



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



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CONTENTS

NEWS AND NOTES	2
By Roger Lancelyn Green	
THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING'	
By Charles Carrington	6
THE "SARAH SANDS": A Prolegomenon: Part II	
By J. H. McGivering	9
MANON LESCAUT AND <i>'THE LIGHT THAT FAILED'</i>	
By Margaret Newsom	12
LETTER BAG	17

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was ¹ 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.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS—

18, Northumberland Avenue, London, WC2N 5BJ (Tel. 01-930 6733).

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Baton Place, SW1, at 2 p.m.

Wednesday, 17th March, 1976.

Wednesday, 16th June, 1976.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

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

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

Wednesday 14th July, 1976, Mr. Laurence Cotterell, Chairman of the Poetry Society, will open a discussion on "Kipling, Poet or Versifier, Romancer or Romantic?"

Wednesday 15th September, 1976, T. H. Whittington, M.D., will open a Discussion on "Kipling as a Poet of the Sea".

BATEMAN'S VISIT, 1976

Mrs Betty Sutherland is kindly allowing Society members and guests to visit Bateman's from 1 p.m. on Friday, May 7th, 1976—a non-public day. The National Trust entrance fee (approx 40p) will be payable on arrival. LUNCH will be obtainable in the Restaurant (adjoining the house) between 1 and 2 p.m. The approx cost will be £1.35 per head, members paying at the time. The Restaurant is not licensed, but soft drinks will be available. (*N.B. Note corrected date: May 7th*).

In order that the staff may receive enough notice, will *members wanting lunch* please notify the Hon. Sec., 57 Hillcrest Road, Purley, Surrey CR2 2JF, not later than first post *Monday, April 26th*, stating the number in each party.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London W2, on Wednesday, November 10th, 1976. The Guests of Honour will be Roger Lancelyn Green, B.Litt., M.A., Editor of the Kipling Journal, and Mrs Green.

Application forms will be sent out in early Autumn.

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NEWS AND NOTES

RECENT BOOKS ON KIPLING

Last year saw the publication of at least four books entirely about Kipling, and several others containing sections about some aspect of his work. For various reasons our usual reviewers have been unable to deal with these, and so I append here a list of them with my own comments : but Members are invited to submit their own reviews of one or more of these books, or any special notes about them, for publication in a future *Journal*.

Kipling: The Glass, the Shadow and the Fire, by Philip Mason, published by Jonathan Cape at £6.00 (334 pages) was the first to appear and was generally well received, the reviews in the leading papers showing that the author was right in assuming that Kipling could now be studied for his literature rather than for his politics—and even the politics accepted in relation to his background and period. Mr. Mason adds little to Kipling biography, but writes with inside knowledge of India under the Raj—having served for twenty years in the Indian Civil Service, and written two outstanding volumes on *The Men Who Ruled India* (over the pseudonym of "Philip Woodruff"). Perhaps naturally under these circumstances he rates the Indian stories higher than those of the second part of Kipling's career—but he is not unfair to the later stories and writes with insight and appreciation of "Friendly Brook", "Dayspring Mishandled", "The Wish House" and "The Gardener". But the book is packed with interesting comments and acute criticism and evaluation which sets it in the same class as those by J. M. S. Tompkins and Bonamy Dobrée.

Rudyard Kipling and his World, by Kingsley Amis, published by Thames and Hudson at £3.50. It contains only 128 pages, much of which is taken up with the 114 illustrations and is in fact one of a series of picture-biographies. In this it resembles Martin Fido's *Rudyard Kipling* published the previous year, but with better illustrations and a very much better study of Kipling. We may disagree violently with some of Mr. Amis's judgements—"The Man Who Would Be King" is described as a "grossly overrated long tale" which turns on a "silly prank" that "ends in predictable and thoroughly deserved disaster"; of "The Finest Story in the World" the "story fails because reincarnation is such an intractably dull idea" and that "there is not a single first-rate story in *The Day's Work*"; but no-one has ever agreed about Kipling's best stories—or even his worst. And Mr. Amis has plenty of praise to bestow also: *Kim* is "one of the greatest novels in the language", and many other stories seem to him outstanding. (An interesting article could be

made by taking half a dozen of the most famous stories, and setting in juxtaposition the critical pronouncements on each of, say, Tompkins, Dobrée, Mason and Amis).

On the whole the book is written with understanding and affection—written perhaps too fast, since it contains a fair number of tiny, but irritating mistakes, e.g. Burne-Jones and Poynter were not famous artists in 1864 (p. 12); Harry and Rosa were not the real names of Capt. and Mrs. Holloway (p. 21); *Departmental Ditties* was not published anonymously (p. 44); *Curry and Rice* was not published in 1911, but in 1859 or earlier; and 'The Mark of the Beast' was written long before 1890. But nevertheless this is an important addition to the Kipling library.

Bertolt Brecht and Rudyard Kipling: A Marxist's Imperial Mentor, by James K. Lyon, of the University of Florida, U.S.A., but published by Mouton & Co., of The Hague (price not given)—a paperback of 138 pages. Little needs to be said here about this worthy, painstaking effort to exalt the poet-laureate-cum-prophet-cum-patron-saint of the Marxists. Articles in *The Kipling Journal* and elsewhere by our late lamented "Marxist Member", Jack Dunman, have already told us all we need to know—and told us with humour and due proportion—about Kipling's influence on Brecht. Mr. Lyon concludes his study by suggesting that Brecht's borrowings from Kipling "represent one more case of a major writer learning from a mediocre one": what else remains to say!

Kipling's 'Law'. A study of his philosophy of life. By Shamsul Islam, published by Macmillans at £7.95. Here we have a book which seems to me one of the most important, in its own way, that has ever been written about Kipling and his works. Dr. Islam proves convincingly that 'The Law' to Kipling was that general concept of right-doing, that general war against 'the Dark Powers' which the greatest men in all civilised times have virtually agreed on—supported by whatever religion they believed in, or even by what is loosely known as Humanism. (If Dr. Islam had turned to the appendix of *The Abolition of Man* by C. S. Lewis, he would have found the same system—called by Lewis "The Tao"—fully illustrated by quotations from all the early civilisations of the world who have left written evidence). Following on from this, he analyses Kipling's "Imperialist" beliefs, showing with marvellous understanding how genuinely beneficent and considered were his views on the rôle—and the duties—of the British in India. One of his most interesting analyses is of the attempt to relate the Indian Congress Movement to the average Indian—represented by a reasonably fair cross-section—in the "story" of which Lockwood Kipling was responsible for a good deal, 'The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P.' "While there is some exaggeration and forcing of points here and there, one must concede that there is a great deal of truth in what Kipling is saying in the story." And he declares that Kipling's Imperialism "cannot be identified with British imperialism alone. It is a much larger concept that can be traced more generally to the idea of a universal empire based on principles of law, order, service and sacrifice."

While tracing the evolution of "The Law" in Kipling's mind, Dr. Islam analyses the influence of India with its cultures and religions—in particular the Moslem religion—and this is almost as important as the defining of the Law itself, and gains greatly from Dr. Islam's own background as a native of Lahore. But it is impossible to illustrate his

achievements adequately in quotations—the book must be read as a whole, and is wholly absorbing. No Kipling collection can be complete without it—in spite of its ridiculously high price of nearly eight pounds for a book of 174 pages.

India in English Fiction. By Prof. K. Viswanatham. Published by the Andhra University Press, Waltair at 20 Rupees. This appeared in 1971, but it was only recently that I learned of its existence. Of the seven works considered, *Kim* is given the most space—forty pages—and the usual contrast between it and *A Passage to India* (which is also treated separately, in a chapter of thirty pages): "By the side of *Kim*, *A Passage* is political and pale and innocent of the real India, the yearning Hills and teeming Plains"; Kipling's "uncanny understanding of India"; in *Kim* "his real Hero is India . . . *Kim* is an epitome and an A.B.C. of India"—and so forth. In a way, this book complements Dr. Islam's: it examines Kipling's knowledge and love of India from the point of view of a Hindoo, as his does from the point of view of a Moslem—and this is also of great value in assessing Kipling's greatness, his unique rôle as the interpreter of the true India not only to "those who only England know", but to all who do not know the "inwardness" of England's "Indian experiment."

The Victorian Popular Ballad. By J. S. Bratton. Published by Macmillan at £7.95. From our point of view this scholarly and accomplished study is of particular interest between pages 74 and 88 which deal with *The Barrack Room Ballads* considered from the point of view of their place in the development and history of the Music Hall and the Heroic Ballad: "Kipling closes the gap completely, and achieves major poetry, in ballads which cover the whole range of Victorian writing." She goes on to point out that the difference (generally unnoticed by critics) between Kipling and other writers of popular ballads "lies in the way in which Kipling was able to identify as completely and unreservedly with the possessors of the music-hall song as he did with the audience of the drawing-room ballad . . . Kipling's ballads have the universality of application which arises out of truth to the specific situation in the best of folk-art, and they were accepted by the whole range of popular audiences in his time."

The Savage in Literature. Representations of 'primitive' Society in English fiction 1858-1920. By Brian V. Street. Published by Routledge and Kegan Paul. Price £5.75 This book adds little to our knowledge or understanding of Kipling, but is an interesting study of its subject, however much we may disagree with many of its conclusions and in spite of its many careless mistakes and mis-statements.

'THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING'

After years of delay this film has at last been completed and released. Kipling has not been served well by the Cinema, but this must rank with the better examples such as *The Light that Failed* and *Elephant Boy*. It keeps very close to the story, even using most of its dialogue; it is superbly acted by Sean Connery as Dravot, Michael Caine as Carnehan, and Christopher Plummer as Kipling—achieving an amazing likeness. The film was made in Morocco (and the snow scenes in Switzerland) but the backgrounds are plausibly Indian, except for the Khyber Pass which is too unlike the real place to be accepted easily.

The main alteration to the story itself is that the Kingdom discovered and annexed by the two adventurers centres round an unbelievable ancient Greek city founded by Alexander the Great made up of a bad pastiche of the Athenian Acropolis, the Tower of the Winds, the Temple of Nike Apteros and other classical fragments. (Perhaps the producer had been reading Rider Haggard's *Ayasha*—or even Gilbert Murray's *Gobi or Shamo*). Dwellers in such a city untouched by time would hardly have been deceived into accepting Dravot as a god! But this will not trouble most film-goers—and all will be carried away by the rush and vigour of this superb adventure story, the splendid photography and the outstanding acting.

BURNE-JONES AND KIM'S LAMA

An unexpected suggestion of considerable interest comes near the end (page 275) of Penelope Fitzgerald's excellent *Edward Burne-Jones: A Biography*, recently published :-

"If Kipling expressed his deepest feelings for his uncle anywhere, it was surely in *Kim*. Who else is the old lama, whose life is a quest which others do not understand, who can draw with pen and ink in a way which is almost lost to the world, who shows Kim his art 'not for pride's sake but because thou must learn.' and who tells stories which hold him spell-bound? When he leaves the lama to discover his own identity, Kim reminds himself that 'roads were meant to be walked upon, houses to be lived in . . . men and women to be talked to . . . they were all real and true—solidly planted upon the feet—perfectly comprehensible,' but he leaves behind him the unworldly quest of his master, who has had a sign that his remaining time upon this earth will be short. In fact Kipling turned to the manuscript of *Kim* immediately after Burne-Jones's death. But if he thought that his uncle's art had little connection with his real life, then he did not altogether understand Burne-Jones."

Burne-Jones died on 15 June 1898. Kipling was still writing the final Stalky stories, sending them to Watt, his literary agent "for magazine use" on 13 August. On 15 August (according to an entry in Mrs. Kipling's diary, for which I have to thank Professor Carrington): "Starts again on *Kim*, works hard through August, and then sends it to the Pater."

KIPLING'S BIRTHDAY

Mr. Joseph R. Dunlap, Hon. Secretary of our U.S.A. Branch, sends the following note :

"We are not likely to know how many persons in the United States realised that December 30, 1975, marked the one hundred and tenth anniversary of Kipling's birth, but one who did know and was in a position to share this knowledge was Toulia Stamm of Dayton, Ohio. Mrs. Stamm is Associate Producer of Station WHIO in Dayton. On the preceding day, she called the U.S. Secretary of the Kipling Society and arranged for a telephone interview the following morning. At 7.15 a.m. on the 30th, Mr. Lou Emm of Station WHIO called the Secretary with whom he had a pleasant chat on the air for some five minutes about Kipling, the nature of his writings, and the Kipling Society. Later, Mrs. Stamm reported that the station had received several inquiries as a result of the broadcast."

R.L.G.

THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

by Charles Carrington

At the Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society: 8th October 1975

My Lord Chairman :

I count it an honour to be invited to speak at the annual meeting of the Kipling Society; and it is interesting to me personally this year, the twentieth year since I completed my biography of *Kipling*. In one respect, I claim a lasting quality for the book. The sources of information are irreplaceable. My happy collaboration with Mrs. Bambridge, for three or four years, involved us in discussions with many of her father's friends and relatives who are no longer with us. The generation of his contemporaries has passed away. Very little new information about Rudyard Kipling's life has come to light since my book was published. Mr. Green has elucidated the details of his unhappy childhood, and Mrs. Newsom and I, working together, have identified the autobiographical elements in *The Light that Failed*. That is about all (and I am glad to see them both here today).

On the other hand, there has been a great outburst of literary criticism, much of it learned, perceptive, and revealing, carrying that aspect of Kipling studies far beyond the stage that I reached. No doubt many of you have read Mr. Philip Mason's contribution to this critical outpouring (and I am glad to see him with us today). Most of the new criticism has been concentrated upon Kipling's later prose stories, and today I shall ask you to reconsider his verse in the light of T. S. Eliot's famous assertion that Kipling wrote Great Verse 'to convey a simple forceful statement' rather than Poetry which requires 'a musical pattern of emotional overtones.'

To illustrate the point I wish to make, I shall begin by quoting a simple familiar ballad :-

[Here Professor Carrington read "Mandalay" (*Definitive Verse* pp. 418-22)]

This is the ballad of which an eminent Victorian critic wrote: "It is made of the very refuse of language." Had the man no ear?

By way of comparison, I next choose another Barrack Room Ballad which is not quite so hackneyed. It is not given a place in the Eliot *selection*. A traditional question-and-answer ballad, in the old English style it gets its effect by an extreme economy of language :-

[Here Professor Carrington read "Soldier, Soldier." (*D.V.* pp. 401-2)]

The two soldier poems I have chosen are composed in what Eliot calls the Third Voice of Poetry, keeping within the limits of one imaginary character. But, before leaving "Soldier, Soldier", I shall say that I once read it to a good critic, whose opinion I respect. She said: "It reminds me of A. E. Housman." I replied: "It was written six years before *A Shropshire Lad*. You should rather say that Housman reminds us of "Soldier, Soldier"."

My next piece is in Eliot's First Voice of Poetry, "the poet talking to himself." Here is Kipling describing his own life in poetic imagery.

But this is Light Verse, lacking the emotional force of the soldier ballads. Can Light Verse be Great Verse?

[Here Professor Carrington read "Sir Richard's Song." (D.V. pp. 495-6)]

I shall now begin to hunt for the 'musical pattern of emotional overtones' that according to Eliot distinguishes poetry from verse. Suppose we were playing a Parlour Game in which you chose your favourite poem. What is the most beautiful poem in the English language? I should vote for Keats's *Nightingale*; but what is the *Ode to the Nightingale* about? It is about the stray fancies that flit through a young man's mind as he walks through a wood by moonlight. The sights and sounds induce verbal images with emotional overtones. Kipling also wrote rhymed verse about a man walking in a wood:

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate.
They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods . . .
But there is no road through the woods.

The vocabulary is richer and the construction is more sophisticated in these few lines than in the other verses I have quoted. Here is poetry, a numinous, magical, quality that forces our imagination to work. It is we the readers who transmute these simple statements into a human drama of a girl listening while her lover rides away into the distance. One thinks of Vergil's celebrated line about the galloping horses:

'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum'

Though a favourite anthology piece, the "*Way Through the Woods*" is not quite typical Kipling, and I shall next choose one of his marine landscapes. This, again is oast in the form of a dialogue between a landsman standing on the North Foreland watching the shipping in the Downs, and a Seaman giving orders. Perhaps I should ask Admiral Brook or Commander Drage to interject the second half of each stanza in his quarter-deck voice.

[Here Professor Carrington read "Mine Sweepers". (D.V. pp. 631-2), pausing to comment on the third line of the stanza quoted below "who but Shakespeare or Kipling would have struck this note of realism?"]

"Noon off the Foreland—the first ebb making
Lumpy and strong in the bight.
Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking
And the jackdaws wild with fright!
"Mines located in the fairway
"Boats now working up the chain,
"Sweepers—*Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock* and
Golden Gain,"

Where did Kipling find this gorgeous list of names, this "jewel five words long", if I may borrow a phrase from Tennyson? Did he see those little ships in a row in the proper order, or spend hours of the night re-arranging them?

I first heard this lyric sung to an air by Elgar in January 1918 at the Coliseum. An air-raid broke out during the performance and a bomb hit a shelter killing thirty people about two hundred yards away. "Boom after boom and the theatre shaking !"

I am now going to take a bold step and to conclude by quoting and examining Kipling's most famous and controversial poem "*If*". (It will take me no more than four minutes) I shall ask you to consider it first as a technical masterpiece, Great Verse indeed. "*If*" consists of 190 words, almost all Anglo-Saxon, monosyllables or their compounds, arranged in a subtle pattern of rhyming couplets, quatrains, and octets, to form a composition of thirty-two lines. There is not a single superfluous word thrust in to pad out a line, not a single forced rhyme. Listen for the changes of key when a new line of thought requires a new turn of phrase, for the strong *caesuras* that arrest the attention, and the flowing unbroken lines that carry it forward. Note the internal rhymes (there are five pairs), the rare emotive words, both skilfully placed, and the studied punctuation. Few indeed are the masterpieces of literature that can bear so rigid a scrutiny. (After long study, I have found one verbal flaw, but I shan't tell you what it is).

"*If* is a traditional English poem, derived from Browning's *Epilogue to Asolando*, from Wordsworth's *Character of the Happy Warrior*, and especially from Sir Henry Wotton's "How happy is he born or taught, who serveth not another's will."

Ask yourself: "Is it Poetry or merely Verse?" I leave the overtones to your judgement

[Professor Carrington then recited "*If*". (*D.V.* pp. 576-7), pausing to point out various felicities of words and metrical arrangements].

I have now done, and, before I sit down, I shall ask you to stand and drink to "the Immortal Memory of *Rudyard Kipling—Poet !*"

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death, on 10th August last, of Mr. Carl T. Naumburg in his eighty-sixth year. He was Hon Secretary of the U.S.A. Branch of the Kipling Society from July 1947 until his retirement, owing to ill health, in September 1971, after which Mr. Joseph R. Dunlap succeeded him.

Mr. Dunlap writes: "Carl was an especially fine person—friendly, kind, considerate, helpful and immensely loyal. His devotion to Kipling was deep, and he was always concerned about the well-being of the U.S. chapter. I always enjoyed contact with him and Peggy, and I was grieved by her sudden death and his swift decline which followed it. His passing removes one more of the older generation of committed Kiplingists in this country whose youthful years coincided with the full tide of the pre-war Kipling."

THE 'SARAH SANDS': A PROLEGOMENON

(Part Two)

By J. H. McGivering

THE VOYAGE AND THE FIRE

Schlotel says that the passage to the Cape took more than two months: on arrival the ship took about a week to coal. Atkinson explains this long passage by headwinds after the Cape Verde Islands.

She sailed on 25th October, some of the sailors refusing duty when ordered to up anchor: bluejackets came aboard to assist in getting ready for sea, and the ringleaders of the mutiny were put in irons under guard of the 54th. Schlotel does not note the mutiny, but Kipling says

The crew were all but openly mutinous, and the troops, who must have picked up a little seamanship (more of this later) had to work the ship out of harbour.

As will be seen, Schlotel does not take a very good view of the crew.

. . . who were nearly all foreigners. These casual hands had from the first been a source of great trouble to the commander and ship's officers. It has even been suspected that the fire itself was due to their sullen carelessness.

The squall of 7th November is unnoticed by Schlotel and Atkinson, who go straight on to the afternoon of 11th November, when Sergeant Murray was in charge of a party in the troop-deck below the saloon getting out provisions at 3.45 in the afternoon. When they opened the hatchway to the storeroom they found it was on fire, and Murray gave the alarm. Captain Castle smelt the smoke in his cabin on the deck above, sent to enquire the cause and came to have a look himself.

Their position seems to have been between 800 and 1,000 miles from Mauritius: Kipling reports 'half a gale', Schlotel merely observes "the roaring of the fire and the sea, and the howling of the wind." Atkinson does not mention the weather.

Captain Castle does all the right things—goes for a chart and a compass, has boats hoisted out and provisioned, sends Mr. Welsh the Chief Officer and the Carpenter to investigate the fire, takes in sail and gets the fire-engine to work.

Some of the 54th had served in boats on the Canadian Lakes and were no doubt able to assist: some of the crew (Atkinson) promptly got into a boat and pushed off: the ladies (who had been dressing for dinner) went off wrapped in blankets and whatever else came to hand. A few of the soldiers made for the boats, but desisted when they saw the remainder standing fast.

This must have been the time when everything began to happen at once: Lieutenants Hughes and Houston made an attempt to get the Colours hanging up at the far end of the saloon (Atkinson) but were driven back by smoke: now Schlotel says

. . . one of our men, Private William Wiles, and a sailor, Quarter-Master Richard Richmond, struggled through the dense mass of smoke which filled the saloon, in the hope of being able to save the Colours of the Regiment. The attempt very nearly cost them their lives, but they succeeded in effecting their

object, and upon holding them up to the gaze of the troops nobly fell down side by side in an exhausted condition upon the deck. Cheers greeted them

The plan of the ship shows the saloon to be a compartment some 40 feet long, reached by a companion at the stern, the stair dividing at a half-landing and turning forward into two passages, each about 20 feet long lined by cabins, including the Captain's, which was inboard, at the after end of the saloon. There are padded lockers at the forward end, a bulkhead, then coal-bunkers, engine and boilers. Over the engine and bunker is the Ladies' Cabin. There is, however, some doubt as to where the Colours were—at the forward end, against the engine-room bulkhead, or at the after end, against the bulkhead of the Captain's cabin.

Atkinson amplifies Schlotel's account of the saving of the Colours—Richmond managed to get the Queen's Colour off the bulkhead and was then overcome: Wiles got the Regimental Colour out and then seems to have gone back for the other one and Richmond. One can understand soldiers risking their lives on such a mission, but Richmond was under no such obligation: he would, moreover, have been more familiar with the layout of his ship, and would have appreciated the danger of the long compartment, the alleyways lined with highly flammable cabins, the saloon cluttered with chairs and tables, dark and full of smoke: the only entrance over a couple of magazines which were, at that time, being de-ammunitioned via that same entrance. A lesser man would have known better.

It is a little difficult to tell from the plan, but those magazines on each quarter seem to have been reached from that half-landing in the after companion: Lieutenant Hughes was first into the port magazine—the starboard one seems to have been cleared fairly easily, all things considered, but as Schlotel says "the hatchway by which the Magazine was reached was belching forth volumes of hot suffocating smoke, and none knew how soon the flames might reach the ammunition." As we know, most of it was got out, but the hole in the port quarter caused by the explosion can be seen in the photograph taken after the fire was extinguished.

To return to the ladies for a moment—Schlotel says "five ladies", Kipling "perhaps a dozen women", Atkinson is silent, and nobody mentions the Regimental Schoolmistress. Anyway, three of the ladies were the wife and daughters of Lieutenant-Colonel Moffat, who assisted them into a boat commanded by Mr. Very, the Third Officer, who immediately pulled away from the ship before Moffat could return on board, saying that his orders from Captain Castle were to keep clear until told to return. Major Brett saw him in the boat at some distance from the ship, and at once took command of the firefighters, despite the reports in *The Times* of 29th and 30th December, 1857 which give a stirring account of the Colonel's activities. He was not, so far as I can tell, employed again, even though his absence from his post was not his fault.

The mutineers, last heard of under guard and in irons on leaving the Cape are not mentioned again. As no lives were lost, I suppose they were freed when the alarm of fire was given, or perhaps they were prisoners at large; there was, in any case, nowhere for them to escape to!

The accounts of the fire tally, allowing for information that was not

available to Schlotel and Kipling : Atkinson says that it was Major Brett who said "We shall fight on until driven overboard!" Gillum who shouted "She's all right, boys, pull away at the pumps ! " Lance Corporal John McCallum (his name was not lost) who cut away the wreckage of the mizzen.

Kipling quotes Schlotel :

It was necessary to make some deviation from the usual military evolutions . . .

which confirms that this was one of his sources : it is an octavo of some 29 pages—"Narrative/of the/Burning of the *Sarah Sands*/Screw Steam Ship/with the Headquarters of HM 54th Regiment/on board/by/a late 54th Officer." This is Lieutenant Frederick Schlotel, and it was published by Bemrose & Sons, 21 Paternoster Row and Derby, 1870. As might be expected, he does not record all that took place, but speaks very highly of his men and modestly says nothing of his own part in the proceedings.

To the discipline and courage of the troops, for so it may justly be characterised—the saving of the vessel and the hundreds of lives she carried was unquestionable (sic); and he who could have witnessed such without recalling it—even at this distance of time—without something approaching enthusiasm must be less or more than human.

Kipling is, however, guilty of a little exaggeration : for instance, he has a party of men cutting away the bridge: no bridge is visible in the picture of the ship, but the *Nautical Magazine* of January, 1905 refers to "a deck bridge just abaft the saloon." It is not shown on the plan of the ship. He also says ". . . if you can realise what it means to be able to see a naked screw-shaft at work from the upper deck of a liner . . ."; well, this ship had only three decks—Spar, Main and Lower: the distance from Spar-Deck to propellor-shaft is only about 22 feet. With the information available to him, however, he has given a very fair account of the difficulties and dangers so successfully overcome by the 54th and their shipmates.

After the festivities at Port Louis, where they spent about six weeks, Captain Castle sailed with them in the *Clarendon* for some five miles, was chaired round the deck three times, while the band played "The Conquering Hero". He was then seen over the side into his boat, which had been towed alongside.

The *Clarendon* was, as Kipling says, even worse than the *Sarah Sands*: Schlotel agrees

. . . not so comfortable or so large a ship as could have been desired. The officers were obliged to sleep on the saloon tables or chairs, or, in fact, anything they fancied might afford the luxury of a night's quiet repose.

He also enlarges on the death of Captain Thornhill after the hurricane, and in doing so refers to his touching affection for Gillum in terms that anyone would be glad to have for an epitaph—

When conscious he (Thornhill) could not survive much longer, he asked for Major Gillum, who, in consequence of his merry disposition, largeness of heart, and many excellent qualities, had not only endeared himself in the hearts of his brother officers, but all who had the pleasure and happiness to know him. The dying man called him to his bedside to wish him a last farewell, put his arm

round his neck, and head on his breast, and after a few minutes breathed his last.

The *Clarendon* arrived at the mouth of the Hooghley on 21st January, 1858, and Headquarters landed at Calcutta on the 27th. Kipling puts them off the mouth of the river on the 25th.

Apart from the death of Captain Thornhill, their only mishaps seem to have been the head of the cylinder blowing off at the Sand Heads, and running out of tobacco.

The Regiment then commenced mopping up the aftermath of the Mutiny, but their work on lines of communication kept them out of the remaining major actions: two companies received the medal but no Battle Honour was awarded—several regiments who had seen more fighting did not get one either.

They were home again in 1866: during their time in India they buried five officers and 376 men.

[To be concluded in next number]

MANON LESCAUT AND 'THE LIGHT THAT FAILED'

by Margaret Newsom

While it is comparatively easy to see, after reading Scarron's *Roman Comique*¹ how it could have influenced Kipling in his writing of *The Light that Failed*, signs of the story of *Manon Lescaut* in Kipling's novel are not at all obvious. Yet he says in his autobiography that his "theory" was that *The Light that Failed* was a "sort of inverted, metagrobolised² phantasmagoria based on *Manon*".³ What did he mean?

In that same paragraph³ he mentions both L'Abbé Prévost's book, *Manon Lescaut*, and Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret's painting of the death of Manon Lescaut, though he does not mention the painter's name; but it was the painting which began his train of thought when he was recalling the events in his life from which, it seemed to him, he curiously conceived two versions of *The Light that Failed*. A photograph of Dagnan-Bouveret's painting may be seen with my article in *The Kipling Journal*, No. 195. "This is the story of *The Light that Failed* as it was originally conceived by the Writer" was how Kipling prefaced the longer, standard version of his story of that title, with no further explanation.

The painting was shown at the Paris Salon in 1878. Kipling was then in Paris with his father, as a treat from school.⁴ A brief and delightful description of their visit was given by him in his address to the France Grande Bretagne Association at its Annual Banquet in 1931, at which he said: "As a boy of twelve I came to Paris with my father to the exposition of '78 . . . my father was in charge of the fine arts exhibits from India, and the arrangement of them kept him very busy . . . So he presented me with a free pass to everything and told me to run away and play while he worked. I obeyed him—filially I obeyed him for five glorious weeks."

In the catalogue of the Salon, against the entry of the picture, are details of the artist and below them the words (here translated)—"*Manon Lescaut* . . . I formed the resolution to bury her and to await death on the grave . . . It was not difficult for me to open the earth in the place where I found myself: it was a country covered with sand. I broke my sword so that I could dig with it but it was of less use than my hands. (L'Abbé Prévost, *Manon Lescaut*)".⁵ The picture is undoubtedly the one Kipling saw when he was twelve, the one which he "never forgot"³, about which he asked his father "many questions".³ The Salon appears not to have thought the painting of sufficient interest to be included in its book of sixty or so reproductions of the principal paintings on view, in a year which by general consent was disappointing. There is of course no accounting for personal, and in this case adolescent, taste. Certainly there is nothing about the black and white photograph of the picture of the death of Manon Lescaut to suggest why Kipling should have been so much drawn to it unless he was beguiled by the arresting, blindly up-turned, eyes of Manon's lover. Whatever first interested him about the picture, it appears that he also never forgot his father's many answers. How much of the story of *Manon Lescaut* he told his son we do not know, but Kipling said, of that time: "What I did not understand—and it was much—I brought home at evening and laid before my father, who either explained it or told me where I could get the information. He treated me always as a comrade".⁶ Lockwood Kipling successfully taught his son to read French while he was a school boy. In the holidays, Kipling would read "all the French books that interested, and should not have interested" him until at sixteen he "could deal with them almost as with English"⁶

Briefly, the "one book" of the Abbé Prévost" which so much amazed him³ is about the experiences and thoughts of the Chevalier Des Grieux, a man "of quality" and educated with the "seeds of virtue", who came completely under the spell of a very young, beautiful, gracious and sweet girl, the prostitute Manon Lescaut. After several adventures with her in Paris, he learns that she is to be deported to America as a consequence of her scandalous activity. The date must have been about 1719, when cargoes of young vagrants, orphans, and people like Manon were sent to the Mississippi valley, then in the possession of France, to raise a population there. Des Grieux secures a passage in the deportation boat by posing as Manon's husband. The deception is kept up in the colony until both Manon and Des Grieux realise that their love for each other is worthy of marriage. When the nephew of the Governor of the colony learns that Manon is not Des Grieux's legal wife, and therefore free to be taken as a wife by any of the settlers, he claims her for himself by reason of priority of choice due to his high position. Des Grieux severely wounds him in a duel. Manon and Des Grieux decide to flee at once on foot to the English colony, across the intervening desert. But Manon is too overcome by the disastrous turn of events for which she blames herself, and she dies in the arms of Des Grieux when they are in a vast and treeless sandy plain. He makes a grave for her and lies on it waiting for death to come to him, but it does not. His faithful friend, Tiberge, comes to take him back to France where Des Grieux makes amends for the scandal of his earlier conduct, with a life of discipline and sobriety.

A similarity between the two novels, *Manon Lescaut* and *The Light that Failed*, is that each was published with two different endings and with notable differences in the text. Prévost's alternative cuts the story short at the point where Manon sails for America; but Des Grieux is left behind in France.

Who could have guessed that *The Light that Failed* is based on *Manon Lescaut*? Even being told that it is, raises incredulously the questions "Where?" and "How?"—especially "How inverted and meta-grobolised has *Manon Lescaut* become? Has Kipling left any resemblances between it and *The Light that Failed*? Imaginative readers may see one—the ending of the longer version of *The Light that Failed*, which is the death of Dick Heldar in a desert of the Eastern Sudan, is similar to that part of the longer version of *Manon Lescaut* which was illustrated by Dagnan-Bouveret, in that it too portrays the death of someone who has fled into a desert. But the rest of the scene in the picture seems to have been "inverted": that is to say, it is the lover who dies instead of the mistress (if Dick and Maisie could so be called). It is tempting to believe that the tragic ending of *The Light that Failed* was directly influenced by the picture Kipling saw as a boy at the Paris Salon of 1878, and that Scarron, whom he read later, provided him with the happy ending.¹

Less mystifying perhaps are the possibilities provided by part of Prévost's "Notice to the Reader" of his novel. How strangely applicable to Dick Heldar in the tragic version of *The Light that Failed* it could be as it stands. It may well be the solution to Kipling's metagrobolisation. It reads: "He shall see in the conduct of M. Des Grieux a terrible example of the force of passion. I have painted a blind young man, who refuses to be happy, and wants to precipitate himself into extreme misfortune; who, with all the qualities of best value to a man, prefers, from choice, a life of obscurity and vagabondage; who foresees his downfall, without wanting to escape from it; who feels its approach and then is overpowered by it, without taking the opportunities constantly offered to remedy the situation and to put an end to it, which he can do at any moment; in short an ambiguous character, a mixture of virtue and vice, a perpetual contrast between good intentions and sinful actions. Such is the meaning of the picture I present."

If indeed this "Notice" was the foundation of Dick Heldar's character, it usefully explains some of the surprising contrasts in it. For example, to be a character "of vice", it can be understood why Dick had to be seen in such company as Mme. Binat, the owner of a brothel in Port Said. Impressively, it was "one of the worst houses in the place",⁷ and Port Said the place where "the concentrated essence of all the iniquities and all the vices in all the continents finds itself".⁷ And it is not inconsistent that Dick's "sinful actions" included a clandestine affair with a (nameless) woman of mixed blood, the character in *The Light that Failed* most like Manon, on the lower deck of a "crazy basket"⁷ of a cargo ship. (This episode, and the less reputable aspects of Mme. Binat are not in the shorter version). The Port Said scenes appear to be incomplete: they do not sufficiently explain why Mme. Binat (her name is Egyptian for "the girls") treats Dick as a friend to whom she owed much, nor what his special interest in Yellow Tina was. Was Yellow Tina the same person as the Negroid-Jewess-Cuban, his

model for "the devils and the angels both"⁷ in the best work he had done "to date"⁷? Did the original drafts of the novel contain more about this side of Dick's character which comes near to that of the Chevalier Des Grieux? Kipling had seen Port Said in 1882 where the boat in which he was travelling to India stopped for four days.⁸

Kipling wrote that he was about eighteen when he was reading the Abbé Prévost and Scarron "in alternate slabs . . . and it brought up the picture."³ His eighteenth birthday was on 30th December 1883. He was then in Lahore, having arrived there from England in October of the previous year.⁸ Some of these facts are confirmed in his *Souvenirs of France* which in addition tell how "At that time—'83 to '88"⁶ he was reading the journals "from Paris to Pekin"⁶ that came into the office where he was "a subordinate on an Indian journal".⁶ It is therefore perhaps not remarkable to find that the scenes of desert warfare, which occupy two chapters in *The Light that Failed*, are taken from events which were happening in the Sudan, mainly in 1884 and the early part of 1885, and which were fully reported in the English journals coming into his office while he was concurrently reading Prévost and Scarron. 1884 was the year in which General Gordon was sent to Khartoum and remained there. His death in January 1885 shocked and shamed English people everywhere. In November 1914, Kipling wrote an article entitled *The Dead of Old Battles* in which he said: "Thirty years ago, young English officers in India lied and intrigued furiously that they might be attached to expeditions whose bases were sometimes at Suakim, sometimes quite in the desert air, but all of whose deeds are now quite forgotten."⁹

War and death in the deserts of the Sudan; Manon dying in a North American desert; Saint-Germain (in the story of "La Capricieuse Amante", in *Le Roman Comique*) seeking "some sinister mode of death"¹ because his capricious mistress refused to see him again; and, in about July 1884, Kipling's sweetheart Flo Garrard¹⁰ wrote from England breaking off the "engagement"⁸: her love for him had died—perhaps his *Light-of-love*¹¹ had *Failed*. All these notions were in Kipling's mind within a short space of time around 1884, and they are all recognisable in *The Light that Failed*. From the assembled material, it appears that at least the longer version of the book was very nearly complete in his head, if not on paper, by 1885.

He came to London in October 1889. Two months later the *History of the Sudan Campaign* by H. E. Colville was published. There is some evidence in *The Light that Failed* to suggest that Kipling looked at it. He found himself "again in Paris at the Exhibition of 1889-90. My city was much as I had left it"⁶. He met Flo Garrard in London, and visited her at her Paris studio in May 1890¹² but there was no happy ending for him with her. The dormant germ of past events was woken up³. The author was at last in labour with his *Light that Failed*. A draft of it (but it is not certain which version) was completed by August 1890¹².

In another *Kipling Journal* (No. 125) Mr. Carrington described how a friend who knew the Kipling family "long ago" gave him the simple assurance, when he asked her to account for the shorter version of *The Light that Failed*, " 'His mother made him do it! ' ". So that perhaps was how the shorter version came to be published, but it contains

no dedication to her. Had his mother protested at the other version's sordidness, violence, or tragic introspection? It is not difficult to understand why Kipling did not want to cast aside the ending which he had conceived so many years before. He would publish his story with it and incur his mother's disapproval, but he knew that, whatever he did, he would be saved by his mother's love for him. Or, so his dedication of the longer version to her appears to say: -

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were damned of body and soul,
 I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Were these the circumstances in which Kipling decided to publish the tale as it so poignantly first came to him?

References:-

1. See my article of two Journals ago, No. 195, for September 1975.
2. to metagrobolise=to puzzle, to mystify.
3. *Something of Myself*, Pages 227-8.
4. *Something of Myself*, Page 24.
5. I am indebted to Mr. Carrington for having discovered a copy of the catalogue in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and for writing to the Museum at Melun, in France, where it was thought the painting might be, but it could not be traced. Eventually I found a photograph of it in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.
6. *Souvenirs of France*, Pages 6-12.
7. *The Light that Failed*, Pages 270, 31, 132, 134, 131.
8. *Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work*, by Charles Carrington.
9. *Letters of Travel*, Page 270. The title of the article was later changed to *The Face of the Desert*.
10. In his biography of Kipling, Mr. Carrington has identified Flo Garrard with "Maisie".
11. Kipling uses this expression in *The Light that Failed* on Page 276.
12. See *Retrospect of The Light that Failed* by C. E. Carrington. (*Kipling Journal*, No. 194).

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LETTER BAG

'YELLOW DOG DINGO' AND 'WALTZING MATILDA'

I have just been dipping into Geoffrey Grigson's *Penguin Book of Ballads*. According to a note on page 369 he says that *Waltzing Matilda* was first printed in 1903 and is thought to be the work of one A. B. Paterson. Yet it has always seemed to me that *Yellow Dog Dingo* was, metrically, a variation or fantasia on *Waltzing Matilda*, and *Just-so Stories* were first published in book form in 1902 (I don't know if the *Sing-Song* was published earlier in magazine form). If the relationship between *Old Man Kangaroo* and *Waltzing Matilda* is accepted, then we must suppose that Grigson is right in guessing that the ballad existed in versions earlier than Paterson's, and must have been pretty well known too to come to Kipling's ears. My guess would be that he came across it among Australian troops in the Boer War. Can any reader of the *Journal* throw some light on the matter?

HUGH BROGAN

'A RECANTATION'

With regard to the queries about Marie Lloyd and "*A Recantation*," a biography by Naomi Jacob, *Our Marie (Marie Lloyd)*' (published 1936), discusses this very point. She accepts that the poem refers to Marie Lloyd but states categorically Marie Lloyd had a daughter only.

I wonder if Kipling writing the poem, which has always seemed to me a somewhat strange and essentially private one, in an anguish of heart has confused Marie Lloyd with Sir Harry Lauder who certainly lost his only son at this time.

In all fairness I must point out that Marie Lloyd will not be forgotten as long as the Music Hall is remembered, for she is one of the very greatest artistes produced by it. In the poem Kipling, whom no-one would call over-prudish, is rather less than fair to her and this is especially surprising in view of his great interest in the music hall.

ALEX K. SMITH

'AN ALMANAC OF TWELVE SPORTS'

I have a copy of *The Almanac of Twelve Sports* (1898) and would like to make the following queries:—

(a) The opening and closing verses relating to the price of the game being a candle puzzle me—is this the origin of the phrase the game being not worth the candle?—not given in the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations—if it does not refer to an earlier phrase what is the point of it?

(b) There are a few changes between the 1898 version and that given in the *Inclusive Verse* e.g. 1918—most of these changes are minor, of but one word, but April (Rowing) is changed considerably; I found the stanza puzzling in either version, especially in its reference to the Pope of Rome—can anyone explain its meaning?

(c) How did the collaboration between Kipling and Nicholson come about? From June 1897 Kipling was living in Rottingdean, and Nicholson lived at "The Grange", Rottingdean but I believe at a later date (Craig's biography of Nicholson implies that in 1896-99 Nicholson was living in London). Carrington's biography of Kipling (p.453) makes no mention of Nicholson until 1921 (as a casual visitor to Bateman's). Whose was the idea for the Verses on Games?

BRYAN C. DIAMOND

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