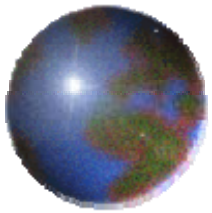


The Elusive Mr. Kipling

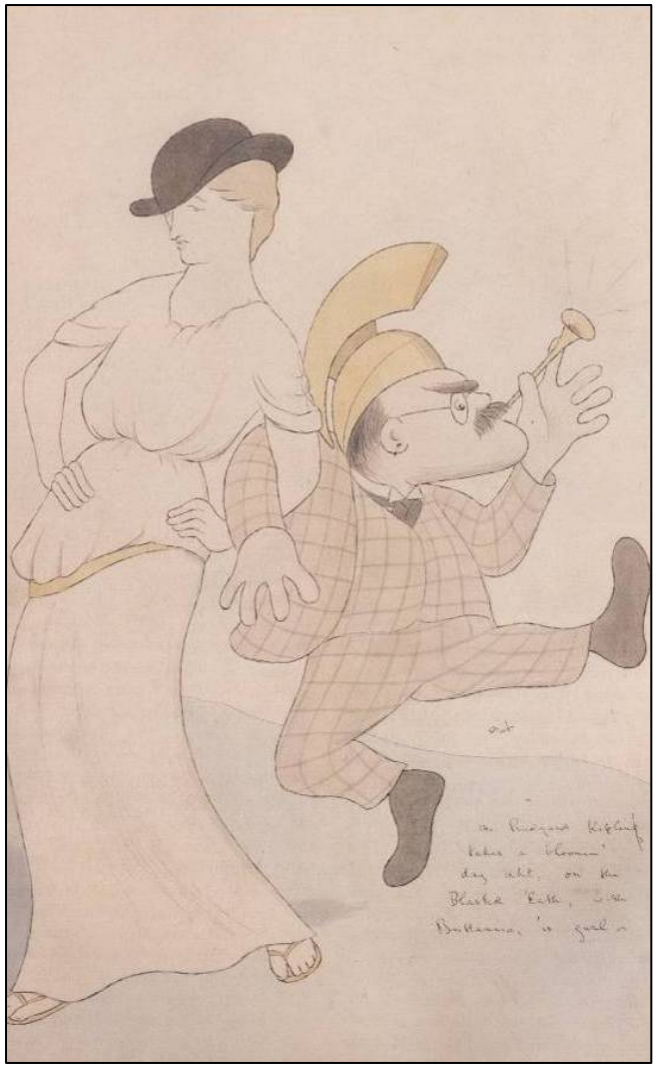
Professor Paul M. Kennedy

13 April 2007

Ohio State University

Rudyard Kipling (1865 - 1936)

Beerbohm Caricature



"Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin' day aht, on the Blasted 'Eath, along with Brittania, 'is gurl." 1904.

Kipling's Worlds

Cap 1: India.

Cap 2: The Empire.

Cap 3: Children's Literature (Or Is It That?).

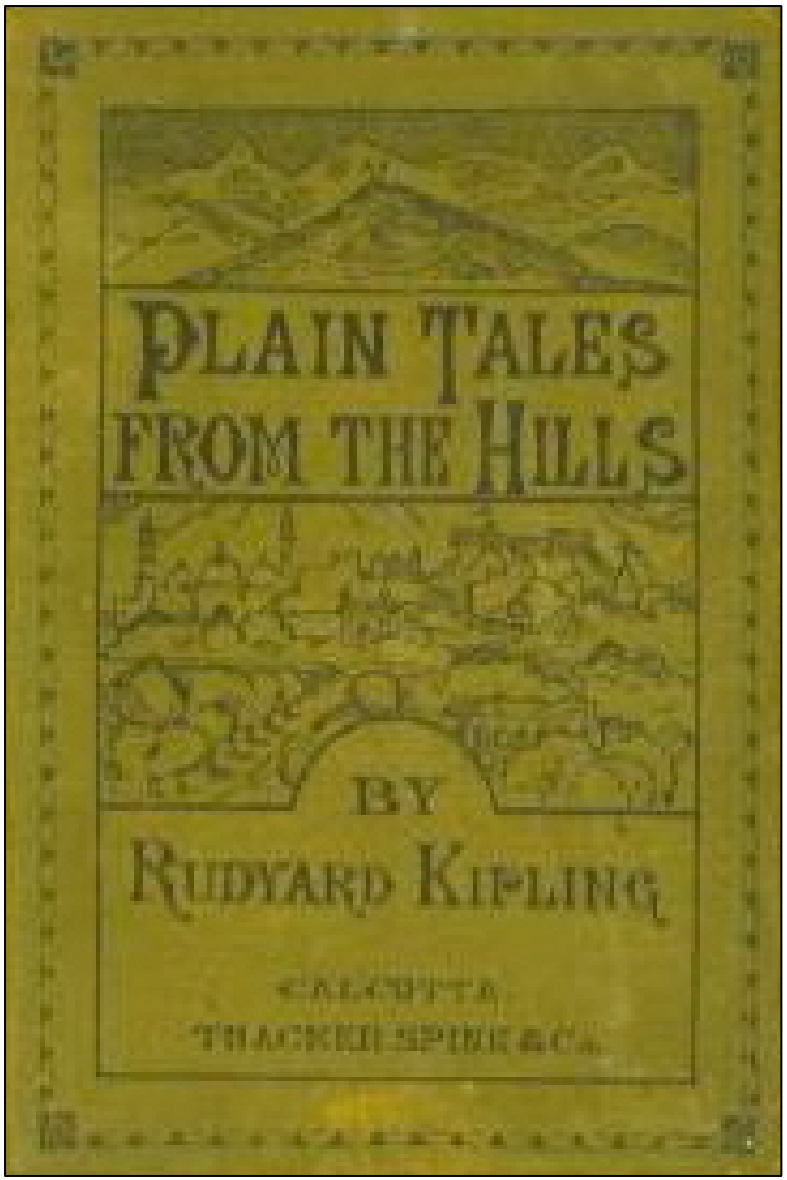
Cap 4: Kipling, Language, and Verse.

Cap 5: England and the English.

Cap 6: The Clouds of War.

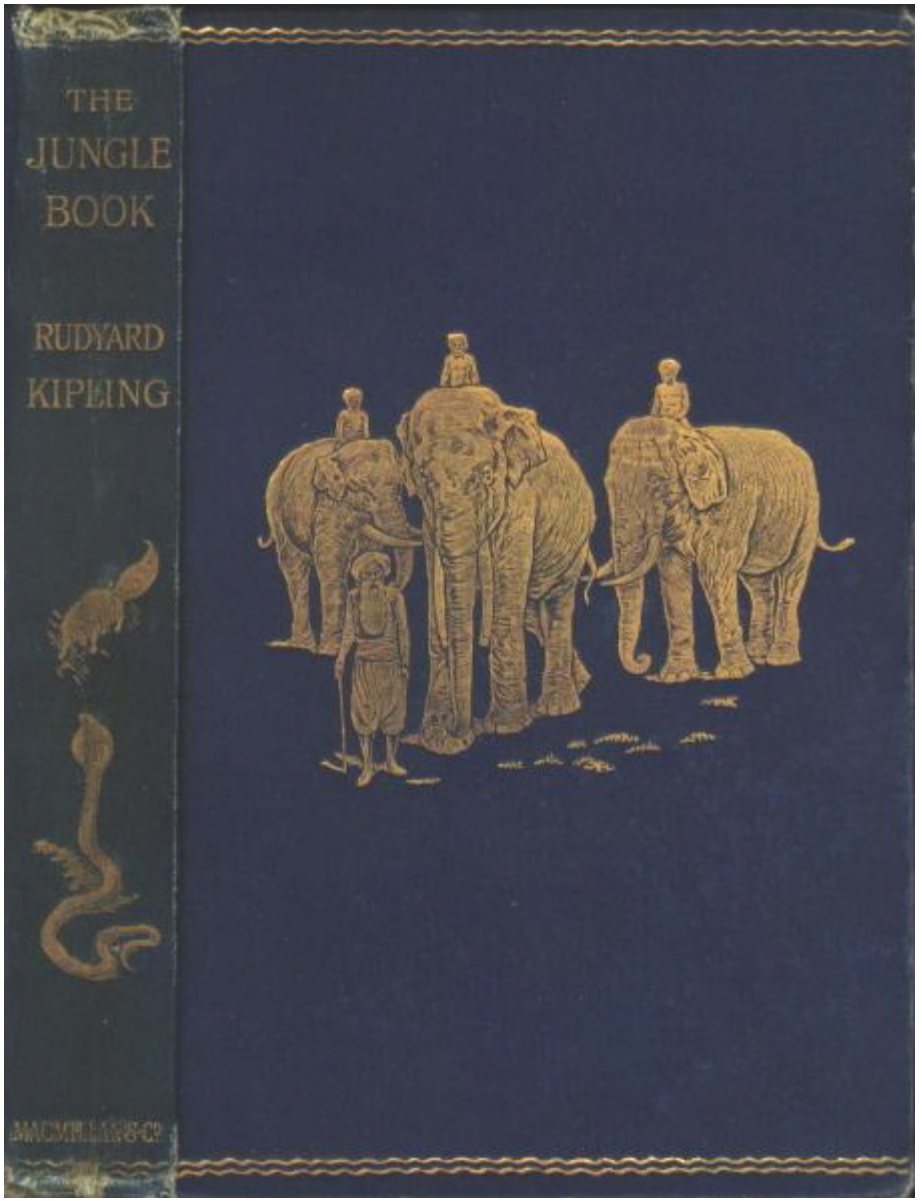
Cap 7: Memorialization.

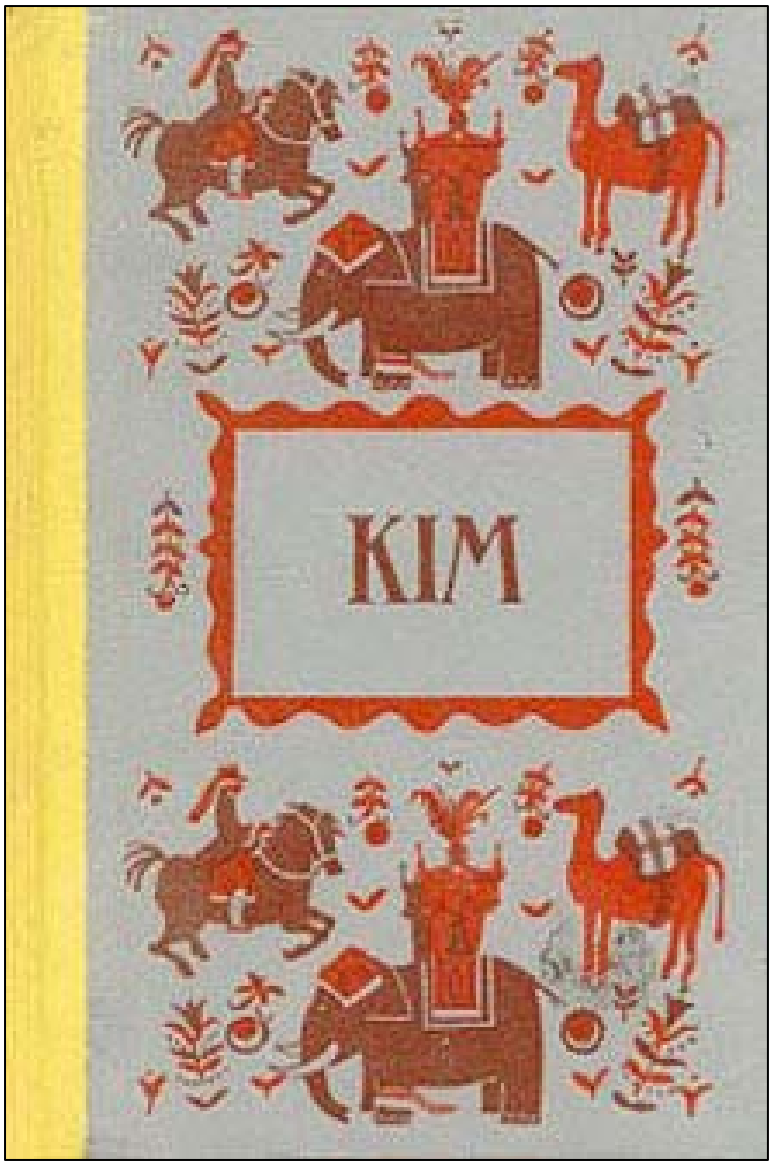
Epilogue: Kipling's Legacies.



Plain Tales from the Hills, 1888

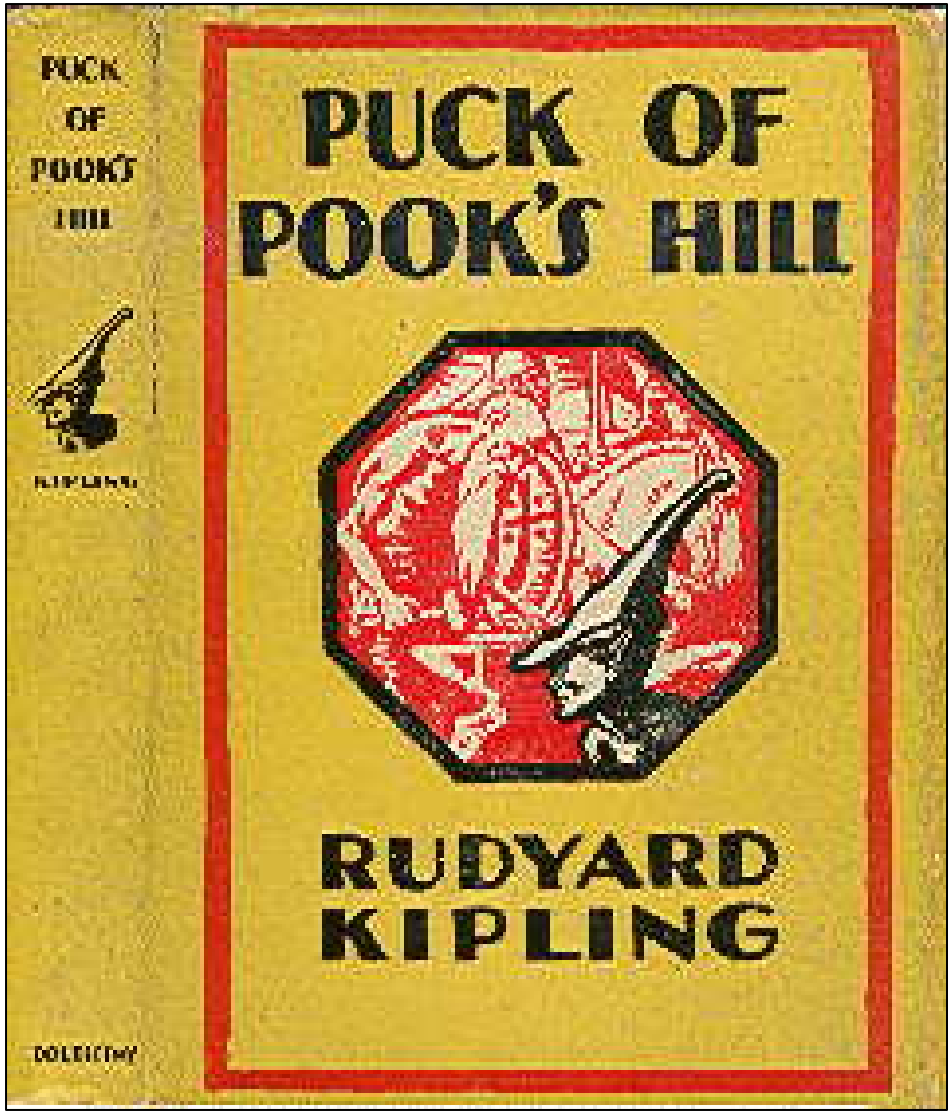
The Jungle Book, 1894

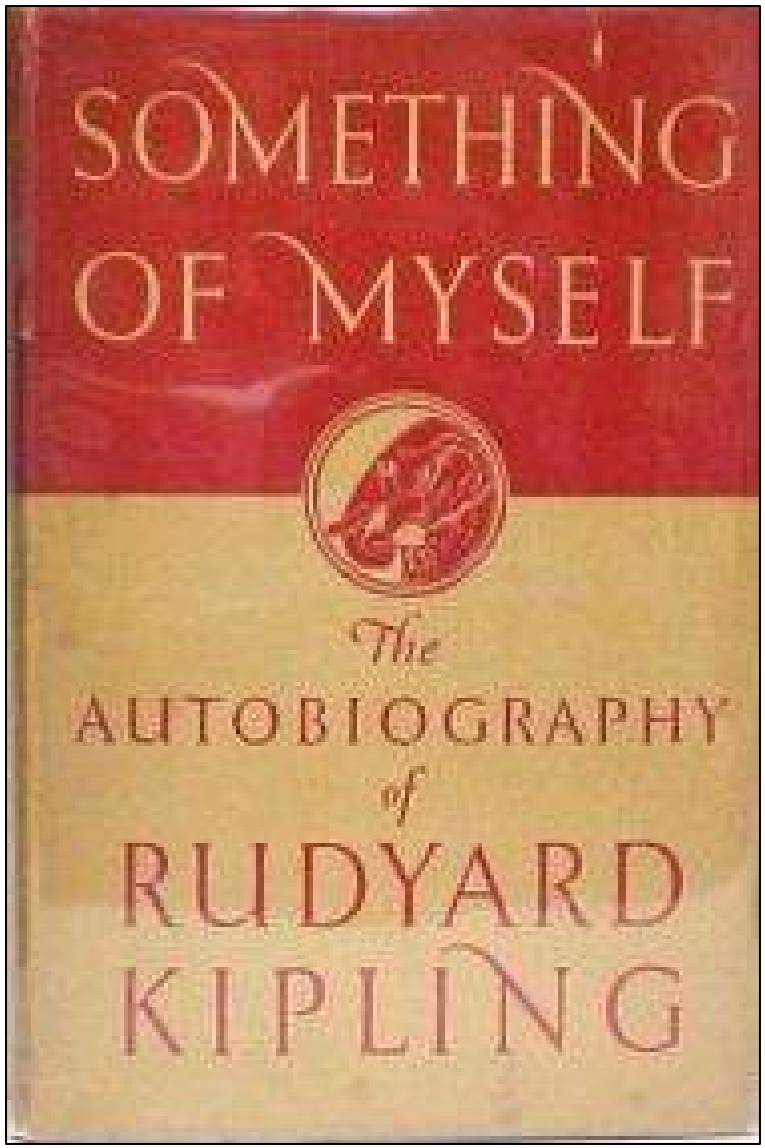




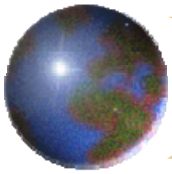
Kim, 1901

Puck of Pook's Hill, 1906





Something of Myself, 1937



The White Man's Burden, 1899

Take up the White Man's burden --
The savage wars of peace --
Fill full the mouth of Famine

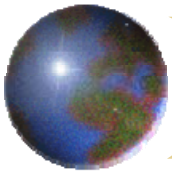
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hope to nought. …

Take up the White man's burden --

And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard --
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light: --
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
"Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden --
Ye dare not stoop to less --
Nor call too loud on freedom To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples

Shall weigh your Gods and you.



The Heritage

Our Fathers in a wondrous age,
  Ere yet the Earth was small,
Ensured to us a heritage,
  And doubted not at all

That we, the children of their heart,
  Which then did beat so high,
In later time should play like part
  For our posterity.

A thousand years they steadfast built,
  To 'vantage us and ours,

The Walls that were a world's despair,
  The sea-constraining Towers:
Yet in their midmost pride they knew,
  And unto Kings made known,
Not all from these their strength they drew,
  Their faith from brass or stone.

Youth's passion, manhood's fierce intent,
  With age's judgment wise,
They spent, and counted not they spent,
  At daily sacrifice.
Not lambs alone nor purchased doves
  Or tithe of trader's gold --

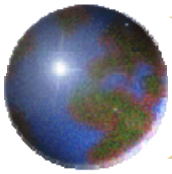
Their lives most dear, their dearer loves,
  They offered up of old.

Refraining e'en from lawful things,
  They bowed the neck to bear
The unadorned yoke that brings
  Stark toil and sternest care.

Wherefore through them is Freedom sure;
  Wherefore through them we stand,
From all but sloth and pride secure,
  In a delightsome land.

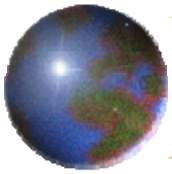
Then, fretful, murmur not they gave
  So great a charge to keep,

Nor dream that awestruck Time shall save
  Their labour while we sleep.
Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year,
  Our fathers' title runs.
Make we likewise their sacrifice,
  Defrauding not our sons.



Gentlemen Rankers

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa--aa--aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!



My Boy Jack

Have you news of my boy Jack?"
Not this tide.

"When d'you think that he'll come back?"
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

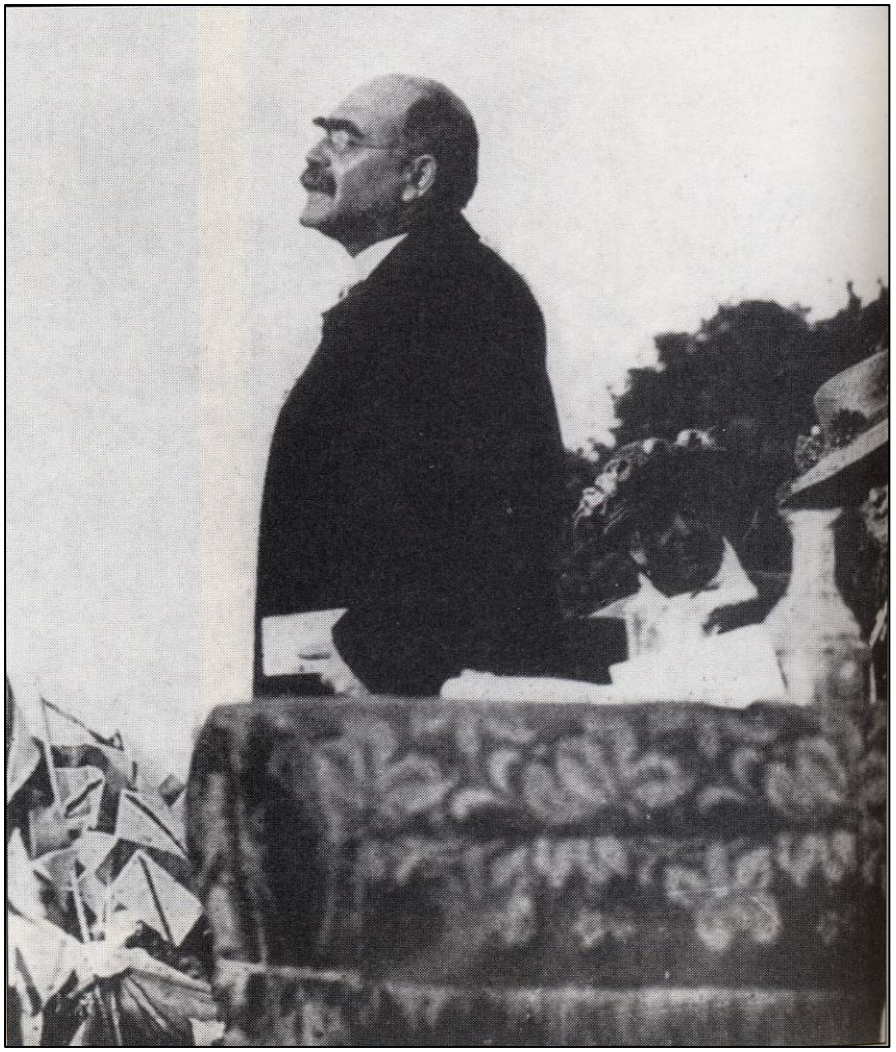
"Has any one else had word of him?: "
Not this tide.
For what is sunk will hardly swim,

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

"Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?"
None this tide,
Nor any tide,
Except he did not shame his kind--
Not even with that wind blowing, and that tide.

Then hold your head up all the more,
This tide,
And every tide;
Because he was the son you bore,
And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

Kipling in Favor of Ulster

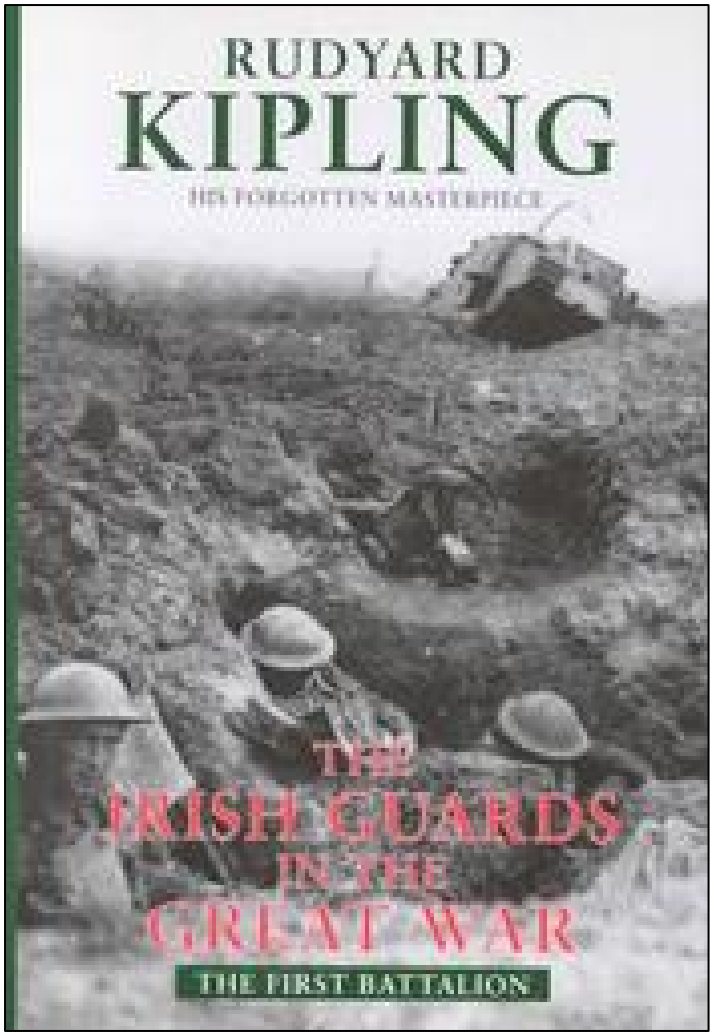


The Cenotaph, London

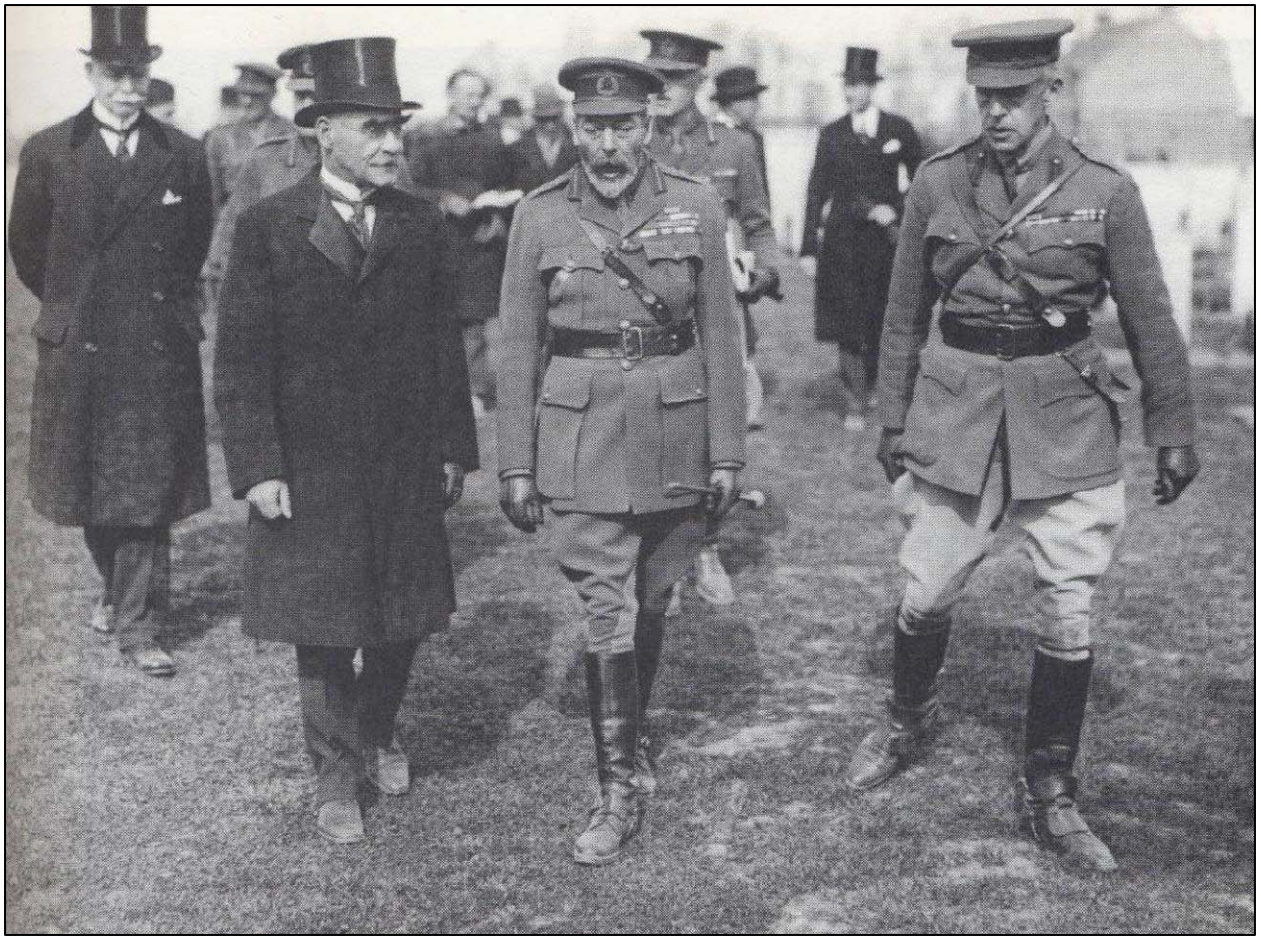
The Glorious Dead:

Their name liveth forevermore.

The Irish Guards in the Great War, 1924



The Imperial War Graves Commission



Kipling's Legacy

Julian Benda

T.S. Eliot

George Orwell

Lionel Trilling

Marghanita Lasky

Kingsley Amis

Irving Howe