



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, SW1, at 2 p.m.
Wednesday, 17th December, 1975.
Wednesday, 17th March, 1976.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At St. George's Club, 4 Wilton Mews, SW1, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

*Wednesday, 18th February, 1976, Mrs Brenda Colloms, M.A., will open a Discussion on "Random Thoughts on Kingsley and Kipling". (Mrs Colloms is the Author of *Charles Kingsley, the Lion of Eversley*, Constable, 1975).*

*Wednesday, 14th April, 1976, Mr. W. Greenwood, Chairman of Council will open a Discussion on *The Return of Imray*.*

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

We hope to repeat this year's visit, during 1976. Please watch for details in Journal 197 (next March). *Later:* The date is Friday, 7th March, 1976.

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Vol. XLII No. 196

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NEWS AND NOTES

KIPLING'S CORRECTIONS

"Seek not to question other than/The works I leave behind," begged Kipling—and it is strange that so far no one seems to have collated any of these works to see where, how and why he changed or revised from the texts of the first editions to the final "Official" text of *The Sussex Edition*.

There certainly were corrections, some of interest, between the serial publication of a story and its appearance in volume form—extreme examples include 'The Brushwood Boy' (*Century Magazine*, Dec: 1895; *The Day's Work*, 1898) and 'An English School' (*Youth's Companion*, Oct: 1893; *Land and Sea Tales*, 1923). But there were also alterations, corrections and omissions among the books themselves—mainly between those first published in India and their later English and American editions—of which the story 'Black Jack' in *Soldiers Three* is a good example, the whole of the opening paragraph being omitted when the volume was reprinted (with *The Story of the Gadsbys* and *In Black and White*) by Macmillans in 1895.

Kipling seems to have accepted a correction from outside very seldom. That he did so occasionally is shown in the poem "Jane's Marriage" where, forgetting correct chronology he allowed Jane, when she went to Paradise, to be met by "good Sir Walter" who "led her up the stair". It was obviously pointed out to Kipling that Jane Austen died in 1817 and Sir Walter Scott in 1832, for the lines are changed in both *Definitive Verse* and *The Sussex Edition* to "Good Sir Walter followed her/And armed her up the stair". [Many thanks to Mrs. Margaret Donaldson, one of our Members, for raising the question as to which version was correct.]

Whatever Kipling chose to do with regard to his own writings, one would have expected him to correct quotations from other authors when he had in fact misquoted them. Thus, as Mr. Peter L. Hays pointed out in *Journal* 195, Kipling misquoted the Hymn "The Son of God goes forth to war/A kingly crown to gain," in 'The Man Who Would Be King,' but set it right in *The Sussex Edition*. But how much of *The Sussex Edition* did Kipling actually live to revise or correct? And was he even consulted by his publishers as to which previous edition the printers should use?

Usually *The Sussex Edition* seems indeed to be the corrected, authoritative edition. But unfortunately it is not infallible. Thus the 'Second Bag' in 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' is prefixed by four lines of

verse ascribed to *The City of Dreadful Night*, by James Thomson—a poem often quoted by Kipling. But Andrew Lang pointed out in *Longman's Magazine*, Jan. 1892, that the lines were in fact by Arthur Hugh Clough, from his poem "Easier Day. Naples 1849"—and Kipling corrected the ascription (though naming no author) in later Macmillan editions . . . But the wrong ascription, to *The City of Dreadful Night*, re-appears in *The Sussex Edition* !

BLIND LOVERS

Professor Carrington has raised an interesting subject for research in his article on *The Light that Failed* in *Journal* 194. After comparing Dick Helder with Romney Leigh, the hero of Elizabeth Barratt-Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, he asks: "Let some psychologist explain why Victorian writers were obsessed with blindness as a symbol for failure in love. The *motif* occurs in *Jane Eyre*, *Aurora Leigh*, *Westward Ho!*, Du Maurier's *The Martian*, and a forgotten best-seller, Florence Barclay's *The Rosary*'.

If we include blind heroines, one can think at once of Nydia in Bulwer-Lytton's *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and of blind Muriel in Mrs. Craik's *John Halifax, Gentleman*, both of which were published well before Kipling's story, and Madge in Charles Major's *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* (1902). As far as heroes are concerned Ernest Kershaw in Rider Haggard's early novel *The Witch's Head* (1885) is certain to have been known by Kipling, and has some points in common with Dick's love affair. Haggard had the hero blinded in one of his romances, Olaf the Dane, in *The Wanderer's Necklace* (1914); but one of the best-known blind men in the fiction of the period is Durrance in A. E. W. Mason's *The Four Feathers* (1902)—and in his case the blindness could well be described as a symbol for his failure in love, though in the end he is able to come to terms with both his lost sight and his lost love, and indeed to triumph over them.

Of course, it might even be said that Kipling had already experimented with blindness and love, a temporary blindness and a happy outcome in love, in the lightest possible vein, in the story of the Great Pop Picnic in *Plain Tales*.

KIPLING'S GODDAUGHTER

Mr. Frank C. Middleton sends a pleasant cutting about Kipling from *The Evening Argus* of 21 March:

'It isn't only memories that Empire author Rudyard Kipling left at Rottingdean. He left a Goddaughter too. The lucky lady is now Mrs. Hilary Webber, who occasionally saw the great man when he lived opposite the family home at Hillside, Rottingdean.

'Mr. Kipling was obviously a chap of great largesse, as the people of Rottingdean, and his later village home of Burwash, in East Sussex, discovered. Mrs. Webber wasn't the only lady so favoured. The author was as generous with his fatherly patronage as with his lines of rhyme, as parents with small children in both villages soon discovered.

'Mrs. Webber actually went over to Burwash to become his Goddaughter—as a very young girl. Apart from a distant face with twinkling eyes she doesn't remember much more. But then it does mean going back more than 40 years . . .'

"AS OTHERS SEE US "

A friend sends in the following extract from a book called *Delusion and Diseases* by Benita Parry (no further information of date or place of publication is given): —

The Kipling Journal is a voice which critics should hear attentively: published by the Kipling Society . . . which has published both marginal information on Kipling's life and work, as well as discerning critical articles.

'But the most interesting aspect to this publication is its reflection of extra-literary values, its reverence for Kipling as the sage of the Services and the idealogue of the middle-brow middle classes. It is a question of tone as much as formulated statements, and this is nowhere more belligerent than when contributors are castigating scholars critical of Kipling, or comparing Kipling's work with the Indian writings of E. M. Forster and J. R. Ackerley, both of whom are firmly placed in the pinchbeck class.'

R.L.G.

'THE CRAFTSMAN'

By Arnaldo and Susan Treggiari

Although Kipling's metrical skill and versatility have been praised by a critic as expert as T. S. Eliot, both his verse and metrical verse in general suffer neglect. Professor Carrington has recently shown how meticulously composed is the over-quoted and misused "If". The same could be done for that group of 'Horatian Odes' which are serious poems. Many of the mock odes, for instance "A Translation" (which begins "There are whose study is of smells"), belong to the admirable genre of humorous verse. I distinguish from these a handful, "The Craftsman", "The Last Ode", "The Storm Cone", "The Survival" and "Samuel Pepys", which can stand with Kipling's most polished and profound work.

One of the best of these, "The Craftsman", is also the most Horatian in its economy, strength and rhythm. The metre is Sapphics, not common in English verse and no easy option for the poet, but one of Horace's favourites. Here are the first stanza of Kipling's poem and the first of Horace, *Odes I. 22*¹ for comparison:

Once, after long-drawn revel at The Mermaid,
He to the overbearing Boanerges
Jonson, uttered (if half of it were liquor,
Blessed be the vintage !)

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

Scansion is not identical: Kipling permits himself the licence of using either ten or eleven syllables in the first three lines, while Horace always has eleven, nor does Kipling's version of Sapphics keep rigidly

to the Latin model of 'longs' and 'shorts'. Once the first stanza has established the basic Horatian eleven-syllable line, Kipling can play variations on the theme, as for example, in the slower, ten-syllable lines on Juliet in the third stanza. The beginning of the Horatian line, with its - u - - -, would be heavy in English stressed verse, and is used only rarely, with telling effect, as in 'Drop to wine-drop domed', where 'to' will be unstressed, though there will be some difference in stress between the two syllables of 'wine-drop'. But, although the music of each line differs from that of Horace, Kipling brings us back to the simple Latin rhythm in the last line of each stanza, which stamps his poem as Horatian Sapphics.

Within the Latin stanza, sharp breaks are rare: the lines often run on, particularly the third into the fourth. Within the first three lines, there is usually a break after the fifth syllable. Kipling has such a break in the third line of his second stanza, the second of the fourth, the first of the fifth and of the last, but he does not adhere rigidly to the Horatian pattern, for he also breaks lines after one, two, three, four and six syllables. In Horace the sense also often continues from one stanza to another; similarly in Kipling's poem the complex first sentence occupies two stanzas. A corollary to this is that stanzas often fall into patterns and sets. Kipling's pattern is to frame within the first and last stanzas, which describe Shakespeare at *The Mermaid*, four stanzas of indirect speech (characteristic construction, it Will be remembered, of Latin), each stanza describing an incident and a character which the dramatist exploited for his plays.

Sentence construction may remind us of the effects of inflected Latin: the verb 'uttered' held back until the last possible moment; the participial phrases firmly attached by the verse to the right noun, especially in the nobly-balanced stanza:—

How on a Sabbath, hushed and compassionate—
 She being known since her birth to the townsfolk—
 Stratford dredged and delivered from Avon
 Dripping Ophelia

There can be no confusion here about who is hushed and who known, but the thing is not easy to achieve in an English stripped of nominative and accusative.

Is there a redundant word in the poem? The alliteration beloved of the Romans is powerfully used, but not in order to admit synonyms: 'dredged . . . delivered . . . dripping', 'Cotswold . . . Cleopatra . . . contemning', 'gipsy Juliet', 'Sombrely scornful' (the solemn two-word line echoing perhaps Horace's heroically-lying Hypermnestra, 'splendide mendax'). The vocabulary, rich and apt, is drawn mostly from native English, familiar and unpoetical: 'crouched', 'drenched', 'dredged', 'marrying', into which the occasional Latin-derived mouthful fits, strengthening the whole structure: 'salvation-contemning', 'imperturbable'. The thought is enriched in the same way by echoes from Horace as from Shakespeare: Kipling's Cleopatra is drunk with love, as is Horace's Cleopatra (in the great ode, I. 37). The wine-motif runs through both poems² and through *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Come
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me

All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Do so, we'll speak to them; and tonight I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.

(*Antony and Cleopatra III.* 13. 182-185, 190-191)

Far more could be said about this short and, on the surface, simple poem. But this may be enough to indicate how Kipling, with sensitive appreciation of the matter and style of Horace and Shakespeare, plays the complicated game of pretending to be Horace, the critic and poet, writing in English Sapphics of how Shakespeare explained the secrets of his craft to his rival, the classical scholar Jonson. It is a *tour de force*, 'of no earthly importance'.

REFERENCES

1. Chosen because Kipling found it interesting enough to write one of his marginal glosses upon it (*Selections from the freer verse Horace*).
2. Cf. for Horace in general Robert L. Frieman, 'Wine and politics in Horace' (*Classical News and Views* 16 [1972] 84-91).

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

St. George's Club 17th September, 1975

"THE AGE OF BERNARD SHAW" By T. F. Evans

This was a welcome return visit by an old and valued friend of the Society, a former editor of *The Shavian*, who adds spontaneity to his stimulating addresses by speaking without a script. A most impressive entertaining and informative discourse, which kept the discussion afterwards on a higher level than usual. Mr. Evans said: -

The title of these remarks does not refer specifically to the fact that Bernard Shaw was born as long ago as 1856 and died as recently as 1950. In the fashion of his own 'long-livers' he is a Methuselah among writers and, in much the same way as Doctor Johnson spoke of the woman preaching, it is not a question of what kind of plays he wrote when he was in his nineties as a matter for surprise that he was still writing at all. However, the particular 'age' that is in mind is the period during which he was probably the leading writer in the English-speaking world. For perhaps half a century, that is, conveniently, from 1900 to his death, he was the writer of whom any serious student of English literature had to take note. There were others, of course, but he seemed to go on for ever. It has been said, unkindly, but not without some truth, that to become famous in England, you do not have to achieve anything of great distinction, but it is wise to do one of two things, to die young or to live to a great age. Shaw did the latter and, in 1930, when he was well into his seventies, the journalist H. W. Nevinson, said that 'wherever you go, you will find a controversy raging about Shaw'. Twenty years later, when he died, the *Manchester Guardian* said that 'England has lost the greatest figure in contemporary literature and the world has lost its best-known dramatist'.

If it may be accepted, for the purpose of my argument that Shaw was these things, I think that it is possible, even justifiable to speak of 'The Age of Bernard Shaw'. I would like, therefore, first to say something about Shaw and the qualities that imposed themselves upon the age that he dominated, or to ask, why Kipling did not fit into that age. One thing must be made clear at the outset. It is no part of my intention to set one writer up against the other. In literature, as in other departments of life, there is much value in the comparative method. One can compare one writer with another, one artist, one politician, for example, or even, to come nearer home, one can compare one parent with another and the result can be to see the good and the bad in each just a little more clearly. Yet, to set one up purely in order to knock another down can introduce a false element of rivalry and unpleasant rivalry at that. I start, therefore, from a clear recognition that each in his own way was a great writer, or, if that is thought too extreme an utterance for either, each was a very considerable writer. In all of my comparisons, if I find myself making any, I will do my best to keep that clearly in mind.

Shaw, then, was born in 1856. Like Kipling, he chose to be born out of England, not in the Indian Empire but in another part of the British Empire, or to be strictly accurate, in another part of the United Kingdom. He was born in Dublin and this gave him the lifelong conviction that he was different from, and, indeed, superior to, the mere British. Like so many other Irishmen, he loved his native country very deeply, on the one condition that it was not necessary for him to live there any longer than he could help. At the age of nineteen, just a hundred years ago next year, he left Dublin and came to live in London where, as he said many years later, he did not throw himself into the battle for life, but threw his mother in instead. He became a journalist and wrote criticisms of the arts. He wrote novels which, if not quite unreadable, were certainly unread. He joined political societies and spoke at meetings. He decided that, on the analogy of the saying that if a man had not married by the age of forty he had better not marry at all, that if he were to become a playwright, he would have to begin before he reached that age. Accordingly, he began to write plays in the early 1890s and, after years of little success, gradually became well known and a much played dramatist, first in the coteries and then in the commercial theatres. Some of the more conventional dramatists of the day rebuked him because he wrote plays not about fashionable adultery, but about social, political, moral, sexual and religious problems. He replied to one of his critics:

And now as to the barrenness of politics. What conviction can you really have as to their barrenness unless you have fallen in love with them and found that no child came of their embrace?—or unless you have actually worked in the arena with politicians all through their apprenticeship. You have to swallow all the formulas if you are to know what they really taste like and what effect they have on the constitution. Politics are just as much a part of life as gambling or poetry; and it is extremely instructive to see how impotent the political opinions which men *think* are to produce action, and how potent the political prejudices which men *feel* are to produce it. I am a politician because life only realises

itself by functioning energetically in all directions; and I find on the platform and in council opportunities for functioning away like mad with faculties that would otherwise be atrophied from disuse. My passion, like that of all artists, is for efficiency, which means intensity of life and breadth and variety of experience; and already I find, as a dramatist, that I can go at one stroke to the centre of matters that reduce the purely literary man to colourless platitudes.

From this it is clear that Shaw never regarded himself as a 'purely literary man'. He was a local councillor for a few years, thus showing in practical form his desire to do something instead of just talking or writing about it. He interested himself in all manners of causes and controversies and to the end of his days was always liable to lay down the law in a letter to *The Times* or some other journal in which he would quite alarmingly show that he knew or appeared to know just as much about the subject of a particular specialist or expert as did that specialist or expert himself. It was as a unique combination of playwright and man of letters on the one hand and general political and social know-all on the other, the two bound together by the glue of Irish humour, that Shaw dominated the world of letters. It must be added, however, that he had his critics. T. S. Eliot said in 1955 that 'one is compelled to admire a man of such verbal agility as not only to conceal from his readers and audiences the shallowness of his own thought but to persuade them that in admiring his work they were giving evidence of their own intelligence as well' but, in more generous mood, on another occasion, he admitted, perhaps grudgingly, that Shaw (with Congreve) was one of 'our two greatest prose stylists in the drama'.

To turn from Shaw to Kipling is at once to enter a world of contrast and paradox. Shaw began obscurely and progressed to wide fame. Kipling had his brightest hour at the very beginning and if the often whispered thought about rockets and sticks is not appropriate, there is a sense in which the later Kipling became far less well known. (I am aware that this may be thought far too sweeping, because much of Kipling has always been read widely, but I believe there to be much truth in it). The discriminating readers, of course, knew and admired all the time, but he did go, as it were, out of fashion, and it is only in the comparatively recent past that he has come back into wider favour; even now, he is by no means widely known and read. For good or ill, it seems unlikely that Kipling's poetry (or verse, as Eliot called it) will find wide favour again. This is a great pity because there are splendid things in it, but there it is and I think that it is worth looking at some of the more superficial reasons for these changes in taste first. It is always hard to say exactly why fashions in literature change—almost as difficult as to pronounce on fashions in hats—but we must try. One of the reasons which determines why we are faced with the contrast between the Shaw that everybody was talking about and the Kipling that nobody read (if Edmund Wilson may be mentioned in this company, even obliquely, without danger of lynching) is bound up with the types of books they wrote. Kipling became known as poet and short-story writer. No poet or writer of short stories has ever become really widely read. The exceptions that come to mind, Byron, Tennyson, Rupert Brooke, John Betjeman, can all be explained by reference

to special circumstances. Similarly, there are the odd short story writers who have become widely known—Somerset Maugham is probably the best example in our own time, but their wider fame has been the result of other work. Shaw became a playwright and, if one reads the history of the despairing efforts of Henry James to make a name for himself in the theatre, one can see that, while novels are read, reviewed and discussed (and sometimes the first is omitted), it is plays that concentrate the gaze of the public, even if, at first, they appeal to a small theatre-going public in the capital cities. Kipling never thrust himself into the footlights in more senses than one. Shaw did so in every sense. In his playwriting, he realised that the thing to do was to make the public interested in himself. In his critical and controversial writings also he drew attention to himself as a means of attracting attention to his work. This policy succeeded and by the 1920s, certainly after the appearance of *Saint Joan*, foreign managers and producers, as well as the British, were queuing for the privilege of presenting each new play. Kipling has always been popular abroad also and I recall a note about the foreign critic who said that the British always neglected their greatest writers because they were treating Kipling as shamefully as they treated Byron and Wilde—but, again, it is the dramatist who wins all the publicity.

The difference between the public reception accorded these two writers cannot be put down wholly to mere literary fashion. It is hard to forget the words used by Kipling himself and Rider Haggard, when they said grimly and proudly that 'we were both of us out of touch with the times'. The time when the Widow was at Windsor has changed into the time of her son, her grandson, her great grandsons and the present Married Woman at Windsor. She no longer owns 'half of creation' and, after three wars, the Boer and the two world wars, all of which delivered terrible shocks to the Empire, it is hardly surprising that the world has changed. Kipling, so rooted in his time, has suffered from the impact of change. In his invaluable compilation, *Kipling : the Critical Heritage*, Mr Roger Lancelyn Green says of the early years of the present century that

Kipling became the butt of political prejudice, and his literary attainments were more and more ignored by critics, or assumed not to exist outside the popular fancy.

There is no doubt some truth in this but, with great respect, I would add that I have learned that, in literary judgments as in other matters, it is my strong opinions that become another man's prejudices, whereas my prejudices do not exist. As an example, I will quote from Arnold Bennett, writing in 1909 and, somehow managing to escape Mr Green's omni-catching net :

It has been too plain now for years that he is against progress, that he is the shrill champion of things that are rightly doomed, that his vogue among the hordes of the respectable was due to political reasons, and that he retains his authority over the said hordes because he is the bard of their prejudices and of their clayey ideals. A democrat of ten times Kipling's gift and power could never have charmed and held the governing classes as Kipling has done. Nevertheless, I for one cannot, except in anger, go back on a genuine admiration. I cannot forget a benefit.

I think that Bennett was generous as a critic even to those writers

whose fundamental views he could not accept but Kipling's strong Imperialist opinions were plainly too much for him. The difficulty with Kipling in this respect was that the world was changing away from Imperialism, away from the domination of white over black, towards wider democracy and a greater say in things for the lesser orders. Kipling saw these developments clearly and hated them. Whether we hate them or not, and some of us may share the fears of a modern politician about 'the relentless progress towards equality'—while some of us may not, Kipling swam against the tide. The American critic, Lionel Trilling, has told us how Kipling fascinated him in his boyhood but exactly because of this, he found he was quick to give him up in his adolescence. 'The Wellsian liberalism took hold, and Shaw offered a new romance of wit and intellect'. I am not sure about wit but I feel that Kipling distrusted intellect and the questioning of authority that it usually indicated. The trouble was that, gradually as the century went on, many came to feel that authority had failed us. Those who felt that authority had not failed us but that it had not really been tried, could not secure a hearing. The century of the common man was on the way—with all the good and all the bad that it entailed.

Kipling had little time for the common man, if he moved out of his proper place which was usually doing what the officers told him. Strangely enough, neither Shaw nor Wells had much time for him either. Shaw wanted a new elite of the intellect and Wells looked for his sexually and mentally liberated Samurai. Yet oddly, Shaw joins hands with Kipling in his call to national regeneration. In his strange play of the 1914 war, *Heartbreak House*, Shaw calls on the educated to assume their proper responsibility and take their turn in leadership and statecraft instead of just making clever remarks on the sidelines. Kipling now and again urged the 'officers' to give a proper lead. Admittedly, he could not ask anyone to become 'politicians', one of the really bad words in his vocabulary, but perhaps the two had something in common after all. One of the most moving, as well as one of the most penetrating of Kipling's poems has always seemed to me *The Sons of Martha*, and I think it expresses Shaw's view as well.

My conclusion, if conclusion it be, does not advance any particular novelty. I have not set out to establish a new line of thought and I doubt if much that I have said, certainly on the subject of Kipling, has not been heard before by this audience. Nevertheless, I return to my title. I have tried to indicate why I think that it is correct to speak of the Age of Bernard Shaw and why I feel, as I know others have felt, that another writer of enormous gifts, did not fit into that and, indeed, as I have said, found himself out of sympathy with it. There are many other factors that should have been mentioned if my study were to be a very detailed one. I have tried to look at the works of the authors rather than at their personalities but the fact cannot be gainsaid that Shaw was made for the middle of the stage. (In some of his autobiographical writings, he talked about his timidity and shyness but it could be that excessive consciousness of this drove him, as the psychologists might say, to 'over-compensate'). Kipling was a shy man and when life, or the world dealt him hard blows, and they did, he tended to withdraw into himself and to present the impression to the outside world of a man who had withdrawn. I do not con-

demn. Yet, it can hardly be denied that this attitude of withdrawal could not contribute to growing fame or lasting esteem. He knew that the final judgment, if there can be such a thing as a final judgment before that great Last Judgment of all, would be on his books. Shaw knew this too, even if he did not always say so. We might reflect that, in a phrase which I hope may have appropriate echoes, the great artists, however much they seem to differ, are in some very important ways, brothers under the skin.

Mr Evans dealt with various points raised by members, ranging from Shaw's plays to Kipling's verse: the audience thinned as trains home were remembered, until your reporter was left, with the speaker and some four others, finishing the discussion in Wilton Mews.

No formal motion was put, but the feeling of the meeting was strongly in favour of another address by Mr Evans as soon as possible.
J. H. McG.

LETTER BAG

RAHERE

I am writing a short study of Kipling's Puck Stories and am especially interested in the figure of Rahere (in "The Tree of Justice"). Having read your books on Kipling I beg leave to ask your advice in the following problem.

I am of course aware of the fact that Rahere's reputation as the King's "jester" is not based on documents or on the medieval chronicles, but only on oral (or literary?) tradition. I shall very much appreciate your giving me your opinion as to where Kipling might have come across this tradition. A short Guide Book to the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, written by T. Winyard, mentions (p.22) a "Ballad of Rahere the Jester", written by E. Redmond Howard—but I was unable to locate the poem or its author. Do you happen to know other "sources" from which Kipling got his knowledge of the "jester-priest?"

PROF. DR. E. T. SEHRT

5 Brahmstrasse

34 Goettingen

Germany (West)

"THE LESSER BREEDS"

Herewith an addition to the "lesser breeds" controversy.

Spotted in an article by Michael O'Dowd (a former president of the English Academy of South Africa) in "Optima" (a glossy magazine published by Oppenheimer's Anglo-American Corporation).

The article, on the English-speaking South Africans and the problem of identity, was in "Optima" No. 3 of 1974. It said:

"... mixed up with many things of the highest human value, the English-speaking tradition is shot through with attitudes of smug superiority towards less fortunate nations (Kipling's 'lesser breeds without the law') . . ."

Without disputing the reality of the "smug superiority" jibe—what nation is not convinced of its own unique importance?—it is clear that Mr O' Dowd has fallen into the usual trap of mistaking a counter balance to Jubilee-induced arrogance for approval of that very arrogance.

J. H. MITCHELL

(South Africa)

A QUERY

I would be most grateful if any one could kindly let me know the location of two articles by Rudyard Kipling. Both the articles were read by him at his mother-lodge, Lodge Hope and Perseverance, Lahore, British India. The first one is entitled 'Origins of the Craft', read on April 4, 1887 and the second one, 'Some Remarks on Popular Views of Freemasonry', was read by Kipling on July 4, 1887, exactly three months later.

M. ENAMUL KARIM

NAMES IN 'THE MOTHER LODGE'

In response to the query of General Sir A. Drummond regarding the identity of 'Blake, Conductor-Sergeant' in Kipling's poem, 'The Mother Lodge', I think one of the best primary sources is the *Civil and Military Gazette* of 1877, 1866 and 1887. I have found in the *C&MG* extensive coverage of the Masonic activities in western and north-western sections of India, including names and designations of important Masonic office-bearers. Since Rawalpindi was a major military station with several Masonic lodges (particularly important being 'The Ramsay Lodge No. 675'), information on Masons and their activities may be found in the *C&MG*. There are two books with a wealth of details regarding the origin and development of the Masonic movement in north-western India, particularly the Punjab. These are: *District Grand Lodge of Pakistan (1869-1969)* by Rustum Sohrabji Sidhwa (Ferozson Ltd., Lahore, Pakistan, 1969) and *Freemasonry in Bengal and the Punjab* by Walter Kelly Firminger (Thacker Spinck, Calcutta, 1905). In my article, 'Rudyard Kipling and Lodge Hope and Perseverance', *Kipling Journal* (March, 1974), I have tried to identify the real names of the six Indian Masons of Lodge Hope and Perseverance. Lt. General Sir George Macmunn has pointed out in "Some Kipling Origins", *Blackwood's Magazine*, CLXXII (August, 1927, pp.145-154) that the 'Europe Shop' mentioned in 'The Mother Lodge' was an actual reference to the shop of the Parsi Mason Framjee Edulji. I have a strong feeling that, perhaps, all the names of people in 'The Mother Lodge', including the one that General Drummond has indicated, might be references to real persons. After all, Kipling is known to have transposed into his creative writings people whom he had met in his personal life.

M. ENAMUL KARIM

"A RECANTATION"

Regarding Mrs. Dobson's question about Marie Lloyd and "A Recantation", I saw her perform more than once during 1914-1918, and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* states that she died, practically "in harness", on October 7th 1922.

I subscribe to the opinion that she was the subject of the poem, on grounds of assonance and similar spelling, besides the internal evidence provided by the phrase "overblown and overbold", but cannot say whether she had a son who "followed mine". This perhaps calls for research.

P. W. INWOOD

THE 'SARAH SANDS': A PROLEGOMENON

(Part One)

By J. H. McGivering

She was the second iron ocean-going screw steamship in the world, and one of the few accounts of her is in Kipling's *Land and Sea Tales*, the eleven stories that deal with young or youngish people who make good in one way or another.

Of these eleven, three are certainly true, and the others ought to be: I am concerned with one of the three—"The Burning of the *Sarah Sands*." In the Prologue, Kipling says "I have been put in possession of some facts not very generally known, I am trying to tell again the old story of the *Sarah Sands*, as an example of long-drawn-out and undefeatable courage and cool-headedness."

And so it is, a story after Kipling's own heart, men overcoming great odds, and shewing the triumph of training and discipline over the forces of nature—a double triumph, as the men were soldiers, and they were at sea. It is a good story, well-told, and, as I have said, it has the additional merit of being true. It does not, however, tell enough about the ship or her people: where did she come from, and what happened to her in the end? What happened to the Regiment?

This is an attempt at solving those problems.

THE REGIMENT

Campbell's Regiment, raised at Salisbury in 1755 as the 56th Foot, was renumbered the 54th the next year, saw service at Gibraltar and afloat as Marines.

Campbell (who became the 5th Duke of Argyll) was transferred to the 14th Hussars in 1757, to the Royal Scots in 1765 and died in 1806 as a Field-Marshal.

The Regiment was transferred to Ireland in 1768 and the Regimental Number appeared on their buttons in 1770.

In 1776 they went to North America—a bad passage with gales and contrary winds—seeing service in what we know as the Rebellion. The unfortunate Major André was transferred to them, but cannot have served long with the Regiment, as he was the Adjutant-General. Some of his belongings are in the Museum at Dorchester.

This American interlude was followed by rough and unpleasant service in the Netherlands, with a return to the United Kingdom (in a gale), refitting, recruiting and training, after which they sailed for the West Indies.

They later found themselves landing at Aboukir (EGYPT is one of the first Battle Honours ever awarded—1802) where the two brass guns came into their possession when they took Fort Marabout. One gun went everywhere with them, and was paraded at the head of the Regiment on important occasions. In 1840, however, it was felt that an Infantry Regiment should not transport a gun at public expense, as this

infringed the prerogative of the Royal Artillery, so the gun went to Woolwich and MARABOUT was awarded as a Battle Honour to be worn on the officers' cap-badge over a 54. Happily the gun was later restored, and is now in the Museum.

After the Egyptian campaign they sailed for Gibraltar in bad weather.

The 54th was in the Netherlands in time for Waterloo, but was not present at the battle, as they were at Hal. They took Cambrai and assisted in the occupation of Paris, camping in the Bois de Boulogne.

After that, they soldiered at the Cape, India and Burma, where they were in a cyclone and obliged to jettison their baggage and camp equipment, returning home to Dover in 1840, where they were inspected by the Duke of Wellington—the first Regiment to receive percussion-caps.

The next year they travelled from Herne Bay to London by a 'steam boat' and thence by train to Weedon.

They relieved the 89th at Gibraltar, and never got to the Crimea. It must have been about this time that there was a surplus in the Officers' Mess fund: hearing a rumour that such surpluses were to be taken over as public funds, they bought some new silver, which included a number of pie-dishes: the thought behind the latter being the very reasonable idea that as they were unbreakable, it would be cheaper in the long run!

1857 saw them at Aldershot, where they were warned for embarkation for India in July: the next month one party went aboard the *Lady Jocelyn* at Portsmouth, another in the *City of Manchester* at Gravesend, while Regimental Headquarters, the Grenadier Company, the Light Company and the Band boarded the *Sarah Sands* at Portsmouth. The accounts of who actually were on board all differ, the average being "5 ladies and 6 women": the official embarkation certificate, however, says "none" in the column headed "Women" but another hand has added "Yes—1" to draw attention to *1 Regimental Schoolmistress* at the end of the list. She is not referred to again.

So, we have had a brief look at the Regiment and got part of it embarked. Let us now have a look at the ship, and then see how the soldiers got aboard.

THE SHIP

... an iron-built screw steamer, launched by Messrs. Hodgson & Co., Liverpool, 1845. The ship and machinery were designed by Mr. J. Grantham, and she was of 1,300 tons, on dimensions of 220 feet length, 32 feet breadth and 20 feet depth of hold. Her engines were direct acting to the shaft (one of the first ships to be so fitted) and were of 200 nominal horse power, supplied by Messrs Bury, Curtis & Kennedy. She was one of the first vessels to be fitted with auxiliary screw-power and was built for general trading purposes between England and America. (Parker).

She was built in the Brunswick Dock at Liverpool, which was intended for the timber trade, but at the South end arose a settlement of factories and building yards, where several shipbuilders were, in 1845, refusing more orders for iron ships as so many were under construction. Some 600/700 boilermakers were employed in the city at the time, but Liverpool was later outstripped by the Clyde.

John Grantham, her designer, was born at Croydon in 1809 and was engaged with his father on railway surveying. He assisted with steam vessels on the Dublin and Limerick Canal and the River Shannon, later joining Mather, Dixon & Co., at Liverpool, becoming manager and partner. When the firm ceased trading, he set up as a naval architect and consulting engineer, taking out several patents for screw propellers and one for a steam tramway car. He went to London in 1859, designed a fleet of steam colliers, was a founder member of the Royal Institution of Naval Architects and the Institution of Civil Engineers. His office was at 7, Great Scotland Yard. His book "Iron as a Material for Shipbuilding" was a standard work in its time. He died at Croydon on 10th July, 1874, aged 65.

The vessel was named after Sarah, wife of Thomas Sands, a partner in Sands & Turner, in the American trade, and Mayor of Liverpool in 1844. His brother James lived near New York and looked after the American side of the business. Family tradition has it that the firm appeared to be in low water in about 1848 owing to unwise speculation in the grain market.

Sarah (née Branson) was born in 1790 and died in 1863, Thomas Sands, born 1790, died 1867.

Edward Bury (1794-1858) was born at Salford and educated at Chester. He made locomotive and marine engines at Liverpool, was concerned with steamships on the Rhône and later was in charge of the rolling-stock on the Great Northern Railway. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The vessel was registered at Liverpool on 19th December, 1846: in the next month she steamed from Liverpool to New York in twenty days. In the following years she made Atlantic crossings in eighteen and a half days Westbound and sixteen and a half Eastbound.

In 1849 she went out to California, operating between Panama and San Francisco, and may well have been the first screw steamer in the Pacific. She was sold in about 1851, then taking goldminers to Australia, thence returned to Liverpool, New York and Canada. She was aground several times, but, owing to her stout construction, got off without damage.

The war in the Crimea saw her in use as a troopship, taking a party of the 17th Lancers, other troops and 99 horses to Balaclava. It seems that she only made two trips, but I like to think she might be in that well-known photograph of Balaclava Harbour.

PREPARATION AND EMBARKATION

The Minute Book of the Court of the East India Company gives a glimpse of that firm running its empire: on 15th July, 1857, the following matters were considered:

... a letter sanctioning the engagement of six screw steam vessels and eleven sailing-ships for conveyance of troops of H.M.'s service to India.

5th August

... two letters from Messrs Charles Walton & Sons offering their steamship the *Sarah Sands* for the conveyance of troops to India.

On the same date the Court wrote to the Secretary of the Admiralty requesting to be informed of the cause of the Lords of the Admiralty refusing to employ the screw steam-vessel *Sarah Sands* in the public

service as the Companys' Surveyor of Shipping and Mr. Partridge, the Assistant Engineer of Woolwich Dockyard both reported that vessel to be in every respect fit and eligible for the service for which she has been tendered to the Court.

The Times of 7th August reported that she was surveyed on 3rd August . . . "all compartments examined and machinery tested, and pronounced efficient throughout."

On the 19th August, however, the Court considered

. . . a letter dated the 14th August representing that an inspection by the Major General Commanding at Portsmouth, the ship *Sarah Sands* has been found capable of accommodating only 15 officers and 370 men, and that as, in accordance with the information received from the Court, 509 of H.M's 54th Regiment had been appropriated to that vessel, additional tonnage will be required for 186 men and 7 officers of that Regiment.

. . . a letter from Messrs Walton & Sons of the same date . . . expressing their opinion that the officials of the Horse Guards are acting under some erroneous information as to the capabilities of the vessel. . .

. . . a letter from the Major General Commanding at Portsmouth on the subject of the accommodation on board the *Sarah Sands* and requesting that in taking up tonnage for the conveyance of Troops, space may always be allowed for the Regulated quantity of Luggage. . .

Other vessels are reported as being too small for the number of troops they are hired to carry, and the O/C Troops aboard the *Lady Jocelyn* informs the War Department, and the War Department informs the Court that the cooking arrangements aboard that vessel are inconveniently small.

The 54th marched into Portsmouth Garrison on Friday, 7th August, and *The Times* duly notes it the next day, observing on the 10th that 50 N.C.O.s and men of the 82nd (Prince of Wales Volunteers) would proceed to Portsmouth under the command of Lieutenant J. A. Brock to embark in the same ship. *Sarah Sands* enters Portsmouth Harbour the same day, to embark the 54th, and the 82nd is then announced as going in the *Australian*, the party now increased to 90. After that, the 82nd was reported heading for Woolwich to board the steamship *Victoria*.

On 15th August the 54th went aboard their ship—it was a Saturday—and *The Times* announced that she had been found incapable of receiving the troops and stores she was certified to carry on survey. She was, furthermore, not in a fit state to receive them, and the embarkation was to be delayed.

Schlotel (of whom more later) reports that she sailed on the same day, and touches on the "sorrowful feelings" of the troops and ladies, which "were not much mitigated by the inferior accommodation provided for us."

As she goes down Channel, we might look for a moment at other matters considered by the Court of the East India Company: provisions—salt meat and biscuit—are ordered from the Victualling Yard at Deptford, they look into the question of the Distilling Apparatus in *Golden Fleece* and *Lady Jocelyn*, wondering if it would be possible to reduce the quantity of water on board to 25 days as proposed by the owners:

this was agreed, ". . . so long as the Distilling or Condensing apparatus was complete and efficient on both the vessels." They order ten thousand sets of bedding and 400 cots, arms and a million rounds of ammunition and ask the Admiralty the price of coal from the Government stocks at the Cape, resolving that

It is not the Court's intention to make the officers in command of the troops to be Judge of the necessity for the vessels calling at the intermediate stations outward for supplies of coal.

They ordered five thousand rolls of paper tape from De La Rue & Co, and wire for the telegraph, rails, and wondered why low tenders for ships had been refused and high ones accepted. The Board of Trade sent them a new Commercial Code of Signals, and a Mercantile Navy List suitable for use in the Indian Navy: they noted that the Austrian Government agreed to give telegraph facilities for messages in cipher (sic) to and from India.

(To be continued in next Number)

HON SECRETARY'S NOTES

Two new Vice-Presidents. We are delighted that Rear Admiral P. W. Brock and Mr. J. V. Carlson have accepted vice-presidencies in our Society. Both became members a long time ago, and have worked very hard for us: Admiral Brock mainly in the U.K., and Mr. Carlson in our Melbourne Branch, of which he was Hon Secretary for many years, and is now President.

Cancelled Banker's Orders. If you pay your subscriptions by banker's order and wish to stop doing so, please will you tell me at the same time as you instruct your bankers. That will save my having to write and ask them why we haven't received it, when it falls due. Thank you.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS

We are delighted to welcome the following: **UK:** Mmes. J. M. Ennis, M. Tipton, S. M. Treggiari; Miss E. Sutton. Messrs B. C. Diamond, H. T. Ennis, G. Galey; Dr. A. G. Williams. **ASSAM:** Dibrugarh Univ. Liby. **MELBOURNE:** Mrs K. Mallett. **USA:** Baylor Univ. Liby., Waco. San Jacinto Coll., Pasadena.

LATE NEWS

The film of **THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING**, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine, opens at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, on December 18th, 1975.

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