



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950), Lt-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (1951-1960).

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, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/- ; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/- ; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 per annum. These include receipt of *The Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at 323 High Holborn, W.C.1, will be open once a week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Please be sure to telephone before calling — HOLborn 7597 — as the day is not always the same.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, 16th November, 1966, at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

21st September, 1966, the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Colonel Purefoy will discourse on " Brugglesmith ", " The Horse Marines " and " My Sunday at Home ", followed by discussion.

23rd November, same place and time.

Mr. Jack Dunman will open a debate on a subject of his choice.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on **Wednesday, 26th October, 1966**. The Guest of Honour will be the Rt. **Hon.** the Viscount Radcliffe, P.C, G.B.E.

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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NEWS AND NOTES

'IN THE RUKH' ORIGINALS

Mr. H. W. Schlich writes, after reading" the section of *Kipling and the Children* that deals with 'In the Rukh': 'I have always known that Müller was Ribbentrop, who went out to India to join the Forest Department there with my father, William Schlich, in January 1867 and succeeded my father as Inspector General in 1886. My father never met Kipling but I have always understood that Gisborne was one Gisborne Smith, who was the brother of my father's first wife and my step-uncle. He was not a Nancy man but this does not necessarily rule him out, as the story does not precisely link *him* with the naughty French songs, but mentions these in describing the servants of the Indian Government in the Forest Department generally. Gisborne Smith was educated at Forest School in Essex and he died at Oxford about 1910.'

KIPLING IN RUSSIA

Professor C. E. Carrington writes: 'We went to Moscow and Leningrad, with a group of connoisseurs visiting art-treasures, in May 1966. I was not there as a Kipling connoisseur and didn't think it appropriate to refer to him. But — in conversation with a very intelligent lady, Professor of English Literature at Leningrad University, she volunteered that her students just now have a rage for English Short Stories, especially Somerset Maugham. "Do they still read Rudyard Kipling?" I asked guilelessly. "Oh, of course!" And then she changed the subject.

'We went to the principal bookshop on the Nevsky Prospekt. A conspicuous table was covered with books about Teaching Yourself English, and so on. At random I picked up the nearest: *Twelve English Short Stories*, for beginners. The book opened at 'How the Alphabet was Made' from *Just So Stories*. Others of the twelve tales were from Mark Twain, Conan Doyle, and O. Henry.'

As an interesting footnote on Russian taste in English fiction the following may be added as quoted in the latest *Sherlock Holmes Journal* from *The Evening News* of 19 Feb. 1966: 'The Society of Authors reckons that some ten million copies of Holmes stories have now been bought [in Russia], at an estimated gain of around £2 million to the Soviet publishers. Not one rouble, of course, has come to the Conan Doyle estate. Copyright agreements do not yet extend to Moscow.'

The royalties overdue for Kipling — 'The most popular modern poet in Moscow' a few years ago — must be at least as great, even if academic critics, there as here, do their best to avoid discussing him.

KIPLING AT WESTWARD HO!

Mr. H. F. Longmore, now in his ninety-third year, was at the United Services College from 1886 to 1888, joining the school only four years after Kipling left. He was in Pugh's house, following his brother, the late Dr. T. W. M. Longmore who was Kipling's contemporary, being at the Coll. from 1877 to 1881—'They were in the same form in April 1879' writes Mr. Longmore, and 'I know they had a good deal in common, both in sketching animals and birds and in some writing at school.' Mr. Longmore has given to the Society three of Kipling's sketches made at this time, three clever grotesques of a fabulous animal that recalls George MacDonald's Lina in *The Princess and Ourdie*: 'Do-Meein waiting for Do-Brash on the Flats' is the caption for one of them; the second 'On the Flats, Do-Brash, waiting for the wreck,' and the third unfinished and without any legend — the first two signed with a monogram of J and K.

Mr. Longmore has also sent two printed U.S.C. Lists of great interest. That of April 1878, for example, shows Kipling near the bottom of the Lower Third, with Beresford about half way up the form, and Dunsterville still in the lower school. Kipling's form contains such familiar names — however different the context — as Bathurst and Pycroft. At that time Kipling and Dunsterville were in E. J. Campbell's house while Beresford was in M. H. Pugh's. By Christmas 1879 Beresford, Kipling and Dunsterville are all members of Pugh's house and in the Upper Third, like T. W. M. Longmore; Edwards and Rimington, the originals of Dick Four and Pussy are in the Lower Fourth, while S. H. Powell ('Tertius'), who had only joined the Coll. that term, was in the Upper Fourth. Rimington is the winner in the Chess Tournament and gained a prize for Mathematics, for which Beresford and Dunsterville were runners-up. It is of interest to note that the fees at this time were sixty guineas per annum for 'Nominated sons of Officers', seventy guineas for 'Unnominated sons of Officers' and for 'Civilians' sons' eighty guineas. 'Extras' (including washing, books, weekly allowance, and carpenter's shop) averaged under ten pounds, and 'Pupils who cannot leave during the vacation can board at the College at the rate of 30s. per week.'

MR. CORMELL E. W. PRICE

'I must be getting near the end of the list of boys there in Cornell Price's day,' writes Mr. Longmore. An even closer link with Kipling's beloved 'Uncle Crom' has been broken by the death on 13 June 1966 of his only son, Mr. Cornell Edward William Price. Many Members will treasure the recollection of an evening when Mr. Price held us spell-bound for an hour while he sketched for us the true background of *Stalky & Co.* and told us about the remarkable man who made the U.S.C. 'a great school' — as Mr. Longmore so rightly calls it. Others will remember him on the annual visit to 'Bateman's' a few years ago — though few realized that he had spent so much of his boyhood there with his friend and exact contemporary John Kipling. But those who were privileged to know 'Pip' Price more intimately will mourn the loss of one of the kindest, gentlest, most charming and retiring of men

— with a sense of loyalty and reticence, so rare today, that seldom allowed him to speak even to his closest friends of the days when 'Uncle Ruddy' meant to him rather what 'Uncle Crom' had meant to Kipling a generation earlier.

R.L.G.

KIPLING DINNER IN NEW YORK

A Dinner-Meeting of the members of The Kipling Society residing in and around the vicinity of New York City was held at the Williams Club on April 20th.

Mr. Charles Lesley Ames, Vice-President of St. Paul, was present for the occasion and Mr. Joseph R. Dunlap, a Vice-President, was one of the speakers while Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, also a Vice-President, presided.

It was stated that the dinner was purposely postponed from the Centennial Year (1965) to the present time due to the number of Kipling Exhibitions held during that period. It was also delayed because a contemporary evaluation of books as well as magazine and newspaper comment published during the Centennial Year would be of particular interest in retrospect as establishing Rudyard Kipling's position in our literature.

Mrs. Seon Manley, authoress of *Rudyard Kipling, Creative Adventurer*, spoke of the publications in this country concerning the Kipling Centennial Year with particular reference to newspaper comment.

Mr. Joseph R. Dunlap reviewed the books about Kipling published by members of The Kipling Society; Mrs. Manley, Professor Cohen and Professor Gilbert and by the Editor of *The Kipling Journal*, Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green.

The members received through the courtesy of Vanguard Press a reprint of a portion of Mrs. Manley's book, Syracuse University donated proof sheets of Professor Cohen's address and the respective addresses by Professor Gilbert and Mr. Naumburg were distributed in reprint form while Professor Cohen's address in illustrated and definitive form will be sent to those in attendance through the courtesy of Syracuse University Press and the kindness of Mr. J. Terry Bender.

The meeting was closed by the playing of a tape recording of the Westminster Abbey ceremonies on December 30th.

CARL T. NAUMBURG

NEW MEMBERS : We are delighted to welcome the following :—
 U.K.: Mrs. Geoffrey Smith; Messrs. T. J. Blount, E. N. Houlton, A. F. Maitland, D. I. Moor. AUSTRALIA: Mrs. R. W. Cooper. CANADA: Alberta University Library. INDIA: F. Bunting. U.S.A.: Portland State Library. VICTORIA (B.C.): H. Aitkens, R. M. Henson.

KIPLING AND THE MARXISTS

by Jack Dunman

SOME months ago, I wrote an article designed to get Marxists to read Kipling. Several enthusiasts who are by no means Marxists were good enough to say they enjoyed it; so now it seems that there is almost an obligation to attempt to explain to them how it is that such a one can be an ardent Kiplingite. This will necessarily involve a sentence or two about the Marxist attitude to literature: but my main purpose is to describe how a very different group of people see and react to the writer. It is my hope this may reveal new charm, new strength and new significance even to those who have devoted so much to the study, and who know so much more about it than I do.

For me, it all began before I was packed off to a public school. I knew *Kim* and many short stories besides the accepted 'children's' books, and was already devoted to the poetry. I made a gallant fight in the bathroom and late at night in studies, but it was a lone one, and I was mercilessly bashed by the intellectuals, 'aesthetes' we called them in those days. But my devotion was unshaken, and becoming a Socialist made no difference to it. It is odd that, nearly 40 years later, I have found much more understanding and appreciation among my socialist friends than I ever did at my school. In fact, in the talks I have had since my article appeared, and in the correspondence which it provoked, the majority have admitted, or in some cases proudly claimed, a lifelong admiration, while others have decided to read or re-read, usually with the desired result.

Realist

I think that the fundamental thing is that Kipling was so deeply and passionately interested in the real world in which he lived. That some parts of the world which he knew particularly well are strange and even uncongenial to some of us does not vitally matter. This is perhaps one of the things that I myself have learned in this study. Literature should be concerned first with reality, although (and this is where complication begins in this most difficult and dialectical of all studies), illusion can be used to illuminate reality.

But it is not enough to record detail accurately, as on a photographic plate, as Zola tended to do in literature. The artist himself is involved in communication to his audience; and unless he is gifted with imagination, he is not an artist. Our writer put it marvellously himself, in the deceptively simple line:

"To draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are." Here, in words of one syllable, is the relation between reality and the artist. [How many of his critics credit Kipling with the profound interest in aesthetics which first showed itself in *The Light That Failed?*] There is the real thing; and there is the artist who shows it to us; but

he describes, reveals and even sometimes explains it to us by the exercise of his imagination, which emphasises, leaves out, distorts, simplifies, elaborates. If he does this he is doing his job : whether his subject is a pleasing one, or is pleasing to us, or whether his attitude to it is sympathetic to our own, ought to be of little relevance.

We have no excuse for not understanding this. Marx and Engels paid their tributes to Dickens and the other 'critical realists' of the English novel ; but their deepest admiration was reserved for Balzac, whose attitude to politics, and to reform in the broadest sense, was, as we should say, far less 'progressive' than that of Dickens, who consciously set out in many of his books to remedy some specific evil. Balzac was in politics a Royalist, but he 'drew the thing as he saw it' with such enormous imaginative power that he increases our understanding more profoundly than Dickens.

Psychology

'Reality' of course embraces not only material things, but the human mind and its activities : a writer must be a realist about psychology as well as about living conditions, social organisation and all the rest. But this must not be restricted to the murky recesses as so many of our contemporary writers and playwrights restrict it; it must regard the whole man and his potentialities ; and seeing that many of us believe in progress, or at least *hope* that the progress of mankind is possible in spite of atom bombs and such like, are we not justified in asking that the bias is, if ever so slightly, on the side of progress and potentiality?

And here Kipling is entirely and emphatically on our side. As one of my supporters (the shortest, but the best — a working-class writer) put it — Kipling *always* emphasised the *dignity* of human beings. How true this is — the warped and bitter Mary Postgate, the frustrated Helen Turrell — even Larry Tighe in *Love O' Women* — and most amazing of all the lonely failure Sir Anthony Gloster — every one is a human being, and a spark of human dignity is not withheld from them. This did not make him an *easy* optimist : he was much too aware of the approaching doom of the system in which he believed, but he was always for courage, for fighting back. In that sense he *was* an 'optimist' : he believed that things are worth fighting for.

A comical result of the discussion in our journal was that several of my supporters in the early stages read my reply and were inclined to retreat. " We were with you " they said " until you dragged in *If* ". I suspect there may even be members of the Society who feel a shade of embarrassment at this frank and simple statement of a practical morality; but it is one of the most popular works in the Socialist countries. Mrs. Kocmanova, an English woman who married a Czech and went to live in Prague, wrote that her first Communist Party meeting over there was a 'cultural evening' and the first poem recited (in Czech, of course) was " *If* ". Her protests were not attended to. The fact is, a great many of the qualities needed in the builders of Socialism are those that were required of the many early Empire builders who had idealism in them.

Social Criticism

Realism is good, because it helps understanding of the world as it is. But realism, rather especially in Britain, went a stage further. By calling attention to some of the remediable evils in our society, it became a call to change them, and was named 'critical realism'. Dickens was the most obvious example, but some the less obvious ones were not less important: Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, E. M. Forster. All indicated grave sickness in the heart of our society.

I am sure that such criticism forms a basic part of some of Kipling's finest works. Professor Coghill showed this of *Mary Postgate* in his centenary address. More fundamental though less obvious than the anti-war implications of this much discussed tale are the effects of late Victorian morality and its inhuman attitude to women. Mary was withered, warped, frustrated and destroyed as a human being simply because she was a lonely, unattractive, and penniless woman. Helen Turrell's life was ruined by the same forces, and because she lacked the strength to fight against them.

But it is "The Mary Gloster", written before the end of the last century which is the most powerful example of this. As I wrote in my Rejoinder in our journal — [readers must forgive my vehemence: it is the power of the poem which compels it]

"Superficially—the rugged story of the self-made millionaire shipping magnate, risen from the ranks, and let down by his educated and effete son — underneath — we learn that Sir Antony made his first steps up the ladder by unquestioningly carrying out the orders of unscrupulous shipping owners, sailing or losing ships as he was told. He cheated his friend and collaborator over an invention. He speaks of his dead wife with exaggerated sentiment, but in fact he killed her and all his other children by dragging them round the world to be born and die on his rotten ships. There is masterly ambiguity about the surviving son; we are left unsure whether he is really effete, or whether his father hates the sight of him just because he has acquired culture and other interests. The old man is dying, unloved, unregretted, and totally alone, comforted only by an insane plan for his body to be sunk in a ship where his wife was buried at sea. And yet, such is Kipling's art and heart, the old blackguard remains a human being, not entirely hateful, until his final death-rattle. I know of no work of comparable length that gives a tenth part of the understanding of early capitalism, and its effect on people, which is **in this 180-line poem**".

Marxists should esteem such an evaluation because it does not simply show the system we dislike in terms of economics and statistics, but in its destructive effect on human beings.

I am arguing all through, it will be seen, that it is the duty of the artist to tell the truth: but he can only tell the truth *as he sees it*. It would be foolish to demand that any artist must see 'the whole truth', if indeed such a concept has any real meaning. Kipling had his blind spots; my difficulty has been that these blind spots are concerned with matters which to Socialists are of overwhelming practical and emotional significance. He was not unaware of the sharp confronta-

tions of classes, for example, in "The Wish House", and in many of the Barrack Room Ballads. But, as far as I can find, he nowhere reveals any appreciation whatever of the fact that one of the reasons (I will not put it more strongly) for the presence of the British in India was that enormous profits were made out of the country and its people. To some of my colleagues, this destroys the whole of the rest of the achievement. I am convinced that they are wrong; but I must admit I would have been less confident a few years ago, when one of the necessary conditions, as I saw it, for progress was the removal of British troops and administration from India. A tactical question, perhaps, but a very vital one.

As it now is, I feel that Kipling's evocation of the peoples of India—above all in *Kim*, the native people even more than those belonging to the occupying power; and with all its vivid detail of the country itself; its life, and its physical appearance, far outweighs the special-pleading that is also in it. Indeed, it is hardly a 'white man's burden' approach which we find here. The white characters are anything but idealised, and as for Kim, who shall say whether he is Indian or British? The height of human potentiality is found in the lama, gentle, wise, brave, cultured and incorruptible.

Poet of Machinery

Two other aspects of his realism are of special significance for socialists. The first concerns machinery. The industrial revolution, machinery, and now automation and computers, provide the possibility for material prosperity for everyone, when they are organised and used as they should be. Happiness is another question: material progress does not guarantee it; but at least we can agree that happiness cannot come unless poverty and want have gone. It is an extraordinary thing that the poets associated with the Left in politics have failed so lamentably to create important poetry involving machines. I think that Kipling succeeded just because he did not see machines in themselves, not only in relation to material prosperity, but in relation to the people who use them and make them— one thinks of "The Miracles", "The King"; and of the finest of them, "McAndrew's Hymn", where the nature and power of machinery is revealed through the mind of a highly individualised character.

The second is religion. I know that there have been innumerable discussions on Kipling's attitude to Christianity. I can only speak of my own experience, and say that many of the works, *Kim*, "The Church that was at Antioch", "Buddha at Kamakura" were landmarks on the road to understanding that there are other religions and beliefs in the world besides those in which one was brought up.

I find that in writing of realism, I have said most of what I wanted to say about imaginative power: realism without imagination is nothing, and they cannot be separated. Few writers have discussed the effect of railways on India so adequately and so *realistically* as the ancient deities do in "The Bridge Builders"; and few have spelt out so compellingly the fearful truth that you cannot and must not seek to live with the dead as Kipling did in that most human ghost-story, "They".

The final lines of "The Gardener" caused me concern: I did not at first like a Christian miracle appearing in a piece of social-realism. But the structure of the work would be spoiled by a resolution of greater length; and the fact that Helen's moment of release is associated (for many of us) with illusion magnifies the tragedy. And, in such a veiled allusion to classical literature, Kipling was anticipating one of the more fruitful technical discoveries of 20th century literature, much exploited by James Joyce, for example.

Imagination

Our young writers should certainly take to heart the need for imagination to transmute common occurrences into the stuff of literature: it is something which they seem to lack. Kipling referred to it directly and specifically in *Something of Myself*, where he tells how "Mary, Pity Women" developed years later from the words of the barmaid who was always 'swabbing off the zinc'. In this quality, essential for a prolific writer of realist-imaginative literature, Kipling was extraordinarily gifted: and he gave us a second account of it, elevated by imagination, in one of his greatest poems — "The Craftsman". This is not only a reconstruction of Shakespeare: it is, I am sure, an accurate account of how his own mind worked. I do not know how far it is a gift and how far it can be cultivated: our contemporary writers should set themselves to do all the cultivating and acquiring of it that they can.

I have arrived at my final point. Through many political vicissitudes, I never wavered in the belief that if people wanted to be socialist writers, Kipling was by far the most important example for them to follow. I have already described some of the reasons for this, but there is another and more practical one.

Marxists are unanimous, I think, in objecting to the Arts being restricted to a minority, and want them to be the property of the whole people. This has led to a number of foolish exaggerations at times; such, for example, as demanding that a work of art must be completely comprehensible at first sight or hearing. This, I am glad to say, is on its way out: it is recognised that like everything else worth doing, the appreciation of art demands hard work and study.

"Popular" Art

But nevertheless, the people do produce their own, popular forms, such as folk-song, and, in latter days, the Music Hall. How many times I have heard Marxists discussing how the vitality and broad appeal of the Music Hall should be captured as an element in a people's literature and music. And this is exactly what Kipling did.

It seems odd now, that in the thirties, Stephen Spender and W. H. Auden were the 'white hopes' of the left in literature. It did not last: it might have done, if they had been able to see, or if anyone had been able to show them, how far Kipling had already gone along the road. I believe that much earlier, the socialist writers Robert Blatchford and Edward Carpenter had come under the influence; some research is needed here. But in the thirties, when the first effort was being made to integrate socialist thought with the arts, Kipling was ignored.

Brecht — the Influence

Ignored, but only in his own country. In Germany the situation was quite opposite. There was a young student in the 1920's who, along with William Morris and Maxim Gorki, was to become one of the three greatest figures in Marxist literature. This was Bertold Brecht : the opposite of a dogmatic, propagandist writer, but one who more and more as he developed, tried to let Marxism influence the content and the form of his writing. When the Berliner Ensemble (Brecht's own company, now directed by Helene Weigel, his widow) were here in August 1965, at the Old Vic, I was able to meet a lady who worked with Brecht in the early student days from 1920 in Augsburg : and I asked her anxiously whether I had exaggerated the influence in my article. " It would be impossible to do so," she replied. " Kipling roams through the pages of the early Brecht." And indeed we find there the same topical working class language, the same marriage of slang and poetry, and above all, the same use of outrageous, compelling music hall forms and rhythms. We find even an interest in the kind of names of *places* which Kipling used : " Mandalay Song " for example, and " Sourabaya Johnny ". Probably, more consciously than Kipling, Brecht was feeling his way to his 'alienation effect', the knowledge that piercing truths about life and human character have their effect intensified in an exotic or bizarre setting. My informant and Brecht were to do a fresh translation of the poetry for a new German edition of the complete works in 1932, a project which only the advent of Hitler prevented.

There was no question of satire or mockery about Brecht's attitude ; the influence is steadily apparent, and one of the most moving refrains from " Mary, Pity Women " is lifted bodily into " The Threepenny Opera " and, exquisitely set by the composer Weill, provides one of the most deeply felt passages in that strange, savage and withal tender work. A facsimile of the original Berlin 1928 programme was given out at the Old Vic ; in it the work was described " from the English of John Gay, with lyrics inserted by Francois Villon and Rudyard Kipling ". I wonder whether correspondence passed about this borrowing? Some research is needed on the whole connection : I hope some candidate for Ph.D. in English in the German Democratic Republic will tackle it before long. And we on our side ought to study what there is to know about Kipling's *popular* audience; and of his influence on socialist writers like Blatchford and Carpenter.

* * *

And so, I hope indeed that a little light has fallen on the paradox of an unrepentant Marxist's numbering Kipling among the greatest of writers, and, perhaps, his own favourite. Marxists are repudiating the idea that the duty of a writer is to produce propaganda.

They are becoming more and more aware that the artist, to serve the cause of human progress, simply needs to 'draw the thing as he sees it'. When this is done with the genius of a Kipling, the service to humanity is great indeed.

CARLYLE AND KIPLING

(PART TWO)

By Andrew Rutherford

To return, now, to the imperial theme: Carlyle's dream in *Sartor Resartus* was of a *peaceful* policy of emigration, the colonisers being equipped "not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare" for the development of virgin lands. Yet the reference to "the Hengsts and Alarics" and the description of the potential emigrants as "superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour" suggest not simply a view of the whole project as heroic, but a latent militancy which would bode ill for the indigenous population of such territories, if they got in the way. Such militancy may well be inherent in any policy of colonisation, but there is a significant difference of emphasis between Carlyle's imagery in this passage and Southey's almost pastoral allusions to Britain as a hive ready to cast its swarms.⁽¹⁹⁾ Carlyle's imagination seems fired by the potential belligerency of his emigrants, and *Past and Present* confirms this in some passages which suggest a ready sympathy with military expansionism as a technique for bringing order, peace and civilisation to less fortunate areas of the world:

Commend me to the silent English, to the silent Romans. Nay the silent Russians, too, I believe to be worth something: are they not even now drilling, under much obloquy, an immense semi-barbarous half-world from Finland to Kamtschatka, into rule, subordination, civilisation — really in an old Roman fashion; speaking no word about it; quietly hearing all manner of vituperative Able Editors speak! While your ever-talking, ever-gesticulating French, for example, what are they at this moment drilling?—Nay of all animals, the freest of utterance, I should judge, is the genus *Simla*: go into the Indian woods, say all Travellers, and look what a brisk, adroit unresting Ape-population it is.⁽²⁰⁾

Here again there are remarkable parallels between Carlyle and Kipling. The association of silence with strength, and the attribution of those combined qualities to the English pre-eminently — though also to some other imperial races; the contrast between this and the eloquence of vituperative editors on the one hand, or jabbering foreigners on the other: this is entirely Kiplingesque, as is the subsequent contrast between the "sulky, almost stupid Man of Practice" and "the light adroit Man of Theory"; while the reference to the talkative genus *Simia* in the Indian woods reads like a source for, or at least a remarkable anticipation of Kipling's symbolic portrayal of the chattering democratic *Bandar Log* in *The Jungle Books*.⁽²¹⁾ Perhaps the most striking feature of this paragraph, however, is Carlyle's readiness to concede the right, even to assert the duty, of superior races like the English, the Romans or the Russians to conquer and subdue to civilisation races outside their own boundaries. This belief, although unfashionable when Carlyle enunciated it in the 1840s, was to become a

central tenet of later 19th century imperialism. Yet he was never a mere jingo : he was furiously opposed to Disraeli's attempt "to stir the national vanity and set the world on fire" by a new war with Russia.⁽²²⁾ Like the Colonial Reformers (one of whom, Charles Buller, was his former pupil), he was interested primarily not in military conquests but in colonisation by British emigrants,⁽²³⁾ and he thought genuinely in terms of *virgin* lands — of "a world where Canadian Forests stand unfelled, boundless Plains and Prairies unbroken with the plough ; and on the west and on the east green desert spaces never yet made white with corn . . . Our Terrestrial Planet [he goes on], nine-tenths of it yet vacant or tenanted by nomads, is still crying, "Come and till me, come and reap me !" ⁽²⁴⁾ No significant distinction is drawn, however, between "vacant" and "tenanted by nomads" ; and whenever Carlyle was faced with a clash between the interests of white coloniser and indigenous native, his sympathies were with the former, partly on racial grounds, partly because of the connection which he (like Froude and other later imperialists) postulated between superior merit and superior strength. Carlyle's part in the Governor Eyre controversy is well-known, though there perhaps the racial issue is obscured by his antagonism to all "mob-insurrections" — "Black or White" ; ⁽²⁵⁾ but elsewhere his discussion of West Indian problems reveals a racialist doctrine in its extremest form. "One always rather likes the Nigger", he asserts in *Shooting Niagara* ; "evidently a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with affections, attachments,—with a turn for Nigger Melodies and the like :— he is the only Savage of all the coloured races that doesn't die out on sight of the White Man ; but can actually live beside him, and work and increase and be merry. *The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a Servant,*" ⁽²⁶⁾ It is this assumption that lies behind Carlyle's summary of what *might* be made of Dominica — a summary intended as a paradigm of imperial possibilities :

. . . look at Dominica for an instant. Hemispherical, they say, or in the shape of an Inverted Washbowl ; rim of it, first twenty miles of it all round, starting from the sea, is flat alluvium, the fruitfulest in Nature, fit for any noblest spice or product, but unwholesome except for Niggers held steadily to their work : ground then gradually rises, umbrageously rich throughout, becomes fit for coffee ; still rises, now bears oak-woods, cereals, Indian corn, English wheat, and in this upper portion is salubrious and delightful for the European,—who might there spread and grow, according to the wisdom given him ; say only to a population of 100,000 adult men ; well fit to defend their Island against all comers, and beneficently keep steady to their work a million of Niggers on the lower ranges.⁽²⁷⁾

The modern revulsion from such theories was eloquently voiced in Carlyle's own day by John Stuart Mill ⁽²⁸⁾ ; but another interesting contemporary perspective is provided by Charles Dilke, whose *Greater Britain* (published in 1868, the year after Carlyle's *Shooting Niagara*) presents his considered views on Empire. Dilke, surveying his travels in America, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon and India, felt that what he had seen bore witness to "the grandeur of our [Anglo-

Saxon] race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined, perhaps, eventually to overspread." (29) The conflict of the "cheap" with the "dear" races, which he observed in all three continents, seemed always to result in the victory of the "dear" in lands colonised by British or Americans. The native races were either exterminated by violence, which he deplored, or else they died out, to be superseded in a process of "natural selection" on a grand scale. This he contemplates with regret, and with sympathy for their predicament; yet he can see that it may be for the best :

After all, if the [Red] Indian is mentally, morally, and physically inferior to the white man, it is in every way for the advantage of the world that the next generation that inhabits Colorado should consist of whites instead of reds. That this result should not be brought about by cruelty or fraud upon the now-existing Indians, is all that we need require. The gradual extinction of the inferior races is not only a law of nature, but a blessing to mankind. (30)

Faced with races like the Indians of India, or the Chinese, who were not declining but flourishing numerically, Dilke concluded that theirs in the foreseeable future would be a subordinate role : "Nature seems to intend the English for a race of officers, to direct and guide the cheap labour of the Eastern peoples" ; (31) though he is in fact continually conscious of the moral obligation of England to her subjects in India, and uneasy about British behaviour there. Without British rule, however, the sub-continent would lapse into anarchy, so that our presence is beneficial to the Indians, while Britain herself gains since such dependencies (as opposed to colonies) are "a nursery of statesmen and of warriors". (32) These views are sufficiently representative to absolve Carlyle of sole guilt in respect of attitudes widely current in his day.

Yet there are significant differences between Dilke and Carlyle. The older man has none of Dilke's sympathy for negroes, Maoris, aborigines, Indians, Chinese ; none of his horror at the violence and injustice to which many of them were subjected ; nothing to compare with Dilke's perception that the Maoris were man-for-man superior in war to their British opponents, or with his insistence later in the book that Britain is under a moral obligation to educate the Indians for freedom. What is most repellent in Carlyle is the way in which he zestfully pushes racialist theory to totalitarian extremes ; and his rather sinister blueprint for a West Indian South Africa seems all the more distasteful when we realise how pre-occupied he was with the question of beneficently keeping the Niggers steady to their work. In his view these islands had been rendered peaceful and fertile by British endeavours : they now brought forth fruits in abundance, and the Niggers were taking base advantage of this to live in idleness, instead of labouring productively for wages on the plantations of the whites. "Our beautiful Black darlings are at last happy," he writes furiously ; "with little labour except to the teeth, *which*, surely, in those excellent horse-jaws of theirs, will not fail !" (33) And this irony becomes almost intolerably strident as he reflects on them

Sitting yonder with their beautiful muzzles up to the ears in

pumpkins, imbibing sweet pulps and juices; the grinder and incisor teeth ready for ever new work, and the pumpkins cheap as grass in those rich climates : while the sugar-crops rot round them uncut, because labour cannot be hired, so cheap are the pumpkins ; — and at home we are but required to rasp from the breakfast-loaves of our own English labourers some slight " differential-sugar duties " and lend a poor half-million or a few poor millions now and then, to keep that beautiful state of matters going on.⁽³⁴⁾

Here one can sympathise in passing with Carlyle's irritation at the Exeter Hall philanthropists whose hearts — like Mrs. Jellyby's in *Bleak House*—were tender towards negroes afar off, and hardened against inconvenient sufferings nearer home; but as Carlyle goes on to propound his solution, we see an extraordinary perversion of his own gospel of work. Every man has a right to work, he declares ; and thinking of the unemployed in workhouses — " pleasantly so-named, because work cannot be done in them "⁽³⁵⁾ — we concur ; but more than this, he now goes on to declare, every man has " an indisputable and perpetual right to be compelled . . . to do competent work for his living."⁽³⁶⁾ He must be induced, and if that fails, forced to do this, by virtue of what Carlyle calls " the divine right of being compelled (if 'permitted' will not answer) to do what work they are appointed for, and not go idle another minute, in a life which is so short, and where idleness so soon runs to putrescence !"⁽³⁷⁾ The last phrase is a typical Carlylian re-orchestration of the familiar adage about Satan finding mischief for idle hands to do ; but the extent to which his own Puritanical ethic has run to putrescence is shown by the passage in which he insists with sardonic relish that " Quashee, if he will not help in bringing-out the spices, will get himself made a slave again . . . , and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work."⁽³⁸⁾

Kipling here provides an instructive contrast. It is true that he shares many assumptions with Carlyle — a belief in the colonisation and development of overseas territories, a belief also in the white man's capacity for government, his mission, and in the natives' inability to govern themselves ; an admiration for strong men on the spot, doing the job, and an impatient contempt for "enlightened" people at home who criticised them : one might compare Carlyle's rabid attacks on Exeter Hall and nigger philanthropy over the Governor Eyre dispute, with Kipling's fury at a Liberal Government's ignorant muddling interference with the imperial process : " One by one," he wrote in "Little Foxes", " the Provinces of the Empire were hauled up and baited, hit and held, lashed under the belly, and forced back on their haunches for the amusement of their new masters in the parish of Westminster." (In both men a belief in white paternalism abroad is accompanied by distrust of white democracy at home.) Yet in spite of these elements in common, the differences between Carlyle and Kipling on the subject of Empire are still remarkable. For one thing, Kipling is incapable of the brutal, offensive re-iteration of "nigger", which Carlyle delights in. The only people who use the term habitually in Kipling's work are private soldiers who, whatever their virtues, have no real comprehension

of the lands in which they serve, or the peoples by whom they are surrounded; and when other characters use the word, it is for Kipling an indication of their inadequacies of breeding and perception. There was, for example, the captain in "On the City Wall" who "was not a nice man. He called all natives 'niggers', which, besides being extreme bad form, shows gross ignorance." It shows gross ignorance because it involves too simple a categorisation of humanity into black and white, ignoring the multitudinous variety of race, religion, and character even in India alone: "Sikhs, Pathans, Dogras — they're all alike, these black vermin", says the Captain, in an insulting confusion and dismissal of three distinct great warrior races. It is "extreme bad form" because of its oafish rudeness, its disregard for the humanity and individuality of the men insulted. Kipling might believe in and wholeheartedly accept the hierarchic ordering of British India, with white supremacy as one of its basic tenets — indeed his anger when Indians were elevated to positions (on the bench, for example, or as district officers) which he thought inappropriate for them, shows how deeply rooted that tenet was in his own mind. Yet while deeply committed emotionally to this hierarchic structuring of the Raj, he has the virtues of hierarchy as well as its defects: like a good Conservative he is aware of the pattern of mutual service and reciprocal respect which such a society assumes. Carlyle in his dissatisfaction with industrial-capitalist social relationships often gestured to feudal or neo-feudal ideals as an alternative, but he never, I think, succeeded in convincingly rendering these in terms of examples as opposed to precepts: Kipling, partly because he had lived in such a society, however imperfect, had a much more immediate apprehension of such relationships, and was able to render them vividly, both in his imperial stories and in his presentation of English rural society. Central to this apprehension and rendering is the respect felt by superior to inferior in rank, as well as the reverse. Each is seen as a man with his own individuality, his own kind of skill or excellence, and his own role, to which the other is not so much inferior or superior as complementary.⁽³⁹⁾ In such a social vision the offensiveness of "nigger" is an outrage, as much indeed to the imperialist-conservative as to the liberal-intellectual.

More fundamentally, perhaps, Kipling differs from Carlyle in his anthropological sense of the variety of types of humanity and the viability of their varying codes of conduct, appropriate to varying conditions of life. Carlyle's fury at Quashee sprang from Quashee's failure to accept his gospel of work, and faced with this refusal Carlyle (the prisoner of his own ethical dogmatism) saw nothing for it but ultimate recourse to "the beneficent whip". Kipling shared the belief in work, but he was capable (as Carlyle was not) of recognising that a great part of mankind did *not* share it, and that there was no particular reason why they should. He realised — partly again because of his wider range of travel and experience — how various humanity really is, and he rejoiced in that variety instead of trying to missionise it into a factitious unity of behaviour and belief. It is not for nothing that one of his volumes is entitled *A Diversity of Creatures*, for the diversity of the human creatures he observed was to him a source of continual delight.

Sometimes, admittedly, this wider awareness issued only in the cheap knowing sententiousness of verses like the notorious,

Still the world is wondrous large — seven seas from marge to marge —

And it holds a vast of various kinds of man ;

And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandhu,

And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.⁽⁴⁰⁾

Yet even in this vein Kipling has perceptions which can be set against Carlyle's view of Quashee :

Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,

For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles and he weareth the Christian down ;

And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,

And the epitaph drear : 'A Fool lies here who tried to hustle the East.'⁽⁴¹⁾

In a different vein, which demands more serious respect, Kipling recognises the validity, for the holders, of beliefs remote from our own, and warns us in "Buddha at Kamakura" against the complacent dogmatism of the Christian English — their ignorant intolerance of all alien codes. In his fiction, moreover, Kipling creates with triumphant success characters — saintly mendicants, for example, like Purun Bhagat or Kim's Lama — whose lives are lived on assumptions radically different from his or our own, yet who compel our sympathy and admiration — even our love. This capacity to project himself imaginatively into other minds, into personalities of other races, into representatives of alien humanity, this anthropological but also warmly human interest in mankind in all its variety, is one of Kipling's great strengths as a creative artist — and it is one which removes him very far from the narrow prophetic dogmatisms of Carlyle.

Another area of human activity, of work, in which the two men can be usefully compared, is that of industrialism and technology. No-one needs to be reminded of Carlyle's protests against the social conditions which resulted from the Industrial Revolution and the economic philosophy which allowed them to continue ; such protests form some of the most moving and morally central passages in all his polemical writings. There is no equivalent in Kipling. Partly, no doubt, this is because his early manhood was spent outside England, in a non-industrialised India, and the problems which impinged on him there were those of famine relief, for example, of agricultural development, frontier defence, and the protection of ordinary people from disorder and violence. In his years in America he did observe — and was horrified by — urban conditions in the booming cities ; but these occupy a very marginal place in his writings ; while on his return to England to settle there, it was the rural countryside and its inhabitants of all classes that he chose as material for his art. As Professor Bodelsen has said, " It is as if only the relics of feudalism counted, and the Midlands, the East End, industrialism, trade unions, etc. had no real existence."⁽⁴²⁾ By and large, the comment is a fair one : we may recall one story, "The Record

of Badalia Herodsfoot", set in the East End slums; another, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" in which we are told that a regiment had been recruited "from an over-populated manufacturing district . . . the sons of those who for generations had done over-much work for over-scanty pay, had sweated in drying-rooms, stooped over looms, coughed among white-lead, and shivered on lime-barges" — and who were therefore deficient in the moral fibre needed for soldiering. But in general it is true that Kipling turns a blind eye to the many evil aspects of industrialism which were there for him to see, and this marks a curious limitation in his ability to render the life of his time, a limitation which is to some extent a consequence of his identifying himself too readily in his middle years with the viewpoint of the upper and upper-middle classes — of his not even trying to see around their blinkers (except in so far as he urged them towards greater efficiency, military and technological). Here Carlyle with his generous moral indignation and his inescapable challenge to middle-class consciences on the condition-of-England question, is much the superior. Yet however horrible the consequences of *laissez-faire* in the early nineteenth century, there was another side to Industrialism, as Carlyle himself saw — a potential for good which is acknowledged in *Past and Present* when Plugson of Undershot is singled out as an example of the new working or industrial aristocracy, a hero who is engaged with his thousand factory workers in as great a battle as those fought by more traditional captains of thousands. As Carlyle considers this shift from the Feudal to the Industrial, he insists that we should recognise that the Epic of the nineteenth century "verily is not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man* — an infinitely wider kind of Epic".⁽⁴³⁾ He himself, however, never wrote or attempted to write that wider kind of epic: his quasi-epic prose works are military and political, not economic and technological in subject matter; and this reflects the preoccupations of the age in which he grew to manhood — an age dazzled or appalled by the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. Furthermore, his roots in that Romantic age result in a suspicion of the machine as such, even when he sees its potentialities: for the Romantics the organic was the analogy suggestive of life, while the mechanical, as the antithesis of both nature and spirit, had connotations of inertness, soullessness, death; and there are many examples in Carlyle's writings of machine images used with these pejorative implications.⁽⁴⁴⁾ Yet even apart from this ambivalence in his own attitude to the technology of the machine age, it seems doubtful whether Carlyle had enough detailed knowledge of mechanical processes, or sufficient interest in them, to attempt the project which he announced prophetically in *Past and Present*; whereas Kipling might be regarded as the fulfilment of that prophecy. He might also be regarded as the articulator of the epic of the inarticulate English — "of all the Nations in the world . . . the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action", according to Carlyle. "Nature alone knows thee, acknowledges the bulk and strength of thee," he apostrophises John Bull: "thy Epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this Planet — sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets and cities, Indian Empires, Americas, New Hollands,

legible throughout the Solar System."⁽⁴⁵⁾ It is this "mighty Series of Heroic Deeds", this "mighty Conquest over Chaos", this epic hitherto unsung in words but written on the face of the planet in sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets, cities, Indian Empires and Americas, this epic partly of arms but largely of tools and the man, that Kipling triumphantly sings. His success is due largely to the fact that his belief in the value of work, and his commitment to his own work, was accompanied by an indefatigable interest in the work of others. This was encouraged by the Anglo-Indian milieu in which work, or shop, bulked inescapably large: in the club at Lahore and elsewhere, Kipling writes in his autobiography,

I met none but picked men at their definite work — Civilians, Army, Education, Canals, Railways, Doctors, and Lawyers — samples of each branch and each talking his own shop. It follows then that that "show of technical knowledge" for which I was blamed later came to me from the horse's mouth . . .⁽⁴⁶⁾

CARLYLE AND KIPLING : NOTES

19. Robert Southey, *Essays, Moral and Political*, London, 1832, I 154, II 272-3.
20. *Past and Present* Book Three, Chapter Five.
21. Kipling, on the other hand, admired French civilisation and shared the common British distrust of Russia's expansionist policies in Asia in the later nineteenth century, but these differences should not be allowed to obscure their basic similarity of attitude and values.
22. J. A. Froude, *Thomas Carlyle: A History of his Life in London, 1834-1881*, London, 1884, II, 439-442.
23. Cf. Bodelsen, *Studies in Mid-Victorian Imperialism*, pp. 23-, 177-8.
24. "Chartism" (Chapter Ten), *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*.
25. "Shooting Niagara: and After?" (Section III), *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* [my italics].
26. *Op. Cit.* Section II [my italics].
27. *Op. cit.* Section IV.
28. Cf. Emery Neff, *Carlyle and Mill*, New York, 1926, pp. 39-50.
29. C. W. Dilke, *Greater Britain*, 4th Edn., London, 1869 p. vii.
30. *Ibid.*, p. 88, Cf. pp. 223, 281, 572.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 192.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 564.
33. "The Nigger Question," *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*.
34. *Ibid.*
35. *Past and Present*, Book One, Chapter One.
36. "The Nigger Question," *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*.
37. *Ibid.*
38. *Ibid.* It is not unfair to cite as a comparison Cecil Rhodes's hatred of "loafers" (black or white), and his readiness to support measures like the Strop Bill and the Glen Grey Act, designed to coerce African labour. (J. G. Lockhart and C. M. Woodhouse, *Rhodes*, London, 1963, pp. 195-8). Rhodes, whom Kipling came to admire so greatly, had been much influenced at Oxford by Ruskin's preaching of Carlylean doctrines of work, of British racial superiority, and of the duties of colonisation (*op. cit.*, pp. 62-3).
39. Thus in his description of his labours on *The Civil and Military Gazette*, Kipling notes that "our native Foreman, on the News side, Mian Rukn Din, a

Muhammedan gentleman of kind heart and infinite patience, whom I never saw unequal to a situation, was my loyal friend throughout." (*Something of Myself*, Chapter Three.) The example is worth citing in contrast to the popular debasement of Kipling in a recent B.B.C. Television series of dramatisations of his Indian tales, in which the native foreman was portrayed as a shuffling, moronic helot, treated often with brusque irritation by the Editor and his Assistant.

40. *Rudyard Kipling's Verse (Definitive Edition)*, London, 1960, p. 343.
41. *Op. cit.*, p. 537.
42. C. A. Bodelsen, *Aspects of Kipling's Art*, Manchester, 1964, p. 80.
43. *Past and Present*, Book Four, Chapter One. In this application of military conceptions to the world of Industry, Carlyle may have been influenced by the Saint-Simonians (see Emery Neff, *op. cit.*, pp. 208-215, 308).
44. See, for example, *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Lecture V : " The Living TREE Igdrasil, with the melodious prophetic waving of its world-wide boughs, deep-rooted as Hela, has died-out into the clanking of a World-MACHINE. 'Tree' and 'Machine' : contrast these two things. I, for my share, declare the world to be no machine ! I say that it does *not* go by the wheel-and-pinion ' motives ', self-interests, checks, balances ; that there is something far other in it than the clank of spinning-jennies and parliamentary majorities; and, on the whole, that it is not a machine at all ! "
45. *Past and Present*, Book Three, Chapter Four.
46. *Something of Myself*, Chapter Three.

(To be concluded)

KIPLING AND TORONTO

Two Recently Discovered Letters

By Eric Dumville

Last year Mr. and Mrs. David Diamond of St. George Street, Toronto, handed me an envelope inscribed " Letters from Rudyard Kipling to PCL." The envelope, bearing the crest of the Ritz Hotel, London, contained two letters discovered in a copy of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, rescued from a house due for demolition across the street. Knowing that I teach English at the University of Toronto, my friends thought I might be interested in the letters and might want to investigate their background. Accordingly, at intervals since last summer I have done some research into the subject, and, while the results are neither particularly conclusive nor able to cast much new light on Kipling, I thought that they might prove of interest to readers of this journal.

The initials " PCL." refer to Peter Charles Larkin, at one time a well-known figure both in Canada and the United States. He was born in Montreal on 13th May 1856 and was educated there and also in Toronto. Subsequently he went into business as a tea-merchant, during

which time he originated the idea of selling tea in sealed lead packets. As a result of the widespread operations of the Salada Tea Company, of which he was president, he became known as "The Tea King of America." In addition to his business enterprises he served for many years as treasurer of the Ontario Liberal Association. In 1922 he became a member of the King's Privy Council for Canada, and in the same year was appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London, a post he retained until his death on 3rd February, 1930.

The first of the two letters was written by Kipling from "Bate-man's" in the year of Larkin's appointment to London :

April 29/22

Dear Mr. Larkin :

I hear from General Ware that it is our good fortune to have the pleasure of your company — and Mrs. Larkin's if she is equal to it — during the King's visit to the Cemeteries in France, next month. I write on behalf of Mrs. Kipling and myself to say how pleased we shall be to be of any service to you : and, I suggest, that we meet you with the car at Calais Maritime Station on the arrival of the Dover boat at 12 :10 on May 11th; so that we can take you on to Vlamertinghe Cemetery afterwards.

On Friday — if that suits you — we can visit some of the Cemeteries in the Northern areas, such as Louvaincourt [apparently a mis-spelling of Louvencourt] and Forceville &, if you have not already seen it, give you some notion of the devastated areas ; returning to Boulogne in time for the ceremonies there, on Saturday 13th May at: 1 :30.

This, of course, is subject to any unforeseen variation of the official programme but, please let me know, if, so far as it goes, it suits you.

With kind regards believe me

Sincerely Yours,

RUDYARD KIPLING

As Vlamertinghe is in Belgium your passport will have to be in order for *Belgium* as well as France.

RK.

The General Ware referred to is Sir Fabian Ware, whose book *The Immortal Heritage* (1937) contains a reference to Kipling as an official member of the War Graves Commission. Sir Fabian recalls (on p.61) that every inscription approved by the Commission was Kipling's both in its conception and its final form.

A further account of Kipling's connexion with the Commission appears in issue 37 of this journal, published in March 1936. On pp. 29-30 Collinson Owen remembers a meeting with Kipling :

The writer once passed a whole afternoon with Kipling in 1922, when the King visited the War Graves . . . At Terlinctum Mr. Kipling and the writer walked together alone, all that day ; one or two of his remarks remain in memory : " There has never been

anything like this in all history — the embalming of a race." Kipling's belief in the strength of the friendship that unites Britain and France was strong. "It could not be otherwise with these countless British graves scattered so thickly along the battle line." The second letter, also from "Bateman's," was written several years later and has no connexion with the first :

Dear Mr. Larkin,

I am extremely grateful to you for interesting yourself in Colonel Goodland's future ; and I am reasonably sure that he will justify himself in any office that may be given to him. It is in the handling of men that his strong point lies—as was shown in all the work of keeping them together and working in France. With all our best wishes to you and yours.

Ever sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I am unable to supply any information on this second letter, but perhaps a reader can prove of assistance.

The fact that the two letters were all that was contained in the envelope suggests that this was the extent of Kipling's correspondence with Larkin, a supposition supported by the fact that there are no further letters in either the Larkin family papers at the Public Archives Office in Ottawa or in the Kipling Collection at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I would be grateful if any reader can supply more information about the acquaintance of Kipling and Larkin, although it is likely that such information will be extremely hard to come by. Presumably Peter Larkin's possessions were returned to Canada after his death, which would account for the presence of these letters in Toronto. However, there is no note of ownership inside the book in which they were found, so that there is no possibility of exploring that line of approach.

By way of footnote I should add that a further link between Kipling and Toronto is established in a collection of thirty six letters from Kipling to James Barry of this city, written between 20th May 1932 and 4th January 1936, shortly before Kipling's death. This collection is lodged in the Baldwin Room of the Toronto Central Library. In an explanatory note appended to a letter of July 16, 1933, from Barry to Kipling, the writer comments : " Mr. Kipling addressed the Canadian Club in Toronto about 1906. I met him then." The date of their meeting must actually have been 1907, the year in which Kipling toured Canada and recorded his impressions in *Letters of Travel* (1920). His main allusion to Toronto is to its "austere Northern dignity of outline, grouping, and perspective" (p.151), although he found it " consumingly commercial."

[The two letters by Rudyard Kipling are printed here by kind permission of Mrs. Bambridge.]

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1965

1964		£	£	1964		£	£
	INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT :				CASH AND BANK BALANCES		
907	Balance at 31st December, 1964	495		1	Cash in Hand		2
412	Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year	93			Bank Balances —		
				328	Current Account		260
495		402		100	Deposit Account		100
101	TRANSFER FROM SPECIAL DONATION			14	DEBTORS AND REPAYMENTS		51
	ACCOUNT	101		15	STOCK OF JOURNALS AND STATIONERY ...		15
596—		—	503		INVESTMENT		
				260	£500 3½% War Loan Stock at cost less £253		260
	SPECIAL DONATIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS				written off		
	FOR ENLARGING JOURNAL				(Market Value at 31st December, 1965, £267)		
115	Balance at 31st December, 1964	90			A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary		
25	Allocated to 1965 Journals	25			M. R. LAWRENCE, Hon. Treasurer		
90—		—	65				
32	CREDITORS AND ACCRUED EXPENSES ...		120				
£718		£688		£718		£688	

- NOTE (1) The realisable value of Library books, etc. cannot be estimated, but should be considerable. There is also a small amount of furniture not valued.
- (2) The Society holds the Wolff Collection and may retain it so long as the Society is in existence.
- (3) Library books, the Bust of Kipling and the Wolff Collection are insured for loss against fire with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Co. for £3,000.

REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

We have examined the above Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1965, and Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1965, with the books and vouchers of the Kipling Society, and certify that they agree therewith.

5, Albemarle Street,
Piccadilly, London, W.1.
Date: 16th June, 1966.

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,
Chartered Accountants

REPORTS ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

May 11, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House

This evening the society had the unwonted privilege of being addressed by Mr. T. F. Evans, the Editor of *The Shavian*, the journal of the Shaw Society, on "A Shavian looks at Kipling". Those who had expected a welter of acrimonious polemics were disappointed, whilst those who had hoped for an entertaining and scholarly disquisition were amply rewarded.

Mr. Evans's presence offers us, said the chairman in his introduction, a welcome variety, for while we usually come together as a close community looking from the inside out, so to say, he will speak to us from the outside looking in — from the viewpoint of one who claims no more than a slight knowledge of the works of Rudyard Kipling. Of his status as a scholar it need only be said that he is a graduate of the University of London, has served for over 25 years in the Civil Service, including an educational post in the Treasury, has given part-time service teaching for the Workers' Educational Association and the Tutorial Classes Committee of his University to which last year he returned to a full-time appointment with the Department of Extra-mural Studies. He is incidentally a self-confessed fanatical adherent of cricket, upon which he writes and speaks frequently.

Mr. Evans began by saying that he had never made the close study of Kipling that he had made of some other twentieth century writers. Kipling had not been a popular writer in the classes that he had taken for the Workers' Educational Association and the University of London and he recalled Hilton Brown's remark that Kipling 'could have no interest for generations to whom Shaw, Wells, Lawrence, Joyce and Virginia Woolf represented progressive emancipation from Victorian standards and to whom an empire was something wickedly acquired and abominably misgoverned by the very sahibs of Kipling's vision'. The later part of this comment might be an over-statement, but Shaw, Lawrence and Joyce were the modern writers who attracted him most, both because of their approach to their subject matter and for aesthetic reasons and, sad though it was, it was not common to find that those readers and critics who gave high place to these writers were also the most enthusiastic admirers of Kipling. In addition, Mr. Evans felt that he did not share the background of the conventional Kipling lover. If by making a projection into the past on the lines of *Puck of Pook's Hill* or *The Finest Story in the World*, he could conceive an encounter between Kipling and himself, he thought that he might well have been dismissed as an 'intellectual' and probably a 'brittle' one at that. He did not share Kipling's experience or close observation of soldiering or journalism and while he was so captivated by the poem *Mandalay* that he could well believe that 'if you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else' he had not travelled at all widely and had rarely been further to the East than his home town of Southend-on-Sea. In spite of this, he submitted that a writer did not

write merely for a coterie resembling himself and it could be argued that the virtues apparent to a reader who did not feel himself irresistibly attracted from the beginning must be great indeed.

He did not, he said, know the children's stories at all well. He had read *The Light that Failed* and enjoyed it, but it did not remain in the mind. Nobody at all sensitive to the most skilful evocation of background and atmosphere could fail to admire *Kim*, in which, incidentally, he saw the germ of Barrie's *Peter Pan*, but he did not regard this as a novel in the fullest sense. He had read fairly widely among the stories during the years and several had impressed him deeply. In view of Miss Tompkins's authoritative study of Kipling's work, to which he gave high praise, it was very difficult to say anything further, but he thought that a closer examination of the actual texture of Kipling's writing would reveal much that was not immediately apparent. Thus, with respect to the editor of *The Kipling Journal*, who had recently said that literary criticism, 'this parasite of Parnassus', was of less value than 'the more fertilizing growths of elucidatory, historical and biographical study' he thought that by a careful examination of Kipling's actual words and phrases, it was possible to understand the deeper implications of his stories and to see that these sometimes conflicted with the surface of the narrative. Illustrating this by reference to *Without Benefit of Clergy*, a story that he admired greatly, Mr. Evans said that the deepest tensions of the association between the Englishman and the Indian girl were made clear in the actual words that they used to each other rather than in the explanations of the narrator. The conflict beneath the surface was far more powerful even than the most moving story that one found on first reading. Whether all the details were fully intended by the author, and the greatest writers often secured their greatest effects by an almost subconscious creative process, this story was a masterpiece. Mr. Evans also admired such other well-known stories as *Mrs. Bathurst*, 'They', *The Gardener* and *Dayspring Mishandled*, and in a brief comment on the verse, he said that he found lines of Kipling remaining in the mind, even though he was out of sympathy with the sentiments expressed.

Mr. Evans said that he disagreed with almost all Kipling's political and social opinions, but what interested him most about them was the way in which they were transmuted into his art. He felt that Kipling might have been a greater writer if he had not been so reticent and had been more prepared to put himself in his work, and if he had written novels rather than short stories. Nevertheless, in the house of literature as elsewhere there were many mansions and we were probably better advised to be grateful for what writers had given us than to rebuke them for omissions and shortcomings of our own imagining.

The speaker's effect on his audience was exemplified by Mr. McGivering, who having sat with rapt attention throughout was impelled to express his delighted amazement at our guest's having spoken for "the standing part" (a trope with a pleasant maritime flavour) of an hour, without reference to a note and almost without pause for breath,

and this got a lively discussion off to a good start. Not unexpectedly, *Kim* took an early and a major place in questions from the audience : its status (or none) as a novel was brought up by a new member seeking enlightenment. The statement by the Chairman that its having no "love interest" disqualified it as a novel was not accepted on all sides, and opinion seemed to assign its plotlessness as the reason, and here it would have been opportune to quote Doctor Tompkins's summing-up : " The ' plotless ' nature of the book and the absence of a conflict in its central character suggest that he " (the author) " had already begun to doubt his ability to achieve the well-constructed novel." This notwithstanding, it was observed from the chair that a body of opinion held that Kipling wrote with such concision, unusual in his period, that many of his best stories could with ease have been padded-out to full-length novels. Mr. Evans, demurring at the suggestion of padding, gave guarded acquiescence.

Mr. Evans was clearly delighted with an audience that picked up every reference almost before it was spoken and promptly corrected his very infrequent and minor errors. That audience needed no urging to accord him an ovation at the conclusion of the proceedings, and will now be gratified to know that Mr. Evans is willing on some later occasion to examine a story or group of stories more closely than he had been able in " a series of random observations ", to adopt his own words.

The restraint and delicacy of touch with which the speaker approached all aspects of his subject is to be commended.

P.W.I.

At the invitation of the Shaw Society, a combined meeting of the two societies was held on 24th June at the National Book League to hear a paper on " The Versatility of Rudyard Kipling with a side-glance at Shaw " read by Mr. Inwood.

The sympathetic chairmanship of Mr. T. F. Evans, whose views on Kipling gave great pleasure at our last discussion meeting, encouraged a greater identity of view among the audience than might at first glance have been expected and the paper itself was favourably received.

The only marked difference of opinion arose when " The Army of a Dream " was adduced as an example of the author's writing for purposes of propaganda, when some of the Shavian audience, flying in the face of probability, scouted the idea that the discipline imposed by service from youth onwards in an army drawn from the whole nation would result in a self-disciplined individual, but it is surely no coincidence that the end of National Service has seen the proliferation of beatniks, mods, rockers, *et al.*, whose lack of self-discipline is on public display at all times to the disgust of some and the terror of other decent people.

B. E. VILLERS

LETTER BAG

KIPLING AND AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

All your readers will be grateful to Mr. George Calvin Carter for his delightful reminiscences of Brattleboro, Vermont, and of Rudyard Kipling himself. I hope it will not be thought ungenerous if I question the precise dating of an episode which Mr. Carter recalls from so distant a past.

What I must call Kipling's 'love-hate' relation with the United States (not of course with the American people among whom he had so many dear friends) reminds us, again and again, of his tendency to keep his private affairs in separate compartments, the 'two sides of his head.' In his early American days, the honey-moon period, we might guess that he would have discussed the possibility of taking American nationality, or of holding dual nationality; and it is interesting to learn from Mr. Carter that he made confidential inquiries.

It is also clear that an anti-American phase had set in before the family quarrel which drove him away. The Venezuela Incident, which brought Britain and America to the brink of war, broke out in July 1895, and reached its crisis with President Cleveland's aggressive Message to Congress on 17 December.

On 4 Jan. 1896 (when the newspapers were also full of agitation about the Jameson Raid in South Africa) Kipling wrote to W. D. Howells to say that he had made up his mind to leave America. On 8 January he wrote the much stronger letter (quoted in my *Life*, p. 228) to C. E. Norton. I have now found among my notes a copy, sent me by Mr. Howard Rice of Princeton, of a still more significant letter. In March 1896, *The New York World* offered Kipling \$1000 for a thousand words on the subject: 'Why America could not conquer England?' His reply, printed in *The World* on 29 March, was:

" Dear Sir,

Your suggestion that I should write one thousand words for one thousand dollars on the text 'Why America could not conquer England' has been laid before me. It is impossible that I should accept the commission as it would involve me in discussing the armed strength of the Empire, a question on which no British subject has any information for sale.

Sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling "

This does not read like the letter of a man who is about to change his nationality. At this date, March 1896, the Kiplings were already on bad terms with the Beatty Balestiers, but the famous quarrel did not take place until 6th May.

C. E. CARRINGTON

MY LORD THE ELEPHANT

From the City of Mysore there is a *main road* south to the Neilgarhi hills. It passes through a tract of thick jungle abounding in wild animals including elephants. Like all main roads in India, it is marked with large milestones, each showing distance from Mysore City on one face and Ootacammund on the other. Between these stones each mile is marked off into tenths by small stones standing about 18 inches high above ground.

When in Karachi during March 1950, we were told that the markers in the jungle were of black stone because the wild elephants object to the usual white marble milestones which we had seen everywhere in India. They were too conspicuous in the moonlight to suit the tastes of the pachyderms, so they pull them up and drag them off into the brush.

Later (in May) when we motored south over this particular stretch of road, we were amused to find these black stone markers all present and in order, *until* we reached the Madras section. There, in British territory, only the usual white marble stones had been used by the enlightened British Authorities — and a great many of them were missing. We could see them lying off a hundred or more feet from the road.

C. L. AMES

SUNNI AND TIRAH

The Sunni are one of the two great divisions of Islam, the other being the Shiah. Most Mohammedans belong to one or other, and they are roughly equal in strength, although for the most part they fall into distinct geographical groups. To non-Mohammedans, their doctrinal differences do not seem too great, yet they display a fierce enmity toward each other.

The Tirah is an area on the North-West Frontier (presumably Shiah). We have indeed fought in or near there many times, but the most memorable occasion was in 1897. A battle honour and a clasp for the Indian General Service Medal of 1895 were awarded for this campaign.

J. L. CHAPPLE

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