to the Melbourne Branch of the Society by Mrs. G. Broughton. The first appeared in the April, 1956, issue of 'The Kipling Journal.']

LET us now concentrate on the more personal bonds that linked these two fine souls together.

We find Kipling, who had a great and a sensitive soul behind his rugged exterior and who was not prodigal in friendships, deeply in sympathy with Haggard in many points. Their strong Party and Imperialistic convictions often caused them to be abused.

After Kipling had published "The Recessional," Haggard wrote to congratulate him on it and received in reply : "Your note did me much good and thank you for it. I have just come off a fortnight with the Channel Fleet—a rather jolly time. . . . Now any nation but ourselves with such a fleet as we have at present" [it was in 1898] "would go out swiftly and trample the guts out of the rest of the world, and the fact that we do not seem to show that even if we are not very civilised we are about the one Power with a glimmering of civilisa-

tion in us. As you say, we have always had it somewhere in our composition. My objection to that hymn is that it may be quoted as an excuse for lying down abjectly at times and seasons and taking what any other country may see fit to give us. What I wanted to say was 'Don't gas, but give people snuff.' But I only covered the first part of the notion."

Another reference to the poem comes in a much later letter of Rider's to his wife after a visit to Kipling in 1918 : "Kipling went on to show that anything any of us did well was no credit to us—that it came from somewhere else and that we, in fact, were only telephone wires. For example, he instanced some of our individual successes by saying : 'You did not write "She," you know—something wrote it through you' . . . and he opined in his amusing way that if the present rate of taxation went on much longer he and I would be seen on opposite sides of the Strand selling 'She' and 'The Recessional' for our daily bread."

"Only telephone wires" fits in with Kipling's belief that a writer is a

subjection at times to his familiar spirit, which he calls "the personal Daemon" and of which he says: "When your daemon is in charge do not try to think consciously—Drift, Wait, Obey."

The Closest Tie

The greatest and closest tie of all between the two men was in the similarity of their intimate family life. Here one hesitates a little for fear of treading on sacred ground, but, to use Kipling's own idiom regarding India, "let us put off our shoes of inquisitiveness, and with the cloak of understanding sympathy over our shoulders, reverently enter this sacred place."

Kipling and Haggard were both blessed in their wives, who were always sure helpmates and sympathetic companions no matter what the occasion might be. Of the two, Rider's Louie was the gentler type, while Kipling's Caroline was the better business-man of the two, which was a good thing for a man like Kipling, who did not care very much for any form of business.

They each had the same family—two girls and one boy—to whom the fathers were completely devoted and strove to give their children the best in their power of both material and spiritual gifts. Alas, that loving care and guardianship cannot always prevent loss of children who carry all the fond hopes of parents.

To Rider, ten years older than Rudyard, the loss of the only son came first and very poignantly. He and his wife had gone to America at the earnest request of Rider's friend, John Jebb, who reported he was on the track of early Mexican treasure and wanted Rider's help to write the story of it for him.

From the first Rider was filled with

a dreadful premonition of disaster impending if he went to Mexico, so much so that he made all provision he could think of before he left England, feeling he would not return there nor see his beloved Jock again—"Jock my darling, for who I would have gladly laid down my life." All his forebodings were verified, but it was not the father who was taken; it was the lad. The Haggards had been only a month in America when a cable came saying Jock had died suddenly—an attack of measles which led to an ulcerated bowel and took him off in five days.

Then, as Rider says, he "descended into hell" in all truth—a phrase which in saying little says all, for there is no grief deeper than that of a father losing an only son.

Jock was only nine years old, so Rider had not the joy of seeing him develop as did Kipling with his beloved son, who was eighteen when he went away to the War. As we know, the boy was killed in a bomb explosion at the front and no trace of him was ever found.

In R.K.'s Study

It was shortly after this that Rider came to visit Rudyard. He says in a letter to home: "Seated together in his study while he fiddled with his fishing tackle, we had some interesting hours together. He is one of the two men left in the world with whom I am in complete sympathy. We talked of many things, chiefly as they had to do with the fate of man. Rudyard apparently cannot make up his mind on these things. On one point, however, he is clear. I happened to remark that this world was one of the hells. He replied he did not think: he was sure, and he went on to show that it had every attribute of hell—death, fear, pain, struggle, bereave-

ment, almost irresistible temptations springing from the nature with which we are clothed, physical and mental suffering, and all ending in the worst fate man can divine for man—extinction. As for the future, he is inclined to let the matter drift. Like myself, he has a firm belief in a personal devil.

"We were talking of our failings, of the sense of utter insufficiency which becomes apparent when one nears the end of one's days, and when I spoke of his lasting fame he countered with, 'But what is it all worth?' I think that outside his own family there are few to whom he opens his heart but myself. He lacks intimate friends. He asked me as I left how much older I was than himself. **I told** him 'ten years.' Then he said, 'You have less time in which **to** suffer.' He alluded to the loss that he and I have both suffered. Poor old boy. John's death has hit him very hard! I pointed out to him that this love for our sons was what the Prayer Book calls 'Inordinate affection.' "Perhaps," he said, "but I do not care for ordinate affection; nor do you." I told him that as the result of much spiritual labour, there is born in one a knowledge of the nearness of God. He replied that this had occasionally happened to him also but the difficulty was to hold this sense of communion—it passes. I have found this very true. Occasionally one sees the light, one touches the pierced feet, and one thinks that the peace which passes all understanding is gained, and then it is all gone again. Rudyard's explanation is that it is meant to so—that God does not mean we should get too near lest we become unfitted for our work in this world."

These words were written in 1918 and were the last personal ones I found in this biography. Later in 1923

both men were more cheerful and Kipling quite gaily planned the book for Haggard to write about the World Religions referred to earlier.

Haggard broke down in health and left England for a trip up the Nile, where his great pleasure was to sit among the ancient temples and ruins meditating on the past and on the Eastern faiths.

One could quote quite widely here but this thought of his must suffice: "I look on Religions as a ladder stretching from Earth to Heaven—a Jacob's Ladder if you will, whereby painfully and with many slips and backward fallings mankind climbs to the skies. In that ladder the faiths of the dead races are single rungs. That which we follow is another rung and perhaps there are many more out of sight and knowledge, for God's skies are far away."

Two years after his return he was stricken with some obscure internal complaint and died after a week in hospital in London. For him there was no Abbey funeral nor public acclaim. He was quietly laid to rest in the chancel of the Ditchingham Church in Norfolk where as a boy he had heard his father, the Squire, read the lessons.

Kipling lived another ten years. He seemed to become more of a recluse and spent most of his time pottering round his farm.

He was stricken with an internal trouble and had to be rushed to London where he died after a week's illness in January, 1936, leaving this world at the same time as his beloved King George V.

To honour his going he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, that revered home of those whom England delights lovingly to remember.

" Over the Edge of the Purple Down "

"THE Brushwood Boy," one of Kipling's most controversial stories, centres round George Cottar's dream-country which he explores so often in his sleep that, waking, he can make a map of it, and remember every detail so well that he can cap every geographical recollection when he finds that Miriam Lacy has been gifted with an identical glimpse of this corner of "The World's fourth dimension."

In the story [*The Day's Work*: Macmillans: page 381], we are told that George had come to know the "place of his dreams" so thoroughly that even waking he accepted it as a real country, and made a rough sketch of it: this sentence is followed, in *The Country Magazine*, December 1895, where the story first appeared, by the words "a still rougher copy of the sketch is given in this place for the better understanding of geography." This 'sketch' is reprinted now, apparently for the first time: an uncollected example of Kipling as cartographer to set beside the "inciting map of the Turgid Amazon" in *Just So Stories*.

Georgie brought the map up to date after each series of dreams, and the dates on the map (ranging from 15th August, 1887, to 9th September, 1891) give the exact dating of the story. This has been discussed recently in an article called "Stalky and 'The Brushwood Boy'" [*Kipling Journal* 115, Oct. 1955] and need not detain us now. But the question has been raised as to the origin of Kipling's dream-country, on which some notes may be useful.

In the first place, any casual similarity between it and a map of the moon seems to be entirely fortuitous: the fact that selenographers still in-

clude a "Sea of Dreams" is not likely to have supplied Kipling with more than an obvious name fitting most aptly into Miriam's song.

Was the dream-country an actual experience of Kipling himself? We have his word for it that he was a sufferer from insomnia: "We wakeful: ah, pity us!" is a personal cry; but there our evidence ends.

There is no reason why Georgie's dreams should not be pure invention. Much of their basis is given explicitly in the story: the actual policeman on Dowhead; the princess out of the old illustrated edition of Grimm; Pepper's ghost which would appear to separate a man's head from his body, and so on.

There is much background also from the children's books which Kipling read as a child and remembered in the garbled way such memories cling and intertwine. It is not possible to unravel these with complete certainty, but a few suggestions may be made.

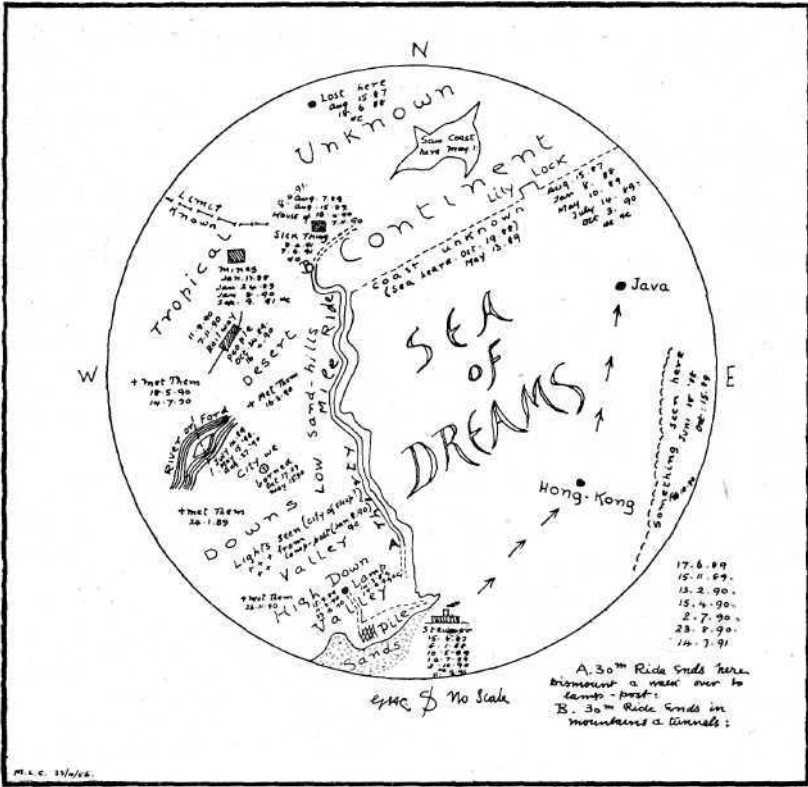
Thus, "Ha! ha!" said the duck, laughing" (p. 362) may echo the old nursery rhyme that ends:

"The captain was a duck

With a jacket/packet on his back,
And when the ship began to move

The captain said Quack! Quack!"
The "mines of vast depth" (p. 379) recall *The Princess and the Goblin* by George MacDonald (1872), which played an even more important part in "Wee Willie Winkie."

The "Sick Thing" which lay in bed, and several other tantalising touches, suggest poems by Elizabeth Anna Hart in *Child World* and *Child Nature* (1869), which we know from *Something of Myself* made so profound an impression on Kipling's mind as a child. The particular recol-



THE MAP OF THE DREAM-COUNTRY

lection here seems to combine " Prince Fie-For-Shame," who always lay in bed, with " Miss Pip " where—

" Forty wicked demons
Made a wicked plan—
Put in an appearance—
Not a real man ! "

and Baron Pip lies sick of the gout until the 'umble Urchin cures him with a cabbage leaf.

The fact that such recollections are derived from Kipling's own juvenile experiences in literature, and on such actual facts as his visit to Oxford (and probably to an exhibition of " Pepper's Ghost "), does not mean that Cottar is a self-portrait—even a wish-fulfilment one. It has, however, been suggested that Cottar is several

people not very convincingly welded together : if this can be argued seriously (which is extremely doubtful), it might be said that Georgie the child is Kipling himself ; Georgie the head-boy at Westward Ho ! is some boy of Kipling's period there (is it mere chance that the map gives Cottar's initials as G. H.—which are those of Davies, who was head-boy in 1884?); and Georgie the Army-man is some Anglo-Indian hero of Kipling's.

Surmise is endless : like Mercutio, it is best to conclude.

" True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."
R.L.G.

What they said about Kipling's Works

by Basil M. Bazley

IT is hard for anyone below the 'allotted span' to picture the tremendous sensation caused by Kipling's work at the beginning of the famous decade of the 'Nineties. Only a brilliant genius could have stood out among the talented but tradition-led groups which were leading public taste at that time. From a sheaf of comments, we may note a few of those early years, giving pride of place to Andrew Lang, *Essays in Little* (1891); coming from such a source, it seems surprising that so little attention was paid to the opinions of a recognised authority on good taste in literature. Lang begins by remarking on the vividness of Kipling's atmosphere: "The books had the strangeness, the colour, the variety, the perfume of the East. . . . Mr. Kipling's work, like all good work, is both real and romantic." He does not care much for *The Light which* (sic) *Failed*, but he sees genius in the native studies and in tales which deal with the improbable. This is his summary: "His faults are so conspicuous, so much on the surface, that they hardly need to be named. They are curiously visible to some readers who are blind to his merits." Those words might have been headed by some lesser men, some of whose unreasoned judgments will be quoted later.

"Deft Touch"

In *The Bohemian* of 1893 'Papyrus' tells us that "Everything is bold, manly, English. . . . One of the great charms of Mr. Kipling's writings consists in his deft touch and delicate manipulation. . . . Every word is in its

right place, and not one is superfluous. . . . Good taste and good breeding are manifest throughout, and each story is a perfect harmony, without a single jarring or discordant note." About the same date the Rev. M. Johnson wrote of *Barrack-Room Ballads* in W. T. Stead's *Review of Reviews*: "They reveal that Mr. Kipling is a close observer of nature and men. . . . Not only has he the artist's keen eye for beauty, but he has also the art of putting his sensations into the irresistible music of verse. He has, indeed, a command of melody which may achieve almost anything in rhythmic movement."

David Christie Murray in *My Contemporaries in Fiction*, 1897, makes a remark that would have been equally apposite thirty or more years later: "Kipling is rough at times, but he is always clean and honest. There are no hermaphroditic cravings after sexual excitement in him."

In this year, too, the *Quarterly Review* had an article on "Some Minor Poets," in which Kipling and W. S. Gilbert are placed first: "Is Mr. Rudyard Kipling a poet? Does he, whatever else he does, express emotion in musical rhythm? The affirmative is incontestable. His whole utterance vibrates with an audible, if somewhat coarse, pulse of feeling. . . . And it is resonant with corresponding lilt and rhythm. . . . Mr. Kipling, though often a swashbuckler, is never a charlatan; his passion is not hysterical, nor his sentiment twaddling; nor is his sarcasm levity." The anonymous writer comments on the deeper note achieved in *The Seven Seas*, then just published. Of some

interest are two unsigned articles in *Blackwood*, October and November, 1898. Here are two excerpts: "It is true of his best work, as of all the world's greatest poetry, that it can be read and re-read without losing its freshness. New beauties are ever to be discovered, and the old ones shine with brighter lustre." In the November article, which is of a more general nature, we have this: "Mr. Kipling writes, in all his best work, with a happy clarity and something in the manner of one telling tales to children: he is easy to understand—except for his terrific knowledge of technicalities—and there is little to keep his genius from the crowd." As an ending to this collection from the 'Nineties, here is an acid note from a Boston highbrow review, *Poet-Lore*, Spring 1897: "Novelty and freshness of theme prejudiced by antiquated ideals, dexterity and ingenuity of workmanship vitiated with narrow and old-fashioned poetics are characteristic of Kipling, as a critical examination of his work shows. They also explain his current success." This anonymous diatribe is headed, "Kipling's 'Seven Seas' an Atavism." The above, it may be said, is not typical of American opinion.

Of slightly later date is *Essays in Modernity* (1899) by Francis Adams, which contains two studies: one is called "An Anglo-Indian Story-Teller"; the other is devoted to Kipling's poems. The attitude displayed here is frankly hostile: "His characterisation is never excellent; sometimes it is abominable." Later, praise is bestowed on the stories about soldiers, and on "The Gadsbys" and other tales of life at Simla. The whole thing seems rather a jumble of ideas: the writer indulges in rhetoric about most of the Indian stories, and adds: "Such style, *quâ* (sic) style, as

he has is mere journalistic smartness." To cheer us on our way through this dreary recital we get little slips, such as Mrs. "Hawksbee," while Strickland, the police officer, is described as "an inspired amateur detective." In regard to the Verse, we learn that Mr. Adams asked for "the disappearance of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Leary . . . now visibly fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. I cannot flatter myself that my humble protest and plea could have any effect upon a self-sufficiency so magnificent as that of Mr. Kipling." The aptly introduced marine terms about the "Bolivar" are "like juvenile vanity." "Mandalay" is approved—"for once, his song is instinct with the lyrical (sic) cry, but little, very little, of Mr. Kipling's poetry has the element of permanency in it." Sixty glorious years of fame have rather upset this estimate.

" We Thank You "

We can round off the Great Decade with four critiques from the U.S.A. Writing in 1891, Harriet P. Eaton says: "They (Soldiers Three, etc.) make a part of our lives and we thank you for bringing them to our knowledge, and we shall follow you with broadest sympathies and hopes that in seeing the weaknesses, the sweetness of which each has some little share, may not escape your notice." In the same book, *American Notes* (1891 'pirate'), Andrew Lang (this is not "Dear Andrew, with the brindled hair") attacks Kipling for some of his remarks in the original edition of *From Sea to Sea*, but admits that "His books are well appreciated in the United States. He was recognized in America as soon, or almost as soon, as he was recognized here." Also in 1891 Henry James contributed a short sketch in *Mine Own People* (Life's Handicap), which is a generous tri-

bute from an established Man of Letters to one whose career was only just commencing : "An abject humility is not his strong point, but he gives something instead of it—vividness and drollery, the vision and the thrill of many things, the misery and strangeness of most, the personal sense of a hundred queer contacts and risks. And then, in the absence of respect he has plenty of knowledge, and if knowledge should ever fail him, he would still have the lyric string and the patriotic chord, on which he plays admirably." Mr. Henry Ketchman, in a preface to A. L. Burt's edition (1900) of Kipling's poems, is mainly

biographical, but his comment on too much verbiage in many authors is appropriate to the subject: "It has been said that Kipling has not yet proved his ability of sustained effort. This means that he has not written a poem in twelve cantos, nor a novel in two volumes. It is to be remembered that bigness is not greatness, and that upon library shelves may be found many a dusty volume, which, despite their thousands of lines, are less great than 'Recessional.'" Mr. Ketchman thus indicates one of Kipling's greatest attributes : economy in the use of words.

(To be continued)

Library Note

KIPLING: A Selection of His Stories and Poems, edited by John Beecroft, published by *Doubleday & Co.*, New York, in two vols., at \$7.50, has been reviewed at some length in the *New York Times* by Mr. Carlos Baker, Chairman at Princeton University, and we are indebted to Mr. Carl Naumberg for sending us the news clipping.

It is not easy to comment fairly on a review without handling the subject of that review, but I feel Mr. Baker is at fault when he says that many of the children's verses "are as good as Stevenson's or A. A. Milne's." Some of Kipling's are better than the former's but inferior to the latter's. Nor would I describe *Kim* as likely to appeal to children who delight and find pleasure in the *Just-So Stories* and the *Jungle Books*, from both of which Mr. Beecroft has made selections. I am in disagreement with Mr. Baker's bold statement that *An Habitation Enforced* is the thinly fictionalised account of Mr. and Mrs.

Kipling settling into a house in Sussex. It would be of interest to learn the views of others on this point.

Mr. Baker's review does not give us sufficient detail of the contents of these two volumes, and my chief complaint is of Mr. Beecroft's selections, so far as we know them from Mr. Baker's comments. I feel Mr. Beecroft would have done better by omitting *Kim*, which is much too long for inclusion in a selection of Kipling's works ; nor do I think his choice of *The Wreck of the Visigoth* is a happy one, since it has never been included in any English edition (*Sussex Edition* notwithstanding), and is not known to the majority of people on this side of the Atlantic.

As with *Kim*, so with the *Autobiography* : They are both out of place in a selection of stories by reason of their length. Mr. Baker regrets the omission of *Captains Courageous* : I cannot agree, for, like *Kim* it is not a story but a full-length book.

If Mr. Beecroft hopes his *Selection* will result in a revival of old interests and the awakening of new ones amongst American readers, it is a pity he delved into *Barrack-Room Ballads*. Few new readers of Kipling, especially the younger generation, will appreciate these thoroughly British soldier ballads of a bygone age. The most which can be said of the inclusion of *Gunga Din* or *Danny Deever* is that Kipling the Balladist is also the

Kipling who wrote *Merrow Down* and *McAndrew's Hymn*, but a comparison may be of some value.

It is now twenty years since Kipling's death and a revival of his popularity is due. To this end Mr. Carlos Baker's very fair review should do much towards attracting attention to John Beecroft's effort to bring Kipling to the young reader.

W.G.B.M.

KIPLING SOCIETY DISCUSSIONS

Fourth Meeting—May 16th, 1956

TWENTY Members and Guests attended this very successful discussion on "Your Favourite Poem." Each poem was thoroughly examined, some verses being read aloud, and, as usual, hearing the point of view of others resulted in everyone learning more. Indeed, a quite new interpretation of some of the poems came to light.

The poems chosen were:—

The Thousandth Man; Rimini; The Craftsman (chosen twice); M.I.; The Curé; Mandalay; Epitaphs of the War (with two uncollected ones); The Fires; The Prayer of Miriam Cohen; The Land; A Dedication (to Soldiers

Three); The Ballad of East and West; The Bell Buoy; Fox Hunting (The Fox Meditates); Hymn of Breaking Strain; The Way through the Woods; The Coastwise Lights; L'Envoi; The Return of the Children.

This brings to an end the season's discussions, the average attendance at the four meetings being the most satisfactory one of 19. The "organiser's nightmare" at gatherings of this sort is that nobody will open their mouths, but we are happy to report that this horror never once looked like taking shape. This is encouraging for the future, for we hope these meetings will continue.

"I've Heard the Revelly"

NO Kipling lover nostalgic for "The Shiny" and the whirl

thunder of Horse Artillery at the gallop should miss the latest "Snaffles" book, "I've Heard the Revelly" (Gale & Polden, 21s.). This handsome 8 in. by 11 in. volume contains numberless sporting and action pictures, both 'plain' and 'coloured,' in the artist's unmistakable style, and is well laced with Kipling quotations, some of which obviously provided the inspiration for their accompanying sketches. An example is the parachuting gun-detachment ("There's nothin' this side 'eaven nor 'ell Ubique doesn't mean!"), while to the beat of "They used to talk about Lancers once" the artist

wistfully turns his pencil on to the "Plumbers' Mates and Travelling Tinkers" who have exchanged wisp and body-brush for grease-gun and spanner.

"Route Marchin'," "Screw-Guns" and "Tommy" are among other poems quoted and aptly illustrated, and there is an attractive, quiet little end-sketch of Kim and his Lama. The book is by no means all "Horse," for the Jocks are affectionately noticed, together with R.K.'s favourite Frenchmen.

The swinging rhythms of "Barrack-Room Ballads" run through the whole thing.

A.E.B.P.

Letter Bag

(Correspondents are asked to keep their letters as short as possible)

"Danny Deever"

The interesting story, *Concerning 'Danny Deever,'* told by Mr. R. E. Harbord in the July 1954 issue of the *Journal* has brought to my mind another very similar case described by Major-General Sir George Bell in his 'Rough Notes of an Old Soldier' concerning a certain Private William Boag of the Royal Regiment, who, while serving with his Regiment in India in the Eighteen Hundreds, was hanged for shooting a comrade whilst he lay asleep.

Boag, although by nature a most abstemious man, did, on one occasion, fall to the temptation of drink and, "whilst in this horrible state of inebriation and under a temporary irritation, loaded his musket, put it in the stand until 'lights out' and the men asleep, and then took it down and deliberately shot Corporal John Doran, who was lying asleep in a cot beside him."

At his Court-martial he was quite unable to give any explanation for his deed, nor had he any recollection of it. He was, of course, found guilty and sentenced to death.

Bell, an officer in the Royal Regiment, frequently visited Boag in his cell and found him quite genuine in his sorrow and remorse, for the Corporal had been his friend.

Like Danny Deever, Boag was hanged in front of the Regiment formed up in hollow square.

Now, even allowing for a good deal of poet's licence, it does not take too much imagination to see the similarity between William Boag and Danny Deever: Both men "shot a comrade sleeping." Boag's execution brought sorrow to his comrades, but Danny, however, "a shootin', sneakin' 'ound," was mourned by none.

'Rough Notes of an Old Soldier' contain an account of Sir George Bell's long service in India and Burma and it seems fairly reasonable that Kipling, with his fondness for the British soldier in India, could have

read Bell's book and so conceived the idea which, later, he turned into "Danny Deever."—W. G. B. MAITLAND, 39 Marlboro' Place, London, N.W.8.

"The Potted Princess"

Members of the Kipling Society might be interested to know that this story, hitherto available only in *The St. Nicholas Magazine* for January, 1893, and in Volume XXX of *The Sussex Edition*, has, by kind permission of Mrs. Bambridge and Messrs. Macmillan, been included in *Modern Fairy Stories*, chosen and edited by Roger Lancelyn Green, with illustrations by E. H. Shepard, in "The Children's Illustrated Classics," published by J. M. Dent, 11s. 6d.—R.L.G.

R.K. in S. Africa

It really is extraordinary where one comes across R.K. in these days. My Durban agents, who send me all Kipling references which appear in newspapers South of the Line, sent me a cutting from the *Windhoek Advertiser* dated just before Christmas from a German firm, Messrs. Metrje & Ziegler, who are celebrating the 50th anniversary of the starting of their firm.

The cutting from the *Windhoek Advertiser* says: "This firm has brought out a Diary this year . . . it contains a mine of information about S.W.A. and even has a touch of Rudyard Kipling."

They were kind enough to send me a copy of the Diary and on p. 45 I find parts of "If"—the first half of the second verse, the second half of the third verse and the whole of the fourth verse.

I was looking at my Parodies of "If" the other day and find that I have just entered No. 81. Some time ago I asked, through the medium of the *Journal*, for parodies of "If" that might be in the possession of our readers, but the response. I am sorry

to say, was 'Nil'—J. S. I. MCGREGOR, 98 Meade Street, George, Cape Province, South Africa.

[We hope any members who have parodies of "If" will communicate with Mr. McGregor.—Ed., K.J.]

Patriotic Feeling

WE have received the following note from Mr. E. C. Kalshoven, of Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia :

"While re-reading Louis Creswicke's 'South Africa and the Transvaal War' I came across the following. It refers to the time, March, 1900, when R.K. was working on *The Friend* at Bloemfontein shortly after its capture by Lord Roberts.

'Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose patriotic feeling has dragged him to the scene of action to view the British Flag as erected by Mr. Thomas Atkins, contributed his quota. On the death of Mr. G. W. Steevens, the brilliant young war-correspondent, who died in Lady-

smith, he wrote the following lines :
Through war and pestilence, red siege and
fire,
Silent and self-contained, he drew his
breath.

Brave not for show of courage, his desire :
Truth as he saw it, even to the death.

"I have not been able to trace them elsewhere. If they are not generally known, they would probably be of interest to some of your readers and it may be worth while to reprint them."

[Kipling's verse to G. W. Steevens was printed in Julian Ralph's book, "War's Brighter Side" (1901), and it is collected in the Sussex Edition (1938). In both the third line reads: "Too brave for show of courage—his desire."—Ed., K.J.]

Houses at Burwash

THE founder of the Kipling Society, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, who lives at Rudyard Cottage, Burwash, Sussex, tells us that there are a number of houses for sale in Burwash village, including some cottages, and he suggests that some members of the

Society might like to consider living there, especially in view of the literary associations of the place. Readers interested are invited to write to Mr. Brooking, who will be glad to answer enquiries.

Third Annual Visit to Bateman's, Burwash

A PARTY of twenty members of the Kipling Society and their friends paid the third annual visit to Rudyard Kipling's old home at Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, on June 18th, 1956. After luncheon at the Maiden's Head Hotel at Uckfield, and a brief

stay at Burwash Church, the party were welcomed and entertained at Bateman's by Mr. and Mrs. C. Woodbine Parish, the tenants of the National Trust. The weather was, fortunately, fine, and the members enjoyed their visit to the full.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: LONDON—Mrs. H. P. Adam, Captain T. Hume, Mr. B. P. Flanagan CANADA—Colonel E. A. Pridham, MBE, M.c, ED., E. J. Buckley. NEW YORK—M. H. Cohen.

OVERSEAS VISITORS.—We have been pleased to welcome the following visitors to London: Lt.-Colonel R. P. Phillipps of New Zealand; Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Jones, Argentina; Mr. F. E. Hasler, New York.

The Kipling Society

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