



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



DECEMBER, 1956

VOL. XXIII No. 120

PRICE 2/6

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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

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

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

"IF" Again

EVERY now and then we hear some 'literary authority' proclaim with all the weight of an ultimatum that Kipling is forgotten; with some lack of consistency his detractors are careful to see that he is remembered, though, if they really knew their business, they would know that omission is a more deadly weapon than frontal attack in the world of literature. Perhaps, however, neglect would not meet the case, for at fairly frequent intervals some 'liftable' Kipling phrase becomes perfectly apposite to an event of the day and is quoted with telling effect. "If," which zealous outsiders are apt to chant at Members of the Society with monotonous iteration, has aroused the wrath of two correspondents; the writers, whose criticisms were void of meaning, were well trounced on October 2nd in the *Daily Telegraph*, though an attack so ridiculous scarcely needed refutation. What is significant is that a newspaper of wide influence among thoughtful people should give pride of place to this correspondence, for today space in a great daily is severely limited. The subject was given pride of place for the very good reason that a Kipling reference is still *news*. In this connection we may compare the steady stream of visitors to Burwash compared with the trickle who make the pilgrimage to Ayot St. Lawrence, though the latter is nearer and easier of access.

"The Incomparable Max"

Sweet are the uses of publicity, especially if this can be gained without paying ordinary advertisement charges. When Sir Max Beerbohm died, one writer said of him that "he did not have bushy eyebrows and a Message for the Age"; another made the observation that "he was seldom bitter, never spiteful." The first remark seems to derive inspiration from a Kipling story, "The Vortex" ("A Diversity of Creatures"), where a Mr. Lingnam is described as a Voice. In regard to the second remark, I agree with Professor Carrington's opinion expressed in his brilliant book. I have always had a great admiration for "the incomparable Max," but on several occasions, particularly in his clever skit, "P.C. X.36" ("A Christmas Garland"), he is both bitter and spiteful. Kipling, as was his way when contemporaries attacked him, paid no attention.

K. Quotations without Acknowledgment

In our *Journal* for July this year I commented on the frequency with which Kipling quotations are used without acknowledgment, on the assumption that whoever reads them will know their source. The other day I came across a striking example of this. On the counter of the Accounts Department of one of our largest stores stood a collecting box for donations to that very deserving institution, the British Sailors'

Society; on this was a coloured picture of a merchant steamer, underneath which was the legend: "If anyone hinders our coming, you'll starve."

Character Originals

Interest never seems to be lacking when the identity of a Kipling character is in question. Soon after the start of the second world war, our then President, the late Earl Wavell, wrote me a long letter about "Diego Valdez, High Admiral of Spain." There were, he had found, two men of that name—common enough in Spain—both of whom were Rear-Admirals in the Armada; one was a competent seaman, the other a nonentity. Neither of these gentlemen fitted the character, so I suggested to him that it was probably one of Kipling's composite creations, as in many other cases. The same may be said of "Pagett, M.P.," to whom various originals have been assigned; a recent note in the *Times* states that W. S. Caine was the subject "of Kipling's satirical verse, on cold weather visitors to India who were apt to be critical of European society there." George Beresford, himself a fairly close original of M'Turk in "Stalky & Co.," assured me that Wilfred Scawen Blunt was the original of Pagett, giving some corroborative evidence for his verdict. My own idea is that Pagett is a compound of many critics, most of whom went to India in the cool season and failed to keep an "agreement vowing to stay till September." There were a lot of these gentry—they were called Little Englishmen later—whose vitriolic utterances bordered on treason. Kipling, one of the sufferers from the hot seasons, probably resented keenly these malicious attacks on all who were helping to make our one-time great Indian Empire.

For Amusement

Among the many reviews of Professor Carrington's *Life of Kipling* is one which I can cordially recommend to any of our readers who are in need of some amusement; this appeared in the *Spectator* of December 2nd, 1955 (a bit late for comment, but I do not read this paper now). Perhaps I am wrong in using the word 'review,' for there is hardly anything in it about the author or his book; the major part of it is devoted to an attack on Kipling's work, bearing a close relationship to some adverse criticisms of an earlier date. Here is a sample: "I made the great mistake of going back to Kipling and re-reading a number of his stories. Don't ever do this if you happen to be one of the very numerous category of readers who have a soft spot for Kipling because of the pleasure he once gave you. To go back to him, applying (however unconsciously, however feebly) the standards you have formed from the reading of *real* literature, is a very bruising experience." The note about the yard-master—not "overseer"—in "007" appears to owe much to the Max Beerbohm parody previously mentioned. Space will not permit insertion of the many gems in this collection, but one curious remark must be set out. I have found the tale, "Uncovenanted Mercies," a little on the obscure side, but it will always live for its lovely satire on our faith in Commissions and Inter-Departmental Committees, as advocated by the Archangel of the English. To do him justice, the writer of this 'critique' recognises this as funny: "This is a joke, of course; but, like most of Kipling's jokes, an unpleasant one." Why, or how?

The English Scene

Turning to more pleasant subjects,

here are two references to Kipling's wonderful perception of the beauty of the English scene. In "Highways and Byways in Surrey," by Eric Parker, there is an excerpt from the Merrow Down poems, with this comment: "If the Sussex Downs by Rottingdean inspired Mr. Kipling to his finest poetry, the Surrey Downs by Merrow taught him some of the most haunting lines of all." With this we may bracket the opening lines of a chapter in "Unknown Sussex," by my

late friend Donald Maxwell: "There is something about the South Downs of a nature to inspire especial enthusiasm. All people who live in them or near them fall under their spell, and a great number of people who live far away lift up the eyes of their imagination to the hills whence cometh their help. Of men of letters, Kipling has moved us most concerning them, and, after him, Hilaire Belloc."

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

Thoughts on the "Life"

by Alan Mulgan

(Wellington, New Zealand)

[The following N.Z. broadcast by Mr. Alan Mulgan (formerly Literary Editor of the 'Auckland Star') is reproduced by courtesy of the New Zealand Broadcasting Service, of which Mr. Mulgan was at one time Supervisor of Talks.]

MANY years ago, in the late 'nineties, when I was at school, there were days when I opened the morning paper with a sinking heart. Rudyard Kipling was lying critically ill in New York. Was he dead? I, a New Zealand boy, was feeling what millions of grown-ups felt. The world watched that bedside. And here in this new *Life* of Kipling, the first official *Life*, is the story of that illness and vast interest. Hushed crowds gathered outside the hotel where he lay, blocking the traffic. Prayers were offered in New York churches, and people knelt in prayer before the hotel door. Please note that this was in the 'nineties, when England was much less popular in America than now, and the Empire less popular still. Yet here was an Englishman who has always been considered a singer of British imperialism, lying at death's door, and

Americans prayed for his recovery. Nothing can show better the enormous vogue that Kipling had at that time. Charles Carrington brings this out well. Kipling's impact on his time was greater, he says, and I would agree, than that of any writer since Dickens. Kipling told his own story in a slight volume, which is valuable but sketchy. We have known very little about him. He was one of the most reticent of men. At an astonishingly early age he declined the Poet Laureateship, and might have had it when Bridges succeeded Austin. Incidentally, against the de-crying of Kipling, the opinion of Bridges may be cited—a recognised poet very different from Kipling. To Bridges, Kipling was the greatest living literary genius. More than once Kipling declined the Order of Merit. He believed he could do better work without such honours. And he never explained or answered criticism, which cost him—and the Empire—dear.

The Law

There was the line that has made so many squirm, including admirers—

"lesser breeds without the law." This, I now read, did not mean without the English law, but the Law with a capital "L," which covered all men of any class or creed humble enough to submit to it. This Law of order and co-operation was the foundation of the Kipling philosophy. Kipling was a difficult man—retiring and prickly, with strong prejudices. He viewed politicians with the greatest distrust. With the co-operation of the family, Mr. Carrington tells us a great deal about him. He traces the influences on his life and gives most of the details anyone but a few students would want; his birth in India; his unhappy childhood in England away from his parents, which he used for his poignant story, "Baa Baa, Black Sheep"; school days at Westward Ho!; his astonishingly rapid success as a journalist in India; and the tremendous burst of his short stories and verse on the English and American publics. It is a critical biography, both personal and literary. Mr. Carrington is not blind to his faults. The long period of success was darkened by tragedy. One of his two daughters died when he nearly died in New York, and his only son was killed in the first war. For the last twenty years of his life he was a sick man, nearly always in pain.

Plough and Pioneering

A colonial like myself, if I may use the word, may be permitted to add something to this account of the impact on the English literary world. As Mr. Carrington says, Kipling was a man who aroused dislike and hate as well as admiration and love. But when he cites Oscar Wilde and Max Beerbohm among the men who attacked him so bitterly, I am constrained to ask if this was surprising. We may forgive Wilde much for his

wit, but what had that scented poseur in common with the rough life Kipling wrote of? Max Beerbohm I have admired since boyhood, but he was a fastidious man who probably at that time had never so much as made a cup of tea for himself, let alone cleaned his boots. Kipling was a vulgar fellow. The lesson, I suggest, goes deeper. We see here a manifestation of the English failure to understand colonial development—all the life of plough and pioneering, hard labour and sweat, dust and oil. I suggest that for this reason a colonial appreciates many things in Kipling better than the stay-at-home Englishman. Some of Kipling's critics, such as Chesterton and Belloc, took no interest whatever in the life of British colonies like our own. Before the first world war Chesterton committed himself to the extraordinary statement that Britain would as soon think of opposing Australian soldiers to German as of comparing Australian sculpture with French. And Max Beerbohm once wrote that in France it would have been impossible for Kipling to succeed in literature, but he saw the French recognise Kipling as a greater writer. The attitude lingers in Britain—the failure to realise that the making of a nation is a form of culture. Kipling knew better. He has been called the poet of Empire times without number, but many who have said this have had only India in view. They have known little or nothing of the British-settled Dominions. Take away the Empire altogether from Kipling's output, and he remains a great writer. It was Chesterton, curiously, who, with his genius for criticism, put his finger on the main point. Kipling, he said, was the first poet to write about a man on his job. To me, "M'Andrew's Hymn" is, in this respect, the most

important thing he wrote. Mr. Carrington might have made a little more of this wonderful paean of the engine-room. It illustrates my point about the colonial point of view. The colonial reader of Kipling is far more familiar with engine-rooms and all that sort of thing than the secluded English critic. "M'Andrew's Hymn" must have had a large progeny. It is, I submit, one of the formative poems of our times.

Fifteen Million Copies

Fifteen million copies of Kipling's books sold in his lifetime. His literary influence flowed from his own country to France, to the United States, where it was very great, and to the infant literatures of the British Dominions. The world has changed very much since he was in his zenith, and causes dear to his heart have gone against him. Mr. Carrington's job is biographical, and he does it well, so that he can spend only a little time on Kipling's fame. Those facts are well known. He has been written down and off by many intellectuals. A few years ago, a criticism in a famous English weekly contemptuously bracketed the poem "If" with the verses of Martin Tupper. This could well go into a collection of curiosities of criticism, for Martin Tupper survives only as a joke, whereas "If" has gone into nearly thirty foreign languages, and has given phrases to our common use. But among intellectuals his stock has been rising of recent years. There was T. S. Eliot's collection of his verse, and recent studies of his philosophy in the B.B.C. Third Programmes. But Kipling has a far wider public. He is read and remembered. Mr. Carrington says not only his

most approved work but all that is authorised is still, twenty years after his death, among what the trade calls best-sellers. That he is a household word was shown by a curious incident in New Zealand the other day, when a model of Kim's gun at Lahore, a gift from cricket-lovers in Pakistan, was presented to the New Zealand Cricket Council. I was present at that ceremony, and I noticed that Kipling's name was never mentioned, nor is it on the model of the gun, though one of his verses is. Apparently, everybody was expected to know who Kim was and who created him! Mr. Carrington mentions Kipling in quotation. There has been no one to approach him in this respect since Tennyson. In talks on the art of quotation a few years ago, I gave some space figures from the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, and the Everyman Dictionary. These showed that in space allotted by the editors, Kipling was high up among the greatest English poets, and had more than some of them. No man of his age has so stamped himself on the mind of the public as reflected in what it remembers, and uses. Let me finish by quoting what Mr. Carrington says in his introduction. It exactly expresses my own experiences and feelings. He has been infuriated by some aspects of Kipling, but, looking back from middle age, he finds no other writer who has seen through the eyes of his generation with such sharpness of observation. He owes far more to Kipling than to some of the great classics, and he has been astonished to find how many people, of all ages, knew Kipling as well as he did, even when the critics told us he was clean out of fashion.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: LONDON—Miss W. Norris; VICTORIA, B.C.—Mrs. Thompson; U.S.A.—Mr. T. A. Larremore.

Beetle's Browning

by Joseph R. Dunlap

(Leonia, New Jersey, U.S.A.)

I AM indeed happy that Roger Lancelyn Green has opened the way to scholarship dealing with the tales of Stalky and his famous Co. For a long time I have felt that there were questions here which merited investigation, and I saw no reason why the admirable Baker Street scholars should be the only ones engaged in critical pursuits of this kind. Many of these questions are doubtless clearer to dwellers in the U.K. than to dwellers in the U.S., and I hope that in time I can gain enlightenment on them. Meanwhile, I wish to explore one bibliographic problem in the Stalky canon as far as I have been able to probe it, with the hope that other scholars may go beyond these findings to better solutions.

Number Five Study

In "Slaves of the Lamp, Part I," we find Number Five Study enjoying a repast with their neighbours after the exertions of a rehearsal and a visitation from King. Five of the boys animatedly discuss the events of the evening, but the sixth eats abstractedly, his mind removed from all that world, his head bent over "a fat brown-backed volume of the later 'sixties," an incidental gift from Mr. King. What was this book which so entranced Beetle and to which he turned later for quotations? The readiest answer would be: Robert Browning's *Men and Women*, as the text intimates with capital letters. This seems the more likely when we note that it was from this volume that King wished Beetle to discover the source of the name Gigadibs. Now, Gigadibs is a character in "Bishop Blougram's Apology" and this poem was included in the original *Men and*

Women, published in two volumes on November 17th, 1855 (Vol. I, p. 205 ff.). It was obviously no first edition which Mr. King flung at Beetle's head. Not only would the dates be wrong, but the first edition was bound in green cloth boards. It could, however, have been one of the remainders of this edition which, according to the Broughton, Northup and Pearsall bibliography, were bound up in the later 'sixties. This would accord better with the dates and perhaps be a more likely missile than another volume of the later 'sixties which contained *Men and Women* and the Bishop, i.e. the fifth volume of *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, Smith, Elder and Co., 1868. That King owned sets of books is shown by his possession of the ill-fated complete Gibbon, but it seems unlikely that he would break a set of Browning, whom he obviously loved, except under the stress of the most mighty emotions. Another volume of the period to contain *Men and Women* is the Smith, Elder and Co. reprint in 1869 of Forster and Proctor's *Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, originally published by Chapman and Hall in 1863. To King this one might also have seemed more expendible than part of a set.

Thus far we have several possible answers to the question of the identity of Beetle's companion volume. Re-binding after more than a dozen years of existence might account for the brown backing if the original volume had been issued in a different colour. The description of fatness might point to the *Selections* of 1869, which had 411 pages, as compared with *Poetical Works*, vol. 5, which had 321

pages. If, however, the two volumes of the remaindered *Men and Women* were ever bound together, Beetle would have had a volume of over 500 pages—unquestionably the winner.

Beetle's First Impulse

Had Beetle been contented simply to read the quarter-comprehended pages during the feast and close them for good when persuaded by the spoon, our enquiry would have ended here: the *Selections* and a remainder contending for first place, with *Poetical Works*, vol. 5, several lengths behind. But Beetle's first impulse when urged to seek revenge was to quote Browning's poetry, and in so doing he undermined our identification of this volume with any of them. For a short time the world in which he had been wandering at large overlapped with the world of school and King. First Beetle read the Muscovite section from "Waring"; then, in quick succession, short selections from "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" and "Caliban upon Setebos." Now we must identify a volume of the late 'sixties containing not only Bishop Blougram and Gigadibs, but also the friend of Waring, the enemy of Brother Lawrence, and the pensive Caliban. This is not easy. It is remarkable how consistently these individuals avoided making a foursome in the late 'sixties. Eventually they were regimented into a single volume, but at this time they were amazingly slippery. To be sure, "Waring" and "Soliloquy" had been mates since they first saw the light in 1842 (*Dramatic Lyrics*). They continued this association in volume 2 of the

1819 collection and were joined in 1863 by "Bishop Blougram" in volume 1 of *The Poetical Works*, Third Edition. The Bishop and Gigadibs, as we have seen, first met the public in 1855. Just under the chronological wire, but independently, "Caliban" first appeared in *Dramatis Personæ* in 1864.

If we take the years 1865-1869 as the "later 'sixties," we find that two collections of Browning's poems were issued in 1865, another was published in 1868, and a fourth in 1869. The first two, volumes of the "mid" rather than the "later" 'sixties, consist of a reprint of the *Works*, Third Edition (now called Fourth Edition), and *A Selection of the Works of Robert Browning*, issued as one of Moxon's Miniature Poets series. The former, being a reprint of the 1863 collection, would not contain "Caliban," while the latter, which contains only "Waring" and "Caliban" of our four, is not fat at all. In 1868, as we know, Smith, Elder and Co. issued a six-volume edition of Browning's works, and here for the first time we find all four poems. But, alas, each one appears in a different volume! Since there is no record that King fired more than one book in Beetle's direction or that the latter was handling four volumes while reading, we must regretfully pass up this set again as a possibility. Lastly, the *Selections* of 1869 were, as we have seen, a reprint of Forster and Proctor's *Selections* of 1863. This date would rule out "Caliban" and leave us on the brink of the 'seventies with the identity of Beetle's volume as obscure as ever.

(To be concluded)

A CORRECTION. In the October, 1956 issue of the Journal a misprint occurred on p. 10, para. 2. For The Country Magazine read The Century Magazine. After "reprinted now, apparently for the first time" add "in England; but included in the first American and Canadian editions of 'The Day's Work' of 1898."

The Martindell Prize

This Year's Award at Victoria College, Jersey

MANY readers of *The Kipling Journal* will recall that the late Captain E. W. Martindell endowed a prize at Victoria College, Jersey (his old school), which was to be awarded annually for an essay on some aspect of Kipling's work.

The Headmaster of Victoria College informs us that this year the prize was won by F. J. B. Le Brocq, a member of the Upper Sixth, who is just under 18 years of age.

The Prize Essay is lengthy, and lack of space prevents our publishing it in full, but the following concluding paragraphs will show something of its high merit :

" Now perhaps it would be wise to look at Kipling as a ballad writer and see what his success was in that field. His best-known narrative poem is, I think, 'The Ballad of East and West.' There is something more than just a story in this Ballad, and this something is summed up in these two lines from the first and last verse :

' But there is neither East nor West, Border,
nor Breed nor Birth,

When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the
[earth.]'

This idea aside, the ballad tells a very convincing and easily understood story. It is quite straightforward, but the medium of verse adds something to the success of the story. The air of mystery that is the spirit of India is felt through the rhythm of the metre and the musical flow of words. There is room for imagery which certainly adds to the force of the tale :

' If ye know the track of the morning-mist,
ye know where his pickets are.'

The elusive quality of the morning mist as it gradually slips away as the sun rises aptly catches the flavour of the way Kamal's men fade away into the mountains. There are a surprisingly large number of striking images

in this poem—especially when it is considered to be verse rather than poetry. For example : ' But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.' Here the gentleness of the image is a striking contrast to the strength and power of the galloping horse. Apart from the contrast, the gentleness also tells the reader of the understanding between horse and rider which does not make the horse 'lean his head against the bit and " slug " his head from side to side,' as is the case with the pursuing horse.* It is surprising how closely the images and similes are followed up in this poem. This seems to be a medium in which Kipling excelled. Another example of a successful poem is the 'Mary Gloster,' written in 1894. This is written in the Browning style of monologue and shows a strong reaction against the 'arts' of this world. It is the story of a successful ship-owner and builder who had made his money through his own physical powers and intelligence and who is now on his death-bed telling this story to his son Dickie, whom he feels has failed him. This son was given an education because of his father's riches in the hope that he would follow in his father's footsteps. His education, however, had turned him into a dilettante, and so the well-known breach had grown up between father and son :

' The things I knew was proper you wouldn't
thank me to give,
And the things I knew was rotten you said
was the way to live.'

This monologue effectively portrays this struggle and also expresses Kipling's reaction against muddling with 'books and pictures, an' china, an' etchings, an' fans.' The monologue is a worthwhile creation and should be read for its own merits.

In this study of Kipling I have tried to see what T. S. Eliot has to say about him, and on that proving to be of little use, have tried to find out some of his characteristic excellencies for myself. He has come out of this

*The original line runs: " The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above."

study surprisingly well when it is remembered that I did not regard him with much favour before. He is capable of writing telling verse which

sometimes rises to the realms of the poetic muse. It is in the writing of ballad and narrative verse that Kipling excels himself."

A Doctor of Medicine

(An address by Dr. Horton to members of the Auckland, N.Z., Branch of the Kipling Society)

THIS is another of those stories in which Dan and Una are entertained by historical figures introduced to them by Puck. In each of these stories, as in Kipling's other short stories, there is an atmosphere of realism, and the many technical details that make the reader believe that the stories are really true.

In this cleverly told and interesting story the children are introduced to Nicholas Culpeper, physician and astrologer, who is supposed, by observation and astrology, to have associated the cause of Plague with the rat. Of course, Culpeper could not have known anything about the connection between rats and plague, as that was only realised at the beginning of the present century.

This story can have no foundation in fact, and I am quite sure it was prompted by Kipling reading the 1908 Plague Commission Report. The story was first published in 1910, two years after the publication of the report. Here was a fascinating discovery that must have suggested at once material for a story, and Nicholas Culpeper was an obvious choice for one of these stories.

Medicine and Astrology

Kipling was always interested in medical science and practice and must have been particularly interested in this report. Astrology was also a subject in which he was deeply interested and he has written a number of stories about astrology and medicine.

Culpeper was a profound student of astrology, and in these enlightened days we are apt to forget what an important part astrology played in people's lives in the past.

Astrology was one of the oldest of human studies, and by it men divined the future of human beings from indications given by the positions of the sun, the moon and the planets. These bodies controlled and governed the actions of everybody and everything upon the earth. This ancient art was practised in Babylon three thousand years before Christ, in Egypt and in ancient Greece. It was not until the sixteenth century that astrology was separated from the science of astronomy. Before that time the two subjects were identical.

In the sixteenth century Copernicus established that the earth itself was one of the heavenly bodies and revolved around the sun, and that it was the earth that rotated and not the stars that moved around the earth. Astrology up to this time had been the dominating influence in the most cultured circles and its teaching was accepted by the most able men of the day. That is to say that, before Copernicus, men studied the stars because they thought they influenced human destiny, but after the teaching of Copernicus astronomy was concerned with the motions, dimensions, mutual relations and physical constitution of all the heavenly bodies outside the earth.

Gradually, with the increase in the knowledge of astronomy, astrology lost its importance and today is mainly used as a means of imposing upon the ignorant and the credulous.

The Plague

This story is concerned with the Plague, or the Black Death as it was called in England. We now know that plague is primarily a disease of rats. It occurred in Egypt and the East from very early times and first spread to Europe from the Crimea and the Black Sea in the 14th century and reached England in 1348.

The Plague was brought to Europe by Italian sailors. Italian traders were in the habit of using the port of Caffa in the Crimea, and on one occasion trouble broke out between a number of Italian sailors and a party of Tartars. The Tartars threw the dead bodies of men who had died of Plague over the walls of the city, and the Plague spread through the town. Ronald Hare says in his book, "Pomp and Pestilence": 'Surely the first known case of bacterial warfare.'

The survivors took to their ships—four small ships—and as a result of this one-third of the inhabitants of Europe died in five years—at least twenty-five million people! It is indeed an extraordinary thing that a quarrel of a few Italian sailors should spread a scourge that almost wiped out the population of Europe.

The Plague recurred from time to time and appeared again in England in 1665, where it was known as the Black Death, and 70,000 people died of it. Shortly afterwards it vanished, never again to return to English soil.

In 1894 a bacteriologist in Hong-Kong discovered the bacterium that caused the Plague, but the method of

spread was not known. In the 1907 edition of Osier's 'Medicine' it is noted for the first time that widespread infection and migration of rats was frequently noticed before an epidemic; but still the mode of spread remained unknown.

In 1908 the Plague Commission published its report—and this, I think, was what stirred the imagination of Kipling. The Commission stated that "they were satisfied that plague was essentially a disease of rodents and that its spread was entirely dependent on the disease in rats, and that the only mode of infection was the rat flea."

Nicholas Culpeper

Nicholas Culpeper, the chief character in this story, was one of the last of the great physician-astrologers and also the best known: his book, "The Complete Herbal," made his name known very widely, and it was republished as recently as the end of the last century.

He was born in 1616 and was the son of a well-to-do clergyman living in Surrey. He attained fame as a writer of Astrology and Medicine. He went to Cambridge in 1634 and there studied Greek and Latin with the idea of going into the Church. He is said to have arranged to elope with a "lady of quality." While waiting for him in the Lewes coach, she was killed by lightning. Culpeper, on recovering from the shock, turned his back on Cambridge and the Church and went to London and was apprenticed to an apothecary. In 1640 he set up in Spitalfields, West London, as a physician and astrologer. He was a strong supporter of the Parliamentarians and is known to have fought in at least one battle in which

he was wounded in the chest. He returned to practise in London and had a high reputation as a physician among his patients.

In 1649 he became very widely known when he published an English translation of the College of Physicians Pharmacopoeia, which had previously been written only in Latin. This publication excited the indignation of the College of Physicians, and brought down upon his head their bitter wrath.

A Royalist periodical described the book as "done (very filthily) into English by one Nicholas Culpeper, who commenced the several degrees of Independency, Brownisme, Anabaptism, admitted himself of John Goodwin's School (of all ungodliness), after that he turned Seeker, manifestarian and now is arrived at the battlement of an absolute atheist and by two years' drunken labour hath gotten the apothecaries book into nonsense, mixing every receipt therein with some scruples, at least, of rebellion and atheism; besides the danger of poisoning men's bodies and (to employ his

drunkenness and leachery with a 30-shilling reward) endeavour to bring in to obloquy the famous societies of Apothecaries and Physicians."

Of course, the translation had none of the defects here attributed to it, and this vehement abuse was obviously inspired by political opponents, and the societies whose monopolies Culpeper was charged with having infringed. It is obvious why Culpeper in this story refers scathingly to the College of Physicians.

Culpeper published a very large number of other works on medicine, herbs and astrology—one was "On the Astronomical Judgment of Diseases based on Arabic and Greek medical writings." All his books had a very large sale and ran through many editions. Probably the only one known today is "The Complete Herbal."

Overwork in writing, studying and medical practice, combined with the effects of his chest wound, ruined his health, and in 1654, at the age of 38, he died of consumption.

Miss Florence Macdonald

YET another personal link with Rudyard Kipling has been broken by the passing, last January, of his first cousin, Miss Florence Macdonald. News of her death has only just come to hand, though it was not unexpected, as she had been in delicate health for some two years back.

We shall miss her gracious presence at our meetings; those who knew her well appreciated her accurate and intimate memories of her distinguished relative. Many articles founded on her reminiscences have been published in the Press and in the *Journal*.

Colonel H. T. Goodland

WE regret to record the death of Colonel H. T. Goodland, C.B., D.S.O., at Victoria, British Columbia, at the age of 81. Colonel Goodland was for many years a member of the Victoria, B.C. Branch of the Kipling-Society. He came to Victoria in 1928, when he retired as deputy controller

of the War Graves Commission in France, and served for a time as deputy sergeant-at-arms of the Legislature. Amongst the distinctions he held were the *Medaille de Reconnaissance de France*, the *Gold Medal of the Souvenir Française* and the *Order of the White Eagle of Serbia*.

Five Letters from Kipling

[By permission of Mrs. Bambridge, we have the privilege of printing the following five hitherto unpublished letters from Rudyard Kipling to Mr. H. S. W. Edwardes, during the years 1902/1906. The letters are copyright.]

LETTER 1. Written at "The Elms," Rottingdean, Sussex : December 10th, 1902.

Dear Sir,

Thanks for yours of the 9th. This is the kind of testimonial I highly approve of ; and what you say about your own point of view when you were in the S.A.W. is very interesting. Hundreds of men, all with memories (and as you say, " Lord, but what memories ! "), have told me the same thing. I saw the rise and progress of the foot-co. of the C.I.V.'s from the cheering trooper, via green point, the railroad, an excursus to the Kenhardt district even unto Norval's Pont, where I met—not freemen of the City with green canvas patent collapsible bath-tubs and a camp-kit that looked like a pantagraph—but a gang of pirates sitting on ammunition boxes, who introduced one to their brothers—the South Australians !! There was a corporal—among those C.I.V.'s (he's a lieutenant now, I think)—and he said, *viva voce*, pretty much what you've written about the sternness of romance. And so it runs through all the men who had the luck to barge into that little show. The memories are the things that are going to do us all good.

I go south again in a few days and hope this time to get a look along the block-houses. It's a damnable dreary job sitting in a tin latrine watching the rails quiver in the heat.

We want more men down there to sit in those same block-houses, and,

being a nation of comprehensive fools, we've neglected to train more in the past ten years. I don't know how you feel about some form of compulsory service for home defence, but all the chaps who've done their whack in S.A. seem to me pretty red-hot on the subject of conscription. What would you have given, when you went out, for a sound working knowledge of rifle - shooting and extended order drill put into you from your twelfth to your fifteenth years, instead of a hasty and inadequate team run through in a month? If ever you care to see our rifle-range here next Spring I'll be very glad to show you. Wishing you all luck,

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) RUDYARD KIPLING.

LETTER 2. Written at "Bateman's," Burwash, Sussex : June 18th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Edwardes,

Yours of May 31st (?). I wish I felt confident that the powers that be were going in for a year's service. I think they'll try to water the whole thing down to please the public, and then, when the smash comes, the virtuous public will rise in its wrath because the Government did—what it was ordered to do.

I know how you feel about the GO-fever. It gets bad as the sap rises and the sun climbs north. Have you had your Yeomanry Camp yet? The Sussex I.Y. have been in a snipe-bog near Eastbourne and, among other things, enjoyed a night-stampede of troop horses.

Very sincerely,

(Sgd.) RUDYARD KIPLING.

LETTER 3. Written at "Bateman's," Burwash, Sussex: September 23rd, 1905.

Dear Sir,

Just a line, now that I am back from the Cape, to acknowledge your missed letter of December 15th and to thank you very much for the plaque you sent me. It has been joyfully annexed by my children and now occupies an honoured position in their school room. Thanks for what you tell me about the Trosken regarding ammunition, which I will bear in mind. All this business with Morris Tubes, etc., is clumsy, to my mind.

Very sincerely,

(Sgd.) RUDYARD KIPLING.

P.S.—As to Yeomanry and bayonets, I'm sitting tight till we learn how the Japs have managed their job. There doesn't seem to have been much of a look-in for cavalry anywhere.

LETTER 4. Written at "Bateman's," Burwash, Sussex: November 12th, 1905.

To H. S. W. Edwardes.

Dear Sir,

Thank you very much indeed for your letter. It's of a kind that bucks a man up and I wish you all luck in your administrative career. (A lot will depend on your subordinate staff—so look out for a good Babu if they use native Indians on the clerical side.) I have met Lugard and he is all you say he is, and, by the way, I've been reading his account of Nigerian work in *The Empire and the Century*. It strikes me that you will have a gay time over the law of slave-holding and will have the finest game in the world to play—that of responsibility.

As to health, I've heard conflicting accounts but they all seem to agree

that liquor before sundown isn't wholesome, any more than sitting about in damp kit. My own experience is that, *at any trouble*, one ought to keep a spare and *dry* belly-band (cholera belt or whatever they call it) about one. Tuck it under the saddle flap or somewhere, but keep it available to change into after a wetting or a sweating and it just fortifies the lower intestines and the kidneys.

If it isn't too much bother, let me know from time to time how you come on and send me a report or two—trade, customs or anything that is going.

With every good wish for yourself and the game. Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) RUDYARD KIPLING.

I'll think over what you say about having the verses in thin paper. With a leather flap and a rough binding? Oxford paper pages? Isn't that the idea?

LETTER 5. Written at "Bateman's," Burwash, Sussex: June 16th, 1906.

Dear Mr. Edwardes,

Ever so many thanks for your long and most interesting letter from Bida. What you say about the almost lunatic cheese-paring in your part of the world is the cry of most of the Crown Colonies all the Empire over. And what makes one specially wroth is the way that money is poured down the sink at home on absolute trash and luxuries. When you read the account of a Local Government enquiry into the extravagances recently perpetrated at Poplar Workhouse you'll gnash your teeth. Our Government is not a cheerful going concern, but they have learned something of a lesson from the collective resignation of the Natal

Ministry and for the time being are lying low on Colonial matters. But I see that their interference with *you* has already raised one hornets' nest in Southern Nigeria and I suppose you'll have more sporadic trouble all over the shop.

As to pools, your quotation from my verses. If you look at the book in which it appears you'll find I've written :

" We've had an imperial lesson and it may make us an Empire yet."

There's a difference between may and will—and I'm not a hopeful bird.

But you must buck up. Things are not half as bad (politically) with us as they look when one reads 'em in cables, and the men who helped to bring over our precious gang into power are already running about and saying, " Oh, but we never meant to go *this* far ! All we wanted was to teach Conservatives a lesson. We didn't mean to wreck the whole show." That at least is something gained. Of course, I am more worried about the South than the North of your continent. You chaps can always make some sort of headway because you haven't responsible government—whereas at the Cape, etc., we

have to fight against " Constitutionalism"—*i.e.* rebellion with all the talker-talker pliant of sedition. D'you see what I mean? But it's a big game and, whether one wins or loses, it's glorious fun to be in it. There's nothing the world can offer comparable to the joy of working and lying and stealing and borrowing for a new land, and perhaps living to see one's work knocked on the head. But it can't be knocked on the head really. A small percentage still remains and out of that percentage the Empire is built. If I can catch a millionaire with a weakness for spending money on *real* things I'll try to interest him in Nigeria. But most of the breed go in for more showy gifts.

We are having a cold, black June—wind N.E. with the temperature of January. Never had a colder day in London in all my life than the day before yesterday.

Well, now I must get back to my work. Send me on an administration report of cuts if you can lay hands on it ; and give my Sincerest and most respectful admiration to your companions in your job, and believe me,

Sincerely always,

(Sgd.) RUDYARD KIPLING.

Annual Luncheon

THE Society's Annual Luncheon was held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, on October 11th last, when our President, Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, was in the Chair. The Guest of Honour was Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout.

The Society has always been fortunate in the fact that the chief guests at its Annual Luncheon have generally chosen to show their own special *métier* in its relation to Kipling's work ; for example, Sir Malcolm Sargent spoke of the composers who had set Kipling's lyrics to music. In the

same way, this year, Lord Rowallan, in a witty speech which 'held' his audience, took the theme of Kipling's sympathy with the Boy Scout movement. We recall the lines :

These are *our* regulations—

There's just one law for the Scout

And the first and the last, and the present and the past,

And the future and the perfect is " Look out ! "

There is also that amusing tale, " His Gift," followed by the marvellously clever verse parodying Chaucer, " Prologue to the Master-Cook's Tale."

Letter Bag

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

The 'Kim' Affair

The 'Kim' affair was amusing. Some Pakistan cricket enthusiasts were so impressed by the sporting spirit shown by the touring New Zealanders in the Test game that they had a beautiful model made of Kim's gun at Lahore for presentation to the New Zealand Cricket Council.

I thought it significant that when the news was first published in the local Press there was no mention of Kipling, but I was fairly staggered when at the ceremony of presentation by the Minister of Defence and External Affairs there was still no Kipling. So when the speeches were over I drew attention to this. The explanation apparently was that everybody know 'Kim' was by Kipling, just as everybody knows that 'Hamlet' is by Shakespeare. There is a verse of Kipling's on the model, but not his name. — ALAN MULGAN, York Bay, Eastbourne, Wellington, N.Z.

[Mr. Alan Mulgan refers to this in his broadcast from the New Zealand Broadcasting Service, which is reproduced on another page.—Ed., K.J.]

Information Wanted

Can any member of the Society tell me if the following is a quotation from R.K.? : "Work, honest work, is the grandest and noblest disease ever to beset mankind."

It was quoted in *The West Australian* on February 6th. The man who used the quotation, Mr. Jock McGill, cannot now remember from which of R.K.'s books he took it, as he used it some years ago.

Personally, I am almost sure that it comes in "A Book of Words," but cannot put my finger on it.

Recently I have made two additions to my collection—two handkerchiefs with "The Absent-Minded Beggar" printed on them. One has the picture of Lord Roberts and Queen Victoria; the other four pictures of British generals. They are in a wonderful state of preservation, considering their age (1899). They must have been treated very carefully, as the colour-

ing is as perfect as when they were first printed.—J. MCGREGOR, 98 Meade Street, George, Cape Province, S. Africa.

"The Janeites"

For the purpose of annotating "The Janeites," can any member enlighten me on the origin of the term "Bosko absoluto" for "dead drunk," as used by Humberstall? I have never met it elsewhere, but it sounds Italian, and a most unlikely bit of slang for an uneducated gunner to have picked up in France in 1918.—BARWICK BROWNE (Lt. - Col), Bournstream, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

From New Jersey, U.S.A.

I have enjoyed reading *The Kipling Journal* for some years, particularly those articles that illuminate and give a fuller understanding and appreciation of Kipling stories. His was such a mind of "infinite resource and sagacity" that exploring it is indeed rewarding. — JOSEPH R. DUNLAP, Leonia, N.J., U.S.A.

A Publishers' Curiosity

Printers and Publishers are occasionally guilty of errors which add spice to the book collectors' hobby, but rarely do they give a book the wrong title! An example of this has just come to hand through the kindness of Mrs. Adam of London, who recently presented the Library with an early edition of *Stalky & Co.* bound in covers bearing the title of *Life's Handicap*. Although of no particular intrinsic value, such a mistake on the part of the well-known Publishing House of Macmillan & Co. Ltd. is something of a curio. — W.G.B.M., London.

In the Picture

While agreeing with W. O. Steuart's commendation, in the *Kipling Journal*, of Nella Braddy's "Son of Empire," and also being ignorant of her identity, I would like to point out one fault, not in the text.

This is in the illustration on page 171 of Kipling being shouldered along a deck by a "group" (page 174) of subalterns. But the illustration shows *two* young men carrying Kipling; also it is a daytime scene.

In the "Academy" of October 22nd,

1898, is a half-page illustration depicting a night scene outside an awning on the deck of the flagship H.M.S. *Majestic*, lit by Chinese lanterns, and with a massed band playing. There the group numbers eight or nine.

Annual Conference

THE Annual Conference of the Kipling Society was held in London on October 4th, 1956. The Report and Accounts for 1955 were adopted.

The President and Vice-Presidents

and the Hon. Officers of the Society were re-elected, and the Hon. Auditors were re-elected with a hearty vote of thanks to them for the great assistance they have rendered to the Society in the past

" Academy Extracts "

READERS may remember the interesting series of extracts sent in by Mr. T. E. Elwell, which appeared in the April 1955 issue of the *Journal*, relating to Kipling, and taken from "The Academy"—a periodical devoted to "literature, learning, science and art"—of various dates from 1898 onwards. The following—further items complete the series :

13/5/1899

A BELATED KINDNESS

[The McGill University, Montreal, has conferred the degree of LL.D, upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling.]

Why have you been so long, McGill?
Where were you when our friend
was ill?

It's surely wrong to wait until
He's well to "doctor" him.

Mr. Kipling, as a matter of fact, is particularly pleased that this honour, the first of its kind (and the first, doubtless, of a long list), should come to him from the Lady of Snows, or, as he puts it in his letter of acceptance, from "the elder sister of the new nations within the Empire."

Apropos of the new Doctor of Laws, the Duke of York is said to have remarked, concerning the attention paid by the papers to his recent indisposition: "Really, I might be Kipling."

Remember the K.S,

MEMBERS who wish to support our efforts to keep the memory of Rudyard Kipling green, and to bring his great ideals before the coming generations of young people, may do so by remembering the Kipling Society in their wills. Such legacies afford proof of a desire that our work should go on beyond the span of the donor's life-time, and afford great encouragement to those who believe that the creed of Kipling is everlasting.

The following simple form of bequest should be used:

"I bequeath to The Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, the sum of (£), free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Society. And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official for the time being of the Society shall be of a good and sufficient discharge to my Executors "

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