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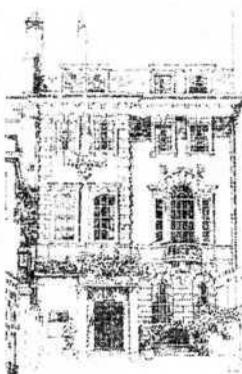
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 12 September 2012, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Finn Fordham**, Royal Holloway College, University of London: "If I knew Ireland as well as R.K. seems to know India..." Joyce's debts to **Kipling**'.

Wednesday 14 November 2012, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Mary Hamer** on "Fact into Fiction: Making a novel out of Kipling". Dr Hamer, a member of the Society's Council, talks about her new novel *Kipling and Trix*, winner of the Virginia prize for fiction.

Wednesday 13 February 2013, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Speaker to be announced.**

Wednesday 10 April 2013, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Speaker to be announced.**

September 2012

JANE KESKAR & ANDREW LYCETT

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ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2012

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon was held on Wednesday 2 May at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. The Guest Speaker was David Marler, O.B.E. whose wife Belinda also attended. At David Marler's table were Professor Leonee Ormond, our Chairman, and Mr Richard Ormond, Lt.-Col. Roger Ayers, our new President and his wife, Mrs Lesley Ayers, Field Marshall Sir John Chappie and Lady Chappie.

The occasion was a great success, attended by:

Admiral Sir Peter Abbott, Col R.D. Abbott, Dr M.D.S. Ayers, Mrs S.L. Ayers, Mr Tim Ayers, Mr Derek Balls, Mr R. Beck, Mrs E. Beck, Major K. Bonny, Mrs Diane Bonny, Mr Bruno Bouric, Professor Hugh Brogan, Mrs Barbara Caseley-Dickson, Professor R.R. Clements, Lady Debden, Mr Oliver Didry, Mrs Catherine Didry, Mr Gary Enstone, Dr Mary Hamer, Miss Anne Harcombe, Dr T.A. Heathcote, Mrs M.M. Heathcote, Mrs Julia Hett, Mrs W. Irving, Mr Sharad Keskar, Mrs Jane Keskar, Mr W.H.B. Key, Ms Cassia Kidron, Miss Gee Kim, Mrs Myung Kim, Dr Jeffery Lewins, Mrs Judith Lewins, Rear Adm. G.F. Liardet, Mrs J.A. Liardet, Dr T.W. Liardet, Mrs G. Liardet, Mr Sam Mahmoud, Mr Santiago Mantas, Mr N.S. Mayhew, Miss Lydia Mason, Mr C.R.W. Mitchell, Mrs Janet Mitchell, Mr Roger Neill, Dr Patrick Noronha, Professor Leonee Ormond, Mr Richard Ormond, Mr David Page, Miss Ailsa Pain, Miss Bel Parker, Mr Oliver Parker, Mr R.G. Pettigrew, Mr G.F.C. Plowden, Mrs A. Plowden, Mr J. Radcliffe, Mr J.M. Raisman, Mrs E.A. Raisman, Mrs Jessie Redfern, Mr S. Rumbold, Mrs J. Rumbold, Mr R. L. Sadler, Mrs B.M. Sadler, Mr Paul Saias, Mrs Sandra Saias, Mr Guy Simmons, Mrs Sheila Simmons, Col G.T. Spate, Mrs P.J. Spate, Professor S. Spurling, Mrs Isolde Spurling, Mrs Kate Stewart, Mr M.A. Tyrrell, Mrs S.L. Tyrrell, Mr S.D. Wade, Mrs F.M. Wade, Mr John Walker, Miss Caroline Walton, Mr G. Weekes, Dr Lizzy Welby, The Hon. Mrs White, Cdr A.J.W. Wilson, and Ms Sophie Wilson.

(Ms Isobel Allpress, Mr Andrew Dodsworth [the Financial Examiner] and Mrs Hélène Gray sent their apologies.)

CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME

Ladies and Gentlemen

As the new Chairman of the Kipling Society Council, I would like to welcome you all to the Society's 85th Annual Luncheon. Thank you for coming. I would also like to record our gratitude to Sharad Keskar

for his excellent service to the Society during his two years in the Chair, and also my personal thanks to his wife, Jane, who is such a wonderful Society secretary, and on whom we all rely. Here we are in Jubilee Year, and I wonder how many people will quote from Kipling's "Recessional".

It gives me particular pleasure to welcome our guest speaker for today, Mr David Marler, who is here with his wife. Belinda and I were fellow students and have not met for many years. I am also delighted to see our new President, Lieutenant Colonel Roger Ayers and his wife and our former President Sir John Chappie and Lady Chappie, all seated at this table. Our President and his predecessor are two of the exceptional number of representatives of the armed forces present today, a Field Marshall, two Admirals and two Colonels, together with several Majors and Captains who have served gallantly abroad.

I am grateful to the Members of the Kipling Society Council who joined with me to judge the John Slater Memorial Kipling Essay Prize. Both prize winners, Gee Kim and Bel Parker, wrote on their choice of Kipling's poetry, and both, significantly, had one poem in common, "The Children". We are very pleased that both the winners are here today with their parents, and that Miss Lydia Mason is present to collect the prize for their school, St Paul's Girls' School.

I will ask Lieutenant Colonel Ayers to present the prizes.

The prize for the runner up of £150 and a year's free membership of the Kipling Society goes to Bel Parker.

The first prize of £250 and a year's free membership goes to Gee Kim.

Miss Lydia Mason will collect the prize of £500 for the school.

GRACE: BY JANE KESKAR

First these words of Rudyard Kipling

I have eaten your bread and salt,
 I have drunk your water and wine,
 The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
 And the lives ye led were mine.

And now the grace:

For good food
 Good wine
 And good friends
 We thank you Lord.
 Amen

THE CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTION: GUEST OF HONOUR

I have a few words to say about the Society before I introduce our Guest Speaker.

Looking back over the past year, I should particularly mention the International Conference held at the Institute of English Studies of the University of London. There was a very good attendance, and delegates enjoyed some excellent papers. In her absence I would like to record our thanks to our Deputy Chairman, Professor Jan Montefiore. Some of the papers will appear in the *Journal*.

We have had some fine lectures during the year and our Society website goes from strength to strength. And, looking ahead, I would like to remind you of the Bateman's' Day on 24 June, when a number of members will be reading from Kipling's work in his former home. I am sure that the Bateman's representative on the Council, Robin Mitchell, will be happy to give further details which you may need.

I am delighted to introduce David Marler. David has made a distinguished career in the British Council, where he served for thirty nine years. He represented the Council in many countries including India, Ethiopia, Nigeria, Cyprus, Singapore, China, Turkey, Azerbaijan and Uzbekistan. I particularly note that he was Director of the British Council in Egypt between 1997 and 2001. He was awarded an O.B.E. in 1984 and is now the Chairman of the British Council Association. As you can see, David has followed in Kipling's footsteps at several stages of his career.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr David Marler.

GETTING UNDER THE SKIN OF THE OTHER ... IF YOU CAN

By DAVID MARLER

This really all revolves around Strickland of the Police, taking him as the exemplar of what one recent commentator – I'd tell you his name if I could read my own scribble – called 'an exoticism and quasi-mysticism that have a complex relation to the British Empire.'

Strickland clearly fascinated Kipling, since he appears in at least seven of the short stories – "Miss Youghal's Sais", "To be Filed for Reference", "The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case", "The Return of Imray", "The Mark of the Beast", "The Son of His Father" and "A Deal in Cotton" – besides having two walk-on appearances in *Kim*. It was the first two that I really remembered, or thought that I did, though I

was less sure of that by the time I had finished. I was certainly aware that there was something of a genre here to explore. Kipling tended to base his characters on people he knew or had met and he does say that Strickland modelled himself on the one man in the whole of Upper India who can pass for Hindu or Mohammedan, hide-dresser or priest, as he pleases.' At least four different names – I'm afraid they are only names to me – for the real Strickland have been proposed – Warburton, Christie, Forjett and Goad.

Is this romantic urge to get under the skin of the Other a peculiarly British thing?

The classic image is to be both London clubman and to 'try to know as much about the natives as the natives themselves'. It is a strain running through our literature and the lives of our explorers and adventurers in a way I cannot think of regarding any other people.

The British modelled their idea of empire on that of the Romans, but did the Romans have any such urge? The great barbarian conspiracy which shook Britain in 368 A.D. was apparently influenced by treachery on the part of agents called *areani* (perhaps a misreading, since the word appears nowhere else, for *arcani*) who were employed to operate beyond the Wall; but were they in any sense Roman or were they the Hurree Chunder Mukherjees of their day? I can't think of any citizens of the early empire, before Caracalla extended that privilege to everyone, donning woad and trousers in a longing to understand barbarian points of view – they'd have been appalled at the idea. If you have been watching Mary Beard's lively current series on the box, you'll have gathered that, in her view, the Romans did not celebrate difference or Otherness, they simply absorbed it where it seemed tolerable.

From a little personal experience, I would say that you do not find Chinese wanting to get under the skin of a Tibetan, though I have encountered the odd Tibetan who wished to appear as Han Chinese.

Britain's imperial rivals, the French, were, I would argue, more interested in creating *évolues* than in getting under any non-French skin, notwithstanding some remarkable journeys in disguise, such as that of René Caillié, the first European to return alive from Timbuktu (Gordon Laing beat him to it, but was murdered during his return).

Those other rivals and Great Game opponents, the Russians, had one or two comparable examples like Muraiev, who got to Khiva, though they used a disguised German, Eduard Eversmann, to get into Bukhara.

But the British, I submit, were – I'd like to think we still had some of that spirit – different in the urge to combine traveller, and delver into

arcana, with London clubman. Of Strickland, we are told that he was initiated into the *Sat Bhai* at Allahabad (in parenthesis, Peter Hopkirk thinks there was no such society but that this is a coded reference to the Masons, of whom Kipling was so proud to be one, and you may think that since Strickland was a policeman, he would anyway be no stranger to aprons and funny handshakes); he knew the Lizzard Song of the Sansis and the Hállí-Hukk dance (I've no idea what the Hállí-Hukk is, though research in Hobson-Jobson might give you an answer of a kind. Though when you think of the definition given of Hobson-Jobson itself, you may legitimately wonder about any such definition). Strickland had helped at the Painting of the Death Bull; mastered the thieves' patter of the changars and had conducted service in a Border mosque 'in the manner of a Sunni Mollah'.

Likewise we are told of McIntosh Jellaluddin that he knows something remarkable called "The Song of the Bower". He understands why a woman in the Serai is cleaning a samovar in a particular way – he says 'If you knew why she was doing her work in that particular fashion, you would know what the Spanish Monk meant when he said—

I the Trinity illustrate,
 Drinking watered orange-pulp—
 In three sips the Arian frustrate,
 While he drains his at one gulp—'

As the creatures, so the creator: Kipling wrote to Kay Robinson in 1886

I am deeply interested in the queer ways and works of the people of the land. I hunt and rummage among 'em; knowing Lahore City – that wonderful, dirty, mysterious ant-hill – blindfold and wandering through it like Haroun Al-Raschid in search of strange things... I'm in love with the country and would sooner write about her than anything else. Wherefore let us depart our several ways in amity: you to Fleet Street (where I shall come when I die, if I'm good) and I to my own place where I find heat and smells of oil and spices and puffs of temple incense, and sweat and darkness and dirt and lust and cruelty and, above all, things wonderful and fascinating innumerable.

That was nearly two years after he had begun his night walks in Lahore:

Often the night got into my head. . . and I would wander till dawn in all manner of odd places – liquor shops, gambling and opium dens, which are not a bit mysterious, wayside entertainments such

as puppet shows, native dances; or in or about the narrow gullies under the Mosque of Wazir Khan.

From which insights, he recorded in March 1885, 'The idea of *Mother Maturin* dawned on me today . . . the novel that is always being written and yet gets no forrarder' that reached 237 foolscap pages, was deposited with his parents when he left India in 1889; which he was at pains to disown and to father upon Mcintosh Jellaluddin – 'If this thing is ever published, someone perhaps may remember this story, now printed as a safeguard to prove that Mcintosh Jellaluddin and not I myself wrote the Book of Mother Maturin.' And which, perhaps, was transmogrified in the course of another decade into his retrospective love-letter to India, *Kim*.

Of course, the case for this peculiar British urge would be weak if it relied upon Kipling alone. I call John Buchan in evidence:

'Billy Arbuthnott's boy? . . . There's a good deal about him in this office. He rode through Yemen, which no white man did before. The Arabs let him pass for they thought him stark mad and argued that the hand of Allah was heavy enough upon him without their efforts. He's blood-brother to every kind of Albanian bandit. And he used to take a hand in Turkish politics and got a huge reputation. . .

That last struck me as the most preposterous claim, but the man on whom Buchan expressly modelled Sandy Arbuthnott – or *Greenmantle* – Aubrey Herbert, did undertake some remarkable travels, did amble, in a relaxed, upper-crust sort of way, into the position of honorary attache in the British Embassy in what was still Constantinople and you do, amazingly, find that energetic if not very nice Young Turk, Talaat Pasha, after the First World War, taking great pains to convince Herbert that he was innocent of the Armenian massacres, so there is at least a glimmering of truth behind the tale. Buchan goes on

Lean brown men from the ends of the earth may be seen on the London pavements now and then in creased clothes, walking with the light outland step, slinking into clubs as if they could not remember whether they belonged to them. From them you may get news of Sandy. Better still, you will hear of him at forgotten little fishing ports where the Albanian mountains dip to the Adriatic. If you struck a Mecca pilgrimage the odds are you would meet a dozen of Sandy's friends in it. . . In the caravanserais of Bokhara and Samarkand he is known, and there are shikaris in the Pamirs who still speak of him round their fires. . .

Buchan goes further in articulating the idea of getting under the skin of the Other:

We call ourselves insular, but the truth is that we are the only race on earth that can produce men capable of getting inside the skin of remote peoples. Perhaps the Scots are better than the English but we are all a thousand per cent better than anybody else.

Which may be the most egregious codswallop, but the important thing is that people wanted it to be true, wanted to make that leap in the way that, they reckoned, other peoples have not and could not. I've mentioned two fictional examples in Kipling and Buchan. There is a modern, post-imperial example: Flashman. However, in that last case, I think the blending with the local is a simple plot device to get Flashman into all sorts of scrapes. They are all rattling good yarns – in fact the reference came into my head because McIntosh Jellaludin, the disgraced Oxford man, recalled one of George Macdonald Fraser's more memorable creations, John Charity Spring, the disgraced Balliol don, the murderous skipper of a slaver. But Flashman's ability to speak any language as a native speaker in very short order and to be able to pass himself off as anything from a German princeling to an Indian sais strains belief too far.

How possible is it?

Getting into fancy local costume – think of that portrait of Byron in Albanian dress, think of the many Victorian travellers described by Philip Glazebrook in *Journey To Kars* (which I strongly recommend to any one who doesn't already know it), think Alexander Burnes on his ride to Bukhara, think C.M. Doughty, think T. E. Lawrence – is one thing. There was a definite vogue for it, and it could be more convenient. But to pass oneself off successfully as a local is something else, something infinitely harder.

If you read S.M. Sen's *1857*, there are several examples quoted of country-born Britons, who spoke fluent Hindi/Urdu/Hindustani, and thought they could readily pass themselves off as local, setting off to try to get help for beleaguered outposts. Every one was detected, though some at least were discreetly helped on their way. Strickland, however, we are asked to believe, not only has a vast knowledge of many of the peoples of India, he manages to convince them that he is one of themselves when he goes off on what he calls shikar: we see him at it as Miss Youghal's sais and in "The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case". Now that really is quite a step – one McIntosh Jellaluddin does

not attempt. Typically, let us note, since I've made the point about the clubman aspect of the image, when he needs to step out of disguise 'there was a wild hurroosh at the Club., and . . . he galloped off with half the Club wardrobe on his back and an utter stranger's pony under him. . .' But back to disguise – was it possible in real life? Whether any of those possible originals already mentioned ever attempted it I do not know. We do know that Richard Burton reached Mecca and Medina in disguise, that earlier Pottinger and Christie (another Christie) crossed Baluchistan and Afghanistan disguised as horse traders and on occasion as mullahs. Pottinger even found himself unwillingly engaged in a theological debate with a Muslim scholar.

But all these real-life examples were travellers as members of a major faith embracing many countries and many communities. Any deviations from local practice might be excused as the idiosyncrasies of a distant Muslim community. Wilkie Collins sums up the point neatly in *The Moonstone* – this is the traveller Murthwaite speaking:

To such as spoke to me, I gave myself out as a devout Boodhist, from a distant province, bound on a pilgrimage. It is needless to say that my dress was of a sort to carry off this description. Add that I know the language as well as if it were my own and that I am lean enough and brown enough to make it no easy matter to detect my European origin – and you will understand that I passed muster with the people readily not as one of themselves, but as a stranger from a distant pan of their vast country.

And that surely is the key – not as one of themselves but as a stranger. Christie, when fearing to become involved in a theological debate was able to say that he since he was a Sunni whereas his interlocutor was Shi'ite, they would not be arguing on common ground. Burton made his journey from Egypt to Mecca and Medina as an Indian of Pathan parentage, practising medicine.

But Strickland, like those would-be messengers in 1857, seeks to pass as someone from within the local community, sometimes as a sais, sometimes as a fakir, sometimes as a sweeper and evidently in other guises too, and gets away with it.

Kipling, even before Strickland, was deeply attracted to the idea. He returned to Bombay in October 1882 'as a prince entering his kingdom.' He was Tods of "Tods' Amendment" the one who knows. Or he aspired to be:

I have seen Kipling in his cotton clothes and great mushroom hat and Mahbab Ali's towering turbaned and loose-robed figure

walking together in earnest and confidential colloquy, the queerest contrast, that friendship, even in India. . . but Mahbab Ali, peace to his bones, was only one link in the strange chain of associations Kipling riveted around himself in India.

So Robinson in, or on, the early days. And Kipling aspired to his Amendments too, as witness the leaders he wrote on the injustices suffered by local women in, for example, infant and enforced marriage.

Is there a darker side to this romantic urge?

We should return to Strickland, with whom we started. I remembered Strickland in "Miss Youghal's Sais" as a dashing figure, knowledgeable yes, but also bold and impulsive, reminiscent of the subaltern of whom it was said that his men would follow him anywhere, out of sheer curiosity. He is country-born, like Kipling, like the would-be rescuers of 1857. He is knowing enough, in "To be Filed for Reference", to say of McIntosh Jellaludin's ramshackle book – that isn't, of course, you must understand, the work of Kipling – that the writer is either an extreme liar or a most wonderful person. He thought the former. He is again a dashing figure in *Kim*, exchanging easy badinage with the Sahiba from Kulu on the Grand Trunk Road and putting on a great act by which to rescue agent E23 at Delhi railway station.

But when you look at him more closely, as preparing this chat has forced me to do, is he consistent? Does he change in some of the stories after "Miss Youghal's Sais"? Is he even so attractive in "Miss Youghal's Sais"? 'Strickland on Native Progress as he had seen it was worth hearing. Natives hated Strickland; but they were afraid of him. He knew too much.' You'll note that it is not criminals who hated him but "natives" in general. Deeply as it grieves me to agree with anything in that protracted scream of wounded amour-propre that is Edward Said's *Orientalism*, this sounds awfully like the statement there that 'European or Western knowledge about the Orient thus becomes synonymous with European domination of the Orient.'

Strickland when you first meet him is young as well as dashing. He educated himself, we are told, in his peculiar fashion, for seven years. One might guess that he is then in his late twenties. And the man who rounds on the lecherous old general – surely modelled on the same general who provides General Bangs, that most immoral man, in *Departmental Ditties* – is surely a young man. The critic of *Mother Maturin* could be about the same age.

But what of the Strickland of "The Return of Imray"? There is something chillingly coldblooded about the way in which he condemns

the hitherto loyal servant Bahadur Khan, who then gracefully removes the problem by standing on the krait and getting bitten. What of the Strickland of "The Mark of the Beast"? The torture used to solve the problem there is deeply unpleasant and emphatically not the behaviour of some one young and dashing, but of a hardened, leathery middle-aged policeman, who has seen it all, is prepared to break the law ruthlessly himself, is a deeply unattractive figure and who wouldn't, we may suppose, last five minutes in today's culturally-sensitive Met.

Both of these stories from *Life's Handicap* (1891) are supposed to be about the young Strickland before his marriage, though they don't feel like it. Then there is the Strickland of "The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case". He is back to his old tricks, appearing as a fakir and a sweeper. We are told he is not long married but again he feels older to me. The way he deals with the suborned witnesses . . . the provision of the whip to punish Bronckhorst . . . deserves all he gets and all that, all in the cause of right and justice . . . but is it attractive?

Strickland does not show to professional advantage in "The Son of His Father" from *Land and Sea Tales* of 1901 (which is in a way a rerun of "Tods' Amendment", where the child sees far more than the adults) where men innocent of the particular crime are locked up in Strickland's frenetic, misdirected and partly vanity-driven pursuit of the thieves who made off with his wife's horse. Has there been a shift in what Kipling wants to portray of his policeman? Does he want him harder and meaner in later tales?

Does Kipling shift latterly his target altogether?

In "A Deal in Cotton", Strickland has become an old buffer who has retired to Weston-super-Mare and taken up golf, poor devil. The essence of the deal in cotton is an elaborate if perhaps unnecessary charade to do good by stealth – reminiscent of "A Bank Fraud" – but it is the atmosphere of the setting of the story which made the most impression on me. The Infant, a baronet we previously met as a subaltern, has left the army and grown plump on a majestic inherited estate. Among his guests are Strickland and his wife and Adam, the son of his father, convalescing after a serious illness acquired on overseas service as well as, of course, the Narrator .

We naturally fell back more and more [Kipling tells us] on the old slang, recalling at each glass those who had gone before. We did not sit at the big table but in the bay window overlooking the park, where they were carting the last of the hay. When twilight fell we would not have candles, but waited for the moon, and continued our talk in the dusk that makes one remember.

Kipling has come home. He is part of this charmed circle. I have said more than once that to be a clubman as readily as one who can travel in wild places or pass as a local is essential to the image we have been exploring. The gentlemen travellers Philip Glazebrook tells us about tend to pay off their fireside companions, you and me, about the time they pay off their trusty dragomen or when they bound up the steps of their club on their return. They shut their front door in your face. Kipling, however, takes us a bit further while preserving his much-cherished privacy. The travellers, clubmen/explorers and the servants of the Sirkar we have been considering are all in their way, kin. Kipling had been an outsider to that group. True, he had belonged to the Club in Lahore - it would have been odd if he hadn't - but he was not popular there. He was neither Civil nor Military - and to be any one in British India you really had to be one or the other - but a junior journalist; he was deemed bumptious; and in November 1883, when his paper swung round to support the Ilbert Bills, he was actually hissed at the Club. That made, as he recorded, quite an impression on the eighteen-year-old Kipling. He felt even more humiliated when someone explained to him just why his paper had changed its tune. But by 1909 when *Actions and Reactions*, containing "A Deal in Cotton", came out he had, by the genius of his pen, become an infinitely more acceptable person. He was by now truly within the charmed circle.

It is possibly significant that the very next story in *Actions and Reactions* after "A Deal in Cotton" is "The Puzzler". Which, as you'll no doubt remember, concerns the antics of a little gaggle of terribly distinguished gentlemen acting the giddy goat and invading a garden with the object of finding out whether a monkey puzzle tree will or will not puzzle a monkey. A colonial civil servant who had till then been quite unable to get any of the necessary answers regarding his pet scheme of colonial improvement is, by studying the unbuttoned behaviour of the distinguished gaggle, by helping them out of the embarrassment they have exposed themselves to - and, perhaps, by a little implied moral blackmail - gets his scheme put through.

Would it be too much to suggest that Kipling's focus, his target, has shifted over the years? That the Other under whose skin he now desires to get is no longer any inhabitant of India but the Great and the Good of his Mother Country?

For undemocratic reasons and for motives not of State,
They arrive at their conclusions—largely inarticulate.
Being void of self-expression they confide their views to none,
But sometimes, in a smoking room, one learns why things were
done.

In telegraphic sentences, half-swallowed at the ends,
They hint a matter's inwardness—and there the matter ends.
And while the Celt is talking from Valencia to Kirkwall
The English—ah, the English!—don't say anything at all!

One might wish that held true today! But there I will leave the argument, with the Kipling who has come home, with much travail ahead of him and, arguably, most of his best work behind him, for the moment contentedly yarnning in that charmed circle as the light fades.

Mr Marler then proposed the toast to
The Never-failing Genius of Rudyard Kipling!

REPORT ON VOTE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT

By LT-COLONEL R.C. AYERS, O.B.E.

Rising to thank David Marler for his talk, the President recalled that when he had joined the army, it was, as the slogan said, to see the world. From conversation with Mr Marler before the meal and from the details given of his career with the British Council on the application for tickets, it was obviously the wrong choice and it was Mr Marler who had seen the world. His experiences gave authority to his masterly and detailed analysis of Kipling's stories about 'Strickland of the Police' and Kipling's own attachment to observing how the population of Lahore had lived. Thanking Mr Marler on behalf of the Kipling Society for a most interesting and entertaining talk, the President also thanked him personally since, despite having read the Strickland stories many times, he would have to read them again in the new light that Mr Marler had thrown on them.

KIPLING: THREE POEMS

By GEE KIM
(St Paul's Girls' School)

Rudyard Kipling is well-known for his lively poems and short stories filled with colourful depictions of life in India, and his many works for children. He was most prolific and successful early in the 20th century, winning the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907. However after the decline of the British Empire, his works became less popular; sometimes criticized for imperialism, and Kipling himself as a brash optimist. But that is far from true; as shown in the sombre themes of many of his works, perhaps more obvious in his later years. An idea at the heart of much of his work is loss, and my three favourite poems of his explore this: "The Way Through the Woods", "Late Came the God", and "The Children".

Loss of a loved one is something Kipling had close experience of, losing his first daughter to pneumonia when she was six, and his son 18-year-old John in the First World War. The affect of his death and of the war on Kipling is clear in his numerous war poems such as "My Boy Jack" – a movingly direct expression of grief at the loss of his son, and "The Children". In this poem, Kipling talks of the terrible sacrifice of young lives in the war; the children whose 'bodies were all our defence'; his cold choice of words conveys feelings of injustice and remorse, also shown when he says 'They believed us and perished for it.' This sentence echoes the brutal couplet 'Common Form' from "Epitaphs of the War":

If any question why we died,
Tell them, because our fathers lied.

Here Kipling perhaps refers to his own guilt at his son's death; originally, John was deemed unfit to fight, and only accepted due to his father's special request to a friend of high rank in the British Army, but also could be blaming politicians (a number of his works criticize the government, especially with their foreign policy). Both the couplet and "The Children" use the bluntness of the full stop; an abrupt end reflecting the soldiers' lives themselves, and giving his words a frank, yet restrained tone. However in the last stanza of the poem this gives way to powerful descriptions of the physical suffering endured by 'our children': 'senselessly tossed and retossed in stale mutilation'; Kipling's anger at the careless and undignified treatment of soldier's bodies is emphasised by the repetition of the spitting 'ss' sounds, and the images of rotting and

waste conjured up are distressing reminders of the wasted lives, left to 'the heart-shaking jests of Decay', and our knowledge of the fact that John's remains were found long after his death at the end of the war, make these lines particularly moving. The word 'jest' indicates the thoughtless and foolish behaviour of the personified 'Decay', similar to the description of the 'malice of Heaven', and 'Death, marvelling'. The cruel irony here of the word 'marvelling' is its childish curiosity, as if 'Death' has stolen the innocence and youth of John and every other soldier. The most crushing lines in the poem are however the refrain: *'But who shall return us our children?'* The grief, frustration and anger of all parents who have lost their children in war is particularly emphasised by the lines that precede it both times: 'That is our right.' and 'For this we shall take expiation.' Both the short, plain sentences seem to resolve Kipling's feelings, as if he has achieved acceptance; then the reader is shown that no compensation will be enough or a conclusion ever reached by the helpless and desperate words that follow.

" 'Late Came the God' " (1926), one of Kipling's later poems, also has themes of wasted life and physical pain like "The Children", as well as exploring the loss of freedom, and hope. The poem accompanies the short story "The Wish House", which tells of an elderly spinster named Mrs Ashcroft, who in her love for a man with a crippling disease, has gone to a 'wish house' where her desire to take on his physical suffering for him is granted. The short story ends with the village nurse coming to visit her, and the reader knowing that her cancer will mean that her painful life will not last much longer. The poem in its turn seems to present its subject as a tragic figure; willing to do anything for her possessive love: capable of enduring any type or extremity of suffering. It has a serious, biblical tone, like many of Kipling's poems; for instance in the phrase 'she builded an Altar'; 'builded' rather than 'built' could give a mocking sense to the words, similar to its use in "The Conundrum of Workshops", – "They builded a tower to shiver the sky" – where the hard work of man is derided by the Devil. But Kipling could also be showing admiration through the religious language; suggesting her nobility and grace (Grace is also coincidentally the first name of Mrs Ashcroft). This dilemma of whether the poem is scornful or admiring is what makes it so interesting. On one hand, Kipling portrays the woman as weak; a slave to love and controlled by a man (perhaps 'God' in the poem represents men of the time): 'Mornings of memory, noontides of agony, midnights unslaked for her' – here the continuous time and the list-like structure convey her pain as never-ending. Kipling comments on the futility of her sacrifice for love with the word 'unslaked': an unusual synonym for unfulfilled. However many of the poem's words, particularly those at the end, suggest the woman has won after all, as she has accomplished

her desire. 'Resolute, selfless, divine' are qualities associated with God, but are used to describe the woman; an interesting reversal in position and power. If 'God' represents men, in this poem Kipling shows us his respect for the constant and selfless love of a woman, and how without it men would be 'dust and derision'.

And lastly, a poem not about personal love, and less directly grieving; "The Way Through the Woods" is a poignant and subtle mourning of the lost past. The image of an abandoned road overcome by nature is quietly beautiful, but here it is used as a symbol of loss and change. The contrast between the peaceful nature now present and the lively human memories on the road now long gone is evident. The animals are described as almost idle: 'badgers roll at ease', 'otter whistles his mate', and the similarity to humans in their activities – the badgers are child-like and the otters like young men, emphasises how nature is now in complete control. The brief glimpse of the time when the road was open is described in far less detail, and only through the sense of hearing. There is something very nostalgic about 'swish of a skirt in the dew': the description of a fleeting moment in the stillness that quickly disappears. The sense of a memory fading away is also conveyed in the structure of the lines themselves: from 'You will hear . . .' the length of the lines and the number of syllables become gradually shorter until 'The misty solitudes'; words which convey how the blurred or departed memories have resulted in loneliness and confusion. This feeling of empty solitude is further emphasised in the use of the word 'woods' as an echo at the end of seven lines. Whether the poem is about the loss of, influence, memories, companionship, path and purpose, love, or all of the above, it definitely expresses lost hope in its last line: 'But there is no road through the woods.' Kipling breaks from the structure of the previous stanza, adding a whole line and giving a poem filled with uncertainty a firm and final ending.

These poems are just three of many of Kipling's poems that explore the theme of loss, though the most well known are of course his war poems. We could link several parts of Kipling's life to his interest and experience of this emotion and his often negative view of the world; his troubled childhood, the deaths of his children, his experience of war. But to do so would be to overlook his poetry itself: his ability to use the power of simple words when chosen carefully; both the subtlety and the frankness they are able to convey in Kipling's hands show his mature and finely honed skill as a poet.

IN THREE DIMENSIONS

By BEL PARKER
(St Paul's Girls' School)

Before embarking on this essay, I had very little knowledge of Kipling's poetry. Initially, the rigid stanzaic structure and the lack of ambiguity in his poems did little to engage me – I found them dry and unemotional. But upon further research, I discovered that the intrigue of Kipling for me lay in two areas: how his strong moral standpoints shed light on the society of his time, and how each of the poems in his huge and widely varying collection reveal dimensions to the nature of Kipling himself. With this in mind I chose "Gehazi" for its powerful aggressive morality, "The Female of the Species" for its dry wit and disclosure of his attitude towards women, and "The Children", a poem that is rare in Kipling's work, for its deep emotion and questioning nature.

In "Gehazi", the prophet Elisha's greedy slave Gehazi is the target of Kipling's contempt for the hypocrisy and corruption of those with power.

At first, Kipling sets Gehazi up as an influential and wealthy man: 'reverend to behold in . . . ermines and . . . gold'. He is congratulated by Kipling for being 'unswayed by gift of money', and with no knowledge of the Old Testament story, this could be taken as a true reflection of Kipling's beliefs. But as the poem progresses to Gehazi's 'uneasy virtue' and 'anger feigned', and as Gehazi's clothing is revealed to be a disguise for the 'boils' and 'sores' of his leprosy, the deceit of the character becomes exposed. On a second reading, the irony of Kipling's tone is apparent from the outset. A phrase such as 'stretch forth thy ready hand' – that could previously have been taken as a symbol of generosity – emphasizes the grasping nature of the man. Kipling continually confronts the greedy slave, addressing him directly and denigrating him with the imperative: 'take order now', 'stand up'. His descriptions of Gehazi's illness are strikingly repulsive: 'the boils that shine and burrow,/the sores that slough and bleed—'. and illustrate the extent to which Gehazi's greed revolts him. In the last line of the poem, he gives us a powerful distillation of the hypocrite as 'a leper white as snow'. Snow, for all its whiteness, is just a superficial covering, hiding imperfections; the contrast of the purity and innocence of white with the tainted body and morals of the character is shocking in its intensity.

With further research I discover that Kipling is drawing a parallel between the biblical slave and the Lord Chief Justice of England at the time (Sir Rufus Isaacs). I find the intensity of his attack on the corruption of a powerful contemporary figure impressive and even heroic.

"The Female of the Species" was written in 1911 and presents an attitude towards women that is at once progressive and patronising. Kipling lived in a male-dominated society and women were thought of as 'the weaker sex'. So, at first Kipling seems to grant women rare status: 'the woman . . . isn't his [Man's] to give away'. He challenges men's possession of women, whether in family or marriage. He credits women with 'convictions' and insists that she 'must command'.

On closer inspection, this deadliness with which he empowers women can be seen as negative. Comparing it with savage animals and 'uncivilized' Hurons, he is pointing out their irrationality. 'Unprovoked . . . the she-bear fights' while 'fear, or foolishness, impels him . . . to concede some sort of trial even to his fiercest foe'. While the irony has a lighter touch than "Gehazi", this 'fear and foolishness' in man is the basis of justice and law where everyone gets a voice. In contrast with the vividly described violence of women as they make their 'victim writhe in anguish', Kipling portrays man as more balanced and merciful. The sharp wit of the repeated refrain, regular structure and rhyming scheme makes the poem humorous and song-like, but in doing so belittles the seriousness of the political issue. Kipling was fundamentally a religious man and believed in God's ordered society. The phrase 'the Woman that God gave him' depicts woman as a gift and a possession after all, revealing his assumption that man is closer to God. Childbirth, he asserts, is the reason for women's existence – 'launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same; /And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail'. He describes a woman as 'Mother of the Infant' and 'Mistress of the Mate' and establishes her place in his vision of society; serving others.

Whether Kipling's depiction of women is progressive within the society of his time, or not, is difficult to discern. While I enjoy the wit and verbal dexterity of the poem, I can't help but feel, however, that it betrays a form of male paranoia. Behind the supreme self-confidence that allows him to bestow a certain status to the female, he is still fearful of her as something alien and mysterious.

Written after sending his son to his death in the First World War, "The Children" is a rare example of a poem where Kipling seems to speak from his heart rather than his mind. His uncharacteristic doubt and loss of direction permeates this poem, making it very emotive. ' . . . jests of Decay' and 'gay-painted by fumes' combine the tragic imagery of death and war with the merriment of joking and colour. This use of antithesis is both disturbing and uncomfortable and suggests the hysteria and confusion within Kipling himself. The descriptions of the bodies 'loll'd on the wires' or 'senselessly tossed and retossed' makes them passive and lifeless. They liken the soldiers to puppets manipulated by their

elders without 'forbearing to blame'. This perhaps echoes Kipling's influence on his son's decision to sacrifice himself to the war effort. The strong presence of sibilants in 'senselessly tossed and retossed' mimics the sound of gas and makes the imagery of war all the more vivid and affecting. Both the repetition of 'tossed . . . retossed', 'crater . . . crater' and the internal rhymes throughout ('unveiled, assailed', 'birth, worth') give the poem a haunting quality that indicates the relentless trauma of his grief and shame.

From Kipling, a man who is usually so sure of his views and learned in so many areas, the admission of ignorance to the question of '*who shall return us the children?*' is startling. This sudden vulnerability, this quiver of his stiff upper lip, makes his despair particularly moving. In returning to the same unanswered question and by repeating the rhyme in the first and last line of each stanza, the cyclic quality of the poem evokes the endlessness of his guilt, pain and loss of direction.

Kipling's grief reveals a tender, maternal depth that is a relief from the upright, judicious and often-alooof man we draw from his other poems. There is a clear and emotional connection between the 'dear' children he 'had nursed' and the raising of his own child. The bereavement of losing his son affects him so powerfully that he questions his religious faith; the phrase 'malice of Heaven' is a stirring challenge to God's goodness.

Kipling's vivid imagery, conjured in tribute to the soldiers' suffering, reflects the extent of his own anguish and guilt. Perhaps by living through their pain, he is seeking the torment that might allow him redemption. The questions and ambiguity in this poem that appear so rarely in his other works show a Kipling hopeless and troubled; the stoic moralist of old becomes more human in mourning and I find him easier to relate to.

These three poems are prime examples of Kipling the wordsmith, displaying the wit and structural expertise that makes him so popular. Although separately I find each poem has its limitations, in combination they create a rich and layered portrayal of the poet himself. "Gehazi" reveals his excoriating nature and bravery in the face of those he deems dishonourable. "The Female of the Species" depicts a learned man whose rigid opinions prevent the development of his more progressive ideas. But it is "The Children" that shows Kipling the man at his most transparent. The blow of losing his son pushes him into a state of confusion and grief that invokes great empathy. While I admire him for his detachment and sense of moral responsibility, when his guard is lowered and I can sense a deeper flow of emotions, his poems affect me more profoundly.

THE SEARCH FOR KIPLINGS PAST

By MIKE KIPLING

[It will be immediately apparent to Members why this subject is of interest to Mr Kipling, although he tells me that he only became interested a couple of years ago. He is an actuary by profession and is working for an external M.Sc. in genealogy at the University of Strathclyde. – *Ed.*]

The origins of Rudyard Kipling's family have long been a subject of uncertainty and speculation, not least by Kipling himself.

In a letter written from Vermont in 1896 to Butler Wood, Librarian of Bradford Public Library', Kipling wrote,

We used to be small Nidderdale yeomen and I believe that, in a humble way, few stocks carry back purer Yorkshire blood for so long a time. I think we are West Riding for a matter of two hundred years, a thing of which I am not a little proud.

In the Kipling Papers' is correspondence to Kipling from F.H. Sunderland of Yorkshire, in draft response to which Kipling wrote

The family is certainly Yorkshire, and I believe that some of it came from Snaith way and thereabouts. They seem to have included small farmers, bell-founders, clockmakers, and the like, scattered all over the Ridings, and, I suppose, originally with some far-off connexion with the hamlet that carries their name [and] I believe the sons were christened Joseph and John in alternate generations.

It has also been said that Kipling was 'of the clan whose home was in the valleys of the Tees and the Swale' and that 'his great great grandfather came from Bedale or Richmond'. The latter is stated by Birkenhead' and is *verbatim* a comment from a letter in the July 1927 edition of this *Journal*' from a Percy Fallowfield Kipling, who later' explained that he was in possession of a letter from Kipling's father stating that the family came from the neighbourhood of Richmond in Swaledale. The former appears in *The History of the Church and Parish of Romalldkirk*' and is therein also attributed to John Lockwood Kipling.

We will consider later how much of this speculation is likely to have been true and how much might have other explanations.

Charlotte Kipling, the daughter of Percy Kipling, showed in this *Journal*' that the name "Kipling" was, both around the time of Kipling's

birth and, although to a lesser extent, still today strongly associated with those areas of Yorkshire and Durham lying immediately on either side of the upper Tees. However, Kipling's great-grandfather, John Kipling, was born not there but in Loftus, inland from Whitby, in 1773, the son of another John Kipling and his wife Ann.

It is likely that Kipling's great-great-grandfather was, as Ankers⁸ has it, the John Kipling who married an Ann Sanderson in Loftus in 1764 and who was buried at nearby Lythe in 1795, age 65, although there is some speculation that there might have been more than one John and Ann Kipling. This is because the Lythe registers⁹ record the birth of a daughter, Jane, to John and Ann Kipling in 1787, when Ann would have been an unfeasibly old 61, assuming her age at death was correct (82 in 1808). An alternative explanation would be that Jane was the illegitimate child of one of the Kiplings' elder daughters, passed off as their own to avoid shame.

Despite the wide availability of parish and other records on-line today, no records have to my knowledge been discovered which show a John Kipling born in 1729 or 1730. Nor, as it is quite possible that the age at death recorded in the Lythe registers was imprecise, have any of the John Kiplings born in adjacent years been identified as particularly likely candidates.

There are some tantalising facts which may be clues or may simply be red herrings:

- The publication at Egglecliffe, Durham of banns of marriage between William Kipling of Loftus and Mary Bowbank of Egglecliffe in 1773¹⁰, leading to speculation that William was John's brother.
- The marriage in Loftus in 1791 of William Orton of Loftus and Ann Kipling of Gainford in Durham, suggesting a possible link to that village just north of the Tees".

Until recently, this would have been as far as genealogists could go. However an exciting new avenue has now been opened up by DNA testing.

Our DNA is mainly an intermingling of that of both our parents. However, the Y-chromosome passes from father to son unaltered, apart from infrequent random mutations. By comparing the Y-chromosomes of two individuals it is possible to determine how likely it is that they related in the male line.

Specific parts of the chromosome known as "markers" are used to make such comparisons. A mutational change to a marker happens on average only once every 300 to 500 generations, so there is a high

chance that a father and son have the identical values for a specific marker. Conversely, though, if around 400 different markers were compared between that same father and son, there would be around a 50% chance that there would be at least one difference.

Commercial tests are available which test around 40 markers and so far thirteen individuals named Kipling have submitted themselves to such a test (it only involves rubbing a large cotton-wool bud on the inside of one's cheek). The ancestry of most of those tested had already been traced back with reasonable certainty for over 200 years, in some cases much longer.

Statistically¹², it can be shown that on a 40 marker test a difference at only one marker means a 50% chance of having a common ancestor within about seven generations and a 90% chance within about 18. Whereas a difference at five or more markers means that a recent common ancestor is unlikely.

The results show that there have been two genetically distinct groups of Kiplings for quite a few hundred years. One explanation would be that a number of families settled in the village of Kiplin in Yorkshire, having arrived there in the various waves of migration into and across England, with family members subsequently becoming known as 'de Kipling' after taking up residence elsewhere. Kiplin, sometimes Kipling, is near Northallerton and (as Chipeling) is recorded in *Domesday Book*. Today, the Jacobean Kiplin Hall stands proud [<http://www.kiplinhall.co.uk/>] but only a few cottages remain of the village proper. The earliest mention of the surname Kipling of which I am aware dates from the third year of the reign of Edward III (1329-30), being of a William de Kyplyng in the context of a dispute over property in Lartington in Romalldkirk parish, Teesdale¹³. Of course, it is equally possible that different DNA entered part of a single-origin Kipling family centuries ago, through illegitimacy, adoption, adultery or a simple name change.

Of particular interest to the readers of this *Journal* will be that one of the participants was Kipling's first cousin twice removed, a great-great-grandson of the Rev Joseph Kipling, Kipling's grandfather. His test differed at only one marker from my own result and was two markers different from two other participants (related to one another). My origins can be reliably traced back to the North Riding village of Barningham in the early 17th century and those of the other two close matches to the nearby parish of Bowes in the early 18th century. We can thus conclude that relatives of Kipling populated and farmed the hills to the south of the Tees in the 17th and 18th centuries, and that it is quite possible that his particular line sprang from there also.

Amongst the people to whom the results show Kipling is related are the Kiplings of 19th century Darlington, weavers and woollen

manufacturers and staunch pillars of the Methodist church. They include Edward Kipling, Mayor in 1869-70, and Francis Lawrence Kipling, co-founder of Watson, Kipling & Co, chemical manufacturers of Seaham near Sunderland around about the same time¹⁴.

It is also possible to use the results of the DNA tests to look much further back to the broad population group from which Kipling came. He belongs to the broad group which first arrived in Europe from west Asia about 35,000–40,000 years ago. It is a common population group, and about 70% of individuals currently residing in southern England are part of it.¹⁵ More granular analysis of my own DNA suggest that I, and by implication, Kipling, descend from a sub-group whose origins are the Alpine region around 1600 BC, representatives of which first arrived in Britain rather more recently, although probably not as part of one of the waves of Celts¹⁶.

Turning now to Kipling's speculation on his origins. As Ankers¹⁷ noted, we find that his grandfather ministered to the Methodists of Snaith in the East Riding from 1835 to 1837¹⁸. This may have been at the back of Kipling's memory. Similarly, the reference to Nidderdale may recall the Rev Joseph Kipling's ministry at Pateley Bridge in that valley.

As to 'bell-founders, clockmakers and the like', William Kipling was a prominent London clockmaker in the first half of the 18th century¹⁹, originally from Romalddkirk²⁰. William's clocks and watches still appear occasionally at auction (I own one of his long-case clocks). It is possible that an acquaintance of Kipling owned such an instrument or that he came across one elsewhere. There is, for example, one in the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Trinity House which has been there since 1725²¹.

Joshua Kipling was a brazier. He was born, apprenticed and made freeman in York²² but later moved to Portsmouth²³. A number of his bells are still to be found in the south east of England, including one in Portsmouth cathedral inscribed 'I was cast by Joshua Kipling in the year 1737' In this respect, it has previously been remarked in this *Journal*²⁴ that another bell in that cathedral is inscribed:²⁵



*We good people all to prayer do call.
We honour to King and brides joy do bring.
Good Tydings we tell and ring the Death's knell.*

and that this same verse is what the bells pealed forth at Captain Gadsby's wedding in *The Story of the Gadsbys*. Kipling's mention of 'bell-founders' supports the speculation that he must have visited the Portsmouth bells, possibly on one of his long walks with the old Navy Captain when living as a child at the 'House of Desolation' in neighbouring Southsea.

There is as yet no evidence, genetic or otherwise, that Kipling is related to either William or Joshua. As we have seen, those of Kipling's or Lockwood's speculations likely to be closer to the truth are that he was descended from small farmers of the valleys of the Tees and the Swale.

From time to time, contributors to this *Journal* have also queried whether Kipling was related to Dr Thomas Kipling, the controversial 18th century Dean of Peterborough. Another of those tested is descended from a brother of the Dean. His test results show that he is from a completely different genetic group to Kipling, so there is no evidence that Kipling and the Dean were related.

Several mistaken reports about Kipling's family have appeared over the years in the *Journal*. In 1978, Eric Hemmings wrote regarding Lockwood Kipling's brother, Joseph²⁶. He claimed that in later life he ran a confectionery factory in Aylesbury and a shop in London. 1851 census records show Mr Hemmings' great-grandfather, Joseph Kipling, as being a London confectioner²⁷. Unfortunately, they also make clear that he was born in London and that his birth was c1807, far too early to be the son of the Rev Joseph Kipling, who was himself born only in 1805. This Joseph was the son of John Kipling, born in c1789 in Shoreditch, a 'chocolate maker'²⁸.

John Lockwood's brother Joseph was actually born in 1840 in Horncastle, Lincolnshire and became a draper in Malton²⁹. It is one of his descendants who has provided DNA for testing.

The epitome to Kipling in the March 1936 edition of the *Journal*³⁰ quotes the *Daily Mail* as reporting that the Rev Joseph Kipling 'was a farmer's son at Waitby, on the borders of Westmorland and Cumberland'. Not only was the *Mail* incorrect about the Rev Joseph, it would have been geographically more appropriate to describe Waitby as being on the borders of Westmorland and Yorkshire, as it is situated in the parish of Kirkby Stephen, which abuts onto that latter county. However, there have long been Kiplings in Kirkby Stephen and neighbouring Brough, both of which are just over the county border, and the Pennine watershed, from Romaldkirk.

It is important that these misconceptions are formally recorded so that future researchers are not left misinformed. This is all the more necessary now that the ability to search back-issues of the *Journal* on-line provides such easy access.

A relative of previous correspondents to the *Journal*, Percy Fallowfield Kipling and Charlotte Kipling, also participated in the DNA testing and fell into the same genetic group as Dean Thomas Kipling. This confirms that Percy and Charlotte, as they suspected, are unlikely to have been related to Kipling either.

In the Kipling Papers at Sussex University are letters from John and Mat Kipling to Moses Kipling in 1791–4³¹. Moses Kipling was born in Barnard Castle in 1769. He was the son of John and Christian Kipling (nee Stewart) who married in 1766³². His brothers included John (b.1766) and Matthew (b. 1773). By the date of the letters, Moses had moved to London, where he was in the iron trade. He was Prime Warden of the Blacksmith's Company in 1828 and composed the Blacksmith's song, sung at their dinners, the chorus of which runs:

To the mem'ry of Vulcan our voices we'll raise,
May he and his sons be revered thro' the land;
May they thrive root and branch, and enjoy happy days
For by Hammer and Hand all arts do stand.³³

Moses' brother John was Quarter-Master of the Royal Horse Guards³⁴ and was killed in April 1794 during the French revolutionary war battle of Cateau³⁵, presaging the death of a rather more well-known John Kipling over a century later (although Kipling's son was fighting alongside the French rather than against them as in 1794). The correspondence from John to Moses follows the progress of the Duke of York's campaign of 1793 and 1794.

I intend to continue the Kipling DNA project, with the objective of identifying to which of the two genetic groups these or other Kipling families belong. For example, there is a large Canadian family of Kiplings, descended from the union of John Kipling, an employee of the Hudson Bay Company, and two Native American women. A paper signed by this John Kipling is in the Kipling Papers³⁶. Canada, incidentally, has the same proportion of individuals named Kipling in its population as the U.K. (22 per million, far more than other countries)³⁷.

Two other John Kiplings are also referred to in the Kipling Papers. One was a London attorney in the early 18th century and was Deputy Treasurer of the Royal Academy of Musick. The Papers contain receipts signed by him and an accompanying letter refers to another also signed by Handel³⁸. He was the brother of William Kipling the clockmaker.

Another is the Rev John Kipling of Staverton, Gloucestershire, a sketch of whose memorial in the church there a later incumbent sent to Kipling³⁹ and whose origins were also Romalldkirk.

If any readers are acquainted with any Kiplings, please refer them to this article and invite them to get in touch with me (mike@kipling.me.uk) if they would be interested in joining in the search for Kiplings (and Kipling's) past.

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RUDYARD-KIPLING@JISCMAIL.AC.UK

Also known as 'the mailbase'

By ALASTAIR WILSON

The title above is the address of our Society 'chat room' on the internet, where members can ask questions, exchange views, give news, and generally keep in touch. It has been running since November 1998, but only about 20% of our membership has actually signed up to use it.

There is a month-by-month archive, so if you have forgotten what the helpful reply to your query was, it's still all there.

At our last Council meeting, it was agreed that we should try to keep the other 80% of our membership up to date with the subjects under discussion, for their interest, it is hoped, but also in the hope that some of them may feel that they would like to join in from time to time.

The very first posting was by John Radcliffe, on 3 November 1998, who asked for the source of a quotation from Browning ("Or who in Moscow, towards the Czar, with the demurest of footfalls . . ." (*Stalky & Co.*). Jeffery Lewins was able to provide the answer within 24 hours. Later that month, Jeffery Lewins, posted a query on the subject of the uncollected story, *One Lady at Wairakei* wondering about its attribution and its date of writing.

April 1999 suddenly saw the Mailbase 'take off' – there were 19 messages altogether, with such questions as 'Did Kipling ever go tiger-shooting (No); if not where did he get his information about such shoots, and tigers in general? (one suggestion, from his father's book, *Man and Beast in India*). There was information about an advertisement for Lanchester Cars, which quoted extensively from a testimonial by Kipling.

It would not be worth our while to go through the archive month by month, for 14 years: a lot of it will now be irrelevant: though we will hope to keep you more up-to-date in future. But here are two complete messages from August 2011:

Dear List Members,

I am currently re-reading my copy of *Kim*, and tucked inside the back cover is a short article about the book by Aung San Suu Kyi (the Burmese pro-democracy leader). It was published in *The Sunday Times* dated 16th June 1996. As I think she understands the point of the book very well, I thought that I would share it with you. I have scanned my slightly tatty copy of the article and attached it to this email as a JPEG image.

If you have not come across this piece before, then I hope that you will enjoy reading it. Your comments about it would be appreciated. Has she written anything else about Kipling or *Kim*? If so, then links to any such pieces would also be welcome.

With thanks
Jeremy Lewis

There was a response:

Jeremy

Thank you for sharing this. It was beautiful and provided me with another wonderful insight into Kipling's wonderful book. To think that Kipling from the past could provide some succour to such a brave person as Aung San; very touching,

all the best

Geoffrey Maloney

I hope this gives you a flavour of the material on the website, and that it will persuade you to sign up for membership (which is, of course, free). Even if you only use your computer for the most basic of purposes, so long as you have access to the internet, it is just like sending a message to, or receiving one from, a friend.

To gain access in the first place, just go to the Society's web-site homepage, and either click on the left hand button 'For Members' or that for 'The Society & Journal Archive'. In the red, left-hand vertical bar which appears, click on 'Kipling Mailbase'. The first time you do so, you will be invited to create a username and password, but once that is done, so long as you have remembered to tell your computer to remember them, then you will get in automatically each time. Once you are registered, then any message sent to the Mailbase will be automatically distributed to you, looking just like any other e-mail in your In-box. If you want to reply, then just click your Reply button, and insert your two penn'orth. Each time you send a message to the Mailbase, you will be told that it has been successfully distributed.

And the archive has every message from the first one on 3 November 1998, and it is searchable. The archive can be accessed from a link on the Kipling Mailbase page – it's in the right-hand column, in red, to <http://www.jiscmail.ac.uk/lists/rudyard-kipling.html>. There you will find the archive filed, month by month, with search buttons on the right-hand side of the page.

Go on, give it a try.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RANSOME AND "REGULUS"

From: Prof H. Brogan, Dept. of History, University of Essex, Colchester C04 3SQ

Sir,

Being Arthur Ransome's first biographer I naturally started to read Janice M. Lingley's article on *The Picts and the Martyrs* and "Regulus" with warm interest. But I was sadly disappointed by it. Miss Lingley's attempt to establish a link between the two works seems to me a complete failure.

"Regulus" is a story that I greatly admire, almost to the point of saying that it is the best of the Stalky stories. Kipling says somewhere that everything which he wrote after 1900 was designed to strengthen the British Empire. "Regulus" (written in 1908) is his attempt to show how the classics – Latin, at any rate – provided a uniquely valuable education for the officers, military and civil, of that Empire. Its structure is simple, as befits a mere anecdote, however meaningful. We are shown a Latin lesson in which the master's eloquence, learning and passion (Kipling was paying tribute to his old teacher, Mr Crofts) are contrasted with the apparent obtuseness of the boys. One of them, "Pater" Winton, subsequently disgraces himself by sabotaging a lesson in mechanical drawing, and is punished by the Head with an imposition of 500 lines of Virgil to be handed in by tea-time, and by the Head of Games with a licking for missing football as a result. By elegant contrivance Kipling sets both the masters and the boys to debating Winton's case, and in the process the masters – the classical beak, Mr King, the chemist, and the school chaplain – overhear the boys quoting Horace and Virgil aptly. King feels vindicated. "You see, it sticks. A little of it sticks among the barbarians." We have been shown what sticks on every earlier page: "Balance, proportion, perspective – life," as Mr King says, and he demonstrates its practical application in lines of Virgil which he dictates to Winton:

*Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento
Hae tibi erunt artes pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.*

("Roman, be this thy care – these thine arts – to bear dominion over the nations and to impose the law of peace, to spare the humbled and war down the proud"). Stalky sings *Dis te minorem quodgeris imperas* ("Thou rulest because thou bearest thyself as lower than the Gods").

Kipling's concern is to show that Horace's ode on Regulus tells the truth about duty, patriotism and government (to quote yet another poet, "This is the happy warrior..."), and indeed he makes an excellent case for Latin literature as giving the very best education to boys who, as men, will serve their King and Country far and wide. We are shown that Winton has been touched by Horace and that, although he is no genius, is the better for it and in years to come will be a credit to his school and his profession.

It happens that I am at present writing a history of an ancient public school (Repton). In the course of my labours I have had to read up the late Victorian debate between the supporters of the classics and the advocates of the modern. I have yet to come across a single plea for the classics that equals "Regulus" for energy, intelligence and persuasiveness. Kipling's argument fails nowadays only because the Empire has disappeared; yet his case for Horace and Virgil (not to mention Mr King's teaching methods) still teach some lessons of which today's schools are, I fear, badly in need.

Readers of Arthur Ransome will see that none of this has anything to do with *The Picts and the Martyrs*', yet another of his tales, curiously overlooked by Miss Lingley, does indeed have a strong affinity with "Regulus". *Missee Lee*, Ransome's fantasy about piracy in the China seas, centres on Miss Lee, once a student in classics at Girton, who also happens to be a pirate chief, like her father before her. When six English children fall into her hands she sets up a schoolroom and starts to teach them Latin, but is eventually forced to connive at their escape. Initially she goes with them, but the prospect of murderous chaos in her piratical realm compels her to give up Latin and the prospect of England and return to her duty, as her father would have wished. Her aged counsellor says something that sounds like a charm:

"What's he saying?" asked Roger.

Miss Lee hesitated a moment. "*Vir pietate gravis*," she said. "He quotes Confucius. He speaks of duty to a father. He is right. My place is here."

"*Vir pietate gravis*" is another phrase from Virgil. Ransome here suggests that the wisdom of East and West converge: Confucius and Virgil, we may say, are two strong men standing side by side. The idea and its realisation are charming and persuasive, a vindication of Latin – and strikingly like the argument of "Regulus".

Yours sincerely
HUGH BROGAN

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

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Dr Angela Eyre, Ph.D. (*London*)
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Members may wish to know that I have a selection of back numbers of the *Kipling Journal*. Please contact me with any requests you may have.

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Please advise me of any changes of address, including e-mail if applicable and also notice of termination of membership would be appreciated.

John Lambert
Hon. Membership Secretary

THE WRECK OF THE *VISIGOTH*

By RUDYARD KIPLING

[*Civil and Military Gazette*, 25 April 1889]

'Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean keep
Its own appointed limits deep.'

The lady passengers were trying the wheezy old harmonium in front of the cuddy, because it was Sunday night. In the patch of darkness near the wheel-grating sat the Captain, and the end of his cheroot burned like a head-lamp. There was neither breath nor motion upon the waters through which the screw was thudding. They spread, dull silver, under the haze of the moonlight till they joined the low coast of Malacca away to the eastward. The voices of the singers at the harmonium were held down by the awnings, and came to us with force.

'Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.'

It was as though the little congregation were afraid of the vastness of the sea. But a laugh followed, and some one said, 'Shall we take it through again a little quicker?' Then the Captain told the story of just such a night, lowering his voice for fear of disturbing the music and the minds of the passengers.

'She was the *Visigoth*,—five hundred tons, or it may have been six,—in the coasting trade; one of the best steamers and best found on the Kutch-Kasauli line. She wasn't six years old when the thing happened: on just such a night as this, with an oily smooth sea, under brilliant starlight, about a hundred miles from land. To this day no one knows really what the matter was. She was so small that she could not have struck even a log in the water without every soul on board feeling the jar; and even if she had struck something, it wouldn't have made her go down as she did. I was fourth officer then; we had about seven saloon passengers, including the Captain's wife and another woman, and perhaps five hundred deck-passengers going up the coast to a shrine, on just such a night as this, when she was ripping through the level sea at a level nine knots an hour. The man on the bridge, whoever it was, saw that she was sinking at the head. Sinking by the head as she went along. That was the only warning we got. She began to sink as she went along. Of course the Captain was told, and he sent me to

wake up the saloon passengers and tell them to come on deck. 'Sounds a curious sort of message that to deliver on a dead still night. The people tumbled up in their dressing-gowns and *pyjamas*, and wouldn't believe me. We were just sinking as fast as we could, and I had to tell 'em that. Then the deck-passengers got wind of it, and all Hell woke up along the decks.

'The rule in these little affairs is to get your saloon passengers off first, then to fill the boats with the balance, and afterwards—God help the extras, that's all. I was getting the starboard stern boat—the mail-boat—away. It hung as it might be over yonder, and as I came along from the cuddy, the deck-passengers hung round me, shoving their money-belts into my hand, taking off their nose-rings and earrings, and thrusting 'em upon me to buy just one chance for life. If I hadn't been so desperately busy, I should have thought it horrible. I put biscuits and water into the boat, and got the two ladies in. One of 'em was the Captain's wife. She had to be put in by main force. You've no notion how women can struggle. The other woman was the wife of an officer going to meet her husband; and there were a couple of passengers beside the lascars. The Captain said he was going to stay with the ship. You see the rule in these affairs, I believe, is that the Captain has to bow gracefully from the bridge and go down. I haven't had a ship under my charge wrecked yet. When that comes, I'll have to do like the others. After the boats were away, and I saw that there was nothing to be got by waiting, I jumped overboard exactly as I might have vaulted over into a flat green field, and struck out for the mail-boat. Another officer did the same thing, but he went for a boat full of natives, and they whacked him on the chest with oars, so he had some difficulty in climbing in.

'It was as well that I reached the mail-boat. There was a compass in it, but the idiots had managed to fill the boat half full of water somehow or another, and none of the crew seemed to know what was required of them. Then the *Visigoth* went down and took every one with her—ships generally do that; the corpses don't cumber the sea for some time.

'What did I do? I kept all the boats together, and headed into the track of the coasting steamers. The aggravating thing was the thought that we were close to land as far as a big steamer was concerned, and in the middle of eternity as far as regarded a little boat. The sea looks hugeous big from a boat at night.'

'Oh, Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their ravings at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep
And calm amidst its rage did keep,—

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

sang the passengers cheerily.

'That harmonium is disgracefully out of tune,' said the Captain. 'The sea air affects their insides. Well, as I was saying, we settled down in the boat. The Captain's wife was unconscious; she lay in the bottom of the boat and moaned. I was glad she wasn't threshing about the boat: but what I did think was wrong, was the way the two men passengers behaved. They were useless with funk—out and out fear. They lay in the boat and did nothing. Fetched a groan now and again to show they were alive; but that was all. But the other woman was a jewel. Damn it, it was worth being shipwrecked to have that woman in the boat; she was awfully handsome, and as brave as she was lovely. She helped me bail out the boat, and she worked like a man.

'So we kicked about the sea from midnight till seven the next evening, and then we saw a steamer. "I'll—I'll give you anything I'm wearing to hoist as a signal of distress," said the woman; but I had no need to ask her, for the steamer picked us up and took us back to Bombay. I forgot to tell you that, when the day broke, I couldn't recognise the Captain's wife—widow, I mean. She had changed in the night as if fire had gone over her. I met her a Jong time afterwards, and even then she hadn't forgiven me for putting her into the boat and obeying the Captain's orders. But the husband of the other woman—he's in the Army—wrote me no end of a letter of thanks. I don't suppose he considered that the way his wife behaved was enough to make any decent man do all he could. The other fellows, who lay in the bottom of the boat and groaned, I've never met. Don't want to. Shouldn't be civil to 'em if I did. And that's how the *Visigoth* went down, for no assignable reason, with eighty bags of mail, five hundred souls, and not a single packet insured, on just such a night as this.'

'Oh, Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in that dread hour,
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go.
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise by land and sea.'

'Strikes me they'll go on singing that hymn all night. Imperfect sort of doctrine in the last lines, don't you think? They might have run in an extra verse specifying sudden collapse—like the *Visigoth's*. I'm going on to the bridge, now. Good-night,' said the Captain.

And I was left alone with the steady thud, thud, of the screw and the gentle creaking of the boats at the davits.

That made me shudder.

NOTES

By THE EDITOR

This story first appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of 25 April 1889. It was collected in *Turn-overs* Vol.VI, 1889 with the title "Abaft the Funnel—No.III." It then appeared in the New York 1895 edition of *Soldiers Three* but not in the English edition. In fact it was not collected in England until it appeared in the Sussex Edition. The text used here has been taken from the Doubleday, Page & Company reprint of *Soldiers Three* of 1916, and I am very grateful to John Morgan for giving it to me.

It is one of the stories that was published by the *CMG* after Kipling had left India on 9 March 1889 to seek his fortune in London. It would almost certainly have been written whilst he was also writing his "Letters" for the *Pioneer* that were later collected in *From Sea to Sea*. In order of appearance it falls after "A Menagerie Aboard" but before "Of Those Called" and "It !", all of which have a shipboard theme and could have been based on incidents or tales that he heard whilst sailing from Calcutta to Japan.

The stanzas quoted throughout the story are numbers 1, 2 and 4 of that well-known hymn "Eternal Father, strong to save", by William Whiting (1825-1878). Kipling does however give some variants from the current standard version, but I have not been able to determine whether they are misquotations or an alternate version of the hymn, probably the former.

A full set of notes has been prepared by John McGivering for the NRG which may be found on our website.

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 31 Brookside, Billericay, Essex CM11 1DT**. The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.)

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