



The
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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).

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.

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

At 50 Eaton Place, SW1, at 1400 hours on Wednesday 14 September 1977; to be followed by a Council Meeting.

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, SW1.

Wednesday 15 June 1977 at 1400 hours.

Wednesday 14 September 1977 immediately after the A.G.M.

Wednesday 14 December 1977 at 1400 hours.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At "The Victoria", 56 Buckingham Palace Road, SW1 (opposite The Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria) at 1730 for 1800 hours.

Wednesday 13 July 1977 Mrs. G. H. Newsom will open a discussion on "Ways of Looking at *The Gardener*".

Wednesday 14 September 1977 Mr G. H. Webb, OBE, will open a Discussion on "Kipling and France"

Wednesday 16 November 1977 Mr Roger Lancelyn Green B.Litt, MA, will open a Discussion on "*Wee Willie Winkie* and other child stories"

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1977

The Annual Luncheon will be held on Thursday 20 October 1977, at THE HANOVER GRAND, Hanover Street, London W1 (near Oxford Circus).

The Guest of Honour will be KINGSLEY AMIS, author of *Rudyard Kipling and his world*.

SPECIAL NOTICE- THE RETIRING HONORARY SECRETARY

Lieut. Colonel A. E. Bagwell Purefoy has retired from office after twenty years of service to the Society. Members have expressed the wish that the Society should make a presentation to Bob and Peggy in recognition of their sterling work. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, The Kipling Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ, made out to KIPLING SOCIETY: BAGWELL PUREFOY FUND.

J.S.

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NEWS AND NOTES

KIPLING'S "WORST SLIP"

Alas! a casual remark about the puzzle of Kipling's "worst slip" (see *Something of Myself*, p.212) has been taken "at the foot of the letter" as Georgie took Mrs. Zuleika's maternal affection! Of course, as Mr. P. W. Inwood reminds us, he pointed out the most probable slip, to which Kipling was presumably referring, (*Captains Courageous*, p.124) in a letter published in No. 144, Dec : 1962, of this *Journal*. However, in extenuation I can point out that although it is probably the worst slip, it may possibly not be the one Kipling had in mind. After all, any slip is made in all honesty and may or may not be discovered in time for him to correct or acknowledge it. Therefore, if he has not spotted it, he is referring to some other slip—which may in fact be a far lesser one.

An interesting letter on this subject by Admiral G. A. Ballard, one of the leading Kipling collectors of his day, was published in *The Sunday Times* of 2 Feb: 1937, among many sparked off by the first appearance of *Something of Myself* :

"Only a few months before his end Kipling wrote to me, as a fellow member of the Society for Nautical Research, to ask me to point out his worst "howlers" (as he called them) in his tales of the sea. I gave him my opinion to the effect that, on the whole, there were very few but quoted two and explained the errors. I have his reply, in which he pleaded guilty without extenuation, and mentioned one of the two as incomprehensible, even to himself. Luckily it was a slip that only a seaman would notice, but he intended to correct both of them in his next complete edition—sad to think that these corrections can never now appear . . ."

Unfortunately Ballard does not mention what these "howlers" were—and I cannot discover that they were ever published. Presumably Kipling made these enquiries while editing *The Sussex Edition*, which was well under way at the time of his death. Did he, by any chance, make either of these corrections in the forthcoming, definitive edition? He did not make the correction in *Captains Courageous*; but he did alter the tonnage of the *Dimbula* in "The Ship that Found Herself"—though he probably did this much earlier.

Other writers suggested that "knots an hour" in several stories was the "slip" in question, but this was explained, with examples going back to 1831. Mr. J. O. Tyler, Master Mariner, one of the earliest members of The Kipling Society, wrote (*Journal*, No. 27, Oct: 1938) that the "howler" was in the poem "The Coastwise Lights" the line "By day the dipping house-flag" of which he says:—"I have never seen a house-flag dipped either in sail or steam."

A number of other possible mistakes, unconnected with "the men of the seas and the engine-room" have been suggested from time to time, but none of them carry much conviction. Of course, *Something of Myself* contains a number of errors of memory, but this probably unfinished and certainly unrevised memoir is a special case. Nonetheless, as I have pointed out before, the most curious has not been explained. On page 3, Kipling writes about his mother going out to "Big Dinners" during his very early years in Bombay: "Once she came back, very quickly and told me, still awake, that 'the big Lord Sahib' had been killed and there was to be no Big Dinner. This was Lord Mayo, assassinated by a native." Now, Lord Mayo was killed on 8 Feb: 1872—when all agree that Kipling was already at Lorne Lodge, Southsea!

THE LOST STALKY STORY

On 7 March 1938, Sir Sydney Cockerell, who had been William Morris's secretary and was a close friend of all the Burne-Jones circle, wrote a letter to *The Times* describing a visit to Rottingdean in Oct: 1897 during which Kipling read out loud to him and Cornell Price one of the original Stalky stories. And he concluded the letter:—

"On the last of my few meetings with [Kipling], which was at his home at Burwash, less than four months before his death. I had the felicity of hearing him read yet another tale of Stalky and his companions that was then unpublished."

This has been held, rather casually, to refer to "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman," which appeared in book form only in *The Complete Stalky & Co.* in 1929 (after publication in *The London Magazine* for September of that year)—and has, unfortunately been out of print for many years.

But Cockerell distinctly said "less than four months before his death", and the late Mr. W. G. B. Maitland (for many years the Librarian of the Kipling Society), wrote to him immediately for more information, and Cockerell's reply, dated 9 March 1938, runs: "I have not seen the story in print and it may never have been finished. No title was given. It was about the finding of flotsam and jetsam on the seashore and the moralising of the boys concerning it, with tags from Virgil spouted by McTurk. I am sorry not to be able to give you further information." [Letter in one of Maitland's scrapbooks, now in my possession, R.L.G.]

There is a possible reference to the story in Mrs Kipling's Diary [quotation kindly supplied by Professor Carrington] for 12 May 1935: "R. starts a story about a man who found gold"—which is the last reference to any story. If, as Cockerell suggested, the story was unfinished, it was almost certainly destroyed by Mrs. Kipling.

"BELOVED OVER ALL"

A pleasant epilogue to Professor Dunlap's charming article in the last *Kipling Journal* has just turned up. On 12 October 1903, Lady Burne-Jones, "the beloved aunt," wrote to Cornell Price that she had just "spent a delightful two days at Bateman's. I never saw a more beautiful house (except Kelmscott) . . ."

R.L.G.

WHO WAS THE DOG HERVEY?

By Edwin N. Houlton

The late Dr. Sicheliffe kept a sanatorium for dissolute young men, in "a mid-Victorian mansion of peculiar villainy". When they went out "patched up", he insured their lives, calculating that with appetites sharpened by the treatment they would soon finish themselves off. So he left pots of money to his daughter, who at the start of the tale¹ is an unattractive girl of 33, living alone in the dreadful house. She acquires a sickly, cross-eyed puppy, choosing him although he is the freak of the litter because she "likes his cast of countenance", and calls him Harvey—the Narrator spells the name as pronounced, although he knows there is something he ought to remember about it and she gives him a hint about "spelling". When the creature has distemper she makes such a fuss that all her acquaintance have to rally round—the Narrator, at the bidding of a certain Mrs. Godfrey, actually takes him in and nurses him.

He does this unwillingly—the squinting dog is not only miserable and repulsive, he is uncanny. Other dogs flee from him. The iron-nerved Leggatt² wouldn't care 'to sit alone in a room with him'. One night in the half-dark the Narrator suddenly sees him in a mirror, staring, and gets such a fright that he takes him back the next day. Miss Sicheliffe's crazy gratitude is almost as alarming—*she* stares "as though she would have fished my soul out of my breast"—'what did you think of him? what did *you* make of him?' Abruptly and for no apparent reason she tells him, with emphasis, 'Now, I want you to remember that my name is Moira'; and he will remember also how she cried out 'O Harvey, Harvey, you utterly worthless old devil!' and how he had overheard her hammering the piano and singing at the top of her voice "I will sail to my love this night

"On the other side of the world."

Soon after, *he* has to sail—not quite so far, but to Madeira, where Mrs. Godfrey and her daughter are ill. They have a dreadful time, until "a youngish-looking middle-aged man of the name of Shend" appears and takes them on board his yacht, where they are marvelously cared for; the Narrator can't say enough about the man's gentle kindness and charm, and the "natural sweetness" of his disposition. He tells them he has attached himself to them 'just like a dog', because it makes him happy; and—"as one begging a favour"—may he come to England with them, in the Southampton mail-boat?

The climax comes, in one of Kipling's characteristic night-pieces, as the ship is entering the Channel in a gale. Shend comes to the Narrator's cabin in horrible trouble, with an astonishing confession. He is a secret drinker—"it's the whisky in the suitcase"—and he knows he is in for a night of horror which he can't face alone. Moreover, like the Ancient Mariner he has a ghastly tale which he must tell to the appointed hearer; and 'the minute I saw you, I said "Thou art the man!"' He uses these words because they occur; in quite a different sense of course, in the ancient tale which seems to be going through his mind: how King David for his own gain sent a young man out to die, and Nathan the Prophet told him, he was as bad as a cruel rich man who took from a poor shepherd all he had, one ewe lamb—

the King had taken from the young man all *he* had—his life. Shend feels strongly about this—the ewe-lamb business is a rotten bad one—it's not at all the thing to let a chap die, even if he's no use, even if he's a drunkard—I don't care how unfaithful the shepherd may be. Drunk or sober, 'tisn't cricket.³

This must be sheer delirium to the hearer, until he begins to understand that Shend is really talking about another rich murderer who made great profit by sending young men out to die; and that there is a girl in the story. It soon becomes evident who the parties are. 'I may be an utterly worthless devil, but . . . I told him at breakfast... "Doctor, if you ever allow that girl to be insulted again as Clements insulted her, I will break your neck." That man was a murderer in intention—outside the law, as it was then—but he never deceived *me*. I said to him, "I don't know what price you're going to put on *my* head, but if you ever allow Clements to insult her again, you'll never live to claim it."'

He seems to be tormented not only by the memory of the evil man, but also by a feeling of his presence: 'you'll see me through it. We'll defeat him yet.' And there is another Terror. He keeps on seeing a Dog. And—'damn it all . . . he knows *you* . . . and you know *him*! I'll prove it. What's that dog doing? Come on! *you* know . . . I'll letter or halve it with you. You begin.'⁴ The Narrator, to humour him, "begins", with the first letter that comes into his head—S. But when Shend follows with Q, so that the next *must* be U, and so on: *he* is mightily scared, too. The Spectre must be the infernal Harvey—he has brought It with him, across the world. And Shend has been seeing It all along—a squinting dog . . . that's a bit *too* much. Eh, what?'

The odd thing is that now it is agreed they both know the Dog, they are released, as the Ancient Mariner was when he had told his tale. Shend goes off into a dead sleep, and the Narrator also is surprised by sleep which comes on him "like a wave from the other side of the world." Next morning the nightmares have vanished and all is well. He asks, 'would you mind telling me the Christian name of a girl who was insulted . . .?' and Shend whispers 'Moirá'. So he takes him to Miss Sicheliffe, they live happily ever after, Harvey becomes an ordinary dog, and Mrs Godfrey (the inevitable) explains where Miss Sicheliffe got the name and the spelling—of course—Dr. Johnson: *he* said Henry Hervey was "a vicious man, but very kind to me"—"if you call a dog HERVEY, I shall love him"—even a dog in Bible language, a vile creature.

The reader now thinks he understands the story in a general way. The "vicious man but very kind to me" is Shend. Miss Sicheliffe takes the dog because he reminds her of Shend when *he* needed "patching up," and also because he is what she feels herself to be—uncomely, awkward, unloved, alone, and half-blind. Calling him "Hervey" is her secret way of saying "if you call a dog SHEND I shall love him". Shend is rather like a friendly dog. She calls Hervey, lovingly, 'you utterly worthless old devil' because she has never forgotten the row at breakfast, when Shend apparently so described himself. She is some sort of witch, and puts a "spell" on the Narrator, with a hard stare, to make him go and find Shend at "the other side of the world"—

her song is part of the spell, so is Hervey's stare from the looking-glass⁵. She gives him a Password, "Moirá", the name by which Shend knows her; she "sends" a wraith of Hervey to terrify Shend into disclosure, and to show him the Narrator comes from her—he knows her name, and he knows her dog squints. It seems probable that Shend has run away because he is ashamed of himself, it is quite obvious that she will use any manner of means to get him back.

This seems a reasonable explanation, so far. But there is still a lot one would like to know. What is the point of the squint, and all the business about eyes and eyesight? Shend reads nautical charts, he holds an extra master's certificate, he must have very good eyes. In this respect, Hervey isn't a bit like Shend, but he is remarkably like Miss Sichliffe. She wears pince-nez, she "lumbers through a French window in clumsy haste, her brows contracted against the light"—and Hervey's face (on the opposite page) also has "*knitted brows*". Is there a reason for the likeness?

Then, why is Hervey so uncanny? Even if Miss Sichliffe is a white witch, and he is her "familiar", that will hardly account for the extreme disgust and terror he inspires. There seems to be another reason. The Narrator "felt there was somebody in the room whom, the short hairs at the back of my neck warned me, I was not in the least anxious to face"—Hervey's image in the looking-glass, "with its knitted brows and drawn lips, was the face of a dog, but the look, for the fraction of time that I caught it, was human—wholly and horribly human". Human, and horrible. The poor beast seems to be "possessed", at times, by a human spirit, hateful and terrifying. "I would not have kept him another day for the wealth of Asia". Whose spirit is it? I don't think we have far to look.

When Shend denounced him, Dr Sichliffe "crumpled up at once"—like David, who could only say, "I have sinned". He must have seen in a flash what he was, and moreover what his daughter's life had been in a house full of young blackguards. He died soon after; he made some reparation, by leaving her his money; and I think that in the story he tries to make more. I think he tries to bring Shend back to her : for this purpose, his spirit returns at certain times, using as "medium" the wretched Hervey.

Hervey's eye is "perplexed, as a tortured man's". He has on his mind "some matter of life and death, which could be reached only by staring at me." At Miss Sichliffe's, he stares "from one to the other with a weaving motion of the head"—as though trying to tell the Narrator to do something for the girl: which, unwittingly, he does—he goes to look for Shend, taking the Spectre with him, Shend, in his "horrors", remembers Sichliffe, and sees the Dog, simultaneously. Two hulking men are terrified by the ghost of a poor little dog : their terror is perfectly understandable if the spirit is really that of an evil and ruthless man, now in torment for "the foul crimes done in his days of nature", and straining his formidable will to make them do something which may help his daughter, and so ease his torment. It is a matter of dreadful concern to Shend that the Appearance squints : is this because there was something sinister in the glance of the dead man—a sidelong look, or a myopic scowl?

If this is so, it explains why Miss Sichliffe has "bad eyes" like

Hervey—they both "take after" the Doctor. She may have seen a family likeness in the "cast of countenance" she "liked". Witchcraft also may be "in the Family". Why is she *puzzled* and *curious* about the dog—"what do *you* make of him?"—something is going on that she doesn't understand, she isn't entirely "in charge"—Who is? Experts in these matters say Be careful what you start, you never know Who will join in with you. The awful House must be full of ghosts—even on a summer afternoon it is enough to freeze your blood.

Finally, dear good Shend was, no doubt, "vicious" in Johnson's sense—he had a vice—but Sichliffe was incomparably more vicious in every sense; and he, too, may have been "kind" to the girl, after his fashion. He has left her independent, she doesn't have to live with her mother. She says—casually, as Kipling often hands you an important clue—'Mother calls me Marjorie because it's more refined, but my real name is Moira' : the slightly acid tone suggests that a girl who doesn't get on with her mother may have been fond of her father. Perhaps the dog, and the quotation, remind her of both men.

I said "finally" but of course there is no "finally". Professor Tompkins says with reason that this is "Kipling's most difficult tale"⁶. It reminds me of the Influenza in 1918, when I first read it—the absurd terrors, the ugliness, the bewilderment of something going on that you nearly understand, but not quite. That tiresome Mrs. Godfrey for instance—she ought to be in "Plain Tales"—why on earth has he written the story "to let *her* know, wherever she may be"⁷ Why did Kipling, who seems to have idolized dogs, bring terrifying ghost-dogs into at least two stories?⁸

Love in Kipling is literally "glamour"—sorcery, primitive and alarming. It can work fearfully with "ordinary", plain, middle-aged people—Shend and Moira, though rich and at the end happy, are in the same boat as Vickery. Mrs. Ashcroft, and Sergeant Godsoe. It is "Woman-work"—Shend runs away, Moira moves Heaven and Earth, and other Places, to clutch him back; there is another of her sort in "On The Gate," the old lady with a mottle-nosed Major in her grip, bullying St. Peter to let him in. Moira will make a man out of Shend.

You can read "Hervey" once again, like a rather illegible letter from an old friend, and get slightly different meanings every time. I doubt whether there is a "right answer." Kipling was like the lady in "Punch" who apologised to the magistrate, "I always was a bit of a Tease, your Worship". He liked to mystify you; and I suspect that sometimes he mystified himself—by the time he had finished spreading out the clues, and had "raked out" the unnecessary bits, and some necessary bits with them, he had forgotten exactly how he, or his Daemon, had originally meant the puzzle to work out.

FOOTNOTES:

- 1 "The Dog Hervey", written in 1914, appeared in "A Diversity of Creatures" in 1917. The events are supposed to have happened "six years ago"—say in 1908.
- 2 See, e.g., "The Horse Marines."
- 3 2 Samuel 11, 12. This story seems to have impressed itself on Kipling's mind almost before he could read. In "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" he makes Punch demand "with flushed cheeks, of the astonished Aunty Rosa—'what is an e-wee lamb?'"

- In Shend's feverish talk, "the ewe-lamb business" means simply "murder". "I don't care how unfaithful the shepherd may be" means "It's no excuse that the victim is a bad lot."
- In the Bible story, "Thou art the man" is an accusation—"you are the murderer: " Shend means "You are my appointed helper."
- 4 Masonic ritual, in communicating a secret word—"letter" means "spell in turn". They have found they are both Masons.
- 5 It is significant that Leggatt calls Hervey ZVENGALI—the sinister mesmerist in George du Maurier's "Trilby" (1894, made into a tremendously successful play) who "puts the 'fluence" on people to make them do his will—a sort of folklore-figure in those days.
- 6 J. M. S. Tompkins, "The Art of Rudyard Kipling", ch. 6.
- 7 Somebody ought to write a thesis—somebody probably has—on "Kipling's Use of the word 'Mrs.' "
- 8 See also "The Woman in his Life"—and if you are of a nervous disposition, and alone at midnight, don't look at Stampa's pictures of Hervey in "Collected Dog Stories".

THE WORD MADE SUBALTERN

By James Harrison

"Of no author is it more true than for him 'in my end is my beginning'," writes W. W. Robson of Kipling; and "Almost every story in these later collections has its parent in the earlier ones," concurs Rupert Croft-Davies.¹ In the case of "The Church that was at Antioch," moreover, there is wide agreement on the precise lineage. Bonamy Dobrée dubs its young hero Valens, "the perfect British subaltern,"² and J. I. M. Stewart describes him as having "all the firmness, tact and tolerance which a first-class English subaltern might be expected to show in the face of some more or less incomprehensible communal squabble in British India."³ It is the contention of this article, however, that the similarities between Valens and the subaltern figures of Kipling's earlier stories are more extensive than have hitherto been noted, and that, if account also be taken of the equally clear parallel between Valens and Christ, they suggest much more than that Kipling felt a natural affinity with those earlier imperialists bringing their *pax Romana* to lesser breeds with the *lex Romana*.

The events of the story take place during the early days of St. Paul's ministry, when Christians were in the process of recognizing their mission as being to the world rather than a chosen few. The action is set in Syria, a border province of the Roman Empire, "with the entire unaccountable East to one side; the scum of the Mediterranean on the other; and all hellicat Judea southward,"⁴ a mixture at least as un-governable as Yardley-Orde's sector of the North-West Frontier. Valens, a young police officer, arrives to take up his duties under his uncle, Sergius, and soon discovers these to consist in the main of keeping the peace between two warring religious sects. This task he performs, as Stewart notes above, with all the uncomprehending but tolerant neutrality of Kipling's ideal British administrator faced with Hindu-Moslem riots. Sergius, indeed, besides having learnt, as Strick-

land does in the Indian tales, never to "decide on the evidence" in such matters, especially when "dealing with Hebrews" (p. 92), is cynically content to "keep the ring" while they "fight each other"—that is, to "divide and rule" (p. 91), as the British are said to have done so successfully in India.

Such then, is the basic situation Kipling clearly feels to be so similar to that of the British in India, and which he presents as such, as Stewart points out, by having Valens and Sergius "talk in an idiom which constantly hints such a modern analogy" (p. 202). Nor is Kipling alone in sensing the closeness of the parallel. Speaking of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, André Maurois exonerates the author from any charge of anachronism in painting "the Romans in the days of their occupation of Britain as like the British soldiers in India." Rather, he argues, "it is a perfect transposition."⁵ Similarly, J. M. S. Tomkins feels "It is not the absence of the historical sense that makes Valens and Baeticus and Parnesius so like Bobby and Moorshed and Tallantire."⁶ At least as important in establishing the parallel as this soundness of Kipling's historical sense, however, is a similarity of character and role between all these young officers or administrators. For it is by the unquestioning and respectful deference he shows toward the experience and wisdom of his uncle and superior officer, Sergius, by the respectful and affectionate envy he excites in return, and by the loyalty he inspires in those he leads, that Valens most clearly recalls the bright, untarnished young heroes of "Only a Subaltern," "The Tomb of his Ancestors," "The Brushwood Boy" and "A Deal in Cotton." And, impossibly pink and pukka as these latter may seem today, the frequency with which such figures recur in his stories indicates the importance to Kipling of what they stand for.

This importance is made dramatically clear in Valens's case by his readiness to risk even his life in carrying out his ordinary duties. For these involve him in a bitter dispute between Christians of Jewish origin, who still eat according to Jewish law, and those of Gentile origin, who do not. Agents from the synagogue in Jerusalem are continually fomenting the dispute, in an attempt to undermine the authority of the hated apostate, Paul, until he has to appeal to Peter to help resolve the matter. And Valens, who twice saves Paul or his supporters from such plots, is finally killed in the crossfire of a quarrel which to him is meaningless. Yet to die thus, in serving those they command or govern, is no more and no less than Bobby Wick does in "Only a Subaltern," and than, in their different, self-deprecating ways, John Chinn in "The Tomb of his Ancestors" and Adam Strickland in "A Deal in Cotton" are prepared to do.

The sacrificial quality to Valens's actions is further underlined when he dumbfounds Paul and Peter by pleading with Sergius on behalf of his murderer.

"The Cilician and his friends . . . Don't be hard on them . . . They get worked up . . . They don't know what they are doing . . . Promise!" (p. 113).

Even in this he is not unique, however. Before leaving on his solo peace-keeping mission, John Chinn converses with his commanding officer in terms as close to Christ's words on the cross as could reasonably be expected of a reticent British subaltern.

"You've never been in that part of the world before, have you? Take care they don't send you to your family vault in your youth and innocence. I believe you'll be all right if you can get 'em to listen to you."

"I think so, sir; but if—if they should accidentally put an—make asses of themselves—they might, you know—I hope you'll represent that they were only frightened. There isn't an ounce of real vice in 'em, and I should never forgive myself if any one of—of my name got them into trouble." (*The Day's Work*, p. 128).

If what I seem to be doing is to make Christ figures out of Kipling's subalterns, I think what I may equally well be implying is that, for Kipling, there is not a little of the subaltern in Christ.

For there is a magical or miraculous, if not quite a divine quality to youth in so many of Kipling's stories. When John Chinn is openly deified by the Bhil tribesmen he commands as the reincarnation of an illustrious ancestor, this is merely their naïve way of expressing what his commanding officer also feels about him: that all things are possible to this youthful embodiment of family and regimental tradition. Bobby Wick has to be content with the posthumously conferred status of "Hangel! *Bloomin'* Hangel! That's wot 'e is!" (*Wee Willie Winkie*, p. 120). Even George Cottar in "The Brushwood Boy" has his secret source of strength in his shared dream life. And the Infant and friends, in "A Conference of the Powers," though respectfully overawed by the "eminent novelist" they tell their story to, in fact cast a far more powerful spell over him by what they have done and lived through than he does over them by what he has merely written. Most of these early characters are much too good to be true, but they illustrate that reverence for youth which finds overt expression in Kipling's address to the young gentlemen of Winchester College in 1915 (*A Book of Words*, New York 1928, p. 133).

Thanks to the unwisdom of your forefathers, the rescue of a wrecked civilization has been laid upon you and those very little senior to you. Were I addressing men of my own age, I should say that this task was a heavy one. But I speak to youth which can accomplish everything, precisely because it accepts no past, obeys no present, and fears no future.

"The Church that was at Antioch" is scion, then, not merely of those Anglo-Indian tales which tell of the difficulties of administering a far-flung empire, but of a more persistent if less obvious line in Kipling's fiction (one which includes *Kim* and the Mowgli and Puck stories, for instance), in which he celebrates the almost unlimited potential of youth when allied to the tried and tested wisdom of experience and tradition. Whereas, however, "Only a Subaltern" is a jejune and somewhat sentimental exercise in the genre, "The Brushwood Boy" an overly fey example of Kipling's excursions into the uncanny, and both "The Tomb of his Ancestors" and "A Deal in Cotton" are period pieces in that they presume too much on a shared set of attitudes by author and reader towards the white man's role and 'burden,' "The Church that was at Antioch" suffers from no such disabilities.

Much of the gain is due to Kipling's increasing mastery of technique. Almost as in "Mrs. Bathurst" or that other story about St. Paul, "The Manner of Men," the author has virtually abdicated as

narrator. The words used in "The Church that was at Antioch," however, are those of participants in the action rather than of retrospective observers. Our attitudes to Valens and the other characters are established, therefore, by mere juxtaposition of their words and actions rather than by authorial direction. Consider, for instance, how badly the rank and file Christians come out of the story (only the Jews fare worse), compared with Valens. They wrangle over inessentials, intrigue and lay false witness against one another, and create an atmosphere in which lives other than their own are placed in jeopardy. Even Peter and Paul, though clearly liked and admired by both Romans and Kipling, are not without fault. Peter, a figure of impressive authority at the close of the story, has had to struggle throughout with severe misgivings about having eaten "with Gentiles and as the Gentiles ate" (p. 100). And Paul, always a little too garrulous, is sternly rebuked by Peter at the end for thinking the empty rite of baptism necessary when the Spirit is at work, just as both stand rebuked by the person of Valens. Nor is it just by his forgiveness of those responsible for his death that he puts them to shame. Earlier, Paul asks him, "How think you of our food-disputes?"

"As a servant of Mithras I eat with an initiate, so long as the food is clean," said Valens.

"But," said Petrus, "that is the crux."

"Mithras also tells us," Valens went on, "to share a bone covered with dirt, if better cannot be found."

"You observe no difference, then, between peoples at your feasts?" Paulus demanded.

"How dare we? We are all His children. Men make laws. Not Gods," Valens quoted from the old Ritual.

"Say that again, child!"

"Gods do not make laws. They change men's hearts. The rest is the Spirit."

"You heard it, Petrus? You heard that? It is the utter Doctrine itself!" (pp. 100-101).

The 'child' soldier, with his simple "soldier's religion" of Mithraism, is able to see through to and to seize hold of the essential so much more easily than either of God's saints.

Mention of Mithraism suggests a further parallel between ancient and modern, Roman and British—that between Mithraism and Masonry, so much admired by Kipling elsewhere. And Masonry or Mithraism may further help us to understand why Kipling was so drawn to Christlike subalterns as heroes. Practised as it should be (see "In the Interests of the Brethren," *Debts and Credits*), Masonry is as negligent of rank or station, and as impatient of formality (even Masonic formality) in admitting those in need of its fellowship, as Mithraism. Not that it undervalues "the old Ritual," having borrowed its central "essential Symbol" of the feast or Supper from Christianity, even as Christianity had "stolen" it from Mithraism. "All Ritual is fortifying. Ritual's a natural necessity for mankind. The more things are upset, the more they fly to it," says Brother Burgess of Faith and Works 5837 (*Debts and Credits*, p. 50). Such ritual, however, is very much ritual for its own sake, a man-made self-help in time of trouble;

never must it usurp the place of something more important, as in Paul's impertinent suggestion that he and Peter baptize the dying Valens. For the Spirit works in its own ways, in no way bound by ritual. Therefore the secret mysteries of Masonry, as of Mithraism, are not the prerogative of some priestly caste. Every man is his own priest.

In "The Church that was at Antioch," however, Kipling seems to go considerably further, even as the parallels between Valens and Christ go considerably further than hitherto noted. For instance, the last words of all spoken by Valens are, "It's finished with me." Moreover, after Valens has explained to his slave girl that Peter believes his God once died for him, her reply is: "Does he? My God bought me from the dealers like a horse. Too much, too, he paid" (p. 107). And lest we fail to note the significance of her words, the story ends with her crouching over the dying Valens, ignoring all that goes on around her,

for the brow beneath her lips was chilling, even as she called on her God who had bought her at a price that he should not die but live. (p. 114).

Finally, the closing lines of the story's envoy, "The Disciple," predict of any Messiah that "His Own Disciple/Shall wound him worst of all;" and the reader has just seen Christians do as much literally to Christ's fictional surrogate at the same moment as figuratively to Christ himself.

Do the implications of such parallels reach far enough beyond the notion of every man his own priest to include, perhaps, that of each man his own Christ? Certainly, behind what the millions who have sung or read "Recessional" assume to have been its author's all too conventional attitude to religion, such as is only to be expected of the high priest of imperialism, the reality is much less orthodox, much more equivocal. Not that Kipling ever rejects the idea of divinity or a religious dimension to life. But all religious creeds are, in his view, equally approximate; all provide man with a necessary framework of ritual. Hence his distrust of missionary activity, since, on the whole, a man is best served by the religion he was born to. "This matter of creeds is like horseflesh . . . Therefore I say in my heart the Faiths are like horses. Each has merit in its own country" (*Kim*, p. 204). And in the end, "when man has come to the turnstiles of Night all the creeds in the world seem to him wonderfully alike and colourless" (*Life's Handicap*, pp. vii-viii). "There seems to be a scientific objection on the part of the First Cause," Kipling goes so far as to say in his Rectorial Address at St. Andrews, "against being inquired of" (*B. of W.*, p. 254). What he may well be trying to express in "The Church that was at Antioch" and its antecedents, therefore, is that all we know, and perhaps all we need to know of godhead is to be found in man. In another speech, to the Royal College of Surgeons, he tells of how the Gods responded to man's claim to be "some sort of deity." First they "decided Man's claim was good," then they "came by stealth and stole away his godhead," and finally the great God Brahm hid it "where Man will never dream of looking for it . . . inside Man himself" (*B. of W.*, pp. 238-39). This could explain why the right man in the right Kipling story, partly by respecting the best in the traditions of society and the wisdom of his elders, but mainly

by being young and uncorrupted in himself, and by consulting and being true to that inner self, has little difficulty in discerning and following the simple, eternal verities. Nor is it invariably a reproach to Kipling, surely, that the right man, the Word made flesh, besides being young should be brave, well thought of by his elders, and a man not of words but of action—a man, in a word, to bear the name Valens. At least it need not be so when, as here, he is used as so telling a foil to the twin founders of Christendom.

NOTES

1. "Kipling's Later Stories" in *Kipling's Mind and Art*, ed. Andrew Rutherford (Edinburgh, 1964), p. 258; and *Rudyard Kipling* (London, 1948), pp. 86-87.
2. *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist* (London, 1967), p. 160.
3. *Rudyard Kipling* (New York, 1966), p. 202.
4. Rudyard Kipling, *Limits and Renewals* (London, 1949), p. 90. This and all other quotations from Kipling's stories are taken from Macmillan's Uniform Edn., with page references in the text.
5. *Points of View from Kipling to Graham Greene* (New York, 1968), pp. 46-47.
6. *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (London, 1959), p. 237.

Discussion meeting—15th September 1976

KIPLING AS A POET OF THE SEA

By T. H. Whittington, M.D.

This was a welcome reappearance of a valued member of long standing who delighted us some years ago. The meeting was also graced by the presence of Mrs Ivy Morton, Hon. Secretary of our Melbourne Branch, who very kindly brought us fraternal greetings which we were delighted to return.

Dr. Whittington began by referring to his previous talk when he considered Kipling as a Poet of the English countryside—now he wished us to look upon him as a poet of the sea, as he himself had first done at school: the *Jungle Books* had been read to him, and he then read for himself *Captains Courageous*, *The Day's Work*—including *The Maltese Cat*. He then discovered Kipling's verse in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, a prize at school.

Here, the Doctor said he found "Q's" Preface showing his intention to choose the best, to serve those who already love poetry, and to implant that love in young minds not yet initiated. Not yet converted, the Doctor-to-be listlessly turned over the pages until he came across some headed 'Kipling', whereupon he sat up and took notice: as he then thought, if it had Kipling in it, it could not be 'a lot of rot!' It was, in fact, *Recessional*, *My New-cut Ashlar* and the then *L'Envoi* which became *The Long Trail* in the *Definitive Edition*.

This is obviously the Speaker's favourite, and it runs through his talk, remarkable for its effortless rhyming and lilting rhythm, with the genius of Kipling rhyming a different word with 'new' in each of eleven verses without an unfitting or unnatural word.

This poem is also remarkable for the many onomatopoeic—a word which Kipling once amusingly pretended he could not spell—words it contains. It expresses Kipling's feeling of happiness at sea, and how

he revels in the sights and sounds of a voyage from London River to the South Pacific

And the Southern Cross rides High!

So, in his early 'teens, the Speaker thought of Kipling as a Poet of the Sea, and knew his pleasure in sea travel—

But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea

In the heel of the North-East Trade.

and how, in an English winter

. . . the twice-breathed airs blow damp;

And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beamsea roll

Of a black Bilbao tramp,

Part of the charm of this lies in its simplicity—mainly words of one syllable, that, like so much of Kipling's work, run trippingly on the tongue.

As the Doctor is a good sailor, and because of his fondness for the sea, he appreciates *The Long Trail* more and more and realises how Kipling's descriptions of sea occasions are so descriptive. He recalled how in a trip in a tomato-boat, in ballast, he awoke one morning, some hours out of Lisbon, to find that she was pitching: he went on deck to find a sunny, windless day with a Westerly swell on the bow with the sea frothing over the foredeck and sparkling and bubbling in the sunshine. Later a huge green sea came right over the forehatch as she put her nose into it and the ship vibrated as the screw raced in air. Later, while dressing, it came to Dr. Whittington that he had somehow seen this before, or read about it—of course—*The Long Trail*

Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,

And the drum of the racing screw,

As she ships it green on the old trail . . .

Exhilarated by this, he headed for the saloon, to find a solitary passenger at breakfast, to whom he said "What a *grand* morning!" The passenger almost choked, and fled!

Our thoughts are often well expressed in metaphor, the Doctor continued, and in Kipling's sea verses by the metaphorical use of imagery where he sometimes speaks as a philosopher, sometimes as a patriot and sometimes as a prophet. As he vividly brings the English countryside to the mind's eye, so with him we see the majesty of the sea in storm or its limitless peace in calm: likewise, he describes the countryfolk and their traditions and also makes us understand the call of the sea and the varied types that answer that call, such as the rough seamen of the 'Bolivar' and *The Last Chantey*, the sailors of the Royal Navy and the very different characters of the Gloster Line—M'Andrew and Sir Anthony.

In 1935, in *The King and the Sea* (probably the last thing he ever wrote) he tells us what the Ocean did for his friend King George.

Kipling also shows an understanding sympathy for the women associated with the men who go to sea in all weathers. They know only too well the dangers of wind and tide, of fog and shoal.

What is a woman that you forsake her

And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,

To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

and *The Wet Litany*, when fog blinds the Channel Fleet

Libera nos Domine !

and how the ship backs away only just in time at the sound of *Shoal!*
'Ware shoal! DV p.294

How is it, continued, the Doctor, that Kipling is so good as describing sea occasions in his verses? He obviously enjoyed being at sea, as witness his thirty voyages between his first trip to South Africa when he was 26 and his voyage to the West Indies in 1930, including nine consecutive trips to South Africa and back.

His beloved Sussex was *Sussex by the Sea* where sheep's bells and ships bells answer each other through the mist. *The Flowers* (DV 190) he remembers.

Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray;

while, in *The Song of the Banjo* (DV p. 98) the man caught by the irresistible call of the sea is

. . . . taken in a snare that shall not fail.

He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,

Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

What a word! Not shrieking, howling, murmuring or humming, as one might say of telegraph wires, but *shouting*: this, said Dr Whittington, pulled him up sharp when he first read it, and made him understand that Kipling enjoyed a bit of rough weather and possessed the happy knack mentioned above, of mingling the countryside and the sea—as in the opening verses of *The Long Trail* where, after the harvest, the poet's thoughts turn to the sea, just as Kipling, settled at Bateman's, put some of his youthful exuberance behind him, saw some of his dreams fade—perhaps *The Second Voyage* is a symptom of this state of mind, even though it breathes a certain optimism.

Here, of course, Kipling picked up information from officers and crew, including Scottish Engineers!

After his return from Vermont, Kipling renewed his friendship with Captain Bayly, R.N., and went for a cruise with him with the Channel Fleet.

The Doctor concluded by observing that certain of the sea verse always went, for him, in pairs—for instance, *M'Andrew's Hymn* and *The "Mary Gloster"*, *The Ballad of the "Bolivar"* and *The Last Chan-ctey*, *The Lowestoft Boat* and *Mine Sweepers*—the latter also associated with *My Boy Jack*. After some thoughts on the position of the Paternosters, quotations from a few more favourite verses and reflections on six Kipling virtues

"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"
the meeting was thrown open to discussion.

It is always a pleasure to hear an enthusiast on his subject and the meeting responded with quotations and fragments which were identified with delight, so that your Reporter was almost moved to song: it was agreed that while the sea was all very well, the best view of it was from the interior of a cosy room ashore, and the point made that for all his *jolly, jolly mariners* Kipling usually travelled first class!

The thanks of those present was given to Dr. Whittington for a stimulating and thoughtful address which will be remembered with great pleasure.

J. H. Mc G.

LETTER BAG

THE SING SONG OF OLD MAN KANGAROO

I am, naturally, dismayed at C. E. Carrington's inability to see a connexion between the *Sing Song of Old Man Kangaroo* and *Waltzing Matilda*. In my original letter I may have overstated the link, but I have no doubt that in the complex dance of rhythm which makes up the *Sing Song* something has been borrowed from the waltz. For example:

Up jumped Nquing from his burrow in the spinifex
 Under the shade of a coolabah tree
 Make me popular and well and truly run after
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me . . .

If this is a coincidence, it is a very remarkable one, all the more so in view of the information about Kipling's friendship with "Banjo" Paterson contained in the *Journal*, No. 198. We know that Kipling used tunes as the basis for many of his poems; is it too much to suggest that his encounter with the Australians in South Africa introduced him to the tune, if not the words, of *Waltzing Matilda* and perhaps inspired the whole *Sing-Song*?...

And while I am playing these games, may I ask if anyone else thinks that the poem which follows the *Sing-Song* ("This is the mouth-filling song . . .") owes its metrical pattern to *The Night Before Larry Was Stretched*?

HUGH BROGAN

A QUERY

Bliss Perry in his autobiography writes, "We passed November and December in Rome. Many of our warm friends were there, especially . . . the Jesse Carters of Princeton. Carter was then the Director of the American School of Classical Studies. He was lecturing that winter . . . on the Roman occupation of Britain, and among his auditors might be seen Rudyard Kipling, assiduously taking notes. Mr. Kipling was then writing his *Puck of Pook's Hill* stories, and remarked to Carter that he did not wish to let the critics catch him in any errors of fact!" It is clear from the context that this was in 1906*

Now, *Puck* was published in 1906. Kipling could hardly have been gathering background information for his writing in November and December of that year. Indeed, Carrington suggests that much of the writing was done in 1905. It seems unlikely that he was working on *Rewards and Fairies*, because none of the stories therein concerns itself with Roman Britain. Furthermore, at that period of his life Kipling generally sailed for South Africa about the end of November. Neither *Something of Myself* nor Carrington nor Mason says anything about any visit to Rome at any time. Finally, why would Kipling go to Rome to listen to an American professor about Roman Britain? Surely, there were sufficient authorities in England.

Can any reader throw any light on these apparent contradictions? *Perry, Bliss, *And Gladly Teach*, Boston & New York, 1935, pp. 193-4. Perry was at this time editor of *Atlantic Monthly*, and had just been appointed a professor at Harvard University. He had met Kipling in New York.

W. S. TOWER, Jr.

OBITUARY

LORD COBHAM (1909-1977)

Sixty or seventy years ago, it used to be said around London Society that you could get nothing done in this country unless you had a Lyttelton on the committee. There they were, this widely-spread family, eminent for generations in politics, literature, education, sport, the Army, the Law, the Church, a living advertisement for the merits of an intelligent public-spirited aristocracy and settled in Worcestershire at least since the fourteenth century. Charles John Lyttelton, 10th Viscount Cobham and 7th Lord Lyttelton, was indeed in the family tradition, and lucky we were to have him as our President at the Kipling Society, a natural president for every organisation he joined. The largest number of his friends, perhaps, were in the field of cricket and will think that to be President of the MCC was even more important than to be President of the Kipling Society. Even the good people of New Zealand, that cricket-loving country, while unanimously agreeing that he was the best Governor-General they ever had, liked him the more because, playing for a local team against a visiting English eleven, he twice hit the ball over the pavilion and out of the ground. The Lytteltons had a family connexion out there; Charles Cobham's great grandfather had been Chairman of the colonising company that founded the province of Canterbury in 1851, and put up a large part of the initial cost out of his own pocket. He never expected, he said, to see his money again and was surprised when, thanks to the success of 'Canterbury Lamb', the colonists paid him back within seven years. The port of the city of Christchurch is called Lyttelton, and its famous public domain is called Hagley Park.

Cobham was a good Commonwealth man, very tactful in dealing with the rather heady politics of a young Dominion. He once told me, in New Zealand, that he felt himself to be a sort of 'bishop' since his main business was making speeches in a highly moral tone, to which I replied that as personal representative of the Queen he was a sort of bishop, since the Queen is Supreme Governor of the Church of England. His book of published speeches was a New Zealand best-seller.

As a young man, after Eton and Trinity, Cambridge, he had devoted himself to business in the Midlands where he became director of several companies, until he inherited the family estates with the responsibilities they entailed; eventually he was Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire. He had a good War record, commanding the Fifth Maritime Regiment which provided guns and gunners for the defence of merchant ships. An interest in sea-going and sea-training led to the Outward Bound Trust, of which he became President. After governing New Zealand with such conspicuous success, it was at Court that Cobham found a new sphere of action, as Lord Steward to the Queen's Household, where his Garter was well-earned; but those who heard his anecdotes of the humours of a courtier's life were fortunate.

We of the Kipling Society will not forget his kindness, his easy manner, his sensitivity to language and literature, his unerring memory for English Poetry.

C. E. CARRINGTON

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