and were walking over to the Lala Musa train. Yet another Departmental Head was superintending this; and, since a lady, even with both hands free, cannot walk comfortably in inch-deep slime over the tails of sleepers, took, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, a certain small and very much astonished baby from her arms, and bore it half a mile, issuing orders meantime. The quaint little face among the turmoil of hissing engines, clanking crowbars, and pickaxes, grunting coolies, rattling stone and all the hard realities of labour was a pretty touch. ‘It took to me’, said the Head of the Department gravely and solemnly, as he came back with a few hundred of the passengers from the Lala Musa train at his heels.

A new and peculiarly venomous variety of prickly heat grows by the side of lines. Also, Tarakhi stone cuts boots very badly. Gaps are not nice things to linger over, unless one is working on them.

The passengers had been all transhipped, and it was time to return to Lahore, and leave the Heads of Departments to their toil which they seemed to enjoy. The gentleman with the engine announced his intention of testing the next few yards of packed track; but before this was done the train went away to Lahore.

At 11 o’clock on Tuesday morning the waters were up, and doing damage; at 4 in the afternoon they were down. At 3 A.M. on Tuesday night in the rain, when all men hoped for a moonlight night, the work of packing began, and by 10 A.M. on Wednesday the Gap was practically repaired; though the rails had been left hanging in twenty-yard lengths.

Let us all be deeply thankful, therefore, that our share in Railway work is limited to travelling over the line, and writing furious letters to the papers when a break occurs.

An Important Discovery

Civil and Military Gazette, 17 August 1887

Attribution: Sussex Scrapbooks 28/3, p. 144

Kipling admired Lewis Carroll from an early age and knew his

T. Pinney (ed.), Kipling’s India: Uncollected Sketches 1884–88
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work in intimate detail. The record of that admiration is scattered throughout his work; this article is one of the fullest and most explicit parts of that record, even though in comic form.

'The Poligs of the Oern Vent in dugard to the Brounincinl Coutrick is the colic of the unscrifulouse Gawler.' So ran the printed slip technically known as a 'rough proof'. The Aryan had surpassed himself; but, as he read, light filled the mind of the Reader. He had written — 'The policy of the Government in regard to the Provincial Contract is the policy of the unscrupulous lawyer', and, behold, with a mere turn of his wrist, the Aryan had glorified, and enriched with the wealth of an exuberant Orientalism that simple sentence, till it stood forth a gem, or rather a collection of gems! 'The Poligs of the Oern Vent' — George Meredith might have woven those words into the Shaving of Shagpat, and so made that dazzling piece of broidery yet more gorgeous. 'Brounincinl Coutrick' would suit admirably the manager of a travelling-circus. Conceive the effect, on white and red posters of: — 'To-night! To-night!! To-night!!! The Brounincinl Coutrick!' The words would draw thousands — millions. 'Unscrifulouse Gawler' again would furnish an absolutely unique and startling title for a semi-humourous, semi-grotesque, wholly-horrible story, of the American school, let us say. Think for a moment what fashion of ghoulo-demoniacal, triple-Quilpian, Jekyll-and-Hydeous character, the 'unscrifulouse Gawler' would be. Out of the incult wantonings of a Punjabi Mahommedan with a box of type, had been born the suggestions of three Brilliant Notions, did any man care to use them, exactly as ideas for patterns are conveyed to the designer by the chance-ruled twists of the Kaleidescope.

As the Reader was pondering these things, the Revelation smote him between the eyes. The world is very old, and men have been misprinting for more than four hundred years. Who then was the man who, greatly daring, had already utilized misprints. Who but the author of 'Through the Looking glass'? The Reader turned hastily to the book and read slowly, aloud to himself, the opening verse of that coruscation of genius — Jabberwocky.

'This thing,' argued the Reader, full of the new light, 'was not made by Lewis Carroll. Else would a humble fellow-craftsman