

University of Minnesota Morris Digital Well

University of Minnesota Morris Digital Well

English Publications

Faculty and Staff Scholarship

Spring 2007

Kipling's Poems

Michael Lackey

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.morris.umn.edu/eng_facpubs



Part of the [Literature in English, British Isles Commons](#)



INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Kipling's Poems

Author(s): Michael Lackey

Source: *Journal of Modern Literature*, Vol. 30, No. 3 (Spring, 2007), pp. 12-30

Published by: Indiana University Press

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/30053131>

Accessed: 06-03-2020 21:06 UTC

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at <https://about.jstor.org/terms>



JSTOR

Indiana University Press is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Journal of Modern Literature*

Kipling's Poems

Lecture by E.M. Forster

Edited by Michael Lackey¹

In this 1909 lecture, E.M. Forster develops a critique of Kipling, alternately praising and criticizing the Nobel Laureate's political agenda as well as his aesthetic vision. This lecture is extremely valuable in that it gives us insight into an early critique of Kipling the poet and Kipling the man, but it is also valuable insofar as it sheds light on Forster's method and approach to interpreting poetry as a literary and political critic.

Keywords: E.M. Forster / Rudyard Kipling / vitality / criticism / poetry

[52] A few years ago I went to an amusing exhibition of caricatures.² Mr Bernard Shaw, Mr Balfour, Mr Chesterton, Mr Belloc were all held up to ridicule, but perhaps the most diabolical of all was the caricature of Rudyard Kipling.³ Our poet is represented in the act of carrying off the Nobel Prize, lately awarded to him by the Swedish Government.⁴ He is clad for the ceremony in brown reach-me-downs: on his head is a bowler hat into which the Union Jack is stuck; in his hands are immense money bags; and out of his mouth proceeds the legend "Good Lord, they ha' paid in full!" He is attended by a tin soldier and a toy motor car, while Mr Hall Caine, standing disconsolately in the background, indicates the type of rival with whom he has had to compete.⁵ Above, at the top of the picture, heaven opens, and we perceive George Meredith and Algernon Swinburne, sitting on a cloud and both serenely indifferent to the whole affair. "These things," they say, "do not concern the gods."⁶ Kipling is not literature.

[53] There is much food for thought in this picture, and it will make a very good starting point for our survey. The caricaturist has put the case against Kipling—unfairly if you like, but not untruly. He has expressed with a few strokes of the brush certain unpleasing qualities that all the poet's admirers must allow, and every line in the picture—one might say every tint in it—could be illustrated by some quotation from the victim's poems. Kipling is vulgar. He does brag. He is at times the boulder who appears in another of the caricatures, taking out 'is gal Britannia for 'arf 'oliday on the 'Amsted 'Eath, swapping hats with her.⁷ And if the truth here stated was the whole truth, if Kipling was what Kipling seems, if he really was putty, brass and paint—how quick we'd drop him, how remote he would be from literature, how little he would concern the gods.⁸

It is not the whole truth. Putty, brass and paint are there, but with them is fused, at times inextricably, a precious metal. To call the Kipling amalgam "all poetry" would be absurd. To call it "partly poetry" is surely justifiable, and if anything understates its power. Words that move the reader so deeply, that have an almost physical effect upon him, cannot be words of a charlatan. As we read Kipling, he seems actually to be in the room with us; we see his face—occasionally with feelings of disgust; we accept or reject his remarks vividly: his verse has all the power and the defects of personal conversation, and in spite of the defects, it takes us in a snare that cannot fail. Those who have [54] felt his magic will find themselves reconsidering all the literary definitions that they have been unwise enough to make. They may have felt, with Plato, that poetry is the shadow of a shadow,⁹ or with Milton, that it should be simple, sensuous, and impassioned,¹⁰ or with Tasso, that it is a medium for allegorical truth,¹¹ but in the end they will come to the less dignified but tenable belief that there are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays and every single one of them is right.

Kipling is alive. And if he is not literature, then so much the worse for literature, for outside it, there will exist at least his books to read. [55] Kipling is alive. That is his great merit. And—let us pass on to another point—that is his danger. Vitality, irrespective of the qualities that inform it, is surely a poor business. An eel is full of vitality. Yet few men have made a companion of it. They have usually preferred the vitality of a fox terrier. Vitality, before it attracts us, must be plus something—plus intellect, plus beauty, plus goodness. To admire Kipling simply because¹² he is alive would be a grave mistake.

Into this mistake we are very likely to fall. We middle classes—our life today is so sheltered, so safe, we are so protected by asphalt pavements, creosoted palings and policemen, so guarded on all sides from all that may injure the body or disturb the soul, that in literature we are apt to rush to the other extreme, and worship vitality unrestrainedly. How magnificent (we think) to lead a lawless roving life somewhere east of Suez, where the divorce laws, which we should be discussing this evening, need no reform because there are none. Armed with a sword instead of an umbrella, and a revolver instead of a tram ticket, how magnificent to meet some other strong man face to face and of course to get the best of him. It is we of the suburbs who buy [56] the physical culture magazines of Mr Sandow¹³ and Mr McFadden,¹⁴ we who read the bellicose poems of Henley,¹⁵ we who encourage all books that beckon the imagination outwards. As for the soldiers and sailors and backwoodsmen—they, I understand, prefer poems to be about their mothers. And so, when Kipling comes along with a great bang—whanging, dropping his h's, splitting his infinitives, jolly well ending up a sentence with a preposition if he has a mind to, and singing

Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys and girls up and shoot! ("Loot" 11–13, *CV* 326)

— we are too apt to exclaim, “O this is the reality. This is life. This man is in touch with the facts of existence,” too apt to regard him as a sort of inspired buccaneer and not as a complex poet, who, like most poets, touches the facts of existence at one moment, and fails to touch them at the next.

The above remarks may be taken as prefatory. They indicate the lines on which our criticism of Kipling should be conducted. Let me state them in another form. There are, as it were, two danger fronts which the critic has to avoid. On the one is written “Art for Art’s sake,” and if we go too near it we shall undervalue Kipling, think him a boulder in a billicock and miss half the wonder of his work. On the other front is written “Life for life’s sake,” and if we go too near that we shall [57] overvalue him, and try to make out that those lines I have just quoted about loot are virile stuff, whereas they are clearly balderdash. And it may further be premised that in the blind worship of vitality lies Kipling’s own danger, and that it often leads him to mistake violence for strength, lust for manliness, and impudence for truth. And now let us proceed to the poems.

They fall into five classes. Poems in narrative form; Poems relating to military matters; Poems suggested by Residence in India; Poems dedicated to Imperialism; and Poems connected with Childhood. The Poems in narrative form perhaps contain his greatest work — “The Ballad of East and West,” “Tomlinson,” and “The ‘Mary Gloster.’” Those relating to military matters are of course the *Barrack Room Ballads* together with the later *Service Songs*. Poems suggested by a residence in India are mostly the *Departmental Ditties* — early; and the Poems [58] dedicated to imperialism are all late. These last being highly didactic, not to say hortative¹⁶ in tone. We shall find a convenient excuse for examining Kipling’s opinions and for saying anything about him that we have not been able to say before. As for the poems relative to childhood — they will speak for themselves.

Poems in narrative form. It is not surprising that these should be so good. That Kipling can tell a story in prose will hardly be disputed, and the man who can tell a story in prose is partially equipped for telling a story in verse. What we may call the technique of these poems is admirable. All of them — “The Ballad of East and West,” “The Ballad to the King’s Jest,” “Tomlinson,” “McAndrew’s Hymn,” “The Rhyme of the Three Sealers,” “The ‘Mary Gloster’” — all of them grip our attention in the opening lines, proceed without effort to a climax, and leave no loose threads at the conclusion. They are easy to read — as narrative should be. The incidents are simple and striking, the characters finely contrasted: regarded merely as craftsmanship, they are worthy of high praise.

But this is not all. They might have all these technical merits and yet be only putty, brass and paint. For all their competence, they might still [59] confirm the caricature. What is it that lifts them from journalism, which only desires to be paid in full, into literature, where no one should work for money and no one should work for fame? What tells us that they are made by hand and not by machinery? Long quotations from the poems themselves could above answer this question. Failing that, the best answer is this: “Because they are inspired by passion.” “The Ballad of East and West” is inspired by the passion for strength — strength as

Kipling understands it; not a very heroic quality, but inspiring passion all the same. "McAndrew's Hymn" is inspired by the passion for Law, Order, Duty, Restraint, Obedience, Discipline, as embodied in the engines of an Ocean Liner. "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" and the poem on the finding of the Parnell Commission¹⁷ are inspired by the passion for justice, "Tomlinson" by the passion of contempt. And "The 'Mary Gloster,'" the greatest of them all, is inspired by the greatest of all passions—Love. Not the love of little Cupids but the love which a long rough life has nourished and that bursts into fuller splendour at the hour of death. It is absurd to distinguish between prose and poetry, but one might perhaps say that prose implies reflection, poetry passion, and that this is certainly illustrated by the work of Kipling. His stories in prose—"The Bridge Builders" for instance—are strung together on a thread of criticism; both sides of the question are given us, and we are not informed which is the right side. His stories in verse are [60] compacted of passion: one side only is given, nor while we read do we remember that another may exist. It is this that gives the Narrative poems their magic. In nothing else that Kipling has written—not even in "A Question of Fact" or in "The Greatest Story in the World"—does he carry away his reader so completely. They may not be "great poetry," whatever that may be. [They may not soar up with us to the very summit of Parnassus, whereon dwell Apollo and the Muses nine. But most certainly they take us for a long gallop on the mountainous lower slopes, and if at times we object to the roughness of the action, let us remember that Pegasus in these days seldom gets on to the mountain at all, and that it is better to gallop there clumsily than to stand all your life exquisitely groomed in a loose box.]¹⁸ But they are magnificent reading.

It has just been asserted that "The 'Mary Gloster'" is the greatest of these long narrative poems. Perhaps the assertion will be disputed. Some will prefer "The Ballad of East and West" with its torrent of liting words, its vivid action, and its happy ending. The poem has high merits. But though the border thief is an attractive fellow, the colonel's son, the other character in the poem, is surely a bit of a stick, who might have stepped straight out of a picture by Mr Caton Woodville.¹⁹ Though he talks a great deal, he never lets one forget that he is a strong silent man, who says so little and feels so much and feels all the more for saying so little. And as I doubt myself whether strong silent men feel anything at all, I can never believe that the Colonel's son was really tired when [61] he came to the Tongue of Jagai or that he really wanted to get back his father's mare, or that he wanted to do anything at all except to illustrate the good qualities of the British Army. However the Colonel's son does not much matter and "East and West" remains a fine poem, though debarred by him from its full measure of human interest.

In "Tomlinson," on the other hand, the human interest is supreme and good critics have rated it highly. Flippant in tone, it is yet passionate and profound—passionate because of its hatred for those who are neither for God nor for his enemies: profound because it makes many of us feel very uncomfortable when we read it, and wonder whether we too shall not suffer a like condemnation. Tomlinson, who has read and heard and thought and felt but has never done—never done either

good or evil—would be housed by Dante in limbo. Rudyard Kipling can find no place for him either in Heaven or Hell. St. Peter rejects him and the devil equally refuses “to anger his gentlemen for the sake of a shiftless ghost.”²⁰ So back goes Tomlinson to earth. The roots of wickedness are in him, “But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again,” says the Devil, adding, “the God that you took from a printed book be with you, Tomlinson!” (114, 120, *CV* 290). The sincerity and force of this poem are beyond all question; but Kipling’s conception of the Unseen World is a little too Anglo-Saxon for some of us. There is no mysticism in it, no spirituality, nothing intellectual. Action is the only thing that matters, and Kipling does not mind whether the action is good or bad. If only you had enough, he will crown you with a Satanic glory [62] that is scarcely distinguishable from the splendours of heaven. But mind you are really bad. The moral of the poem is: Be vital. Vital at all costs, if it is only the vitality of an eel. Life for life’s sake, irrespective of the qualities that inform it. In other words, the poem has no moral.

Now “The ‘Mary Gloster,’” to which I will now turn, has no moral either. But then it doesn’t try to have one. It is just a story about a self made man, who has buried his wife at sea, and who desires to be buried with her. His life has not been respectable nor even honest. We are not required to imitate it, and perhaps for that very reason our heart goes out to him at once. Too often in Kipling’s work there is a feeling of tension. He is bullying us to assent to something of which we do not approve; one has that feeling in “Tomlinson” and a little in “East and West.” In “The ‘Mary Gloster,’” there is no bullying; we are merely understanding one of our fellow creatures. As we read, we share Sir Anthony Gloster’s passions from beginning to end; his contempt for his son, Dickie, another Tomlinson who muddles with books and pictures; his hatred for Dickie’s wife, who “Calls and calls in her carriage, her [63] ‘andkerchief up to ‘er eye” (91, *CV* 104); his belief in McAndrew, his oldest friend, I’ve never asked ‘im to dinner, but he’ll see it out to the end; and greatest passion of all, his love for the wife of his youth.

she died in Macassar Straits —

By the little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank —

And we dropped her in fourteen fathom: I pricked it off where she sank.

Owners we were, full owners, and the boat was christened for her,

And she died in the *Mary Gloster*. (32–36, *CV* 103)

And as to him the one thing that matters is that at death he should return to his wife not only in the spirit, but in the flesh too, that he should go down to her in the Macassar Straits, in the ship that bears her name.

So the poem works on — slangy, ungrammatical, straying into a score of details about ship builders, navigation, money, men, women — but ever working on and up. And Dickie, we know, is sitting by his father’s bedside thinking what a cad the old man is, and wondering whether he can possibly execute his wishes, in spite of the extra £5000 he is to get from doing it. So ungentle — will attract so much after him. Such bad form not to be buried in the family vault at Wokin, “I’ll do what I please with my own!” (154, *CV* 105) cries Sir Anthony.

Your mother 'ud call it wasteful, but I've seven-and-thirty more;
I'll come in my private carriage and bid it wait at the door. (155–56, *CV* 105) [64]

Dickie shudders and is thinking "what execrable taste." And the poem works on.

The conclusion can only be paralleled by some of the work of Browning—not in its language, or thought, but in its power of fusing all the experiences of a long life into one supreme emotion. Life's bitterness and meanness and coarseness are all remembered by Sir Anthony Gloster up to the very last and he scarcely repents of them; they are merged into the glories of reunion. His wife explains everything: she made him, living and dead: as woman and as spirit, she had guided him in dreams: far away on the other side of the world, she is Lady Gloster still and he is going back to her.

For my son 'e was never a credit: 'e muddled with books and art,
And 'e lived on Sir Anthony's money and 'e broke Sir Anthony's heart.
There isn't even a grandchild, and the Gloster family's done —
The only one you left me, O mother, the only one!
Harrer and Trinity College — me slavin' early an' late —
An' he thinks I'm dying crazy, and you're in Macassar Strait!
Flesh o' my flesh, my dearie, for ever an' ever amen,
That first stroke come for a warning; I ought to ha' gone to you then,
(157–64, *CV* 105)²¹

.....
Thank Gawd, I can pay for my fancies! Now what's five thousand to me,
For a berth off the Paternosters in the haven where I would be?
I believe in the Resurrection, if I read my Bible plain,
But I wouldn't trust 'em at Wokin'; we're safer at sea again.
For the heart it shall go with the treasure — go down to the sea in ships.
I'm sick of the hired women. I'll kiss my girl on her lips!
I'll be content with my fountain. I'll drink from my own well,
And the wife of my youth shall charm me — an' the rest can go to Hell!
(Dickie, *he* will, that's certain.) I'll lie in our standin'-bed,
An' Mac'll take her in ballast — an' she trims best by the head —
Down by the head an' sinkin', her fires are drawn and cold,
And the water's splashin' hollow on the skin of the empty hold —
Churning an' choking and chuckling, quiet and scummy and dark —
Full to her lower hatches and risin' steady. Hark!
That was the after-bulkhead . . . She's flooded from stem to stern . . .
Never seen death yet, Dickie? . . . Well, now is your time to learn! (171–86, *CV* 106)

"The 'Mary Gloster'" is the great triumph of Kipling's method. The mixture of slang and bluff and spiritual reminiscences — the Kipling amalgam as I have called it above — is fashioned at last into a perfect form. Many writers have concocted ballads of humble life, but to express the heights of emotion in the dregs of our common speech is absolutely new in literature. Sir Anthony Gloster is not Hamlet

or a King Lear disguised; he is Sir Anthony Gloster who says things his own way, and no one else could say them. Nor is he a disguised Kipling covertly getting at the reader for the purpose of preaching the gospel of vitality. [65] No, he is unconscious of the reader's existence. He is simply Sir Anthony Gloster.

Would that Kipling had always written on these lives! Would that he was always content to let us have his characters, instead of insisting that we should imitate them! Perhaps it is too much to wish. All of us, except Shakespeare, want to preach, and all of us believe that our own sermon is the one that really matters. We can't realize that sermons only profit those who agree with them beforehand and that those who disagree will merely be repelled from the preacher. Observe how this works in Kipling's case. Those who accept the gospel of vitality will think him the more human for setting it forth. Those whose temperaments reject it will be inclined to reject the preacher also and so commit a deplorable mistake. They must remember that a man is always more valuable than his message and that Kipling is worth reading even when he is scolding a round peg because it will not go into a square hole. And now I will conclude my sermon against sermonizing and will leave "The 'Mary Gloster'" and the narrative poems of which it is the example; and let us pass on to another division of our subject matter—the poems dealing with Military Matters—in other words to the *Barrack Room Ballads*.

[66] To many readers, these are Kipling, and most perfectly manifest his genius. And certainly to say so much through the mouth of Tommy Atkins is no small feat. To give us the romance of the East in "Mandalay," the love of comrades in "Follow me 'Ome," the pathos of "Mary, Pity Women," and the philosophy of "For to Admire"—to give us so much beauty and life in slangy doggerel is another great triumph of the Kipling amalgam. Whether it is the greatest triumph may be questioned. There are moments when one suspects a fake. It is just possible that Tommy might say

Elephints a-pilin' teak
 In the sludgy, squdgy creek
 Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
 ("Mandalay" 23–25, *CV* 333)

It is not possible that he should say

Me that 'ave followed my trade
 In the place where the lightnin's are made;
 'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon—("Chant-Pagan" 51–53, *CV* 369)

What he really said

I that have followed my trade

And he was not really Tommy at all, but Mr Kipling choosing a wrong medium in which to express himself. *The Barrack Room Ballads* are best when they are simplest and are expressing the [67] lively good humour of simple men. How perfectly Kipling knows his business here. The profound cynicism of Mr Atkins, his mistrust

of anything original, whether it takes the form of Mr Haldane²² or of a joint of New Zealand meat, his brutality, his kindness, his independence, his murderous discontent which is half a joke — are set forth with matchless skill.

For it's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
 But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;
 An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
 An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you bet that Tommy sees!
 ("Tommy" 37–40, *CV* 318)

You can hear it any day in one of the Aldershot Trains: "You bet that Tommy sees!" Last year I traveled with a soldier who cried without ceasing between Weybridge and Waterloo: 'Aldane's sold the Army. 'E 'as. 'E 'as. Don't tell me 'e 'asn't sold the army. 'E did not give us the name of the purchaser, nor did we ask for it. To have said 'the furriners' would have been almost too 'ard on 'Aldane, who is after all an Henglishman.²³ And to have said the nonconformist conscience would have been too complicated. So we all sat looking very knowing, but in our hearts half laughing, and not all like the soldiers of France, who when then they say "nous sommes trahis"²⁴ mean mischief. And it is just this comical discontent that [68] Kipling excels at presenting, and that gives its flavour to so many of the Ballads.

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im to perspire?
 It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire. ("Oonts" 1–2, *CV* 325)

No, of course not. It is leading the commissariat camel wot does it.²⁵ It is the camel that is the real curse of life. The "lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin' where 'e lies" who is "a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one" ("Oonts" 22, 20, *CV* 326). Life would be bearable if there were no camels in it. But in another poem it is boots that really matter, boots — the measured tramp of boots as one goes marching.²⁶ In another, one grumbles at the general²⁷ or the sergeant²⁸ or at Missis Victoria²⁹ — not bitterly, but partly for the sake of grumbling. Or one pays fretful tribute to the enemy — to Fuzzy Wuzzy, "a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man" ("Fuzzy-Wuzzy" 10, *CV* 319), to Piet the Dutchman,³⁰ and to the 'eathen

who in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone
 And don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own. ("The 'Eathen" 1–2, *CV* 360)

taking care to remind him that

The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began
 But the backbone of the Army is the non commissioned man!
 ("The 'Eathen" 71–72, *CV* 361)

All these poems are great fun and leave a pleasant taste behind. Whether they are true to life, only a soldier can say. They are certainly convincing to the casual observer. It is only when Kipling begins to put more into Mr Atkins than he can hold, that [69] one's mistrust begins. "Mandalay" and the "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" just come off, and magnificent they are. "Chant-Pagan" and "The Return,"

in spite of high merits, must be classed as fakes. The point to which I have already referred once is of some importance. To use a convenient metaphor, the Kipling amalgam cracks very easily. It will often hold in one verse and crack in the next. One of the best ballads, "Ford O' Kabul River," contains examples of this

Kabul town's by Kabul river —
 Blow the bugle, draw the sword —
 There I lef' my mate for ever,
 Wet an' drippin' by the ford. ("Ford o' Kabul River" 1–4, *CV* 336)

Here we have the Kipling who wrote "The 'Mary Gloster.'" But no one can read the rest of the verse without a sense of disappointment.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
 Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
 There's the river up and brimmin', an'
 there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'
 'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark. ("Ford o' Kabul River" 5–8, *CV* 336)

It won't do surely. One cannot treat of death in the jingle of the music halls. The matter and the method are uncomfortable; in other words, the amalgam has cracked. Perhaps you will say this is niggling criticism: a poem must be either good or bad: One more verse will make the point clear I fancy—four lines of poetry: slang [70] but poetry and then—crack! four lines of slang that are doggerel.

Kabul town was ours to take —
 Blow the bugle, draw the sword —
 I'd ha' left it for 'is sake —
 'Im that left me by the ford.
 Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
 Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
 It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you
 never comin' nigh there,
 'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?
 ("Ford o' Kabul River" 25–32, *CV* 337)

It is hard to forgive Kipling for writing "bloomin' dry": I am afraid he thought that he was being manly. Vitality will lead one to odd conclusions at times. It is hard to forgive him for spoiling the emotions by choosing so artificial a mouthpiece for it. For Tommy Atkins may be as artificial, as "literary," as were even the Strephons and Silvios of the 18th Century, and may equally fetter the poet in the expression of truth. *The Barrack Room* is not a large place: it is larger than we civilians thought but it's not the whole world. And the Ballads sung therein must keep to their own subjects; when they venture into high tragedy or into romance they become either painful or insincere. With this reflection, and with prolonged applause, let us dismiss them.

Of the third division of our subject—the poems suggested by a residence in India—it is not easy to speak. The poems themselves are mostly poor, being youthful work and parallel to the [71] stories about Mrs Hauksbee in prose.³¹ Second rate Anglo Indian Society may be an amusing theme for the cynic, but it is not inspiring, and one soon forgets the girls and subs and rickshaws that gallivant through the pages of the Department ditties, leaving an odour of stale whiskey behind them. These vulgar little phantoms are not India. The real India that has its capital not at Simla,³² nor at any city built by men, the India of Buddha and of Brahma that desires not government appointments but unity with the divine, the India that the "Bridge Builders" saw when Ganges came down in flood, and the Lama saw when he found the River of the Arrow and rescued Kim from the tyranny of the wheel—that India—only by chance I think—scarcely finds expression in the poems at all. There are hints of it in "The Mother-Lodge" and in "Buddha at Kamakura." But for the full expression one must turn to prose.

And yet, one cannot neglect it even here, for no external influence has touched Kipling more deeply. If he had not been born in Bombay

born in her gate
Between the palms and the sea
Where the world and steamers wait.
(*"To The City of Bombay"* 40–42, *CV* 143)

If he had not felt the soul of all the East

About him at Kamakura.
(*"Buddha at Kamakura"* 23–24, *CV* 75)

[72] a deepest note would have been missing from his work, and he would not have given us the greatest of all his books, *Kim*. *Kim* is Kipling. It is the one book that we must bear in mind when we are trying to estimate his genius, for it contains the spiritual standard by which all his developments must be measured. Mysticism may be a mistake but no one will deny this—that if once a man shows traces of it, those traces must be carefully scanned by all who are trying to understand him. To have felt, if only for a moment, that this visible world is an illusion, to have conceived, however faintly, that the real is the unseen, to have had even a passing desire for the One is at once to be marked off from all who have not thus felt, thus conceived, thus desired. There is no explanation of the gift of mysticism; many criminals and outcasts have possessed it; many bishops, if the truth were known, are devoid of it; it pays no honour to rank, character or avocation; only one thing is certain; it is the peculiar gift of India, and India has given it to Kipling, as he gave it to his boy hero, Kim.

So when we read "Tomlinson," with its Anglo Saxon account of the unseen world, or the "Recessional" Hymn with its assumption of a Chosen Race, let us remember the scene with [73] which *Kim* concludes. The Old Lama has received the mystic's reward: his soul has left the body and is united to the World Soul, and

beholds all India at once, from the Himalayas to Ceylon. And from that bliss he withdraws himself, and returns to the silly body without agony in order that Kim also may attain salvation. With the supreme beauty of that scene we are not here concerned. Let us only note that it places in their proper position many poems that we might consider too seriously. "Tomlinson" and the "Recessional" are not by any means insincere. But they are thrown off by the superficial layers of Kipling's mind, while *Kim* proceeds from the central core of it which was quickened into life by India.

India is the most important religious influence that Kipling has ever felt. Of religion as it has presented itself to the finer minds of the West he has little comprehension. In all his pages you will find little encouragement for the pure in heart or the meek or the merciful or for any of those whose lives have been transfigured by the Christian Ideal. The God of his celebrated "Recessional" is a Hebrew deity who has given us dominion over palm and pine and who may take that dominion away if we do not keep the law; the spirit is not mentioned. It is to Jehovah of the Thunders that we are to pray in the "Hymn before Action," to Samson,³³ to Ahib³⁴ and to Tubal Cain³⁵ that we are to turn for examples of righteousness and [74] wisdom. The New Testament exists for him scarcely more than it did for the Ironsides of Cromwell. All his affinities are with the Old.

It is true that Calvinism (approaching as it does to the idea of a Jewish Theocracy) finds him sympathetic for its consistency and its strengthening influence upon the character. To admire Calvinism and to admire Buddhism as well might seem impossible. But life is always more wonderful than one supposes and there is no doubt that Kipling or one of the Kiplings is actually a Puritan of the Seneca type. He can vivify such phrases as "predestination" [and]³⁶ "sudden conversion." He can enter into the soul of McAndrew, the Glasgow engineer, who is tempted to let civilisation slip, and to drowse away his life in some tropic island. "This," says McAndrew, "was the sin against the Holy Ghost, rank blasphemy"³⁷ — worse than all the more obvious sins of life, and he is only saved from it by seeing in the machinery of his own steamer, the spiritual machinery that God has created to rescue his elect.

From coupler-flange to spindle guide I see Thy Hand, O God —

Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.

John Calvin might ha' forged the same — enormous, certain slow —

Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame — *my* 'Institutio.'

("McAndrew's Hymn" 3-6, *CV* 96)

Into all this can Kipling enter, but behind it all there remains the mystic passionless face of India and the Lama saying to Kim, "Just is the wheel! Certain is our Deliverance. Come!" (*Kim* 240).

Let us leave these high matters, which are perhaps a little too high for the present occasion and for public discussion. But that is [75] Kipling's fault. He is so interesting that he opens vistas on to every aspect of life, and so forcible that he touches the reader to a quick rejoinder. Worthy logical people who "set forth their

views" are invariably heard with apathy. They lecture on Buddhism or Calvinism or Imperialism, while we sit yawning and taking notes. But Kipling has only to say a few words and we agree or disagree at once. Even those who detest him most have never accused him of dullness. He may be—and he is—vulgar; he may be wrong on every point of metaphysics, ethics, aesthetics, politics and patriotics; he may be indiscreet and provoke indiscretion; but never, never is he dull.

The division of his work that now concerns us—the poems dedicated to Imperialism—is not as important as the Indian division, but it is equally controversial. Kipling here makes a political appeal and the more we respond to that appeal the more we shall respond to his poetry. Those who believe that the Anglo Saxon race is divinely appointed to govern the world will rejoice when he expresses their belief worthily, and pardon him when he vulgarizes it. Those who, like myself, have a sneaking admiration for "these furriners" and who hope that France, Italy, and Germany, even Germany, will help to shape the civilisation of the future—we shall read these later poems with a feeling of tension, for Kipling will be dragging us into a position which isn't ours. [76] We shall readily accuse them of materialism, of cant, of an almost bestial view of the English character; we shall shudder when we read about the Race with a big R, the Blood with a big B, and the Trail with a big T: we shall resent the facile appeals to the Almighty, interspersed with demands for conscription and a preferential tariff; and such poems as "The Wage-Slaves," "Et Dona Ferentes," "Kitchener's School," "The Old Issue," "The Lesson," and "South Africa" will seem to us to contain more than their due share of putty, brass and paint, the brass predominating.

All will agree that his imperial work has a certain hardness of touch. It isn't different to his early work, and technically it is as remarkable. But some how the wrong ingredients have got moved to the front. In the South African Songs the cheeriness of the *Barrack Room Ballads* is replaced either by brutality or by an impossible Romanticism, while in the more serious poems, convictions have become watch words and inspiration turgid metaphysics. Compare any poem in *The Five Nations* with a corresponding poem in an earlier volume and this criticism will hold. Compare "Piet" with "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "Lichtenberg" with "Mandalay," "The Feet of the Young Men" with "The Story of the Banjo," the "Dedication" with the "L'Envoi" of *The Seven Seas*. In each case the earlier poem throbs with life while the later poem, though it lays even greater stress on [77] vitality, is itself dying. Is there any explanation for this? Yes and one might put it in these words. Kipling has been too hard on Tomlinson. Tomlinson is doubtless a worm and no man, but if you despise even Tomlinson too much, he will end by turning on you. To demand action, action, and always action, as Kipling has for many years, is to provoke a very subtle Nemesis. For it will imperceptibly narrow into a demand for physical action and then will first neglect, and then will despise the activities of the spirit. To create a corner in wheat is action, to have Germany on toast is action; to drive a screeching motor car along the Sussex Lanes is an action; but truth, sympathy, mercy, modesty—they denote a sedentary body and a parochial mind. However let Kipling speak for himself.

When through the Gates of Stress and Strain
 Comes forth the vast Event
 The simple, sheer, sufficing, sane
 Result of labour spent—("The Wage-Slaves" 33–36, *CV* 246)

(in other words, when the Anglo Saxons have triumphed, these poems are rather obscure).

[78] They that have wrought the end unthought
 Be neither saint nor sage,
 But only men who did the work
 For which they drew the wage. ("The Wage-Slaves" 37–40, *CV* 246)

That is to say virtue and philosophy count as nothing in the development of the British Empire. All that is wanted is commercial honesty.

Whether Kipling is right or wrong does not concern us here. Another has said that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world,³⁸ but let that pass. We are concerned with the light the stanza throws on the writer's own character. Surely in it lies the secret of the metallic effect that all his later poems produce. He has been too rude to Tomlinson; he has brooded and brooded on the superiority of action to mere thought and feeling, until his mind has overbalanced hopelessly and he cannot realize that all those men who do the work for which they draw their wage must at the same time lead inner lives of their own and that the state of these inner lives is the true measure of national progress. He does not deny the inner life in so many words—no educated man has the pluck to do that—but he pushes it far into the background and brings material strength and material organisation to the front.

[79] Now to approach the British Empire in such a spirit is to ensure Jingoism. An Empire is a very difficult subject for poetry. Unless the poet possesses exquisite taste and deep inspiration, he will fall into Kipling's error, and praise it because it is big and can smash up its enemies. To celebrate a nation is easy enough; it demands a straight forward patriotism that most of us can supply. But an Empire, with its claims to world wide dominion, demands something more profound—that instinctive reverence for all humanity that was possessed by Virgil, when he celebrated the Empire of Rome. Kipling's task is more difficult than Virgil's, for the British Empire, unlike the Roman, cannot claim a monopoly of civilisation. And, needless to add, he lacks the Virgilian qualities; he would scorn them as un-British. The results are depressing. For one thing the colonies are exalted beyond all proportion, because being young communities, and therefore still engaged in the physical struggle with nature, they appeal to him strongly; whereas England, aged 1000 years, and occupied in the effeminate problems of education and social reform, rouses his soul to loathing. For another thing the foreigner is beyond all proportion insulted. Kipling's big vital empire must do something, it must have something to hit at, else were its vitality in vain. Fortunately there are the foreigners, whom he regards as a sort of moral football, designed by providence for the

purpose of keeping the Chosen Race in good condition. Smash 'em up. Smash up the Gentiles. They're sure to be plotting against us, if only we could understand their beastly lingo. Teach them that we are the chosen race and that they aren't, that we [80] have the Law and they haven't, that we are the real Jungle Folk and they the gibbering monkeys who carried away Mowgli for a little, but were afterwards slain in their thousands by Bagheera and Kaa.³⁹ The sentiment is not a pretty one, and Kipling's religious phraseology makes it doubly repellent. And one may note that it springs from demanding action, action and always action, and is the logical goal towards which Kipling has been moving. India, as it were, put the drag on him and granted him visions of another ideal; Barrack Room life deflected him into a rare geniality; Romance and the Spirit of Wonder restrained him but he sang of "The 'Mary Gloster'" and the "Banjo" and "The Three-Decker," and a dozen other items for song. But action, action, hurried him forward when these influences stopped, and passed in time into physical action, into "down with introspection," "down with sound reform," "down with the Foreigner," "down with the other poets." His most recent utterances — the letters published last spring in *The Morning Post* — scarcely read like the words of a sane man.⁴⁰ At all events, both in practice and in theory, they avoid all the qualities that endeared him to us in the past.

'Hem! 'Hem! From Mr Henderson.⁴¹

[81] Quotations might be made to illustrate these points. The attitude towards the colonist might be confirmed from "The Flag of England," "A Song of the English," "The Native-Born," "The Islanders," and "The Parting of the Columns": the attitude to the foreigner from the same poems, with the addition of that most offensive ditty "Et Dona Ferentes." But I am anxious to hurry away from it, and to conclude on a pleasant note. A man's bad work is of interest to the literary historian, but of no interest to the lover of literature. It is the love of literature that has brought us together this evening, and we desire to lay some uncontroversial garlands at the poet's feet.

[82] Almost above controversy are the words that he has written about children. They may not all be of equal merit, but in all of them the wings of Romance are opened. One cannot see how Kipling does it — it is yet another Kipling, closely connected perhaps with the one who was awakened into life by India. Children in literature are all the fashion now, and many a good writer has stooped to delineate them. But with Kipling it is not stooping; he is perfectly serious; he puts forth the whole force of his poetry, and rings them with a halo that he seldom wastes upon adults. Perhaps he is half a child himself. He too loves puns and catch words and vain repetitions, like the younger heathen. He knows how unsatisfactory it is to play Robinson Crusoe with the cat! (she scratches and won't attend), and how probable that an armadillo would go dilloing in his armour. The whole of life — how delightful it is, how satisfactory, provided it's truly exploring and not being in to tea. The woods are full of fairies and pixies, the houses are full of ghosts — not the priggish ghosts of the Psychical Research Society,⁴² but real creepy crawling ghosts that are only banished by a blazing fire. Nor is the more serious note absent.

When Kipling writes about children, it is with a graciousness, a comfortableness, if I may coin the word, that we seldom find elsewhere. There is no jagged edge, no feeling of tension; we listen to one [83] who does not scold but soothes, and is progressing, however shyly, from the rule of the Law to that of the Spirit. In one poem—it is prefixed to the short story called “They”⁴³—he broods over the fate of those children who have died in childhood, and if the poem in question fails, it is not through any lack of tenderness. In the other poems—but I shall venture to read you these two other poems, though you are certain to know them. They are the most exquisite things that Kipling ever wrote, and they deal with our own country. The first of them goes thus:

There runs a road by Merrow Down
 A grassy track to-day it is —
 An hour out of Guildford town,
 Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,
 The ancient Britons dressed and rode
 To watch the dark Phoenicians bring
 Their goods along the Western Road.

Yes, here, or hereabouts, they met
 To hold their racial talks and such —
 To barter beads for Whitby jet,
 And tin for gay shell torques and such.

But long and long before that time
 (When bison used to roam on it)
 Did Taffy and her Daddy climb
 That Down, and had their home on it.

Then beavers built in Broadstonebrook
 And made a swamp where Bramley stands;
 And bears from Shere would come and look
 For Taffimai where Shamley stands.

The Wey, that Taffy called Wagai,
 Was more than six times bigger then;
 And all the Tribe of Tegumai
 They cut a noble figure then! (“Merrow Down” 1–24, *CV* 486–87)

Here Kipling joins the world together link by link, not by the tinkle of the banjo—but by a nobler bond: the thread of paternal love that has descended unbroken through the centuries. The father and daughter of the Neolithic age are

the father and daughter of this, and by the magic of poetry, their joys and sorrows touch ours and become our own.

Of all the tribe of Tegumai
Who cut that figure, none remain, —
On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry —
The silence and the sun remain.

But as the faithful years return
And hearts unwounded sing again,
Comes Taffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds,
And golden elf-locks fly above;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
And bluer than the sky above.

In moccasins and deer-skin cloak,
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,
And lights her little damp-wood smoke
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far — oh, very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him! ("Merrow Down" 25–44, *CV* 487)

Words like these will never be widely popular. They will never be shouted from the platforms at elections, or quoted as headlines by the halfpenny press. They are too melodious, too tender, too wise, they only deal with what is permanent and noble in our humanity. They speak to us of the past; they may speak about us to the future, in days when our politics are forgotten and our newspapers indecipherable.

Abbreviations

CV *Rudyard Kipling: The Complete Verse*

Notes

1. I would like to thank The Society of Authors as agent for the Provost and Scholars of King's College Cambridge for giving me permission to publish this lecture and Patricia McGuire, the King's College Library Archivist, who gave me valuable assistance in transcribing this manuscript. I would also like

to thank Wellesley College for the generous financial support that made this project possible and Joan Campbell, the Wellesley College librarian whose superior skills in tracking down valuable sources have enabled me to complete this project. Finally, I would like to thank Sumita Chakraborty, my very capable research assistant, for all her hard work.

2. It appears that Forster has conflated three separate Max Beerbohm exhibitions. Beerbohm held four one-man shows at the Carfax Gallery in London “in December 1901, May 1904, April 1907, and April 1908” (Hart-Davis 12). In the lecture, Forster specifically mentions two Kipling caricatures, one that was exhibited in 1904 (“Mr Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin’ day aht, on the blasted ‘eath, along with Britannia, ‘is gurl”) and one in 1908 (“The Nobel Award”). But he also mentions unspecified caricatures of George Bernard Shaw, Arthur Balfour, Hilaire Belloc, and G.K. Chesterton. There were caricatures of Chesterton (“Mr G.K. Chesterton giving the world a kiss”) and Balfour (“Mr Chamberlain and Mr Balfour”) at the 1904 exhibition, and there were caricatures of Shaw (“In Mr Walkley’s Garden”) and Chesterton (“Mr Max Beerbohm receives an influential, though biased, deputation, urging him, in the case of our common humanity, and of good taste, to give over”—Shaw and Chesterton appear in this caricature) at the 1908 exhibition, but there were no caricatures of Belloc at either the 1904 or 1908 exhibitions. But there were caricatures of all four at the 1907 exhibit, which were titled: “A Counsel of Perfection” (Shaw), “Mr Balfour wishing he ‘had been born in a simpler age,” and “Mr Hilaire Belloc, striving to win Mr Gilbert Chesterton over from the errors of Geneva.” Since the two Kipling caricatures that Forster mentions were exhibited only in 1904 and 1908, and since Belloc was caricatured only in the 1907 exhibit, we can safely assume that Forster is conflating all three exhibitions. For extensive information about the Beerbohm exhibitions, see Rupert Hart-Davis’s *A Catalogue of the Caricatures of Max Beerbohm*.

3. The Beerbohm caricature is titled “The Nobel Award.” This caricature was first published in 1972 in Hart-Davis’s *A Catalogue of the Caricatures of Max Beerbohm* (208).

4. Kipling received the Nobel Prize for Literature on December 10, 1907.

5. Hall Caine (1853–1931) was a popular fiction writer of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and Beerbohm refers to him as one of the “demagogues of literature” (Viscusi 102).

6. On April 29, 1908, *The Times* of London published a review of the Beerbohm exhibit, and there are a number of phrases in this review that make one think that Forster consulted the review, knew the author, or was the author. Here is how the author describes the “Nobel Award” caricature in the review: “Lastly there is Mr. Kipling going off in triumph with the Nobel Prize, while Mr. Hall Caine looks on disconsolately and Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Meredith sit among the clouds in Olympian unconcern.” And as in Forster’s lecture, the reviewer suggests that the caricaturist has put the case against Kipling “unfairly if you like, but not untruly.” Here’s what the reviewer says of Beerbohm’s portrayal of Kipling: “It is very controversial, and sometimes may seem bitter and unfair. That is a matter of opinion; but there can be no doubt about its excellence.”

7. This caricature was exhibited at the 1904 Carfax Gallery exhibit, and it was subsequently published in the 1904 version of *The Poet’s Corner*. See Hart-Davis (87).

8. This sentence is a clever reworking of a stanza from Kipling’s “The Return”:

*If England was what England seems,
An’ not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an’ paint,
‘Ow quick we’d drop ‘er! But she ain’t!* (9–12, CV 388)

9. Plato develops this idea most clearly in Book X of the *Republic*.

10. Milton uses the phrase “simple, sensuous and passionate” (984) in his 1644 tractate “Of Education.”

11. This is most likely a reference to “Allegory of *Gerusalemme Liberata*,” Tasso’s descriptive analysis of the way allegory functions in his epic poem.

12. Forster underlined a few words throughout the manuscript. To distinguish those words he underlined from my italicization of titles of books, I have retained his underlining.
13. Eugen Sandow (1868–1925) was a strength-training enthusiast, who favored physical education courses in the schools and opened a number of health clubs in England in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries.
14. Bernarr Macfadden (1868–1955) was the founder of the Physical Culture Publishing Company, which produced the magazine *Physical Culture*, a periodical that became immensely popular in the early twentieth century.
15. William Ernest Henley (1849–1903) was an English poet, whose work was considered by many to be more jingoistic than patriotic. He was also the editor of the *Scots Observer*, which eventually became *The National Observer*, and he saw into publication Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*.
16. Forster has the word dogmatic written just above the word hortative. Neither word is scratched out.
17. The poem to which Forster is referring is "Cleared."
18. Forster included these brackets, but for what reason I have not been able to determine.
19. Richard Caton Woodville (1856–1927) was a military artist, who mainly portrayed battle scenes from British imperial wars.
20. This line is taken from "Tomlinson": "I would not anger my gentlemen for the sake of a shiftless ghost" (100, *CV* 289).
21. In the manuscript, Forster does not include the whole quotation. Instead, he makes a note to himself, which reads: "[p. 155. Read For my son—'e was never a credit to end of page. And from 'Thank Gawd'—to end of poem]." It appears that Forster used the 1896 version of *The Seven Seas*, since the "For my son" line is on page 155, as Forster mentions in his note to himself.
22. Lord Richard Burdon Haldane (1856–1928) was a Liberal Member of Parliament, who was Minister of War (1905–12). He is in part famous for instituting innovative and controversial reforms of the military.
23. Haldane instituted major military reforms of the British Army that reduced spending considerably. A major part of those reforms included the Officer Training Corps, which were established throughout England after 1907 and that significantly reduced the size of full-time military personnel. Since Forster says that he had this conversation with a soldier "Last year," we can assume that Forster delivered the lecture in late 1908 or early 1909. This dating is consistent with Forster's reference to the 1908 Kipling letters, which were "published last spring in *The Morning Post*."
24. We are betrayed.
25. Kipling mentions the "commissariat camel" in "Oonts."
26. The poem to which he is referring is "Boots."
27. This is probably a reference to "A Code of Morals."
28. This is probably a reference to "The Sergeant's Wedding."
29. This is probably a reference to "The Widow at Windsor."
30. The title of the poem is "Piet."
31. Mrs. Hauksbee is a character who appears in the short story collections *Under the Deodars* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*.
32. In the Nobel Lecture, C.D. specifically praises the Kipling works, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *In Black and White*, and *Under the Deodars*, "all of which are concerned with life in Simla" (292).

33. The poem is "Before a Midnight Breaks in Storm," which is the Dedication to *The Five Nations*.
34. The King's College archivist and I could not determine for certain what this word is, but Ahib is what we ultimately agreed it most looked like. I have not been able to find any Ahib reference in Kipling's corpus, so the word must be something else.
35. The poem is "Jubal and Tubal Cain."
36. To make the reading flow more smoothly, I have inserted the word and.
37. This line is taken from "McAndrew's Hymn," but the poem does not include the phrase, "rank blasphemy."
38. In "A Defence of Poetry," Percy Bysshe Shelley claims: "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world" (41).
39. This sentence is alluding to the "Kaa's Hunting" chapter of Kipling's *The Jungle Book*. Mowgli is the man-cub, whom the jungle people have raised as one of their own. In this chapter, the monkey-people, who "have no Law" (37), kidnap Mowgli, so the jungle people, like Bagheera (a black panther) and Kaa (a rock python) save Mowgli, but in the process, they kill a number of the monkey-people. When Foster mentions people not having "the Law," this is a reference to "Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who teaches the wolf-cubs the Law of the Jungle" (12), and the monkey-people, who have no Law.
40. I have not been able to determine with certainty which letters Forster has in mind, but the most likely ones were published between March 12 and April 30 of 1908. The letters document Kipling's time in Canada, and he uses them to express his view of the superiority of the English character and the need for extending the Empire. They are, as Forster suggests, very difficult to follow. Also, there is no other series of letters published in the spring issues of *The Morning Post* between the years 1909 and 1913. See Rudyard Kipling, *Letters of Travel: 1892-1927* (121-226).
41. The manuscript is written in ink. This interjection is penciled into the manuscript.
42. In 1882, a number of Cambridge scholars established the Psychical Research Society to study and examine psychic and paranormal phenomena. Arthur James Balfour, whom Beerbohm caricatured in his 1904 exhibit and whom Forster mentions in the first paragraph of this lecture, was the first president of the society.
43. The title of the poem is "The Return of the Children."

Works Cited

- C.D. "The Nobel Prize for Literature, 1907." *Rudyard Kipling's* Kim. Ed. Zohreh T. Sullivan. New York and London: W. W. Norton & Company, 2002. 290-96.
- Hart-Davis, Rupert. *A Catalogue of the Caricatures of Max Beerbohm*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1972.
- Kipling, Rudyard. *The Jungle Book*. London: Puffin Books, 1987.
- . *Rudyard Kipling: The Complete Verse*. London: Kyle Cathie Limited, 2002.
- . *The Seven Seas*. London: Methuen, 1896.
- Milton, John. "Of Education." *The Riverside Milton*. Ed. Roy Flannagan. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1998. 980-86.
- "Mr. Max Beerbohm's Caricatures." *The Times* of London. Wednesday, 29 April 1908: 16.
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe. "A Defence of Poetry." *Shelley's Essays and Letters*. Ed. Ernest Rhys. Freeport, New York: Books for Libraries Press, 1971. 1-41.
- Viscusi, Robert. *Max Beerbohm, or The Dandy Dante: Rereading with Mirrors*. Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins UP, 1986.