



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES	2
THE BATTLE OF RUPERT SQUARE—Rudyard Kipling ...	5
SORTING THE NIGHT MAIL—T. E. Elwell	7
SOME CONJECTURES ABOUT <i>THE LIGHT THAT FAILED</i> —Charles Carrington	9
THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING —The Earl of Scarbrough	14
READER'S GUIDE : Notes on 'An English School'	16
A <i>TREASURY OF STORIES</i> : Review.	22
HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES.	23
LETTER BAG.	24

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, GCB, 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

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

March 12th, 1958, at 84 Eccleston Square. 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m. Subject: The Parnesius stories in *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

May 14th, 1958, at 84 Eccleston Square. 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m. 'A Kipling Quiz.' Two teams will compete in answering questions about Kipling's work. In the event of either team not knowing the answer to a question, the audience will be invited to supply it.

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

We are delighted to announce that the new tenants of Bateman's, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Lees, have invited the Society for a visit **on Thursday, May 15th, 1958**. 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 very kindly asked us to tea at Bateman's.

A coach will leave Charing Cross Underground Station at 10.15 a.m. on May 15th, 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 25s. for those going by the coach, and 15s. 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, May 7th**. This will be the **ONLY** notice.

This outing is always great fun ; **don't miss it this time !**

ANNUAL LUNCHEON: IMPORTANT

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on **Tuesday, October 21st, 1958** (Trafalgar Day).

The Guest of Honour will be **T. S. ELIOT**, Esq., O.M. The usual application forms will be sent out nearer the time, but please **BOOK THAT DATE NOW**—we hope for a big gathering.

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Vol. XXV. No. 125

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Notes

THE present number of the *Journal*, the first since 1940 to contain twenty-four pages, will, we hope, prove of particular interest to members of the Kipling Society. A glance at the list of Contents will show that besides such distinguished names as the Earl of Scarbrough and Charles Carrington, that of Rudyard Kipling appears as a contributor. We owe it to the great kindness of Mrs. Bambridge, and to the courteous endorsement of her permission by Messrs. A. P. Watt and Sons and Macmillan and Company, that "The Battle of Rupert Square" makes its re-appearance in print in these pages.

This, one of the most riotously delightful of the shorter humorous stories, was first published, anonymously, in *The St. James's Gazette* on December 28th, 1889. Though not his first contribution to this famous evening paper, it may well be the uncollected story to which Sidney Low bears such glowing tribute. Kipling, perhaps on account of Low's praise, gave pride of place to this story—hitherto unacknowledged and uncollected—in Volume XXIX of *The Sussex Edition*.

As it is unlikely that many members of the Kipling Society possess this prize among modern literary treasures (and few, if any, the original paper!), this fascinating addition to our Kipling collections will, we are sure, be gratefully welcomed.

Of interest in this context are several entries in a recent Catalogue (No. 773) of second-hand books offered for sale by Messrs. Quaritch. *The Bombay Edition*, in 31 volumes, is offered for £52 10s. 0d.; *The Sussex Edition* (35 volumes) for £250, and a complete collection of the Pocket Edition in red leather (34 volumes) for £25. Another bookseller offers first editions of the two *Jungle Books* for £15 and an inscribed copy of *Stalky & Co.* for £20: Kipling's inscription in the second of these reads: "This is not intended to be merely a humorous book, but it is an education, a work of the greatest value. Rudyard Kipling, at Englemere, Ascot. Sunday, 25.1.1925." The copy belonged to Major A. F. Becke, a contemporary of Kipling's at Westward Ho!

Were any proof needed that Kipling is both a recognised "classic" and still one of the most popular authors of the day, recent numbers of *The Sunday Times* are commended for study. In a survey of the "Ninety-Nine Best Books for Children," Kipling is the only author to

appear three times : for *Just So Stories*, for *The Jungle Books*, and for *Puck of Pook's Hill*. His "runners-up" are Charles Kingsley, E. Nesbit, Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson, with two appearances each.

R.L.G.

In November last reviews of "Suitable Books for Gifts to Children at Christmas" duly appeared in the publishers' lists. As in previous years, Kipling's name, in spite of the shrieks of the angry (and tedious) young men of our time, was as prominent as ever. One journal headed its list with a note on the *Jungle Books*, which, like *Three Men in a Boat*, *A Tramp Abroad* and the ever-delightful *Alice*, retain their position in the hearts of the young. Why do the Mowgli stories still attract? Mr. A. L. P. Tucker, in the *Spectator* (Mar. 13, 1913), tells us: "Those who have seen something of jungle life perhaps love it best, for its wonderful touches grip them closer. To me the most striking of the magic pictures has always been that of the wolves on their Council Rock, since I have seen, if not the scene itself, at any rate something very like it." In another, *The Sunday Times's* survey of "The Ninety-Nine Best Books for Children," the list is headed by a reproduction of one of Kipling's own illustrations from *Just So Stories*—"The Elephant's Child." Here is a second collection for children that still enthral, especially the very young, by its whimsicality. I once heard a scientific man condemn these tales on the ground that they gave the child a false view of Natural History; he may be bracketed with those modern 'educationalists' who prattle about the immorality of the Brothers Grimm. Incidentally, immediately following this picture, is a short note commending *King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table* by our Editor.

Yet another misquotation, albeit a minor one. In that excellent book, "The Green Roads of England" by R. Hippisley Cox, we read "there runs a road on Merrow Down," where "on" is substituted for "by." Only a tiny word, but Kipling's original gives the true sense of the scene; his road does run *by* Merrow Down, not over it, as all who have tramped round Newlands Corner will realise. How the author's atmosphere may be spoilt by incorrect quoting may be seen in that little poem, "The Recall," in the two lines which read—

Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night.

Transpose the words "scent" and "smell" and note how the whole effect of this beautiful phrase is lost.

Had Kipling the gift of what we call, for want of a better term, a Sixth Sense? And, if so, whence did he derive it? Some hold that this came from his Highland ancestry, for in the remoter districts of the North of Scotland 'Second Sight' is well known. Or did he imbibe this attribute from the relatively unknown and unclassified lore of the East

during his early childhood at Bombay or from his later years at Lahore and Allahabad? Of this perception there are many instances, but we have two ready to hand in our own England, both of which occur in the Puck Stories. When Parnesius was sent to the Roman Wall in Northumberland he belonged to the Thirtieth Legion; now, until Kipling made this assertion, there had been no record of this Legion on the Wall, but discoveries resulting from subsequent investigations proved him right. Again, there is the case of the well in the keep of Pevensey Castle; before this was set forth in the tale, "Old Men at Pevensey," the existence of this well had not been suspected, but later search supported his statement. He said afterwards that such a well must have been made, or the garrison could not have endured even a short siege; the fact that the water in it turned out to be brackish does not affect the issue. But how did he know that the well, useless though it turned out to be, really existed?

In our last number mention was made of the Grange, North End Road, Fulham, as a Kipling shrine that had fallen on evil days. Fortunately, a happier fate has come to his chief habitat in London—Embankment Chambers in Villiers Street, alongside Charing Cross Terminus. Here the tall structure—the final one before the street opens out on its east side into Embankment Gardens—is now named "Kipling House," and there is the usual blue-and-white memorial tablet on its wall; a cast-iron relief portrait is also to be seen. No longer is his remark correct, that one can take a ticket to any part of the world from that station, for, since his day there, all the Continental traffic southwards has been concentrated at Victoria. Faulkner's Hotel, another landmark, has vanished, but the old Gatti Music Hall, so faithfully portrayed by Kipling, still occupies one of the arches underneath the terminus; after being derelict for many years it has taken on a lease of life, for it now houses "The Players' Theatre," a kind of stage club where a music hall entertainment, happily suggesting late Victorian and early Edwardian days, still delights audiences that enjoy freedom from the cacophonies of modern 'light music.'

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

N.B.L. EXHIBITION

MEMBERS may be interested to know that an exhibition of valuables from various National Trust Houses, *including Bateman's*, is to be held at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W.1, from 17th April to 31st May, 1958. Admission free to all, whether members of the N.B.L. or not.

The Battle of Rupert Square

by Rudyard Kipling

NOW I can die with a clear mind, facing the other world unflinching. Earth has no more to offer me.

And yet it came suddenly, by accident, in the meanest of streets and the most ordinary of squares. In the dead south-eastern ventricle of the heart of London it arrived at noon : in the sight of none more worthy than a servant who was cleaning doorsteps, a man in control of a furniture-van, and myself.

One hansom—Number 97,463—entered Rupert Square, which is not yet paved with wood pavement. The horse was a mealy bay, and in the splashboard of the conveyance a clock was fixed in order that the fare might watch the errors of the cabman. From the opposite end of the square appeared a man, long-bearded, cloth-capped, Inverness-cape-robed, thick-booted, and evidently a mariner but newly come from the seas. He hailed the hansom loudly with large shouts. The hansom answered the hail. The cloth-capped man spoke long and earnestly to the driver, interlarding his directions with the technicalities of the sea. What bond of sympathy was between driver and driven I dare not say. It is enough for those less fortunate than I to know that the driver answered after the use of infuriated cabmen. The fare stood with his foot on the step and responded to the toast of his eternal perdition in a short but elegant speech. He then dived into the cab.

"I won't take you," said the cabby, "not for any price. No, not though you bought the 'ole bloomin' turn-out. You ain't fit not to be druv in a dust-cart with a glandered 'orse in front an' the knacker's depety be'ind, you ain't. You call yourself a man. I've seen a better man than you made outer chewed paper with no gum ! You get outer my keb, you rusty-'aired, slink-jawed, pick-nosed, gin-faced son of a broken-down four-wheeler. G'out ! "

He delivered his oration through the trap-door, and a big brown fist came up and stung him on the nose. The horse stayed where he had drawn up, close to the kerb. The cabby, shortening his whip, drove the butt through the trap-door and generally stirred up the contents. Then, for reasons best known to himself, he painfully hauled out his weapon and commenced lashing into the front most scientifically. A stray cut caught the horse on the quarters, and he began to trot. The cabby shortened his whip and flicked deftly over the brow of the hansom. A hand detained the whip-lash and a knobby stick plunged through the trap, as a shark rears himself on end in the summer seas of the Equator, and caught the cabby obliquely on the chin, the upper lip, and a portion of the nose, causing him to use language which was historical.

But the servant-girl and the man with the furniture-van were the only spectators. The railed fronts of Rupert Square, S.E., gave no sign of life. The cabby drew the horse-blanket swiftly over the trap-door and leaned upon it with both elbows, sending the lash into the front as occasion

offered. A jingle of glass and woodwork attested that the fare had pulled down the glass. The horse trotted stolidly round Rupert Square.

"Get outer that," shouted the cabby. The fare might have been a mummy, for any response that he gave. "You ain't fit to be druv not in the paupers' hearse, you ain't, not though the corpse was your father." He addressed these remarks at first to Rupert Square, and added a second edition when he cautiously raised the trap-door. Again the knobby stick stabbed aloft and got home on the cabby's right cheek-bone, while a hairy hand grasped at the horse-blanket and dragged it into the depths of the hansom before the cabby could arrest its departure. The horse continued to trot at not more than six or less than four miles round and round the square.

"I'll 'ave you outer that if I 'ave to set fire to the 'ole bloomin' cab," said the proprietor; and upon the word the trap opened and a red-hot fusee hit him in the eye. Much as I disapproved of his conduct, I respected the fare. He was fighting an uphill battle at fearful odds. A second fusee followed; but there was neither exclamation nor oath to accompany the flight. Time on a tour, Death abroad for a jaunt, could not have been more methodical or more silent in their proceedings. And the horse trotted round and round Rupert Square as the cabman sat back and tried to dodge the flaming "braided fixed stars." Not for anything on earth would I have interfered. The one desire of my delighted soul was that all the policemen in London might die on the spot to allow a fair field for the combatants; and in that regard the man with the furniture-van was with me. The servant-girl opened her mouth and said, "Lor!"

To the fusee succeeded the sudden savage spurts of the stick; all delivered in absolute silence. Then the horse-blanket was flung out into the road through the lower section of the window hastily raised for that end. Followed the nickel-plated cigar-holder, a box of matches, the reading-lamp at the back, and fragments of the mirrors at the sides. The horse continued to trot, while at each output the cabby lashed blindly over the front of the cab. "Why in the world," said I to the man with the furniture-van, "doesn't he take that lunatic to the nearest police-station?" "He knows something worth two of that," said the furniture man. "See!"

At the head of Rupert Square stands a hydrant for the water-carts. The cabman checked his horse here just as a swift, sharp jab of the stick through the half-raised window dissolved the splashboard clock into white enamel and yellow cog-wheels, and a flight of pieces bestrewed the cabman's cape. Out of his own slender purse the cabman proffered three pence to a water-cart that stood by for the right of way. The water-cart moved on as stolidly as its driver flung back the hose.

"Will you get out o' that?" said the cabman through the trap-door for the last time. There was no answer save a sound of ripping cloth. The hose was swung over and adjusted to the trap-door of the hansom. Have you ever heard the furious sizzle of the current as it hisses through

the trap ? If you have not, you are ignorant of the depth and significance of life.

I heard the cataract and a crash of broken glass. The fare had smashed the window and was, through the shower-bath, pelting the horse with the fragments of sash and crystal. They hurt the feelings of the animal, who plunged forward. In vain the driver strove to hold his foe by lashing in at the now freed avenue of access. The knobby stick appeared over the doors, furiously prodding the maddened horse, or anon striking wildly at the reins right and left.

At the only exit from Rupert Square it delivered one terrific blow on the near rein, driving the beast full into the shoulder of a respectable residence, and all things were dissolved into their elements—dripping cab, kicking horse, and dispersed driver. The fare, still preserving his unbroken silence, jammed his cape over his brows and ran. The cabman breathed heavily as he lay on the pavement. The horse dealt with the splashboard.

" Well I never ! " said the furniture man, and a gleam in his eyes showed me that he was a soul akin to mine.

The cabman picked himself up grunting. He surveyed the wreck calmly, and then, as one who felt that an explanation was due to the world, said, " It's mee brother."

But what it all meant—whether the brother was a maniac, or one merely working out a family feud—whether he invariably treated all his hansoms thus curiously or only at intervals when his madness was on him—I cannot tell.

This I know. I have seen a fight such as never was seen before since London hansoms were first made : and the furniture-van man alone of 4,900,000 saw it with me.

The servant-girl didn't understand.

Sorting the "Night Mail"

by T. E. Elwell

KIPLING, as we all know, delighted in detailing the intricacies of mechanism, as in ".007," " The Ship That Found Herself," and " The Devil and the Deep Sea," thereby evoking much unfavourable criticism, without, of course, any effect on this penchant. In the above three stories Kipling dealt with parts of machinery long existent, but in his first story of air-travel he invented the means of propulsion, and, as is patent, fairly let himself go. In spite of this—or should it be because of this?—" With the Night Mail " is prophetic, breathtaking, and of the air airy.

The story was first printed in the American *McClure's Magazine* for

November, 1905, then in the English *Windsor Magazine* for December of the same year. In 1909 separate editions were published by Macmillan & Co. in London, and by Doubleday, Page & Co. in New York, the English copy unillustrated, the American one with four plates in colour by Frank X. Leyendecker and H. Reuterdaahl. These seem to be copyright issues, prior to the story's inclusion in the book *Actions and Reactions*, also published in 1909.

Somewhat of a flaw in the story is the use of a technical term nine times, and with different meanings. We often see a word being given undue reiteration by a politician, and, after being used *ad nauseam* by subsequent speakers, lie dormant for a decade. Examples are "unrealistic" of five syllables instead of "untrue" of two, and "unilateral," also of five, instead of "one-sided" of three.

In the story now examined, the single-syllable "shunt" had captured Kipling's fancy, and he used it (a) to convert; (b) to expose a bearing; and (c) to stun a demented man. None of these bear the accepted meaning. As slang it is an impolite dismissal, in railway parlance it means a to-and-fro movement of rolling stock, but more often it is used in electrical engineering as "side-tracking." Another meaning is "to shelve." It is strange that in the railway story ".007," where "shunt" might be expected, the word does not appear, though "switching-engine," where "switch," which is evidently its American equivalent, does. Still, minor irritations are of little moment compared with the pleasure given by the story. The vertical beams of airports have long come into being, though unthought-of when Kipling wrote.

What illustrations there were in *McClure's Magazine* I do not know—bibliographies do not list illustrations—though I know that H. Reuterdaahl contributed one; but in our *Windsor Magazine* there were five full-page, black-and-white illustrations, three by H. Reuterdaahl and two by H. C. Seppings Wright. They are well worth keeping, firstly for their beauty, especially those by Reuterdaahl, secondly as a sad memoir of what periodical and book illustrations once were. We now have nothing remotely approaching them.

One by Seppings Wright shows a ludicrous mistake; a second one gives the number of the "Night Mail" as "132," though the number of the Postal Packet is plainly stated to be "162." But the main joke appears as follows:—

The Postal Packet had two captains—senior Tim Purnall and junior George Hodgson. During a time of stress Tim Purnall, who is piloting, says to his relief, "Call up the Mark Boat, George!" And Seppings Wright, illustrating this, shows an airship with "Mark Boat George" in large letters on her side. Her official name was "Banks Mark Boat," after the Grand Banks, near Newfoundland, of course.

Kipling, himself an illustrator of no mean ability, and particular, as is well known, about illustrations to his stories, undoubtedly noticed these mistakes, proof that the artist had not, as an artist should, read his text carefully, and Seppings Wright illustrated no more Kipling stories.

Some conjectures about "The Light that Failed"

by Charles Carrington

THE more I study the works of Kipling, the more am I convinced that every story or ballad might be related to something he had seen or heard or read. The greater part of his life is very well documented, and the circumstances in which he wrote most of his important work are, in fact, known. The exception is the period of his life in London between October, 1889, and August, 1891, for which we have no diaries, very few letters, and a tantalising lack of facts and dates in the accounts of him which are to be found in other records of the time. Our thirst for information is whetted by the knowledge that this period was the first great crisis of his mature life. He arrived in London poor, unknown and almost heart-whole. In the short period of his life at Embankment Chambers he achieved fame and wealth, produced a vast quantity of original work, and at the same time passed through an emotional entanglement which involved three young women. The new stories he wrote in 1890 were collected in the volume *Life's Handicap*, which includes *Dinah Shadd*, *The Man Who Was*, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, *On Greenhow Hill*, *The Mark of the Beast*, and *At the End of the Passage*. This would be thought a remarkable year's work for most authors, especially for an author who was turning out a great deal of current journalism at the same time. But the same months saw the production of the first series of *Barrack-Room Ballads*, an entirely new *genre* in English literature. The very months of their first appearance, February to July, 1890, we now know were also the months in which he was writing his novel, *The Light That Failed*, and we also know, as contemporary critics could not, that *The Light That Failed* came red-hot off his pen. He lived its episodes and wrote of them almost at the same time. Much of it is clearly autobiography and the rest is so strangely related to the few events of his life at that time which are known to us that we may venture to guess them autobiographical also. It is a strangely unsatisfactory book, as the author admitted, what would nowadays be called an "angry young man's" book, but while we may class it as a bad novel, or as bad Kipling, we remember that it has been reprinted again and again, has been translated into many languages, dramatised at least twice, filmed at least three times, and we ourselves come back to it. An ill-natured book, an inconsistent book, a philistinish book, but a readable book! It is full of anomalies and puzzles.

The bibliographical history is most obscure and has not been investigated by any expert. The book exists in two authorised versions (not to mention several pirated versions); the shorter version with the happy ending was published first, in December 1890, although the longer version with the tragic ending, not published until March 1891, was described by the author as the form in which the book was 'originally conceived.' When did he first plan the book and why did he change his plan? Neither ending is entirely satisfactory, but lay the two editions together and you will have no doubt that the happy ending to the shorter

version is slight, perfunctory and trivial. 'Novelette-ish' is the word one might ascribe to it, and that is what it was ; it was produced as a complete 'novelette' in *Lippincott's Magazine* (which in the previous number had produced *Dorian Gray*). Many an author might have been suborned to mangle his book if the publisher made it worth his while, but when we think of Kipling's furious independence and his peculiar distrust of publishers, can we conceive it possible that any publisher could make him prostitute his art ? It is interesting to notice that 'Dick Heldar' in the book, clearly a self-portrait, does just the same thing, painting a picture in two versions, one sentimental and one realistic, and is very properly rebuked by 'Torpenhow' for doing so. But Rudyard Kipling was never such an anti-social, irresponsible adventurer as 'Dick Heldar.' The hymn "My new-cut ashlar takes the light" dates from the same period as *The Light That Failed*. Was the author of that hymn a man without pride in his art ? A friend who knew the family long ago gave me the simple assurance when I asked her to account for the shorter version : "His mother made him do it !" Of all who influenced his young life, none were more likely to influence him than his mother, and his friend Wolcott Balestier, whose firm, J. W. Lovell & Co., published the short version in America. But if they persuaded him to change his first plan, why did he revert to that plan three months later, and why did he dedicate the longer tragic version to his mother ? We are now at a standstill in our researches. I can only add that between the two versions something happened that made him change his mind, perhaps something that wiped it clear of his old sentiment for Flo Garrard, the original of 'Maisie.' It seems probable that in November, 1890, he formed his first attachment with Carrie Balestier.

During his first winter in London, October, 1889, to February, 1890, Kipling was alone in Embankment Chambers, busy and beginning to prosper, but unhappy. 'Dick Heldar's' life in London before the re-appearance of 'Maisie' reproduces all the background and many of the incidents of Kipling's real life, and might have been—may have been—written at the time. But Kipling in reality was troubled by his engagement, or at least his entanglement, with Caroline Taylor, from whom he did not free himself till March or April. *On Greenhow Hill* is surely related to his own unhappy affair with the Methodist minister's child. In February he had stirred his former passion to life after meeting Flo Garrard by chance in the street, as 'Dick' met 'Maisie,' and no sooner was he clear of the Caroline Taylor imbroglio than he went to Paris to visit Flo. It has now been established that Flo Garrard and Mabel Price ('the red-haired girl') shared a studio in the Avenue d'Jena and that Kipling visited them there in May, 1890. During June and July, Kipling was writing his novel, as well as *Greenhow Hill* and other work, under his father's eye at 101 Earl's Court Road. It was finished, presumably in the shorter version, before August 15th and the author was near a nervous breakdown. For the rest of the year he wrote little and took long holidays. Was he still hopeful that Flo Garrard might relent and abandon her career for a marriage with a sick man ? I do not think so,

but I do not rule out the explanation. She failed him. She did not come, "and that is the end of Maisie."

Having related the plot as best we can to Kipling's emotional life, we are surprised to find that he had borrowed it entire from another popular author. It was an old story used because it fitted his own emotional pattern, not a story he devised from brooding on the pattern. Students of Kipling will remember that when he left Westward Ho!, William Crofts ('Mr. King') gave him a copy of Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*. It was the sort of book you did give a clever boy to read in the 1880's. Everybody read it and it seems odd that no contemporary critic noticed how closely *The Light That Failed* was related to it. *Aurora Leigh* is a long novel in verse about a slight, sharp, unprepossessing young orphan child called Aurora who is brought up as a poor relation in company with her rich and handsome cousin Romney. Their calf-love ripens till Romney asks Aurora to marry him, but she, pettishly, rejects him for her feminine ideals, her determination to make her own career. She goes abroad and writes books, not very successfully. Meanwhile, Romney finds success in his career, which (quite unlike 'Dick Helder's') is social service. But he gets into an entanglement with a Cockney woman of the proletariat and, though she herself is shown as virtuous, the connexion ruins his private life and his public career. All ends in disaster and finally he receives a blow on the head which destroys his optic nerve so that his eyesight fails. The eighth canto of *Aurora Leigh* describes sunset over Florence. As the light fails and Aurora sits in the dusk she becomes aware that her old lover, Romney, is standing beside her, but does not know that he is blind. Each confesses to the other that life has ended in failure and each uses the image of the sunset to describe that failure. Light failing, the words failed, failed, ring through the canto like a bell, and at last she understands that he is actually in the dark.

Like Kipling in his novel, Mrs. Browning finds it difficult to bring her poem to a conclusion. She makes them marry and live happy ever after in a lame, impotent last canto. It is the same story as *The Light That Failed* told from 'Maisie's' point of view.

I fancy that most modern readers enjoy the novel for the brilliant impressionist word-pictures it contains, not for the improbable, unpleasant story. Take it to pieces and we can say a good deal about the sources of these word-pictures. Chapter I (I refer to the longer version published by Macmillan's) is very well written and might stand alone as a short story. 'Dick' is plainly Rudyard when he went back to Southsea as a big boy in 1880, and 'Maisie' is a composite character, partly his sister 'Trix' and partly Flo Garrard, whom he then met for the first time. Whether the episode with the pistol is historical we cannot know. Chapter II (and with it we may take the last few pages of Chapter XV) deals with war in the Egyptian desert and is among Kipling's flights of fancy. He had never been in the Egyptian desert, never seen the Nile, and never seen a battlefield, in 1890; he must have derived these episodes from soldiers' talk in India, mostly perhaps from 'Stalky,' who came from Suakin to Lahore in 1886. Chapter II treats of

Wolseley's Nile Expedition in 1885 ; there was no actual campaign which can be identified with the fictional campaign in Chapter XV.

Chapters III and IV are straight descriptions of the author's own life at Embankment Chambers during the winter of 1889-90. Perhaps I may refer readers to Chapter VI of my biography for further particulars. The author, of course, selected the episodes that suited his story and omitted others that meant more in his real life. In passing, I may refer to the controversy over Kipling's first published work in London, his contributions to the *St. James's Gazette*. My guess is that his first London story was *The Comet of a Season* (*S.J.G.*, Nov. 21, 1889), which shows close resemblance to these chapters of *The Light That Failed*, and some affinities with Besant's novel, *All in a Garden Fair*.

Chapter IV is much concerned with 'Torpenhow' and his group of war-correspondent friends. Who was 'Torpenhow'? We know positively that Kipling was lonely at Embankment Chambers during his first winter and lacked a comrade of that sort. His adolescent cousins, Ambrose Poynter and Phil Burne-Jones, were far too immature to satisfy him. He longed for the company of men-of-the-world and couldn't find it, till, later in the year, he took up with Wolcott Balestier. I guess that 'Torpenhow' is a reminiscence of Kay Robinson, the only man with whom he had ever enjoyed that kind of partnership. We know that Kipling wrote to Kay Robinson at Lahore in March, 1890, and the stories he was producing at that time were published in 1891 as *Life's Handicap*, a book which was dedicated to Robinson. (Query : What does *Life's Handicap* mean?) The jolly group of war-correspondents are a puzzle, of which the oddest feature is that, ten years later, he did belong to just such a group, the 'Friends' at Bloemfontein. Perhaps there had been another group on the *Pioneer* at Allahabad, but, if so, the young cub-writer, Rudyard Kipling, is not likely to have been one of them. My only hint here is that in November, 1889, Kipling went to a journalists' party where he met De Blowitz, the celebrated diplomatic correspondent of *The Times*. 'The Nilghai' may have a hint of De Blowitz about him. These characters, sketched in Chapter IV, appear as a finished picture in Chapter VIII which was inserted into the longer version of the book. Like other finished pictures in the manner of the period, I find it rather tiresome, and inferior to the first rough sketch. It contains some of Kipling's worst verses.

This observation leads me to Chapters V, VI and IX, which contain much discussion of 'Art' between 'Dick,' 'Maisie' and their friends. Kipling had, of course, been brought up among painters and knew the jargon of the studios. One of the minor Preraphaelites whose name and work must have been familiar to him was Frederick Sandys, a friend of Burne-Jones, and a black-and-white illustrator. The art-histories mention him as a student and imitator of Albrecht Dürer. One of his most popular works was an illustration to Christina Rossetti's poem '*If*' (she wrote it forty-six years before Kipling used the title), a picture of a sullen, discontented woman, markedly like Dürer's *Melancholia*. The design held Sandy's fancy and later he used the same composition for

an illustration to Scott's *Proud Maisie*, the ballad about the woman who was too proud to marry. The name 'Maisie,' the *Melancholia*, the proud, sullen woman longing for the lover she will not accept, the popular illustration by a friend of Kipling's family, make too many coincidences to be accidental.

But most of the art-talk in *The Light That Failed* is not about the Pre-raphaelites ; it is about the studio in Paris where the Impressionists defied the academic convention. Was 'Maisie' to take the advice of the 'red-haired girl,' an Impressionist, or the advice of 'Dick,' whose technique was strictly academic ? The best-seller of the following year, 1891, was George Du Maurier's *Trilby*, another book about painters and studios. One of the minor characters in *Trilby* is 'Lorrimer,' a thinly-disguised portrait of Kipling's uncle, Edward Poynter, whom he frequently visited in his London days. The teaching-studio called 'Carrel's' in *Trilby* is a lifelike reproduction of Gleyre's studio where Poynter, as a young man in the 1860's, had been a promising pupil. Gleyre, whom Du Maurier called 'Carrel' and whom Kipling called 'Kami,' was a kindly patron to many young artists. He left them mostly to their own devices, saying no more at his daily rounds than "Continuez, mes enfants," but when he did advise he recommended the classical discipline of line-drawing and urged his pupils to copy the masters, especially Michael Angelo. Colour he distrusted and his own pictures were marred by pasty flesh-tints. Poynter was an admirable copyist, a superb draughtsman whose pictures otherwise are mere assemblages of picturesque detail. There were other pupils at Gleyre's studio, like Renoir, who learned his trade as Gleyre propounded it before turning to Impressionism, but the purest painter among them, Claude Monet, ignored the classic tradition and devoted himself to light, colour and natural vision in the open air. Nearly thirty years had passed since Poynter and Monet were contemporaries at Gleyre's studio. By 1890 Poynter was famous and fashionable ; Monet, after half a lifetime of poverty and contempt, was at last beginning to break down the prejudice against Impressionism. Gleyre ('Kami') was in reality long dead when 'Maisie' and the 'red-haired girl' were supposed to be putting themselves under his care. Kipling in *The Light That Failed* has clearly used Poynter's reminiscences of Gleyre's studio, which exactly squares with Du Maurier's reminiscences of the same studio in *Trilby*.

If we may take 'Bessie' the model to be elaborated from Aunt Georgy's housemaid (Carrington : *Life*, p. 145), there remains only one character of note to be accounted for. The final chapter in the longer version contains an effective sketch of a night-haunt in Port Said and its proprietor, 'Madam Binat.' What did Kipling, who had once spent three days in Port Said at sixteen years old, know of such 'Madams' ? I have a hunch that 'Madam Binat' is a transferred portrait of 'Mother Maturin.' In November, 1889, he had written out to India for the manuscript of *Mother Maturin* and those who knew that he was working at a novel in 1890—if they knew him well—must have expected a revised version of the book to which he had given so much labour in India. The greater part of the book cannot have been written before Kipling

came to London ; the 'Madam Binat' scenes are not so limited. If anything, these are what he borrowed from his earlier notion-books. As no one living has read *Mother Maturin*, and as the manuscript has long since been destroyed, we cannot be sure.

In conclusion, may I add that the story of *Without Benefit of Clergy*, first published in June, 1890, is written in Kipling's earlier manner, his clipped Lahore style, not the elaborate style of such stories as *Greenhow Hill*. From the little we know of *Mother Maturin* it seems to have included an episode similar to 'Holden's' secret love-affair, and my hunch that *Without Benefit of Clergy* is a borrowing from *Mother Maturin* is a good deal stronger than my hunch about 'Madam Binat.'

[Information about the Red-haired girl' from Mrs. J. Robertson ; about the 'happy ending' from Mr. Christopher Morris ; about Sandys' drawings from *Nineteenth Century Drawings*, by Graham Reynolds (London, 1949) ; about Gleyre's studio from the *History of Impressionism*, by John Rewald (New York, 1946). The picture which 'Dick' calls 'Soldiers surprised while bathing' is reproduced as Plate XIV of the Phaidon edition of Michael Angelo (London, 1953).]

" The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling "

by The Earl of Scarborough

TO me Kipling is a teller of stories without compare. And though my own experience is of little consequence, I know of no other story-teller whose tales could enthral a youth of 16 and an ageing Lord Chamberlain of 60 with equal magic. Strangely enough, having in the interval known some part of India for a little time, they were even more alive for me at 60 than 16.

It is, therefore, to the story-teller that Kipling was that I pay my first homage. But he was more than a story-teller.

He kindled the hearts of those of his own generation, and of the one that followed his, who wanted to believe in the British Empire, and gave them glimpses of a vision of what it should be. And, in spite of what his critics used to say and perhaps still say about him, the vision to which he beckoned was not of vainglory and shouting and flag-waving, but of service and sacrifice, of the taking up of burdens not of laying them down, of the responsibilities rather than the pomp of Empire, the things which did not meet the eye but which lay at the heart.

Kipling died 21 years ago : and in those 21 years the British Empire has so changed that the young man who was a journalist in Lahore 70 years ago would not know it. And the question presents itself : was Kipling's version wrong ? Was it useless that there was a Kipling who sang the songs of Empire ?

I do not suppose that any unprejudiced answer to those questions can be given until we who have been witnesses of this immense change have passed away, and a generation has come which can take a detached

view. But I fancy that the answer that will then be given will not be able to ignore at least these two things about Kipling and his life and work.

The India that Kipling knew at the close of Queen Victoria's reign, still unstirred by nationalism and democracy, was the scene of an Imperialism at its most serene, its most beneficent, its most confident period. After it came more troubled years—when the old good government became more and more at variance with the demand for self-government. That was always the dilemma and the complexity that faced those who served India in the closing decades of British rule. It was a less easy, or rather a more uneasy, burden that they bore.

But they were sustained—the men of the Indian services who, in their dwindling handfuls, continued to serve the millions—by the example of that earlier period, by the inward light that had come down to them from men like Nicholson, the Lawrences, Roberts—and which Kipling helped them by his songs and tales to see. And if there still lingers, unspoken, in the hearts of some Indians and Pakistanis some awe of that spirit which served their land in British times, some of it must be due to the light which Kipling threw on that spirit and that service.

And the other thing which I fancy cannot be ignored in future judgments is the impact, the influence, which Kipling made on the youth of his own country. It began for most of us with the *Just So Stories* and the *Jungle Books*, went on for many with Fletcher and Kipling's *History of England*, and continued with *Kim* and the best known of his splendid poems. What it all amounted to no one can tell. But two generations of young men have been to war for their country in this half-century and have won their wars ; and amongst the innumerable strands of duty and patriotism and adventure and gaiety which helped them to go and upheld those who survived, words which Kipling wrote, visions which Kipling saw, had their place. And if that half-century comes to be counted a great period of British history, the seers, the prophets, the inspirers of their time will take no small place in that history.

And this is something to make us wonder : still his books are sold, and in quantities, all over the world.

So, perhaps, it will be that as we move into a conception of the British Empire which is so different—in form—to that which he knew, we shall take with us something of the spirit which he saw in the old, something of the duty and discipline which he demanded of the old, and maybe that will be a great thing for the new Commonwealth which is rising from the old.

Annual Luncheon :
October 23, 1957.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are:—U.K.—Mrs. J. A. Haynes, Miss J. McMicken, Mrs. F. E. Winmill; Messrs. W. P. C. Chambers, W. G. Galpin, W. G. C. Pannell. INDIA—Mr. M. M. Saksena. TASMANIA—Mr. R. C. S. Bell. VICTORIA, B.C.—Mrs. S. Hilton, Mrs. A. Playfair, U.S.A.—Mrs. A. M. Allen, Mrs. E. O. Briggs, Mrs. L. B. Poullada; Dr. K. Vogel; Messrs. H. Clapp Smith, J. de Q. Briggs. We heartily welcome these ladies and gentlemen.

"Readers' Guide": Notes on 'An English School'

First published in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION (U.S.A.) of October 19th, 1893, pp. 506-7, with three wood-cut illustrations of the U.S.C. in the text. Collected in LAND AND SEA TALES, 1923, pp. 255-276 (*Uniform and Pocket Editions*), with one illustration by H. R. Millar. In *Sussex Edition*, Vol. XVI, pp. 197-215.

[References in the following notes are to *Uniform* and *Pocket* Editions.]

Prefatory Note : The chief interest in this article lies in the fact that it was written and first published before any story in *Stalky & Co.* was, so far as is known, either written or thought of. Consequently, it gives a picture of the "Coll." at Westward Ho! more likely to be accurate than that in *Something of Myself*—or in any reminiscences (such as those by Dunsterville and Beresford) written after the publication of *Stalky & Co.*

When Kipling collected the article in *Land and Sea Tales*, thirty years after its first publication, he made several small changes which are noted particularly here, except in the cases of odd words of merely stylistic importance.

In *The Youth's Companion* Kipling prefaces the article with the following verses:—

" So Eton may keep her prime ministers,
And Rugby her preachers so fine ;
I'll follow my father before me,
And go for a sub of the line,
The line,
And pass for a sub of the line.

—*School Song.*"

This was not included in *Land and Sea Tales*, and its origin cannot be traced. There was no official School Song until nearly 1900.

PAGE 255. LINE 7. "Amyas Leigh's house." Amyas was the hero of Charles Kingsley's romance, *Westward Ho!* (1855), after which the seaside resort of Westward Ho! was named. All the references in lines 7-17 are to Kingsley's book.

LINE 22. After "the homes of" the Y.C. version added "the Carews and the Pincoffins and . . ."

PAGE 256. LINE 6. "Where a few old people played golf." Y.C. reads merely "where people played golf."

LINES 13-15. "We . . . of it" is not in Y.C.

LINES 16-22. In Y.C. these lines run as follows : "Now there is a new club-house and a carriage to take the red men to and from their game; but we were there first, long before golf became a fashion, and we turned out the champion amateur golfer of all England." This was Horace (Horatio) Gordon Hutchinson (1860-1932), who was champion in 1886 and 1887. Captain of the Royal and Ancient in 1908, Hutchinson was third son of General William Nelson Hutchinson. He was at Westward Ho! for ten terms after being at Charterhouse. He was one of the first boys entered at the U.S.C. at Westward Ho!, being No. 3 in the School Register, and beginning his schooling there in September, 1874.

LINES 26-27. "and our caps were Haileybury colours" is not in Y.C.

PAGE 257. LINES 1-2. The Headmaster was Cornell Price (1835-1910).

LINE 28. For "the English Army," Y.C. reads "Her Majesty's Army."

PAGE 258. LINE 26 *et seq.* " There was a boy in the Canadian Mounted Police . . ." This was probably E. A. Braithwaite, who after a time in the C.M.P., rose to be " a brilliant character in the medical world," and was a magistrate in Alberta according to Colonel Tapp.

PAGE 259. LINES 4-8. " till he could . . . casual way." Y.C. simply reads " till he came back."

LINES 8-11. This is the basis of the Stalky story "A Little Prep" ; but the incident does not seem to be mentioned anywhere else. But see *Kipling Journal* No. 123, p. 15.

LINES 18-12 OF NEXT PAGE. One of the biggest variants. For this Y.C. reads :

" 'All our men,' said the School, ' go into the army, and there hasn't been a war for ten years where some of our fellows haven't played up. There are ninety of us in the Service now.' There are over two hundred now."

The paragraph in *Land and Sea Tales* contains " inside information " which Kipling would only have realised when talking things over with Price in later years : this information was used to good effect in the later Stalky stories, " The United Idolators " and " Regulus."

PAGE 260. LINES 18-22. Louis Riel, a French-Canadian, led an unsuccessful rebellion (his second) in 1885 in the Red River district of Canada. The first was known as the Fenian Raid (1870) and the Forces sent to punish the raiders were given the Canadian General Service Medal, 1866-1870 (scarlet riband with white central stripe). The second campaign was rewarded with the North-West Canada Medal of 1885 (blue-grey riband with two red stripes).

LINES 22-23. Between these lines Y.C. has the additional sentence : " The first officer killed in the last Burma War was one of our boys, and the School was well pleased to think it should be so." This was R. A. T. Dury, killed near Minhla Fort in 1885 ; cf. *Frown Sea to Sea* ,(Letter II) and *Stalky & Co.*, p. 197 (" The Flag of their Country").

LINES 28-29. Between these Y.C. has : " This meant that the boys were straining on their leashes, and that there was a steady clatter of single sticks and clinking of foils in the gymnasium at the far end of the corridor, where the drill sergeant was barking out the regulation cuts and guards."

PAGE 261. LINE 9 *et seq.* Compare *Stalky & Co.* : "A Little Prep"—(p. 171). ". . . he'll have to go up to his old dormitory. You know old boys can claim that privilege . . ." etc.

LINE 19 *et seq.* Compare *Stalky & Co.* : "A Little Prep"—(p. 160, etc.).

PAGE 262. LINES 10-12. For duelling parties with saloon-pistols compare " The Satisfaction of a Gentleman " in *The Complete Stalky & Co.* (1929).

PAGE 263. LINES 11-13. " They were . . . at Exeter," not in Y.C.

PAGE 263, LINE 28—PAGE 264, LINE 6. " The only unfairness . . . lack of it early. ' These lines are not in Y.C. Doubtless Kipling added them to give authenticity to the central incident of " Regulus."

PAGE 264. LINES 7-14. Compare Kipling in 1900 (according to H. A. Tapp in *United Services College* (1933), p. 26) that with the original corps in " his opinion that lack of keenness was no doubt due to the Sniders being ' plugged ' and under no circumstances shootable. He went on to say that boys don't mind blank cartridges, but that they have imaginations and must be able to see through the rifle at least."

LINE 18. " Great John Ridd " is the hero of R. D. Blackmore's great Devonshire romance, *Lorna Doone* (1869). For John Ridd at Blundell's, see Chapters I and II.

PAGE 265. LINES 1-4. These four lines, also quoted in *Stalky & Co.* ("A Little Prep."; in a parody version in "The Flag of their Country"; and referred to in "Slaves of the Lamp, Pt. I"), have never quite been accounted for. They appear to be the School version of the Patriotic Song, "It's the way we have in the Army," by J. B. Geoghegan (1863), though they are nearer to the parody (*Punch*, August 19, 1871) quoted in "The Flag of their Country" (*Stalky & Co.*, p. 198). See further the notes in Reader's Guide to *The Complete Stalky & Co.*

PAGE 266. LINE 6. *The Rivals* (by R. B. Sheridan) was performed at Westward Ho! on Tuesday, December 20, 1881. Kipling played Sir Anthony Absolute; Dunsterville ("Stalky") was Mrs. Malaprop; Beresford ("M'Turk") was Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Mr. Evans ("Hartopp") was Bob Acres, and Rimington ("Pussy Abanazar") was Faulkland.

LINES 9-15. For the School-Saga "*Vive la Compagnie*" see the *Old United Services College News Sheet* for April, 1940, where the version sung in 1876 is printed. Beresford in *Kipling Journal* No. 2 (July, 1927) says that Kipling wrote half of it in 1880 and the whole, in twenty couplets, in 1881—but that not one line has survived.

LINE 17. "Onward, Christian Soldiers": the well-known hymn with words by Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924), with music by Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900). It was published with Sullivan's music in 1872.

LINE 21. *The Story of a Short Life* is one of the best known of the books for children written by Juliana Horatia Ewing (née Gatty) (1841-85). It was published as a book, under its present title, in 1885, but, as "*Laetus Sorte Mea*," it appeared in *Aunt Judy's Magazine* (of which Mrs. Ewing was editor) from May-October, 1882. That Kipling thought very highly of Mrs. Ewing's works is shown by the reference to her *Six to Sixteen* in *Something of Myself* (p. 7).

On p. 64 of the S.P.C.K. standard edition, the lame child hero, Leonard, wrote to his mother from the camp at "Asholt"; after describing the Parade Service at the Iron Church, he tells how the General came and spoke to him, and then a lady with small boys in sailor-suits joined the conversation: "She said how hot it was in church, and he said, 'I thought the roof was coming off in that last hymn.' And she said, 'My little boys call it the Tug-of-War Hymn' . . ." Later Leonard talked to the officer who played the organ: "He says, 'Tug-of-War Hymn' is a very good name for that hymn, because the men are so fond of it they all sing, and the ones at the bottom of the church 'drag over' the choir and the organ. . . . I do like the Tug-of-War Hymn. It begins, 'The Son of God goes forth to war.' That's the one. . . . The verse the men tug with is 'A noble army, men and boys.' I think they like it because it's about the army; and so do I."

This hymn is by Bishop Reginald Heber (1763-1826), and was first published after his death. Those who were brought up on Mrs. Ewing's beautiful and moving story—particularly if they come of soldier families—can never sing the Tug-of-War Hymn without emotion.

PAGE 267. LINES 6-12. *Eric, or Little by Little* (1858), by Dean Frederic William Farrar (1831-1903), needs no further introduction. This notorious work is Kipling's frequent butt in *Stalky & Co.*—see particularly the first two pages of "An Unsavoury Interlude."

LINE 17. This is, apparently, not quite true—if the account of Polly Westaway (the original of Mary Yeo in "The Last Term") is accurate—or that of Sergeant-Major Keyte's daughter; cf. *Kipling Journal* No. 11, Oct. 1929, etc.

LINES 24-26. "going out to tea . . . boys at work." In Y.C. these lines run: "going out to tea, and meeting girls, and nonsense of that kind which is not in the least good for boys."

PAGE 268. LINES 13-22. "There was a boy . . ."—Kipling himself. The version of "*Donec gratus eram*" in the Devonshire dialect was published in the *United Services College Chronicle* of July 24, 1882: it may be found in the Early Verse Volume of the Edition de Luxe (1900); the Sussex Edition, Vol. XXXV, p. 23, and in Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling*, pp. 39-40.

LINES 23-24. "His master gave him the run of a big library." This was William Carr Crofts (1846-1912), the main "original" of Mr. King in *Stalky & Co.* For the use of his library by Kipling, see *Something of Myself*, p. 36.

LINE 29. *Imaginary Conversations*, published in several volumes between 1824 and 1853, are the best known works of Walter Savage Landor (1775—1864).

PAGE 269. LINE 3. "better learn Russian." Compare *Something of Myself*, p. 36: "the Head's idea that I should learn Russian with him (I got as far as some of the cardinal numbers) . . ." etc.

LINES 7-17. In Y.C. Marco Polo and Mandeville are added to the books in the Head's library: the Russians are described as "rather more your friends than ours" (n.b. *Youth's Companion* was an American publication); and in line 14 "several people" reads "Morris and Swinburne and Rossetti, and other people." Cornell Price was a close friend at Oxford of Morris and Burne-Jones, and a little later of Swinburne and Rossetti too. "College Magazines" refers to *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, of which twelve numbers appeared, monthly, in 1856. Morris was original editor, and contributed largely in prose and verse to most numbers; Rossetti contributed three poems, and Price three articles. Swinburne was not a contributor; although he came up to Balliol in 1856, it was not until late the following year that he met any of the Morris circle. He certainly knew Price, however, for they both helped Morris to paint the ceiling at the Oxford Union.

LINE 21. For the Natural History Society see "In Ambush" in *Stalky & Co.* and Dunsterville in *Stalky's Reminiscences* (1928, p. 49, etc.

PAGE 270. LINES 8-10. "Three of the boys, who had moved up the school side by side for four years and were allies is all things." These were the original trio of *Stalky & Co.*: Lionel Charles Dunsterville (1865-1946), "Stalky"; George Charles Beresford (1865-1938), "M'Turk"; and Joseph Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936), "Beetle." Compare *Something of Myself*, Chap. II; Dunsterville's *Stalky's Reminiscences*, Chap. III; Beresford's book, *Schooldays with Kipling* (1936), etc.

PAGE 271. LINES 1-11. The description of the Lower School is exactly paralleled in *Stalky & Co.*, "Slaves of the Lamp, Pt. I," pp. 59-60. The actual article in the U.S.C.C. has not so far been identified, unless it is that called *Life in the Corridors, No. 4*, in the number for June 30, 1881. [The only one of the series reprinted by Martindell in *Flies in Amber*, as by Kipling.]

PAGE 271, LINE 18—PAGE 272, LINE 4. This will be recognised as the basic incident round which "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman" is built, and is the only example of a definite "original" for a *Stalky* story.

PAGE 272. LINE 7. "*Fors Clavigera*," by John Ruskin, appeared in monthly parts between 1871 and 1877. See *Stalky & Co.*, p. 43, etc.

LINE 14. In Y.C., instead of "person," it says "Irishman"—thus definitely identifying him with Beresford ("M'Turk"). For his despising of masters see *Something of Myself*, p. 26: "Turkey possessed an invincible detachment—far beyond mere insolence—towards all the world. . . . Moreover, he spoke, sincerely, of the masters as 'ushers' . . ."

LINE 21 *et seq.* Compare *Stalky & Co.*, particularly "Slaves of the Lamp, Pt. I" (p. 44): "You haven't been popping my Sunday bags?"

PAGE 273. LINES 1-5. The pawning of the watch does not seem to have been described by Dunsterville or Beresford, which is a pity. If *Stalky & Co.* (pp. 45 and 48) is to be believed, the watch taken by force and pawned and never redeemed belonged to M'Turk—so perhaps it did really happen, to Beresford.

LINES 6-14. This should be straightforward. Kipling contributed the fourteen-line poem "Two Lives" to *The World*, in which it was published on November 8, 1882; when included in *Sussex Edition* (its first acknowledgment by Kipling) it is dated 1881—so is likely to have been accepted and paid for while he was still at school. The matter seems to be clinched by Kipling's declaration in an interview in April, 1890, that "the first money he ever received for something that he had written was from *The World*, for a sonnet."

When revising "An English School" for *Land and Sea Tales*, Kipling added the sentence "and was sent up under a *nom-de-plume*," obviously hoping that no one would then hunt for and reprint the poem. But he forgot his incautious admission to the interviewer, and the poem was reprinted in facsimile in the *Kipling Journal* No. 7, October, 1928, being easily identified as it is actually signed "R.K." It was probably on account of this re-appearance that Kipling included it in the *Sussex Edition*—(Vol. XXX, p. 169).

Mr. Carrington, however, complicates the issue by his statement on p. 38 of his *Rudyard Kipling* (1955), that while at school Kipling "sold an article to a London newspaper for no less than a guinea," and adding a footnote: "We have Kipling's authority for this, in *Land and Sea Tales*. The article has not been identified." Was there an article as well? Or is this a slip on Mr. Carrington's part?

LINES 17-18. "Giving amateur performances of Aladdin." The pantomime by H. J. Byron (first acted in 1861). Beresford gives a long account of their production on pages 134-9 of *Schooldays with Kipling*. It forms the background to "Slaves of the Lamp, Pt. I." The cast in actual fact appears to have been: Aladdin—S. M. Edwardes ("Dick Four"); Abanazar—J. C. Rimington ("Pussy"); Princess—S. H. Powell ("Tertius"); Sultan—L. C. Dunsterville ("Stalky"); Widow Twanky—G. C. Beresford ("M'Turk"); and Executioner—J. R. Kipling ("Beetle"). This is as given by Beresford (p. 135); but Kipling's cast in *Stalky & Co.* may have been the correct one—since the story was, after all, written only about sixteen years" after the event, while Beresford wrote fifty-four years afterwards.

LINES 21-25. "One of them got into the Army": this was Dunsterville; Beresford became a Civil Engineer, and Kipling went straight out to India to become assistant editor of *The Civil and Military Gazette*.

PAGE 274. LINES 1-2. "The boys are scattered all over the world, one to each degree of land east and west." Compare the prefatory verses to *Stalky & Co.* ("A School Song") :—

" Each degree of Latitude
Strung about Creation
Seeth one (or more) of us . . . "

LINES 7-29. "The general and Commander-in-Chief of the Study" was Dunsterville, who records the incident of the mad dog on p. 106 of *Stalky's Reminiscences*: "In 1891 we marched to Mian Mir and in the summer of that year I had the good fortune to be bitten by a mad dog, which resulted in my being sent to Paris to be treated by the famous Doctor Pasteur with his inoculation against rabies which was a recent discovery at that time."

Kipling was in India for a few weeks in December, 1891 (his last visit), when he would have met Dunsterville—who had earlier become a friend of the

family. With Dunsterville he kept up their schoolday friendship throughout life. Beresford he does not seem to have met again.

PAGE 275. LINES 5 *et seq.* Not positively identified, but supposed to be General Sir George Roos-Keppel (1866-1921). See *Kipling Journal* No. 4, pp. 28-9, January, 1928.

LINES 13 *et seq.* The "whimpering" boy cannot be identified.

LINES 24 *et seq.* This was probably R. A. T. Dury [cf. note on p. 260, lines 22-23 above]. "Poor old D—, dead at Minhla," commented Kipling in the second letter of *From Sea to Sea*. He was killed on November 17, 1885.

PAGE 276. LINE 1. In Y.C. this begins: "Ten or eleven years ago, when the Queen was . . ."

LINES 5 *et seq.* The poem is "Ave Imperatrix": cf. *Early Verse in Edition de Luxe—1900*, and *Sussex Edition*, XXXV, pp. 55-56. First published in U.S.C.C. March 20, 1882, and included in *Schoolboy Lyrics*. It consists of seven stanzas, those quoted here being 2-4 and 6-7. Y.C. quotes 5 as well, omitting only 1.

R.L.G.

Additional Notes by Colonel H. A. Tapp, O.B.E., M.C.

ORIGINAL OF MARY YEO. I think we are on difficult ground here. She was more likely to have been a Bideford girl. Polly Westaway was a farmer's daughter who lived near the golf-links about the time *Stalky & Co.* was published and not at the period when the Trio were at Westward Ho!

Sergeant-Major Keyte's daughter might well have been older than Polly Westaway, and no doubt she also lived at Westward Ho!, probably at her father's tuckshop (and post office?).

She married Ascott of the Army Veterinary Dept., who is still alive (1956). So far as I know, he never claims his wife was the original of Mary Yeo—but he relates the watch episode as being true.

"An English School," as published in *The Youth's Companion*, is probably the best factual description of the U.S.C. ever written.

THE JANUARY DISCUSSION MEETING

ON 15th January our Meeting discussed two stories of the next world, "On the Gate" and "Uncovenanted Mercies." Lack of space precludes a full report of this most successful winter meeting. It will have to be enough to say that Colonel Purefoy, who introduced the stories, succeeded in enhancing our enjoyment of the first and increasing our understanding of the second, and the ensuing discussion showed our appreciation and produced much of great interest.

I.S-G.

"A Treasury of Stories"

Reviewed by W. G. B. Maitland

FIFTY of Kipling's stories written between 1888 and 1898, and before he was thirty, have been brought together by Bantam Books Inc., of New York, under the general title, *Rudyard Kipling: A Treasury of Stories** All but one have India as the setting, the exception being *The Finest Story in the World*, which is in the nature of "odd man out," although *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, the final story, begins in India it is mainly laid in England.

Whilst the selector's choice has been good in some respects it is a pity that so much attention has been given to Kipling's Early Work and none at all to the middle and later part of his life when much of his very best work was produced. No less than seventeen of the fifty come from *Plain Tales from the Hills* and an equally disproportionate number from *Soldiers Three*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, *Life's Handicap* and the *Jungle Books*, giving the book an unbalanced effect, also the chronological order of the contents lacks imagination.

New American readers will enjoy many of the stories but it is doubtful whether *Plain Tales* can have much attraction for them.

It is, however, interesting to note that the text of at least one story was taken from an unauthorised, or "pirate," volume of Kipling's work published in America by Lovell & Co. for here is a long final paragraph to *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes* which is not to be found in any English edition. It reads as follows :—

"To cut a long story short, Dunnoo is now my personal servant on a gold Mohur a month—a sum which I still think far too little for the services he has rendered. Nothing on earth will induce me to go near that devilish spot again, or to reveal its whereabouts more clearly than I have done. Of Gunga Dass I have never found a trace, nor do I wish to do. My sole motive in giving this to be published is the hope that someone may possibly identify, from the details 'and the inventory which I have given above, the corpse of the man in the olive-green hunting-suit."

The publishers of this little "Treasury" are to be congratulated on their enterprise for, at 75 cents, it is quite good value. I shall look forward to another selection from them, but I do urge Bantam Books to cast their net over a wider field to include material from the middle and later period of Kipling's life.

*Bantam Books Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York

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

"I bequeath to The Kipling Society, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, the sum of _____ free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Society. And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official for the time being of the Society shall be of a good and sufficient discharge to my Executors."

Hon. Secretary's Notes

On the Third Programme

To those of us who watch T.V., or who don't listen to the wireless much anyway, it's hard going to plod through the *Radio Times* each week on the chance of spotting a "must." But wasn't it worth while in the first week of December! For under 8 p.m. on Thursday, the 5th, classed as a "Dramatic Monologue," appeared none other than "M'Andrew's Hymn," read by John Laurie. Those of us lucky enough to spot it heard a superb and moving rendering of this splendid poem. We have often complained that in recent years Kipling's works have only been broadcast in Children's Hour. Could this mean a change of policy? We have written to thank the B.B.C. and Mr. Laurie, hinting to the former that there are several other great dramatic Kipling poems which would lend themselves equally well to the same treatment.

Speakers from the Society—II

A talk to Colchester Literary Society on "Rudyard Kipling and some of his Work" was successfully delivered by one of our members last November. The speaker reports being slightly shaken, on arrival at the hall, by his 'chauffeur' telling him that, at that precise moment a month before, he had slammed the car door on the lecturer's fingers: a classic instance of being floored by a silly accident after surviving the war—against the 'flu scare.

At the end of February another member is speaking, in London, on "Rudyard Kipling, the Humanist and Craftsman." Please let us know of any talks *you* have undertaken to give.

An Autograph Letter

Mr. E. J. F. Pulling, of Horsham, Sussex, has very kindly presented the Society with a short typed letter, signed "Sincerely yours, Rudyard Kipling," sent from Bateman's to his brother, Mr. Oswald Pulling, on 7th February, 1915—just before the latter's departure to the Front. The letter, evidently in answer to an enquiry, reads:—

"Dear Mr. Pulling,

In reply to your letter of the 4th inst., the characters in *Stalky & Co.* are developed from composite photos, and I should be very sorry to say 'which is which and how much of who' in any or all of them.

Wishing you all luck at the Front."

Regrettably, Mr. Oswald Pulling was killed the following September; the donor tells us that his mother kept the letter till her death.

One imagines that not many enquiries of this sort were honoured by an autographed reply. Doubtless a young enthusiast just leaving for France warranted the breaking of all rules governing outgoing letters.

No More Receipts

In view of the recent legislation regarding cheques, and in conformation with many trade firms, we propose to send out no more receipts for annual subscriptions paid by crossed cheque, except where specially asked to do so by the member concerned. This will be a useful saving, both of postage and work.

Letter Bag

"McAndrew's Hymn"

Members of our branch were pleased to see that the suggestion by one of our Vice-Presidents, Mr. Harvey, had brought about the "Notes on McAndrew's Hymn" by Mr. H. L. Butterworth published in the October issue. I venture to comment on his article as follows :—

"How's your bilge today?" I do not think that either of the explanations suggested by Mr. Butterworth is the correct one. I think Sir Kenneth, like many of us laymen, was just trying to show interest in McAndrew's profession and in doing so asked him a technical question—obviously wrong.

"The Arrtifex." The *Oxford Dictionary* gives the meaning of this word, spelt with one "r" as "an artificer" with a history going back to the 17th century. The "rr" is of course McAndrew's Scotch' way of pronouncing the word. Possibly a Latin Bible (and this is a pure guess) would use the word to describe Tubal Cain "the first artificer in metals."

Reading the article on "What they said about Kipling's Works" shows one thing very clearly—that practically all the critics are forgotten : the works of the man whom they criticised still stand like stone.

Our attendances here are well maintained, thanks largely to the enthusiasm of our Honorary Secretary, Mr. Carlson, and at our last meeting, at which many-spoke on "What I enjoy about Kipling," it was proved beyond doubt that the old fascination still holds for so many—men and women alike.—SIR ARCHIE MICHAELIS, President, Melbourne Branch.

May I say how full of interest and help these line-by-line analyses of R.K.'s poems are, and how grateful readers should be to their painstaking authors.

If only as an expression of interest I should like to ask one or two questions :—

2000 souls aboard—taking four ninety-day round trips per annum, this would never need more than 500 people per round trip or 250 each way; allowing for crew and the old tight packing of steerage passengers, is this excessive. Assuming three trips per annum instead of four, to allow overhauls, would it not still seem possible?

Burn 'em down—surely McAndrew, who had a strain of sentiment, was really saying he would maintain Ferguson's extra revolutions till they reached Plymouth? *i.e.* to burn a little *more* coal than might otherwise have been consumed.—A. J. HEALEY, Mount House, Claremont, C.P.

Glancing through the *Kipling Journal* for October, 1957, on page eight I found under notes on McAndrew's Hymn, "'No! Welsh—Wangarti at the Worst!'" Probably referring to Welsh *anthracite* coal." The italics are mine. It should be *steam* coal, quite a different thing.

Anthracite coal is a very slow, steady burning coal. Welsh steam coal, and it was world famous, gives great heat for very little ash indeed and was much sought after for boiler firing. Anthracite, on the other hand, was and still is mainly used for domestic heating.

Welsh steam coal was known everywhere where there were ships driven by steam,

For example, my father and I in 1906 were busy photographing the sailing coastal schooners, brigs and brigantines leaving a Devon port at the top of the tide. It was an almost windless day and to help them out to sea a small steam tug had a half-dozen of them in tow. For the purposes of our picture we wanted some smoke from the funnel of the tug and asked our boatman to hail the tug with a request for some smoke. Back came the hail—"Can't. Cardiff coal!"

Cardiff coal, which was Welsh Steam Coal, was noted for not making smoke and on that account was almost invariably used by the Navy and whoever else could afford it.

Hope the small point may be of interest. These details are so easily overlooked and forgotten, often to the detriment of the sense and feeling of the writing in which they occur.—W. C. Fox, 55 Templars Avenue, Golders Green, N.W.11.

A Correction—

Reference Journal No. 123, Page 15.

Apologies! One member, Mr. H. W. Hazard (Senior) points out that I made a mistake in describing Kipling's 45 lines as blank verse.

It is in rhymed couplets, except the 15th line, *i.e.* seven couplets, then line 15 is an "orphan" line, and then there are 15 more couplets.

I wonder if there was an "orphan" line in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of 9th July, 1887, where the lines first appeared?

Simla

You may think there has been enough about the "Queen of the Hills" in recent *Journals*, but I have had enquiries arising from the map in No. 122, helped by an article in *The Times* of 15th August, 1957, and by Mr. Wm. Clark's description of present-day Simla in one of the Sunday papers of 27th October last.

It is sad to think the place is deserted and dead, killed by the air-conditioning of the "Cities of the Plains," particularly of New Delhi itself.

PELITIS. This meeting place interests our readers most, for Kipling mentions it at least 12 times (four of these were in uncollected verses), all pre-1889. There is no doubt that most people who have been in Simla during the past 50 years think of the premises near the Combermere Bridge, but there must have been two earlier 'Pelitis,' for we know that in 1889 Chevalier Peliti moved into the building then on the site of the old Bentinck Castle, which later became known as The Grand Hotel.

I have been unable to find out where it was in Kipling's day or when it was moved to the Combermere Bridge site, but that was after 1904.—R. E. HARBORD, Spring Grange, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts.

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