



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



NEW SERIES 24-PAGE ISSUE

MARCH, 1959

VOL. XXVI

No. 129

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. 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., CMG, MC (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.

Until further notice the Society's Office at Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, will be open on Wednesdays only of each week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Members will be welcomed on other days if they will notify the Hon. Secretary in advance. This particularly applies to Overseas Members.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street, E.C.1, at 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 20th May, 1959. **No separate notice will be sent.**

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

March 11th, 1959, at 84 Eccleston Square, 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Colonel Bagwell Purefoy will introduce three stories, all different yet with something queer in them. They are "In the Same Boat" (*A Diversity of Creatures*), "The Wish House" (*Debits and Credits*) and "Fairy-Kist" (*Limits and Renewals*).

May 13th, at The River Room, Lansdowne Club, Fitzmaurice Place, (S.W. Corner of Berkeley Square), 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Colonel Bagwell Purefoy will introduce for discussion the essay on Kipling by C. S. Lewis, which appeared in *Journals* 127/8 (September and December, 1958). Readers are asked particularly to study this essay before the meeting, so that we may have a good discussion.

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Lees have kindly invited the Society for a visit on **Tuesday, 5th May, 1959**. They have particularly suggested this early date in order that the daffodils may be seen at their best. Lunch will be at "The Bear," Burwash, at 1 p.m., when Mr. and Mrs. Lees will be the guests of the Society. They have again very kindly asked us to tea at Bateman's.

A coach will leave Charing Cross Underground Station at 10.15 a.m. on 5th May, arriving back in London about 7 p.m. To make the hiring worth while, **at least 12 seats in this coach must be taken.**

The charge, including Lunch, will be 25/- for those going by the coach, and 15/- for those going by private car.

If you wish to come, be sure to notify the Hon. Secretary, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, enclosing the appropriate fee, **not later than first post Wednesday, 29th April**. This will be the **ONLY** notice.

Don't miss this outing — it's the greatest fun!

ANNUAL LUNCHEON : IMPORTANT

Please note these facts NOW :—

Date : Wednesday, 14th October, 1959.

Place : Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

Guest of Honour : Dr. A. L. Rowse, M.A., D.Litt., F.R.S.L.
(Historian, of All Souls' College, Oxford).

Further details later.

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Notes

BY the kindness of Mrs. Bambridge, Messrs. A. P. Watt and Sons, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co., another of Kipling's Uncollected Stories (*Sussex Edition*, Vol. XXIV, pp. 377-385) appears in this number of the *Journal*. "The Last Relief," a kind of posthumous Plain Tale, was first published in the U.S.A. in *Harper's Weekly* for 25 April, 1891, and in England in *The Ludgate Monthly*, May, 1891. Flora V. Livingston in her *Bibliography* records that the story was "pirated" in the edition of *Plain Tales from the Hills* published in 1899 by R. F. Fenno & Co., of New York, who were at once sued by Kipling for infringement of copyright. There was also another edition, apparently not mentioned by any Bibliographer, of which an odd volume picked up recently on a bookstall contains "The Last Relief." The title-page, decorated in gold and printed in red and blue, reads : Edition DeLuxe/ The Works of/Rudyard/Kipling/Plain Tales/ from the Hills/Volume II/ Chas. A. Lind & Company/ BOSTON NEW YORK. A Note on the verso of the title-page calls it LIPTON EDITION DE LUXE and states : "This Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling, printed for Subscribers only, is limited to One Thousand numbered sets of which this is No. . . ." The volume contains all of *Plain Tales*, except the four Mulvaney stories, with the addition of "The Last Relief," "Bitters Neat" and "Haunted Subalterns."

The Manchester Guardian of 21 July, 1958, when speaking of the Russian students of English Literature who spent three weeks at Oxford in the summer, noted that "They are surprised by the different value given to certain English writers by Russian and English critical opinion—notably the importance attached to Lawrence and Joyce here and our neglect of Kipling and Galsworthy."

Following this, it is interesting to study the figures given in the Winter number of *The Author* from the Director of the All Union Chamber of Publications in Moscow. "According to statistics he has produced for the years 1918 to July 1st, 1958, more than 77 million copies of works by British authors (including works appearing in anthologies) have been published in the U.S.S.R. The number of British authors represented is 236, and the number of languages in which their works have been published is 54. Dickens comes top of the list with nearly ten million copies to his credit (18 languages). He is followed by Wells with nearly seven million copies (16 languages). Conan Doyle, Kipling and Swift are in the next group—between four and five million each, Kipling being published in 34 languages Swift in

42 and Conan Doyle in 9. In the three to four million group come Defoe, Galsworthy, Shakespeare and Scott, Defoe being the most translated of the three (36 languages). Between two and three millions are Robert Louis Stevenson and A. J. Cronin (15 and 6 languages respectively), and in the one to two million group comes James Aldridge with Jerome K. Jerome. A large group in the half million area includes Byron, Burns, Charlotte Bronte, Hardy, Walter Greenwood, Conrad, Thackeray, Fielding and Shaw."

It may be added that not one rouble in the way of royalties seems to have been paid to any of these authors, from Kipling himself, down to—the present writer.

Writing of the outbreak of the First World War in his autobiography, *The Mist Procession* (1958), Lord Vansittart notes : " One man besides Grey saw from the first that ' Our world has passed away. In wantonness o'erthrown '—Kipling, already the butt of pseudo-intellectuals, and armed to his discomfort with flashes of the insight which usually eludes statecraft."

Writing of Kipling between the Wars, he goes on : " Perhaps he was some of the things that the Intellectuals averred, but one would not have thought so on slight acquaintance : perhaps also they had not even that. He was simply conservative and ' Stanley is a socialist at heart.' How many of us really rejoiced that sheep and shepherds might vanish from his Downs and the Old Gods give way to food production? . . . They called Kipling vulgar, but he had glimpses of the future, while they turned out to be often the same as those by whose blindness we were all but lost. The young prodigy dawned upon us in the House Library at Eton, and survived *Stalky & Co.* I always liked him best in simplicities like ' Cities and Thrones and Powers,' or ' Once a ripple came to land ' ; but I suppose that is wrong too."

Two paragraphs by " Peterborough " in *The Daily Telegraph* commending Mr. T. S. Eliot for his estimate of Kipling at the Annual Luncheon (printed later in this number of the *Journal*) evoked the inevitable correspondence. Mr. Philip H. Hall led the attack : " I think Mr. T. S. Eliot's assertion that Kipling was the greatest English man of letters of his generation, referred to by Peterborough, is open to question. Kipling was a brilliant short story writer, but in my view his vogue was largely the result of his politics. He was loved by the unlettered. As a poet he was inferior to Yeats. As an artist he was inferior to Hardy, and as a prophet he was not comparable to H. G. Wells."

Our Hon. Secretary pointed out in reply to this that " by saying that Kipling's ' vogue was the result of his politics ' he implies that his influence is past. It would be interesting to know how he reconciles this implication with the fact that the Kipling Society is flourishing today more than ever. We have enrolled 80 new members this year, our membership is higher than at any time since the war, and Peterborough's note of October 22 has brought a stream of enquiries on how to join."

In the same issue Mr. F. G. Crolican wrote : " While not presuming to question Mr. Philip H. Hall's authoritative pronouncement that I am unlettered, may I be so bold as to suggest that Mr. T. S. Eliot has some smattering of learning? "

Replying to this, Mr. Hall " hedged," and shifted his ground : " Kipling of course deserves the admiration of the critical and cultured reader, a fact I should never dispute. But has there been a modern English writer whose poetry received the popular acclaim of the uncritical masses that has been accorded to Kipling? I doubt if the poetry of Hardy, Yeats or the distinguished Mr. Eliot will receive such " popular " acclaim. My intention was to convey a sense of proportion in assessing Kipling's work . . . "

After this fine example of *non sequitur*, the correspondence wandered away in the direction of Kipling's politics and Humbert Wolfe's criticisms.

For the " unlettered," and others, Messrs. Macmillan have produced a new edition of *Kim* (price 21s.) with numerous illustrations by Stuart Tresilian—no newcomer to Kipling, as his illustrations to *Animal Stories*, *All the Mowgli Stories* and a book-club edition of *The Two Jungle Books* amply prove. The pictures are good and lively, if perhaps not so fresh and spontaneous as those of the Mowgli stories. They keep scrupulously close to the text—in one instance being more accurate even than Lockwood Kipling who shows Kim sitting on Zam-Zammah in complete Hindu kit, while the text expressly states that he wore " European clothes—trousers, a shirt, and a battered hat," until he changed to accompany the Lama on his search. On the other hand Tresilian's natives occasionally recall Europeans in film make-up : the letter-writer on page 115, for example, is disturbingly like Errol Flynn as Mahbub Ali in the film. The new pictures, however, are less static and stylised—if less authentic—and will appeal to the young reader of today, at whom this new edition seems to be aimed.

When " The Islanders " appeared in *The Times* of 4 January, 1902, the supposed attack on cricket and football came in for a great deal of disapproval and denunciation. On the stage it was made fun of in the famous musical play *A Country Girl* (by Tanner and Monckton) which began its two-year run at Daly's theatre on 18 January, 1902. In a song imitating W. J. Prowse's well-known " City of Prague " an extra stanza was inserted—for rescuing which we must thank Commander R. D. Merriman's wonderful memory :—

" There's a writer of rhymes that appeared in *The Times*

Who is down upon football and cricket,

And he pours out his soul on the oaf at the goal

And the flannelette fool at the wicket.

There was violence feared when his poem appeared,

But the poet was hardly a dreamer ;

When the oafs in the mud came to look for his blood

He was off to the Cape on a steamer !

Chorus: Peace, peace, leave him in peace, although he has
done very wrong.

Let his verses repose if he Kipples in prose of the
beautiful valley of Bhong."

R.L.G.

The Last Relief

by Rudyard Kipling

NOTHING is easier than the administration of an empire so long» as there is a supply of administrators. Nothing, on the other hand, is more difficult than short-handed administration. In India, where every man holding authority above a certain grade must be specially imported from England, this difficulty crops up at unexpected seasons. Then the great empire staggers along, like a North Sea fishing-smack, with a crew of two men and a boy, until a fresh supply of food for fever arrives from England, and the gaps are filled up. Some of the provinces are permanently short-handed, because their rulers know that if they give a man just a little more work than he can do, he contrives to do it. From the man's point of view this is wasteful, but it helps the empire forward, and flesh and blood are very cheap. The young men—and young men are always exacting—expect too much at the outset. They come to India desiring careers and money and a little success, and sometimes a wife. There is no limit to their desires, but in a few years it is explained to them by the sky above, the earth beneath, and the men around, that they are of far less importance than their work, and that it really does not concern themselves whether they live or die so long as that work continues. After they have learned this lesson, they become men worth consideration.

Many seasons ago the gods attacked the administration of the government of India in the heart of the hot season. They caused pestilences and famines, and killed the men who were deputed to deal with each pestilence and every famine. They rolled the smallpox across a desert, and it killed four Englishmen, one after the other, leaving thirty thousand square miles masterless for many days. They even caused the cholera to attack the reserve depots—the sanitarium in the Himalayas—where men were waiting on leave till their turn should come to go down into the heat. They killed men with sunstroke who otherwise might have lived for three months longer, and—this was mean—they caused a strong man to tumble from his horse and break his neck just when he was most needed. It will not be long, that is to say, five or six years will pass, before those who survived forget that season of tribulation when they danced at Simla with wives who feared that they might be widows before the morning, and when the daily papers from the plains confined themselves entirely to one kind of domestic occurrence.

Only the Supreme government never blanched. It sat upon the hill-tops of Simla among the pines, and called for returns and statements as usual. Sometimes it called to a dead man, but it always received the returns as soon as his successor could take his place.

Ricketts of Myndonie died, and was relieved by Carter. Carter was invalided home, but he worked to the last minute, and left no arrears. He was relieved by Morten-Holt, who was too young for the work. Holt died of sunstroke when the famine was in Myndonie. He was relieved by Damer, a man borrowed from another province, who did all he could, but broke down from overwork. Cromer, in London on a year's leave, was dragged out by telegram from the cool darkness of a

Brompton flat to the white heat of Myndonie, and he held fast. That is the record of Myndonie alone.

On the Moonie Canal three men went down ; in the Kahan district, when cholera was at its worst, three more. In the Divisional Court of Halimpur two good men were accounted for ; and so the record ran, exclusive of the wives and little children. It was a great game of general post, with death in all the corners, and it drove the Government to their wits' end to tide over the trouble till autumn should bring the new drafts.

The gods had no mercy, but the Government and the men it employed had no fear. This annoyed the gods, who are immortal, for they perceived that the men whose portion was death were greater than they. The gods are always troubled, even in their paradises, by this sense of inferiority. They know that it is so easy for themselves to be strong and cruel, and they are afraid of being laughed at. So they smote more furiously than ever, just as a swordsman slashes 't a chain to prove the temper of his blade. The chain of men parted for an instant at the stroke, but it closed up again, and continued to drag the empire forward, and not one living link of it rang false or was weak. All desired life, and love, and the light, and liquor, and larks, but none the less they died without whimpering. Therefore the gods would have continued to slay them till this very day had not one man failed.

His name was Haydon, and being young, he looked for all that young men desire; most of all, he looked for love. He had been at work in the Girdhauri district for eleven months, till fever and pressure had shaken his nerve more than he knew. At last he had taken the holiday that was his right—the holiday for which he had saved up one month a year for three years past. Keyte, a junior, relieved him one hot afternoon. Haydon shut his ink-stained office box, packed himself some thick clothes—he had been living in cotton ducks for four months—gave his files of sweat-dotted papers, saw Keyte slide a piece of blotting-paper between the naked arm and the desk, and left that parched station of roaring dust storms for Simla and the cool of the snows. There he found rest, and the pink blotches of prickly heat faded from his body, and being idle, he went a-courting without knowing it. After a decent interval he found himself drifting very gently along the road that leads to the church, and a pretty girl helped him. He enjoyed his meals, was free from the intolerable strain of bodily discomfort, and as he looked from Simla upon the torment of the silver-wrapped plains below, laughed to think he had escaped honourably, and could talk prettily to a pretty girl, who, he felt sure, would in a little time answer an important question as it should be answered.

But out of natural perversity and an inferior physique, Keyte, at Girdhauri, one evening laid his head upon his table and never lifted it up again, and news was flashed up to Simla that the district of Girdhauri called for a new head. It never occurred to Haydon that he would be in any way concerned till Hamerton, a secretary of the Government, stopped him on the Mall, and said :

"I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that you will have to drop your leave and go back to Girdhauri. You see Keyte's dead, and—

and we have no one else to send except yourself. The roster's a very short one this season, and you look much better than when you came up. Of course I'll do all I can to spare you, but I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that you will have to go down."

The Government, on the other hand, was not in the least afraid. It was quite certain that Haydon must go down. He was in moderately good health, had enjoyed nearly a month's holiday, and the needs of the state were urgent. Let him, they said, return to his work at Girdhauri. He must forego his leave, but some time, in the years to come, the Government might repay him the lost months, if it were not too short-handed. In the meantime he would return to duty.

The assistants in the *Hara-Kiri* of Japan are all intimate friends of the man who must die. They like him immensely, and they bring him the news of his doom with polite sorrow. But he must die, for that is required of him.

Hamerton would have spared Haydon had it been possible, but, indeed, he was the healthiest man in the ranks, and he knew the district. "You will go down to-morrow," said Hamerton. "The regular notification will appear in the *Gazette* later on. We can't stand on forms this year."

Haydon said nothing, because those who govern India obey the law. He looked—it was evening—at the line of the sun-flushed snows forty miles to the east, and the palpitating heat haze of the plains fifty miles to the west, and his heart sank. He wished to stay in Simla to continue his wooing, and he knew too well the torments that were in store for him in Girdhauri. His nerve was broken. The coolness, the dances, the dinners that were to come, the scent of the Simla pines and the wood smoke, the canter of horses' feet on the crowded Mall, turned his heart to water. He could have wept passionately, like a little child, for his lost holiday and his lost love, and, like a little child balked of its play, he became filled with cheap spite than can only hurt the owner. The men at the Club were sorry for him, but he did not want to be consoled with. He was angry and afraid. Though he recognised the necessity of the injustice that had been done to him, he conceived that it could all be put right by yet another injustice, and then—and then somebody else would have to do his work, for he would be out of it forever.

He reflected on this while he was hurrying down the hillsides, after a last interview with the pretty girl, to whom he had said nothing that was not commonplace and inconclusive. This last failure made him the more angry with himself, and the spite and the rage increased. The air grew warmer and warmer as the cart rattled down the mountain road, till at last the hot, stale stillness of the plains closed over his head like heated oil, and he gasped for breath among the dry date-palms at Kalka. Then came the long level ride into Umballa; the stench of dust which breeds despair; the lime-washed walls of Umballa station, hot to the hand though it was eleven at night; the greasy, rancid meal served by the sweating servants; the badly trimmed lamps in the oven-like waiting-room; and the whining of innumerable mosquitoes. That night, he remembered, there would be a dance at Simla. He was a very weak man.

That night Hamerton sat at work till late in the old Simla Foreign

Office, which was a rambling collection of match-boxes packed away in a dark by-path under the pines. One of the wandering storms that run before the regular breaking of the monsoon had wrapped Simla in white mist. The rain was roaring on the shingled, tin-patched roof, and the thunder rolled to and fro among the hills as a ship rolls in the seaways. Hamerton called for a lamp and a fire to drive out the smell of mould and forest undergrowth that crept in from the woods. The clerks and secretaries had left the office two hours ago, and there remained only one native orderly, who set the lamp and went away. Hamerton returned to his papers, and the voice of the rain rose and fell. In the pauses he could catch the crunching of 'rickshaw wheels and the clatter of horses' feet going to the dance at the Viceroy's. These ceased at last, and the rain with them. The thunder drew off, muttering, toward the plains, and all the dripping pine-trees sighed with relief.

"Orderly," said Hamerton. He fancied that he heard somebody moving about the rooms. There was no answer, except a deep-drawn breath at the door. It might come from a panther prowling about the verandas in search of a pet dog, but panthers generally snuffed in a deeper key. This was a thick, gasping breath, as of one who had been running swiftly, or lay in deadly pain. Hamerton listened again. There certainly was somebody moving about the Foreign Office. He could hear boards creaking in far-off rooms, and uncertain steps on the rickety staircase. Since the clock marked close upon midnight, no one had a right to be in the office. Hamerton had picked up the lamp, and was going to make a search, when the steps and the heavy breathing came to the door again, and stayed.

"Who's there?" said Hamerton. "Come in."

Again the heavy breathing, and a thick, short cough.

"Who relieves Haydon?" said a voice outside. "Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. He can't go till he is relieved. Who relieves Haydon?"

Hamerton dashed to the door and opened it, to find a stolid messenger from the telegraph office, breathing through his nose, after the manner of natives. The man held out a telegram. "I could not find the room at first," he said. "Is there an answer?"

The telegram was from the Station-master at Umballa, and said: "Englishman killed; up mail 42; slipped from platform. Dying. Haydon. Civilian. Inform Government."

"There is no answer," said Hamerton; and the man went away. But the fluttering whisper at the door continued:

"Haydon! Haydon! Who relieves Haydon? He must not go till he is relieved. Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. For pity's sake, be quick!"

Hamerton thought for a minute of the pitifully short roster of men available, and answered, quietly, "Flint, of Degauri." Then, and not till then, did the hair begin to rise on his head; and Hamerton, secretary to Government, neglecting the lamp and the papers, went out very quickly from the Foreign Office into the cool wet night. His ears were tingling with the sound of a dry death rattle, and he was afraid to continue his work.

Now only the gods know by whose design and intention Haydon had slipped from the dimly lighted Umballa platform under the wheels of the mail that was to take him back to his district; but since they lifted the pestilence on his death, we may assume that they had proved their authority over the minds of men, and found one man in India who was afraid of present pain.

"The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling"

by T. S. Eliot, O.M.

WHEN I received the invitation to propose the toast at the annual luncheon of the Kipling Society, I felt no hesitation in accepting. It came to me like a decree of Destiny : a feeling which I think Kipling himself would have understood. I am often enough invited to speak, but the feeling to which I refer comes to me very seldom. It is a very different emotion from that of the mere inescapability of a task accepted only because one can find no plausible reason for declining. Nor, I hasten to add, does it mean that I considered myself either an authority on the subject, or in the least gifted as an after-dinner speaker. It is simply that I have come to have a feeling, almost a superstition, that it is a kind of obligation laid upon me to testify for Rudyard Kipling whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Rudyard Kipling, whom I never knew and never saw, and who probably never heard of me, has touched my life at sundry times and in divers manners. In 1939, I was elected to an Honorary Fellowship of Magdalene College, Cambridge, of which the previous incumbent had been Kipling. In 1941, I was invited to prepare a selection of Kipling's verse and to provide a long introduction. Two weeks ago I was in Paris, being introduced into a society called the Académie Septentrionale, where I had to pronounce the *éloge* of my predecessor—Rudyard Kipling. And here I am today to perform a similar function.

All this might be dismissed as coincidence, or as a series in which one event led to another. But Kipling has accompanied me ever since boyhood, when I discovered the early verse—"Barrack Room Ballads"—and the early stories—"Plain Tales from the Hills." There are boyhood enthusiasms which one outgrows; there are writers who impress one deeply at some time before or during adolescence and whose work one never re-reads in later life. But Kipling is different. Traces of Kipling appear in my own mature verse where no diligent scholarly sleuth has yet observed them, but which I am myself prepared to disclose. I once wrote a poem called "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock": I am convinced that it would never have been called "Love Song" but for a title of Kipling's that stuck obstinately in my head: "The Love Song of Har Dyal." Many years later I wrote a poem called "The Hollow Men": I could never have thought of this title but for Kipling's poem "The Broken Men." One of the broken men has turned up recently in my work, and may be seen at this time on the stage of the Cambridge Theatre. And I leave you to guess why a Persian cat I once possessed was dignified by the name of Mirza Murad Ali Beg.

So much to explain to you my feeling of destiny. When I made the selection from Kipling's verse which I have already mentioned, in 1941, the moment was well chosen to remind the public of Kipling's importance, and to revive a reputation which had diminished under the influence of liberal, not to say radical critics. But it aroused considerable astonishment in the world of letters, that Kipling should be championed not only as a prose writer but as a writer of verse, by a poet whose verse was generally considered to be at the opposite pole from Kipling's. Whereas my poems had appeared too obscure and recondite to win popular approval, Kipling's had long been considered too simple, too crude, too popular, indeed too near the doggerel of the music hall song, to deserve from the fastidious critic anything but disdain. I was suspected, if not of insincerity, at least of a mischievous delight in paradox. Yet I think that the facts which I have just recounted should convince the present audience that this was not true.

There is perhaps a reason of a different order than any I have so far implied, for my regard for Kipling's work, a reason given by a similarity, or rather an analogy, between his background and mine. Kipling passed his early childhood in India; he was brought back to England for his schooling; he returned to India at the age of seventeen. Two years of his life were spent in America. Later, he settled in Sussex, but came to pass his winters in the more benign climate of South Africa. He had been a citizen of the British Empire, long before he naturalised himself, so to speak, in a particular part of a particular county of England. The topography of my own life history is very different from his, but our feeling about England springs from causes not wholly dissimilar. The word *metic* is perfectly good English, though to many people the French *mètèque* may be more familiar. It does not apply perhaps in the strictest sense to either of us, since we come both from wholly British stock; but I think that Kipling's attitude to things English, like mine, was in some ways different from that of any native-born Briton. I feel this in some of the poems written after Kipling settled in Sussex. For example, "The Recall":

Under their feet in the grasses
My clinging magic runs.
They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons.

He is referring to the American couple of the story which this poem accompanies, who settle in England in the village from which the wife's family had gone to America: but I feel that he is writing out of his own experience. Similarly, in "Sir Richard's Song" the speaker is a Norman knight, a follower of William the Conqueror, who has settled in England:

I followed my Duke ere I was a lover,
To take from England fief and fee;
But now this game is the other way over—
But now England hath taken me!

Sir Richard, too, I think, is Kipling himself.

What is one to say, in a few minutes, about the amazing man of genius, every single piece of writing of whom, taken in isolation, can look like a brilliant *tour de force*; but whose work has nevertheless an undeniable unity? There are at least half a dozen aspects of Kipling upon which one would like to dilate: the journalist, the literary artist, the observer of men, of landscapes and countries and of machines also, the moralist, the curious seeker into the abnormal and paranormal, and the seer. To do justice to Kipling, to draw the portrait of the man in his writings, one would have to consider him under all of these aspects, and then show the unity behind them. I can touch today only upon two aspects which seem to me of special importance: those of the moralist and the seer.

The moralist in Kipling appears constantly throughout his work: it is one of the elements which contribute to make unity of it. Often, it approximates to a kind of stoicism, in the popular use of that word: the man held up for admiration is the man who has done his allotted task, without the expectation of reward or concern with recognition. Thus the "Sons of Martha":

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches
lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and
entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

In an essay written many years ago, which remains one of the best studies of Kipling that we have, Colonel Bonamy Dobrée pointed out how constantly worldly success is disparaged; and that even the man who is an utter failure in life (and a gallery of such human wreckage can be assembled from among Kipling's characters) may be a nobler figure than the man who has successfully feathered his own nest. The moralist is always present, even in those tales of "The Jungle Book" which are taken by many readers to be merely fantasies to amuse the very young. It may be the moralist in Kipling that is displeasing to those intellectuals who have belittled him in my time. He was well aware that the moral is unwelcome, and must be insinuated, or conveyed (as we say nowadays) subliminally. This is explicit in "The Fabulists":

When all the world would keep a matter hid,
Since Truth is seldom friend to any crowd,
Men write in fable as old Aesop did,
 Jesting at that which none will name aloud.
And this they needs must do, or it will fall
 Unless they please they are not heard at all.

It is only by keeping in mind Kipling the moralist and Kipling the seer that we can, I think, consider his politics. With his opinions, except as found in his published works, I am not concerned—only with his poems and his stories. Kipling was not a party man. Nor had he—and this is important—a mind gifted for abstract thought: he thought in images. He was not a philosopher, and his political philosophy is all in his firm and simple code of behaviour. What he has to say about politics may be summed up in "The Gods of the Copy-Book Headings":

In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,
 By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul ;
 But, though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money
 could buy,
 And the Gods of the Copy-Book Headings said : *if you don't work
 you die.*

But Kipling was something rarer than a philosopher, he was a prophet. (Remember how long ago he wrote "The Man Who Was," and "The Truce of the Bear.") His mind was intuitive, rather than ratiocinative. His genius, if I understand it at all, lay in his powers of observation, description and intuition. That there is something a little *uncanny* in it all, even in his power of observation, is illustrated by an anecdote which I was told in Cambridge, and which may not be widely known. When he paid his first visit to Magdalene College, on being made an Honorary Fellow, he expressed a wish to view the Pepys Library and the manuscript of Pepys' diary. The College, knowing that Kipling was a man who asked questions, and whose questions were apt to be unexpected and unanswerable, had assembled all the available scholars learned about Pepys and his time. Kipling asked the one question for which they were unprepared : what was the formula for the ink that Pepys used ? He observed that it was dissimilar to that of any manuscript of the period that he had seen. The matter was looked into later, and it was found that Pepys had used an ink made by a formula of his own invention. And we all know the story of the Roman Legion which he placed at Hadrian's Wall.

I suggest that the fact that Kipling was an intuitive and not an intellectual, may go to account for his being underrated by intellectuals who are not intuitives. He had a gift of prophecy, and he must have appreciated the frustration of Cassandra. He foresaw two wars. That of 1914 is foreshadowed in his Ode to France written in 1913. And in 1932 he foresaw, in "The Storm Cone," the storm that was to burst seven years later, three years after his death. In his last years he regarded the future of the world with more and more misgiving. He seems to me the greatest English man of letters of his generation. Before lifting my glass I should like to quote in full, as a reminder of the man, the short poem which concludes his volume of verse—a poem of which I should like to have been the author :

If I have given you delight
 By aught that I have done,
 Let me lie quiet in that night
 Which shall be yours anon :
 And for the little, little span
 The dead are borne in mind,
 Seek not to question other than
 The books I leave behind.

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you The Unfading Genius of
 Rudyard Kipling.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON,
 21 October, 1958.

An Early Kipling Speech and a Poem in his honour

by Morton N. Cohen

(The City College of New York)

FOR a man of his reputation, Kipling made relatively few public appearances, and, as we might expect, when he did address a public gathering, the contemporary press paid him considerable attention. Reading the reports can be quite rewarding, for they cast considerable light upon Kipling, his activities, and his ideas, but they are not always easy to find. One out-of-the-way report that came to my attention recently is particularly noteworthy because it contains an unusual description of Kipling the public speaker and is followed by an anonymous poem in Kipling's honour which I have not seen reproduced anywhere.

The occasion of Kipling's address was a dinner meeting of the Anglo-African Writers' Club at the Grand Hotel on May 16, 1898, and Kipling, having returned a month earlier from his second visit to South Africa, was the guest of the evening and spoke on the impressions South Africa had made upon him. The speech was reported in the following day's *Times* (page 11) in a half column of matter-of-fact prose. But on the following Saturday (May 21) there appeared a far more detailed summary of the events in the weekly *African Review* (vol. XV, pp. 311-13). Because copies of the *African Review* are almost extinct (the recently published *British Union Catalogue of Periodicals* does not list a single copy in all Britain, and I have found only one copy in the United States, at the University of Iowa), it seems appropriate to make the more interesting parts of the report and the poem accessible by reproducing them here.

"There were an unusually large number of guests present on the occasion," the reporter for the *African Review* writes, "and consequently some had to dine at an overflow feast in another room." Kipling's good friend, Rider Haggard, acted as Chairman, and it may even have been Haggard who got Kipling to appear before the Club. Later, too, it probably was Haggard's persuasive talents that made Kipling agree to become one of its Vice-Presidents.

The audience included Sir Henry Bulwer, who had a few years earlier retired from his post as High Commissioner of Cyprus; Sir Walter Peace, Agent-General of Natal; Sir George Robertson, the soldier-statesman who had been present at the capture of Chilas; Sir B. W. Greenacre, Mayor of Durban; Joseph Pennell, the American artist; J. S. Wood, the publisher and philanthropist; Henry Dawson Lowry, author and publisher; Sir Marshal Clarke, hero of the Boer War of 1881 and then Resident Commissioner of Rhodesia; and many other notables.

Haggard, as Chairman, read a telegram from Cecil Rhodes, in which Rhodes expressed his regrets at not being present at the meeting. Then, with his accustomed affability, Haggard paid great tribute to his friend Kipling. But although the *South African* reporter gives us almost a verbatim account of Haggard's praise of Kipling as a watchman of

the Empire, he regrettably fails to record the details of Haggard's reminiscences about his friendship with Kipling. He merely states that Haggard "told some stories of his early associations with Mr. Kipling that excited much amusement." Finally, Haggard welcomed Kipling as "a poet, patriot, an Englishman of whom we are proud—(Cheers)—and what, perhaps, is best of all, one of whom we may say in every relation of private and public life, 'Here is a man whose heart is in the right place.' (Loud cheers.)"

Then Kipling delivered his address. He praised the men who were bringing civilisation and all its benefits to South Africa, the men who "are carrying out our work [there]." He explained how difficult it was to work against the tide of ignorance so prevalent in Africa. The Dutch in the Cape Colony, he said, often objected to the "elementary rudiments of civilisation" such as "precautions against the spread of disease." They also "objected more or less to railways; and they objected to 'roads' of all kinds." They fought against "little things like compulsory education and compulsory inoculation." Conditions were so bad, he continued, that merely observing them had made him "violently unwell for a week." Never before had he seen "his own countrymen squashed,' disarmed, and domineered over, with the great guns of forts looking into their back gardens, while foreigners from all parts of the world rode around with revolvers and other firearms sticking about all over them."

He went on to explain why the two groups of men in South Africa had such different interests and pointed out that patience was the only cure for the troublesome circumstances. "We must try by example," he said, "and precept to coax them along the road to the material development of the land. It was no use getting angry with the unprogressive settlers. Our people have to live with these people. The Colonials and Dutch had married and inter-married until you could hardly tell the one from the other. There was room in the land for both, and it was time to stop jabbering about 'anti-Dutch,' 'anti-English,' and so on. Be quiet; stop prating about that loaded rifle, and work. Simply sit down and work. That was the opinion of most of the men he had talked with."

Turning to the Transvaal, Kipling confessed that he could not see a way out of the troubles there. He could not advocate claiming "our rights by force," however, but insisted that here too there was a need for patience. Only if the Boers should "rise and give trouble," would the English be justified to take up arms.

Then Kipling concluded by thanking Haggard for his generous introduction, and the usual toasts followed.

Besides summarising Kipling's speech, the *African Review* reporter gives us his own impression of Kipling as a public speaker. "A noteworthy feature [of the speech]," he wrote, ". . . was the rapidity with which it was delivered. The creator of Mulvaney has a light, clear voice, and an utterance singularly free from the affection of modern oratory. His diction is plain and curt, he has no airs or graces, and he talks rather than orates. 'Look here!' he says, with a jerk of the arm, when he introduces his arguments. He pauses in the full flood of

adjectives to hope he does not bore his audience. And he acknowledges a cheer with a smart salute."

Finally, following the report, appears the anonymous poem, prompted by Kipling's appearance at the Anglo-African Writers' Club dinner :

A Humble Tribute

- "I am but a 'umble waiter, Mr. Kiplin', that is all,
But I'm 'uman tho' I'm 'umble, an' I've got a 'eart an' brain ;
An' I does a bit o' readin' of a evenin', off an' on,
An' on Sundays, for a instance, when I'm kept indoors by rain.
- "I'm acquainted with your stories, an' by Gom, sir, they're Al !
I 'ave laughed, an' I 'ave cried, *an'* felt as creepy as can be.
There's Mulvaney, why, Lor' bless yer ! 'e's a reg'lar pal o' mine,
So are Ortheris an' Learoyd, they are real live pals to me.
- "I am not much 'and at poetry, but I 'ear as you're a poet ;
(Once I 'eard a chap recitin' somethin' called 'The Bolivar,'
But I can't say I remember what the verses was about),
Still they say that you're a poet, sir, an' I'll take my oath you are.
- "I 'ave always said, 'Now Kiplin', 'e's a genius out an' out,
'There's no bloomin' doubt about it, an' I'd say so to 'is face !
But you might 'ave knocked me backward's when they all flocked in to dine,
While I'm a 'umble waiter, which I 'opes I knows my place.'
- "At the *Grand* on Monday evenin' I was fairly took aback,
An' I got no end excited when they said as you'd be there ;
But you might 'ave knocked me backward's when they all flocked in to dine,
An' I found you at my table an' a-sittin' next the Chair.
- "Oh ! I waited on yer proper from the soup right to the end,
But was nothin' as yer wanted but you got in 'arf a mo.,
You'd the nicest cup o' saddle, you'd the pick o' the *menoo*,
An' I kep' yer glass a-brimmin'—tho' you takes yer liquor slow.
- "Then I listened to yer *Speakin'* (I was 'id behind the screen),
An' I said, 'Well, this 'ere Kiplin', 'e's a *man*, an' no mistake' ;
An' I said, 'Oh—this waitin', chuck it, let's go out an' fight,
I should like to punch some fellow's 'ead for good old England's sake !'
- "Now the Chairman, Mr. 'Aggard, 'e's a hauthor I admires,
I 'ave read 'is stories many times, I fairly dotes on 'She,'
All the same—an' Mr. 'Aggard, 'e'll agree with this, I know—
For a general good all-rounder you're a greater man than 'e.
- "Mr. Kiplin', Mr. Kiplin', ah ! you little knew that night
'Ow I wanted just to speak to you an' tell you what I thinks,
I'd 'ave given my night's earnin's to 'ave 'ad a word with you,
I'd 'ave given up my week's, sir, to 'ave treated you to drinks.
- "I am but a 'umble waiter, Mr. Kiplin', that is all,
But I'm 'uman tho' I'm 'umble, an' I've got a 'eart an' brain ;
An' you've got one constant reader who can swear that you're a brick,
An' I'll say so to your face, sir, if I waits on you again !"

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are: U.K.—Lady Wilson; Mmes. I. Aitchison, J. B. Cole, W. M. Dobson, B. A. Edwards. C. Part, N. Webster; Misses V. K. Amos, J. V. Sinnott, J. Thomson; Sir A. Keevil; Lt.-Gen. W. G. H. Vickers; Lt.-Col. I. H. Stockwood; Drs. A. Darlington, F. Sargent, A. T. Spoor; Messrs. I. Aitchison, J. H. ap Rhys Pryce, J. B. Buck, P. A. S. Charles, J. D. Cran, K. A. England, C. S. Findlay, J. T. Finnis, J. D. Forbes, A. R. Pike, H. R. Roe, D. C. Webb-Johnson. ADEN—G. Meynell. CANADA—Miss F. Fleming; Dr. T. B. Miller. U.S.A.—J. H. Baker. VENEZUELA—A. A. Hackett, C. F. Vaughan.

We heartily welcome these ladies and gentlemen.

'Uncovenanted Mercies'

by A. E. Bagwell Purefoy

IN January, 1958, we discussed this story, together with "On the Gate," at a London meeting. Unfortunately, there was not enough space in the next Journal to do more than merely mention this fact. Since then, however, we have received letters, both from home and abroad, hoping that the discussion would be well reported, since "Uncovenanted Mercies," in particular, is a difficult subject I therefore give, below, roughly what was said by way of introduction to the story; at least it will provide absentees from the meeting with something to bite on, and they can vent their disagreement in letters either to me or to the Editor.

I shall say nothing about "On the Gate" beyond reminding readers that it's a delightful, 'easy' story, with a very hopeful message. In Journal No. 111 (October, 1954) I inflicted on you an article about it, and cannot in decency do so again. (Back numbers : 2s. 6d. each.) So we'll go straight to the much more difficult "Uncovenanted Mercies."

The best way to tackle it is, first of all, to pick the thread of the actual *story* out of the mass of Argument, Talk, Description, Mechanics, etc., that almost engulf the reader. It's none too easy to do this, but the tale is, in fact, that of two high-born mortals, whom for simplicity's sake we'll call Lord and Lady. Both are fated to come to a bad end should they ever meet. In Part One of the story they do meet, and their Guardian Spirits, Kalka'il and Ruya'il, are put under arrest for allowing it. But it turns out, on enquiry, that the meeting of Lord and Lady was inevitable, because their Guardian Spirits, when on Earth, had suffered exactly the same fate: disaster through knowing each other. Then, when they'd both been through Hell and 'reconditioned' for useful work, they were allowed to meet in Heaven, which meant that automatically their charges met—so their story was repeated. A bad mistake by Gabriel's Department, in allotting Kalka'il and Ruya'il to Lord and Lady. End of Part One.

Part Two traces, sketchily but grimly, the downfall of Lord and Lady after their first meeting. Both are rich, both are highly-placed, and both are utterly wretched. It's not quite clear whether they fell into squalid poverty while still on Earth or after they'd left it, but by the time we see them again—at Hell's Railway Terminus—they're both pretty nasty sights: seedy, dirty, and babbling of their past distinctions. Each is desperately searching for the other, suffering agony in the process, but—and here, surely, is the Diamond in the Clay—agonising though their memories are, each fights like mad to keep them. They utterly refuse to be drugged into forgetfulness. And that must be because, at the bottom of it all, they've still got HOPE. So this story has a cheering message, too, though it's buried much deeper than in "On the Gate."

And then at last, crudely and accidentally as they did on Earth, they're allowed to bump into each other again—and all the horror drops away with "What *does* it matter now, Dear!"

Having extracted the bare story, let's see how some of the many Adjuncts help it on. Firstly, the fate of Lord and Lady is made immeasurably worse by the Archangel of the English. (A curious character, this, and we may wonder why Kipling created him. Had he suddenly gone cynical about the English?) At any rate, the Archangel seriously injures the Man and Woman by two bad errors of judgment: (1) He assumes that the Fate stamped on their foreheads can be ignored as an out-of-date superstition, though Gabriel insists that "there is only one conclusion possible"; and (2) he assumes that they're bound to be happy if he gives them wealth and high position, whereas this only makes their misery a

more awful contrast, and their eventual fall more painful. A second Adjunct to the story is the various mechanisms Kipling describes. However fantastic they may seem, they do give some idea—an idea that human intelligence can grasp—of how some things *could* happen over There. Take the summoning of the Woman's Guardian Spirit, who is never allowed for one *breath* to leave its Charge. On Gabriel's permission, in a flash she's before the Head Angels. Death recognises her at once; so does Satan. In a moment the problem's solved: Why did Lord and Lady meet? Because with those Guardians they were bound to.

But the unforgettable feature of the story is, of course, Hell's Railway Station. On the imagination of any reader, that must have a nightmare effect. Broken Faith, clearly, is what is being punished there; presumably anyone who has made a promise of eternal faith to someone else, and has either broken the promise or should never have made it (for instance, to someone else's wife). But Satan says that only about two per cent. go there, so presumably the rest have later committed worse crimes, earning more extreme treatment.

Two fine stories, one delightful and one grim, but each containing a message of Hope.

The Police Court in Literature

The Huckley Police Court

KIPLING has two police court scenes, in one short story. The venue is "the little clay-coloured market town" of Huckley, "with the large corn exchange and the small jubilee memorial." The first scene is burlesque, with merely a grain or two of reality, but the second is a masterly piece of work.

The village had voted the earth was flat, and Sir Thomas Ingell, Bart., M.P., the chairman of the local bench, had been badgered and goaded into primitive misbehaviour which made him defendant on "charges of assault, disorderly conduct, and language calculated, etc."

We assume that the "etc." stands for "to cause a breach of the peace," for, as the learned editor of "Stone's Justices' Manual" points out, not even sureties of the peace can be demanded "for merely rash, quarrelsome or unmannerly words unless they tend to a breach of the peace," and "he who merely calls another rogue, or rascal or teller of lies, drunkard, etc., ought not for such cause to be bound to the good behaviour." But the fact that the lodge-keeper's wife threw her apron over her head seems to point to obscenity on Sir Thomas's part, for which he could be punished under the Towns Police Clauses Act, always supposing it was in force in Huckley.

Probably, however, the sergeant framed the charges badly, and the case should have been taken under the Profane Oaths Act, 1745, passed "speedily and effectively to punish the horrid, impious, and execrable vices of profane cursing and swearing, so loathsome and offensive to every Christian," with a fine of one shilling for a day labourer or seaman, two for any other person under the degree of a gentleman, and five for baronets and such like. Even at that modest figure Sir Thomas might have been bitten, even to more than the tune of the twenty-three pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence which he had made the motorists pay, for in *R. v. Scott* (1863), 4 B. & S. 368, a defendant who "did profanely curse one profane curse twenty several times repeated" was fined two shillings for each repetition and the conviction was held to be good. He must have been a hearty and persevering fellow.

We sought further light upon this point from the Manual cited above, but were referred to a page whereon the discourse was of "prussic acid and rose water" and "balsam of aniseed," neither of which seemed properly descriptive of bad language.

At the actual hearing, an "imported London lawyer, a man of commanding personality," withdrew the charges, conveying "blasting imputations" on Sir Thomas in the process. This is a very perfect piece of work. The man stands in front of us, as we have all seen him in the courts—for he is a type—now shrugging his shoulders, a "man of the world colloquing with his equals"; half finishing sentences, their endings too painful to utter; offering spurious sympathy. "But he had said enough." The enough is a feast.

But Pallant, "talking as a lawyer," says it's all wrong and illegal, ludicrous, childish and insane; "That comes of stuffing the bench with radical tinkers," he mutters (from which one gathers that he holds political opinions similar to those of his creator); and he asks in the House "a twenty-line question studded with legal technicalities."

But what is it that the "radical tinkers" did wrong. The prosecution could certainly withdraw the charge of assault; and they had to explain their reasons, otherwise the bench might have thought proper to commit Sir Thomas for trial for the indictable misdemeanour. On the other charges the most that could have happened would have been a binding over to keep the peace and be of good behaviour. On the whole, the bench, whether tinkers or tailors, exercised a sound discretion in carrying the matter no further.

We should have liked to have seen the Secretary of State's answer to Mr. Pallant's question. It is, alas, lost, for the House went into hysterics and nearly into the Gubby dance. If Mr. Kipling reads the *Justice of the Peace*, and none can ever guess the limits of that omnivorous reader, he may be moved to tell us the answer.

Extract from the *Justice of the Peace*, October 17th, 1931.

"The Kipling Society and its President"

Annual Luncheon, 21st October, 1958

[This is a shortened version of a speech in which the Hon. Secretary proposed the above Toast. It is reproduced here for the information of those Members at Home and Overseas who could not be present, in the hope that it may be of use to them in working for the Society. The part referring to the President has had to be omitted for lack of space.]

WE are having this Toast because the Annual Lunch is the only chance we get of telling you how the Society is doing, and, more important, how you can help us. There's no need to say much about how we're doing, because we're not doing too badly. In the whole of last year, fifty-seven new Members joined us, but so far in 1958 we've enrolled seventy-nine,* reaching out to Italy, Cyprus, Singapore and South Africa, as well as, of course, the U.S.A.—and our membership is now higher than at any time since the war. We've just enlarged our Magazine by fifty per cent, and we're meeting regularly every two months to discuss and dissect Kipling stories and poems. We've also embarked on the new activity of finding speakers for other societies, and since January we've arranged ten separate talks on Kipling in places as far apart as Gloucestershire, Sussex and Yorkshire.

So we can claim to be alive *and* kicking, but we shan't stay that way without your help. What can *you*—each one of you here—do to help us? First of all, are we *worth* helping? I ask that question because not long ago I had a letter from one of our Overseas Branches» whom I'd asked to make certain efforts on

our behalf. The writer said: "Our Members like getting together and enjoying Kipling. Why should they care if the Kipling *Society* is flourishing or not?" That's a nasty question, because obviously if we're not doing a worthwhile job we can't ask for your help. I think we can find a hopeful answer in something Lord Scarbrough said here last year. He said: "Perhaps as we move into a new *form* of British Empire, we shall take with us something of the spirit which Kipling saw in the old." Now, the first aim of the Kipling Society is to honour and extend Kipling's influence, and on every card we send out we now add the words "To reveal him to younger generations." And in the light of what Lord Scarbrough said, I believe that *is* a worthwhile job. And we are doing something about the young people specially, because several of those talks I told you about have been given, by their own request, to audiences all under thirty.

If you agree that we're worth helping, here are two ways in which you can do so. A Society like this nowadays can't live unless it's run like a Business. A business has to keep watching its Sales, and it has agents all over the place *promoting* sales. Now, our agents are *you*, and by far the best way you can help is to 'sell' for us by bringing in new Members. When I told you how many we'd enrolled this year, I didn't mention the other side of the picture, which is that all our increases are halved by losses. The minute we stop working for new Members our total drops right down, because, unfortunately, Old Man Death *never* stops working—and a Society like this must have a steady *income* of new Members if it's to carry on, for although we have *no paid staff at all* the money goes out again terribly fast. Several of you here have already done grand work in this way, but if every Member here could get us one new one in the next year, we'd be 'up and coming,' and perhaps on the way to an even bigger *Journal*. And it *can* be done. Of our new Members this year, nearly thirty have been got by private recruiting, so please try for all you're worth, and keep on trying!

The other way you can help is over the *Kipling Journal*. Our stock of back numbers is a very valuable asset. Last year we sold nearly £70-worth of back numbers, and we're not far from that again this year. This comes partly from selling odd copies, and partly from whole sets, which Members have left back to us on, regrettably, joining the outgoing ones. So may I ask you to keep your *Journals* in good order, and, provided always that your families don't want them, let the Society—at we hope some distant date—have them back again.

*This was on October 21st. A month later we had passed the hundred.

Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson, Bart. (1884-1958)

WE record with regret the sudden death of Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson, 2nd Bart., on 22nd November, 1958, after several years of failing health.

Educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst, he entered the Royal Fusiliers in 1904. Between 1909 and 1911 he was private secretary to Lord Olivier, and, after working on the Local Government Board for Ireland, became Resident Magistrate for the counties of Donegal, Louth and Dublin. His ten years in the magistracy were charmingly described in his book *The Last of the Irish R.M.s.*, published in 1951.

The Kipling Society has good cause to remember Sir Christopher with gratitude, for he was our Hon. Secretary for 21 years, covering the most difficult period in our annals. He began his duties on the day before Kipling's funeral, and guided the Society through the war years, being forced to move the Office six times—twice on account of bombing.

On 17th January, 1956, Council and Members gave a private luncheon to celebrate the twentieth anniversary (to the very day) of his taking over. This was recorded in *Journal* No. 117, and we are glad to know how pleased he was by our gratitude, and how proud of the gift made to him on that day.

In The Presence

THIS story was first published in *Pearson's Magazine*, March, 1912, and collected in 1917 in *A Diversity of Creatures* where it is accompanied by the poem *Jobson's Amen*.

There are two stories in one, and we now know the origin of the second one for the details have been sent in by Captain John Chapple of the 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward's Own Goorkhas, who is at present serving in England, his battalion being in Singapore.

First he sent a Christmas card in 1957 showing a coloured portrait from a painting of Honorary Captain Santbir Gurung, Sardar Bahadur, O.B.I., I.O.M., who was one of King Edward VII's last Indian Orderly Officers to attend him regularly in London, and the central character in Kipling's story.

Recently we received from Captain Chapple the following extract from the Regimental News Bulletin of September, 1937 :—

MEMOIRS OF A SUBADAR MAJOR OF THE 2nd GOORKHAS
BEING THE
Record of Service of Honorary Captain Santabir Gurung, O.B.I., I.O.M.
Sardar Bahadur.

" In 1910, I was selected as one of the Indian Orderlies of His Majesty the King Emperor Edward VII. The other two were Subadar-Major Singbir Thapa, 2/3rd Gurkha Rifles and Subadar-Major Budhi-Sing, 39th Garhwal Rifles. I was ordered to report at Bombay to proceed to England. For the sake of convenience, I chose my son to accompany me as my orderly. He was also in my Battalion. We assembled in Bombay and put under the charge of Major Wake of the 8th Gurkha Rifles. We embarked at Bombay and sailed for England, via Aden-Port Said-Marseilles and Gibraltar. At Marseilles we halted for a short time. We reached England and were put up in No. 49 Georgia Road, London. We were told that Rs. 14,000 per annum was paid as rent for that house. We were informed that we would be inspected on the 23rd May, so we had our dress and equipment cleaned. Those days His Majesty had gone to Italy. When he returned he was ill, and remained for five days in Buckingham Palace. He then went to Windsor Castle. He did not recover there and returned to Buckingham Palace where he died on the afternoon of 5th June, 1910. Kings and representatives of foreign countries were present there on this occasion. After 13 days the remains of the King were taken in procession to the Church. The procession was a very big one. Lord Roberts was also present there. Cavalry went forward, followed by Indian A.D.C.s and then Admirals of ships and others. The same day statue of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria which was in front of Buckingham Palace was opened. Water fountains which were round it were opened. When the church was reached the body was taken inside it and placed there and sentries posted. For this duty there were 8 British Officers, one Indian Officer and four other British civilians posted at a time. British officers were relieved after every hour and so were we. Generals were acting as Field Officers, Colonels as Guard Commanders and officers below Colonel as sentries. Daily from Reveille to Retreat the public were allowed to come there and pay their respects to their late King. Her Majesty the Queen used to visit there daily at 1100 hrs. Continuously for four days we were on duty. Did not change our uniform even. Authorities thought that as we must have felt tired of sentry's duty we had better a rest and not accompany the funeral party to Westminster Abbey. But as we were very desirous of accompanying it, we asked permission to be allowed to go with it, so our request was granted. After four days the funeral was taken out. The coffin was placed on a heavy gun. All members of the Royal Family accompanied it. Both sides of the road by which the funeral party went were lined by troops. The public had assembled all the way along to pay their last respect ; all wearing

black. It slowly marched for five miles long and arrived at a Railway station where we entrained. We got down at Westminster Abbey. Now the coffin was carried on shoulder of men. It was taken into a building and a volley was fired. Steps leading to the building were lined by Royal families. The Queen followed the coffin. The coffin was placed on the floor, when prayers were told accompanied by a musical instrument. The coffin was then lowered down into the floor with the help of a machine, to remain there for ever. We then returned from there and all had their food outside in a house. We returned to Buckingham Palace in the afternoon, and went to our residence."

The English is a bit peculiar towards the end but this is because it is verbatim as taken down and translated by the Regimental Head Clerk. Santbir himself has got Westminster Abbey mixed up with Windsor as the burial place and he does not actually mention his long vigil but he hints at it when he says "continuously for four days we were on duty."

Captain Chapple also tells us : "We have a full-length portrait of King Edward VII signed by King George V with the inscription : 'In memory of your vigil.'" It was given to Captain Santbir in 1910 after the funeral of King Edward.

R. E. HARBORD.

Report of the Discussion Meeting on 19th November at 84 Eccleston Square

THIS was one of the best attended meetings we have ever had, and once again we had to use the large upstairs room. The subject was Rudyard Kipling's verse and was introduced by Mrs. Smee who gave us a most enjoyable talk illustrated with very effective readings from the verses. Kipling, she said, was a teacher rather than a preacher, not lifted above his audience in a pulpit or on a platform, but sharing with them the dust, the traffic and the conflict of the market-place, the street and the arena. She asked us particularly to consider the verses she was going to quote as standing by themselves, not as inseparable from the tales to which many of them were preludes or postludes.

Kipling had no use for un-committed people, the sitters-on-the fence as typified in *The Vineyard*. He disliked sentimentalists, such as the too-ready purveyors of unwanted sympathy in *The Comforters*, people who, on hearing of a friend's loss or other sorrow, rush round to see how he is taking it and cheer him up. Intolerance, whether racial or religious or social, was another of Kipling's bugbears, as he shows in *Jobson's Amen*.

Mrs. Smee went on to point out the traits which Kipling extolled : the ability to get to grips with weakness (*The Hymn of Breaking Strain*) ; courage (*The Storm Cone* and the *Epitaph on the Canadian Dead*) though he also showed his compassion for the coward in the Epitaph entitled *The Coward* ; humility, whether national as in *The Recessional* and the *Hymn Before Action* or personal as in *When I was a King and a Mason* and *My New-Cut Ashlar* and the lovely Dedication to *Soldiers Three*, or the most difficult of all, humility with acceptance in trouble or sorrow (*A Rose in Tatters*).

Mrs. Smee concluded by pointing out the great value set by Kipling upon discipline, and quoted *The Centaurs* with its magnificent metric form, full of checks and halts in the earlier verses swelling to the rhythmic gallop and thunder of the last one. Mrs. Smee had said she knew many of us must have other favourites among Kipling's verse than the ones she had read, and the discussion which followed her talk brought many of these favourites out. A more general consideration of the verse produced the question "If Simple Simon was Kipling's idea of *The Thousandth Man*, which of his female characters would be the thousandth woman?" One suggestion was Bisesa in *The Sacrifice of Er Heb*,

but Mrs. Smee's favourite was Helen-all-alone and the general opinion of the meeting agreed.

Mr. Winmill said he was always amazed at the way in which the youthful Kipling could assume and express the world-weariness of an old man with no illusions. He instanced *One Viceroy Resigns*, written when Kipling was little more than a boy fresh from school. "I worked very hard in India for many years," said Mr. Winmill, "but even I never felt as tired as that!", and the meeting ended in laughter.

Letter Bag

" Colonel Creighton "

In the article " Colonel Creighton " I submitted to you, two points were left unsettled, the main one being the examination of my uncle's diaries. The other was whether the latter could have met Kipling at the Freemasons' Hall at Lahore; I heard from the Secretary of Lodge Hope and Perseverance No. 782 that there is no trace of my uncle's name in the Lodge records of that time.

The diaries also give no evidence of any direct contact between him and Rudyard Kipling and I am not therefore able to go further than say that the former was one of the few men who could have been Kipling's model for that character. It would help others to make up their own minds if I give a few details here.

The diaries of Bt. Lt.-Col. A. H. Mason, C.B., D.S.O. (7 volumes)

The entries begin in August, 1880 when he was on sick leave in Paris, having contracted dysentery in the second Afghan War. They ended in September, 1892 in Simla where he was waiting for his fiancée to arrive from England so that they could get married. There is no mention of Rudyard Kipling in them; there are two mentions, one in England and one in India, of a Dunsterville who joined the Royal Artillery, presumably a cousin of 'Stalky.' One of the early entries, dated 16 February, 1881, reads: "Bought a 'tat' from one of the Kabuli horse dealers in the serai . . ."; that was in Lahore and one wonders how many officers bought horses every year from Kabulis in one serai or another.

In Simla on 15 April, 1881, he wrote: "I went to see Jacob, a civilian I knew up here in 1879, and I went out for a walk with him and Mrs. Jacob. They are nice Christian people." First one wonders if this was the man whom Kipling called Lurgan and whom Marion Crawford described as a Mahomedan with two wives whom he was considering divorcing so that he could be free to marry an English girl (at this very time). In about six months there are eight entries of invitations of sorts from the Jacob couple which were accepted. The second point to mention here is that the writer was very religious, a regular churchgoer and spending much of his leisure at prayer meetings and singing hymns after dinner parties. He was a Protestant of broad views, but lack of contact with Rudyard Kipling is understandable.

He was already prominent in Simla, being at the age of 25 secretary to both the Defence Committee and the Royal United Service Institution but these posts *he* had to hand over when he returned to Lahore as Private Secretary to Sir Charles Aitchison. He left India in 1884 and did not return until 1887 when his continuous frontier services began. Twice during these his superior officer on the staff became a casualty and he had to 'double' the jobs; in the Miranzai affair he was *Times* Correspondent in addition. He was continually volunteering for active service and was on several occasions asked for (for Burma and Gilgit) but could not be spared. Intelligence officers were too scarce.

His recorded leaves were in Palestine, Japan and the U.S.A.

ALEXANDER MASON,

"An English School "

Re: "Readers' Guide," Page 17 in *Kipling Journal*, March, 1958.

The note referring to lines 18-22 on Page 260 is not quite clear.

Louis Riel's first rebellion began 2 November, 1869, when he seized Fort Garry at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers (now the City of Winnipeg) and Colonel Garnet Wolseley (later Field Marshal Lord Wolseley) led an expedition from Eastern Canada to re-take the Fort. When the expedition reached the Fort, 24 August, 1870, Riel fled to U.S. without a fight.

In 1885 Riel returned to Canada to lead a second rebellion in what is now the Province of Saskatchewan. Again an expedition (commanded on this occasion by Major-General Frederick Middleton) was sent. This was joined by units hastily recruited from the settlers of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police also supplied details which were of great assistance. On this occasion many lives were lost before Riel surrendered.

In 1866 the Fenians organised forces in U.S. and attacked across the border into Eastern Canada and attacked again in 1870. These attacks were led by Generals who had served in the Civil War in U.S. and the bulk of their men had service in the Union Army. The close of the Civil War in U.S. had left without occupation almost one million men trained to war. The Fenians eagerly enrolled these men. An Irish Republic was proclaimed and a shadow government set up. A fund of \$15 million was raised in U.S. with which it was hoped an army of 30,000 could be maintained in Canada for one month, which period was considered sufficient to "free" Canada from British domination. St. Patrick's Day, 1866, was set for the invasion.

In Canada 14,000 militia men responded to the call and when the attack finally came on 1 June they were ready for them; two thousand men crossed the border near Fort Erie, Ontario, with 10,000 men in reserve in and around Buffalo, N.Y. The invaders had enough by 4 June and retired to U.S., leaving their outposts in the hands of the Canadians. In 1870 the attacks were even more easily repulsed.

My grandfather and father served in these raids and I have their medals. The Canada Medal was issued with 3 bars: Fenian Raid, 1866; Fenian Raid, 1870; Red River, 1870. My father's medal was one of the 150 issued with the bars for the raids of 1866 and Red River, 1870.

The point I wish to make clear is that the Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870 should not be confused with the Riel Rebellions of 1870 and 1885.

—E. A. PRIDHAM (Col., M.B.E., M.C, T.D.), Winnipeg, Canada

Casual Notes on the Mowgli Stories

I do not think the dating of stories can be pressed too hard. Carrie Kipling's diaries are notably full of allusions to the work Rudyard was doing during their first years of married life in Vermont and one plain fact is that he always had two or three jobs of work in hand at the same time—usually something in verse and something in prose—often something slight and something serious. Or look at the recorded history of the first draft of *Kim* which he abandoned for *Captains Courageous* at a time when he was polishing off several ballads (and, incidentally, was deep in his quarrel with his brother-in-law).

I suspect that *In the Rukh* and *Mowgli's Brothers* were two alternative experiments in a new mode, very likely taken up and dropped, in turn. *Mowgli's Brothers* proved to be by far the better line to follow, but *In the Rukh* was too good for the waste-paper basket into which so many sketches and studies and projects went. I read from the diaries that the first motion towards *Mowgli's Brothers* was a landmark, something new in his career. Publication dates mean very little. Either or both of the stories might have lain by him in typescript for years, as did *Garm, a Hostage*, written in Vermont (or at any rate sketched out

in Vermont) and not published (I speak from memory with no bibliography at hand) until *Traffics and Discoveries* in 1903.

But the first two Mowgli stories deserve some close study; they are quite different from one another. Did Kipling believe in the wolf-child myth, which he borrowed in part, I think, from Emerson? Every year or two it crops up in Northern India and always on extremely slender evidence. Lord Hailey tells me he has come across dozens of alleged cases and doesn't believe in them. No more do I. They generally resolve themselves to accounts of neglected, half-witted, very low-caste children who have been pushed out into the jungle where they keep alive somehow, until some missionary or kind-hearted Englishman can be persuaded to provide for them by virtue of a fairy-story about wolves.

A wolf is, as near as no matter, a wild dog with the same life-history, a gestation period of seven months, and a lactation period of seven months, after which families separate and cease to recognise one another. If, as is just not impossible, a she-wolf suckled an abandoned baby, after seven months she would lose the power to feed the baby and the interest to protect it, long before the baby learned to walk. So that baby Mowgli might conceivably exist, and so might Mowgli the wild boy, but they could hardly be the same person. We may best think of wolf-children in terms of myth, all the way back to Romulus and Remus, or what you will.

And the Mowgli stories belong to the world of myth; that, exactly is their strength. They are not realistic and pseudo-rational as is *In the Rukh*, which is not quite successful, not vintage Kipling. You don't really believe in it, in spite of its verisimilitude, while *Mowgli's Brothers* is a masterpiece. It shows genius and forces a complete 'suspension of disbelief' so that mere verisimilitude is irrelevant. If I may quote Lord Hailey again—a good Kiplingite—it will be for a remark that will shock some fans. He said to me that the *Jungle Book* stories 'smelt of the lamp.' Written in the study not in the jungle. And of course we know that *In the Rukh* is placed in the forests of the Doon which Rudyard knew well while the other stories are precisely located in the Seonee district of Central India where, so far as we know, he never set foot.

In December, 1891, on his last visit to India, he landed at Tuticorin and went by train to Lahore for Christmas. What was the route? Could it have taken him through Najpur and Jubbulpore by way of Khaniwara and the valley of the Waingunga? Otherwise, so far as I can learn, his only knowledge of Central India was through his friends, the Hills, whose album of photographs recording a trip to Jubbulpore and the Seonee District is in the Carpenter Collection in the Library of Congress at Washington. I wish some enthusiast would make a close investigation of the Carpenter Collection and see what can be deduced from the Hill fragments. Has anyone hunted for Hill family records in Pennsylvania? What became of Caroline Taylor?

The other great source is Sterndale's books, especially the *Mammalia of India*. If you go to Bateman's and take down R.K.'s copy (which you're not supposed to do) from the shelf in his study you'll find it well-thumbed. It opened for me, at the page where it fell open, at the 'red dog of the Deccan' with hair between his toes, and all the rest of it. Sterndale alludes to wolf-child stories 'carrying the mind back to Romulus' and thinks them not impossible. Much of the pseudo-zoo-ological jargon in *Just So Stories* is straight parody of Sterndale's technical descriptions.

All the Indian village and jungle-lore is, of course, coloured and enriched by Lockwood Kipling's table-talk.

It don't matter much. *The Jungle Books* carry the Kipling philosophy of life in quintessence. Who doesn't know them and hasn't been influenced by them? I was a middle-aged introvert before I noticed that the *Spring Running* had haunted and inspired my most significant dreams for thirty years.

—C. E. CARRINGTON, London.

Hon. Secretary's Notes

A new Meeting Place. Will everybody please note that the Discussion fixed for 11th March, 1959, will be the last to take place at 84 Eccleston Square. The next one (13th May), and all others until further notice, will be held in the River Room at the Lansdowne Club, Fitzmaurice Place. This lies at the S.W. corner of Berkeley Square (nearest station, Green Park), and the Club entrance is easily recognisable. Time : 5.30 for 6 p.m., as before, and the usual charge of 5/- will be made. *Don't be shy of coming to the new place—it's very nice.* We thank Mr. R. E. Harbord, our Hon. Treasurer, for arranging for us to use it.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. C. W. Scott-Giles most gratefully for making the Eccleston Square room available to us over the past 20 months. His offer came at a critical time, when it was doubtful whether these delightful meetings could be kept going. We only have to leave now because he is retiring. We also owe much to Mrs. Scott-Giles for her hard work in running" the food and drink arrangements, but we are happy to say that she will continue to organise the Discussions.

Farewell—and Hail ! Last December we had, with great regret, to say Good-bye to Mrs. C. G. Fossick, who for 18 months so capably filled the essential post of Assistant Hon. Secretary, and who helped in no small way to keep the Society going at a critical time. On her husband's retirement they have moved to Barton-on-Sea, where we wish them good luck of every possible kind.

We should be in a bad way were it not for Miss Anne Dalby, who valiantly stepped into the vacancy at short notice, although she had only joined the Society a few months before. We are very lucky to get her, as she is a good typist and experienced at record-keeping, and we hope she will enjoy the work as much as we enjoy her presence in the office.

And Hail again ! We are delighted to welcome two new lady Vice-Presidents : Mrs. Maud Barclay, of our Victoria (B.C.) Branch, and Mrs. Grace Broughton, of Melbourne. Both ladies have worked hard for the Society over many years (Mrs. Barclay is still Branch Hon. Secretary and Treasurer), and we are honoured that they have accepted the appointments.

At the same time we much regret the resignation, due to ill-health, of Sir Julius Bruche, for many years one of our Melbourne Vice-Presidents and a most generous member of the Society.

Indian Argument. Mr. Hilton Brown reports from India that last year he fired a shot in Kipling's defence in *The Hindu* newspaper (Madras). A well-known Indian novelist, R. K. Narayan, when on a lecture-tour in the U.S.A., saw fit to blast Kipling as " a supposed expert writer on India, raised and nurtured on jingoism." Mr. Brown stoutly rebutted this outburst as "ignorant and deluded," and was rewarded by receiving the following from a distinguished Indian judge :

Sir—I agree with your protest about R. K. Narayan's ill-considered remarks on Sir Rudyard Kipling (*sic*). If he had read *Kim* and the *Second Jungle Book* he could not resist appreciation of the author's warm human nature. The utmost one may say about the great author was his patriotism. " Who dies if England lives?" What is wrong with his slogans: " White= Trustworthy. Cricket—Fair Dealing and all straight" ? Kipling never slandered people of other colours. Cheap gibes are now the fashion, due to Cold-War name-calling. Yours sincerely—R. S. Sankarior.

Keep up the Recruiting. Please read what I said about this at the Annual Lunch (see page 18). Will you all resolve to get at least one new Member in the next year? It's the biggest help you could give the Society; and it *can* be done—the final total of privately-recruited Members for 1958 was 40.

A.E..B.P.

The Kipling Society

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