Chapter II

Tales of India

India occupies a central position in Kipling’s writings since the land had a special place in his heart. He had spent his impressionable years as a child and formative years of his life as a young man in India. Wherever he went, whether it was London, Sussex or Vermont, he carried his India within his mind and so it is no wonder that India serves as a single largest background to his creative writings. Alan Sandison has said that the main character in the stories of Kipling is not the tired, dedicated administrator or the resourceful subaltern but the main character is India itself. (78) Kipling experienced India with an intensity and completeness that made it possible for him to show many faces of the country in their beauty, power and truth. (Chaudhari 50) In addition to his own genius and influence of his father, his rich and eventful life as a journalist contributed a lot to his success in projecting the images of India. Kipling also relied on his powerful memory and drew from the subterranean depths of his being remarkable portraits of India and its people. Kipling’s Indian tales are mainly of importance for preparing in him that enthusiasm for the work of the world which, later, was to inspire the greatest pages that any author had ever produced.

Kipling’s Indian stories fall into two main groups. Those concerned with the Anglo-Indian and those concerned with the native. The Anglo-Indian community consisted of two groups; the workers, who were actively involved in work for the Empire, including government officials, soldiers, engineers, and doctors; and the social or ‘smart’ set, which lived, moved and had their being in Simla. The native community was comprised of the educated Indian and the uneducated.

The Simla tales are a skilful employment of a literary convention. The Anglo-Indian and native tales are equally skillful work of a young newspaper man breaking into a storehouse of new material. Kipling’s craft is that of a technician and one who makes the most of his theme deliberately and self-consciously. It is interesting to study the
impressions and ideas he has collected concerning the country of which he writes. The researcher will first take up Simla tales for the analysis.

I. The Simla Tales

Kipling presents a demoralized and depressing picture of the gay life of Anglo-India as it centered around Simla, the government’s summer capital. Dennis Kincaid writes in *British Social Life in India*. In 1827 Lord Amherst had started the summer move to Simla. “In spite of the difficulties of transport Simla soon became popular…As the century advanced and methods of transport improved. Simla became increasingly crowded with summer visitors, with secretaries and with those who hoped to be secretaries” (225).

Getting to Simla was therefore the be-all and end-all of Anglo-Indian existence. How to get there was the first problem, and after arriving, how to remain there was second. The innumerable maneuveres, strategies, conflicts, and disappointments that followed in the wake of this struggle for survival in Simla provide the theme for a number of short stories in *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888) and elsewhere. The men wanted to occupy key positions in the government; the women wanted to secure them for their favourite men. This resulted in flirtation, casual and otherwise. In fact, flirtation was part of the code of high society in Simla. One met people one would not see again, uttered sentiments one did not believe in, feigned protestations of love and loyalty which died on the lips as soon as they were uttered. It was all in the day’s work.

There is a feeling of recklessness, a keen desire to snatch moments of pleasure where they can be found. Dances, social gatherings, the tribulations of obtaining invitations to the viceroy’s annual ball, the gossip, the scandals, the rise and fall of women presiding over Jakko Hill according to the bloom and fade of their charm and influence, set the values of Simla Society. All this is devastatingly pictured by Kipling. Commenting on these stories Somerset Maugham says:

There is no sign that any of the persons he wrote about took any interest in art, literature, or music. The notion seems to have been prevalent that there
was something fishy about a man who took pains to learn about things Indian. Of one character Kipling wrote: ‘he knew much about Indians as it is good for a man to know’ A man who was absorbed in his work appears to have been regarded with misgiving; at best he was eccentric, at worst a bore. The life described was empty and frivolous; the self sufficiency of these people is difficult to contemplate (159).

Kipling was so satirical about the life in Simla that it is no wonder that people he satirized held him in contempt. In fact some of them considered him a ‘subversive pamphleteer’ given to criticize his betters. Many of these stories written in the first flush of excitement are stereotyped and farcical. For example, there are eight stories written in the form of play entitled The Story of the Gatsbys (1888). These stories concern the courtship, marriage and the honeymoon of Anglo-Indian soldier and an Anglo-Indian girl. Mistaken intentions, a comedy of errors, and false sentimentality make the stories ridiculously farcical. Their construction, display of emotions and attempt at forced laughter, clearly reveal Kipling’s immaturity at the time when he wrote them.

There are some sixteen stories in Plain Tales from the Hills into which the Simla motive is threaded. In the books immediately following, published in 1888 and 1889, Simla is not wholly abandoned, but the proportion of Simla stories is less. Of all the groups of stories in Plain Tales from the Hills the Simla group was the largest. The tales include the first appearances, in book form, of Mrs. Hauksbee, the policeman Strickland and the Soldiers Three (Privates Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd). The stories featuring Strickland and the three soldiers are dealt with in detail in subsequent chapters in the present study. The stories of Simla are mainly the stories of Mrs. Hauksbee.

Kipling classified the Anglo-Indian women in two categories “the pleasure seekers” who met with his scorn and “the workers” who won his admiration. (Kipling, Black & White324) Most Anglo-Indian women in Simla belong to the first group. They are all presented as devouring females, social climbers, eternally plotting either to capture suitable young men or to cause their down fall.
In ‘Three and an Extra’ we meet for the first time that “little, brown, thin, almost skinny woman with big, rolling, violet blue eyes and the sweetest manners in the world, Mrs. Hauksbee” Our first impression of her in this story is not pleasant “She was clever, witty, brilliant and sparkling beyond most of her kind; but possessed of many devils of malice and mischievousness. Mrs. Hauksbee was honest-honest as her own front teeth-and, but for her love of mischief would have been a woman’s woman” (Kipling, Plain Tales10,12).

After three years Bremmil’s marriage is falling apart as the result of the death of their baby, Florie. Mr. Bremmil, taking the loss calmly, goes out alone to a party and meets Mrs. Hauksbee, who “eyes him” and “annexes him publicly”. This arouses jealousy in Mrs. Bremmil, who plots to recapture her errant husband. She discards her mourning, goes to parties, casts outraged glances at her rival, and plays up to her husband, regaining him just in time from the clutches of Mrs. Hauksbee. Kipling makes his point that “there is a woman at the back of every thing’ (Plain Tales85) All the tales about Anglo-Indian women in Simla are worked out in similar pattern. He has no real sympathy or knowledge of the social undercrust where the tangle of three is a constant theme.

Four stories later in the same volume, there is a story 'The Rescue of Pluffles' where Mrs. Hauksbee is shown in a good light. In 'Consequences' also, she does Tarrion's career great service. In ‘Kidnapped’ she does Peythroppe equally great service, against his will.

In the ‘Rescue of Pluffsels’ she saves a youthful subaltern from the wiles of Mrs. Reiver and restores him to his fiancé. Pluffles is a subaltern (2nd Lieutenant) in a regiment known (for a concealing nickname) 'The Unmentionables'. He is callow, and 'trusts his own judgement’ and at 24, becomes "bound hand and foot to Mrs. Reiver's “rickshaw wheels”. This is a euphemistic way of saying that she dominates him so that he is at her whim. Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver hate each other “fervently”. Mrs. Hauksbee learns that Pluffles has left a fiancée at home in England. She fights Mrs. Reiver in "the ‘Seven Weeks' War", and finally wins by talking to him "after the manner of a mother". Pluffles and his fiancée are married. He leaves the army and returns to lead happy life farming in
England. "He would have come to extreme grief in India". The story’s last paragraph: “For these reasons, if anyone says anything more than usually nasty about Mrs. Hauksbee, tell him the story of the “Rescue of Pluffles.” “She had wisdom of a serpent, the logical coherence of a man, the fearlessness of a child, and the triple intuition of a woman. “She belonged to the great class of wicked persons who are sound at heart, who make no claims to virtue, yet do more good in the world than many who are reputed virtuous.” (Kipling, Plain Tales118,119). This story presents Mrs. Hauksbee in an unusually positive manner and comments that sometimes schemy people can also act virtuously.

The story ‘Consequences’ is an illustration of the power of Mrs. Hauksbee. (It is Kipling’s third story about her in book form.) Tarrion, a "clever and amusing" young officer in an unfashionable regiment, longs for a permanent appointment in Simla. There he has the good fortune to do Mrs. Hauksbee a favour (by forging a date on her invitation, so that she can attend the more prestigious Ball, rather than the smaller "dance" to which she has been sent an invitation by the Governor’s personal assistant with whom she has quarrelled). So she owes Tarrion a favour, and asks what she can do. He admits that "I haven't a square inch of interest here in Simla. My name isn’t known to any man with an appointment in his gift, and I want an appointment, a good, sound, pukka one."He wants a permanent post in that most desirable Hill Station. She agrees to help him. Now by chance (an ill-written address, and a stupid orderly) she comes into possession of some official papers. These she reads with Tarrion, and he uses them to persuade “the biggest and strongest man that the Government owned” to give him a permanent post. It is not particularly well-paid, but it is finally granted because the Viceroy has an obsession with 'Diplomatic secrecy', and believes that "a boy so well supplied with information would be worth" promoting. At the end, Tarrion thinks "If Mrs. Hauksbee were twenty years younger, and I her husband, I should be Viceroy of India in fifteen years. “Mrs. Hauksbee thinks” ‘what fools men are!’ (Plain Tales154)

Kipling starts the story “Kidnapped” by announcing that "We [British] are a high-caste and enlightened race" - but suggesting that arranged marriages are preferable to western notions of love matches. "The Hindu notion - which is the Continental notion,
which is the aboriginal notion - is sound." The story that follows is designed to illustrate this. It tells of Peythroppe, an exemplary member of the Indian Civil Service. “All his superiors spoke well of him because he knew how to hold his tongue and his pen at the proper times. There are, today, [adds Kipling, in one of the characteristic effects of omniscience which he often used in his early twenties] only eleven men in India who possess this secret; and they have all, with one exception, attained great honour and enormous incomes.”( Plain Tales178) There is one flaw in his exemplary conduct - he falls in love with Miss Castries, who is "impossible" as all mothers will know.

The impossibility is a matter of race, always a sensitive subject in the British Raj. Miss Castries is of Portuguese origin ("it was originally d'Castries, but the family dropped the d' for administrative reasons") and has a "Spanish complexion", a pronounced widow's peak, and an opal-tinted mark on her nails. These are enough to stamp her as having Indian blood in her ancestry - at a time when marrying someone of a different (or 'impure') race was regarded as disgraceful among the British. Kipling reports the facts, without overt comment: he accepts the 'impossibility' of such a gifted young man marrying such a woman with all the necessary relationships with her relations. Peythroppe is determined to commit professional suicide. Here Mrs. Hauksbee enters. “Her brain struck out the plan that saved him.” She talks with Three Men, who dine with Peythroppe three weeks later, as he learns he has been gazetted a month's leave. Then camels are heard in the compound and he disappears. Kipling employs what in the cinema would be called a fade-out. Furniture is broken, and Peythroppe disappears.

Mrs. Hauksbee said that Mr. Peythroppe was shooting in Rajputana with the Three Men. The leave is extended, past the wedding day. The young men return from the leave afterwards, one with a cut on his nose "caused by the kick of a gun. Twelve-bores kick rather curiously" (Kipling’s irony). Miss Castries' father, Honorary Lieutenant Castries, calls, and threatens Peythroppe with a lawsuit for breach of promise. But his daughter knows how a lady should behave, and keeps her broken heart to herself. "One of these days [Peythroppe] will marry a sweet pink-and-white [not clearly identified as 'white', but clearly that is the meaning] maiden, on the Government House List [i.e. socially
approved].” Kipling ends by saying how much trouble would have been avoided by an Official Matrimonial Department, charged with arranging matches.

This story is an interesting example of the attitudes of Kipling and his contemporaries towards race, particularly of course inter-racial marriage. He appears to accept the norms of his time; but there is sympathy with Miss Castries and with Peythroppe, along with Kipling's characteristic amused observation of the oddities of social behaviour.

Apart from this, a theme of Anglo-Indian Marital relationships revolving around mistaken identity is found in the story “False Dawn” The story concerns Saumarez, a well-paid member of the Indian Civil Service who is "popular with women". He decides to propose marriage to one of a pair of sisters, Maud (the elder) and Edith Copleigh, who do everything together: the gossip of the station is that it will be to Maud, which would be an excellent match. She is prettier than her sister, though they are very alike in figure, look and voice. Saumarez arranges a moonlight picnic for six couples to provide a romantic setting. After midnight, the supper is interrupted by a terrible dust storm, and confusion reigns. In a lull in the storm, the narrator (the usual persona of 'Kipling') hears Edith crying "O my God!" and asking to be taken home. He refuses till daylight, they separate - and then Saumarez says he's proposed to the wrong one. The narrator sees on Maud's face "that look on her face which only comes once or twice in a lifetime - when a woman is perfectly happy and the air is full of trumpets and gorgeously-coloured fire, and the Earth turns into cloud because she loves and is loved." It is Saumarez's duty to wipe that look off her face. 'Kipling' leaves him to it, galloping off to tell Edith: "You have got to come back with me, Miss Copleigh. Saumarez has something to tell you." They return home in the dawn, Maud riding with 'Kipling': "Maud Copleigh did not talk to me at any length." In “False Dawn” the sermon runs, ‘Never praise a sister to a sister, in the hope of your compliments reaching the proper ears, and so preparing the way for you later on. Sisters are women first and sisters afterwards; and you will find that you do yourself harm. In “On the Strength of a Likeness We Read” Open and obvious devotion from any sort of man is always pleasant for any sort of woman.” (Plain Tales199)
“Miss Youghal Sais” repeats the same formula. Strickland, a policeman who is regarded as disreputable for his habits in going undercover disguised as a native, falls in love with Miss Youghal. Her parents do not approve, not only are his "ways and works" untrustworthy, but he works in the worst paid Department in the Empire. Her parents forbid him from speaking with or writing to their daughter. "Very well," said Strickland, for he did not wish to make his lady-love's life a burden." Then he takes three months leave, disappears, and is employed as her Sais, or native groom, called Dulloo. One day, towards the end of the three months, "an old and very distinguished General" takes Miss Youghal riding, and flirts with her. Strickland "stood it as long as he could. Then he caught hold of the General's bridle, and, in most fluent English, invited him to step off and be flung over the cliff." Miss Youghal explains, and the General begins to laugh. He intercedes on the behalf of the young pair to her parents, and they are married. Strickland wins the hand of Miss Youghal by disguising himself as Sais.

In Simla, Kipling not only saw high society but also observed the workings of the government at close quarters. In the day-to-day administration, he found much to condemn. He saw favouratism, red tape, and nepotism-three most glaring defects. He saw inferior men getting along well; rising to positions of eminence, while more deserving ones remained in the lower ranks.

Kipling’s Simla stories are the least important, but in some ways the most significant of all the stories he wrote. They begin and they end in sheer literary virtuosity. Kipling’s studies of the social world at Simla were exercises in craft rather than genuine inspirations. Mrs. Hawksbee stands for Kipling’s power to create an illusion of reality and enthusiasm by sheer finish of style. Her conversation is delightful. Mrs. Hawksbee talks as all well-dressed women talk in the best books. She does it with a volubility and resourcefulness. The talk of Mrs. Hawksbee and her circle and their conduct is fashionable light comedy in an Indian setting.

Simla at that time was little known outside the Indian Empire. It is a comparatively cool place where Indian soldier and civilians used to send their wives in the hot weather and where they used to retire themselves under medical advice. It was not
unlike any other warm and idle city of rest where there is every kind of expensive amusement provided for a migratory population. Kipling’s ingenious pretences regarding Simla are amusing. He gives a sparkling stage version of Simla—all dancing and delight, a little intrigue, a touch of sentiment, patches of excellent fun, and now and then a streak of Indian mystery. His Simla tales are not plain tales, but tales very artfully coloured. Mrs. Hawksbee may be taken as a symbol of the distinction between the work of an inspired author and the work of an author playing with his tools. Kipling of _The Jungle Books_ and _The Day’s Work_ (1898) is an inspired author. Kipling of the Simla tales is not. For example, the pretence that Mrs. Hawksbee is a charming woman. Mrs. Hawksbee is really nothing of the kind. She is an anthology of witty phrases. She is the abstract perfection of what a clever head and a good heart is expected to be in a fashionable comedy. But Kipling desires her to be accepted as a charming woman. He presents us with Mrs. Hawksbee but nowhere gives us direct evidence that she is a charming woman. He assumes it, gets everyone else in the story to assume it, and expects his readers to assume it. His cunning as a writer is so remarkable a quality that there are very few of the Simla tales in which the reader is not prepared to assume that Mrs. Hauksbee is charming for the sake of the story. Mrs. Hawksbee is typical of the majority of Kipling’s studies in social comedy. Kipling quite soon abandoned Simla. He was writing primarily to amuse, so we can not conclude from his stories that he really believes all his women to be mischief makers, malicious, scheming and cruel.

II. Anglo-Indian Tales

Kipling worked hard in India and wrote his Indian Tales in a happy frame of mind. Yet a happy and pleasant picture of India does not emerge from his stories. Most of his stories present a tortured vision of the country. The reason behind this is easy to understand. There existed for Kipling two Indias. First there was the personal India of his liking, which provided him with material comforts, “carriage and servants,” and literary fame. This was the India where the presence of his family radiated warmth and affection and gave him personal security. He felt at home, for there existed “Accord” described by Hilton Brown (39). Then there was colonial India. This was the India that provided Kipling with tales, for he was the chronicler of colonial India. In such writing he had a specific purpose-to impress upon the minds of Englishmen at home the almost divine
necessity of maintaining the British Empire. In his writings he was to interpret with
greater zeal the heroism and self-sacrifice of Englishmen working in India for the empire.
He wanted to show that theirs was not an easy task, for they had to battle against
superstition and violence and had to deal with “the lesser breed without the law”
(\textit{Rudyard Kipling’s Verse}\textsuperscript{327}). Kipling glorified the empire builder, whose excellence
increased with corresponding emphasis on the strange and uncongenial atmosphere in
which he had to carry out his task. Thus in his obsession with conversion of followers to
the cause of empire, he suppressed his own personal preference in the interest of what he
considered a greater cause.

Therefore his Indian writings are politically motivated to serve the cause of the
empire. He excluded the normal life of India from his picture, and by emphasizing and
sometimes even creating sensational incidents and characters, he was able to fashion an
impressive background for British achievement.

Kipling turns his focus from the women of Anglo-India to its men. His figures are
more vivid and of amazing variety, his touch is more certain, and his purpose more
determined. In the stories of Anglo-Indian civil and military officials, Kipling celebrates
“the romance of the British government in India” He was writing about the toil, tears,
blood and sweat of the civil and military servants. \textit{In Something of Myself}, Kipling has
revealed how he got interested in the lives of these men. “And in that club and elsewhere
I met none except picked men, at their definite work, Civilians, Army, Education, Canals,
Forestry, Engineering, Irrigation, Railways, Doctors, and Lawyers-Samples of each
branch and each talking his shop. It shows then that that ‘show of technical knowledge’
for which I was blamed later came to me from the horse’s mouth, even to boredom” (43)

The covenanted civil services in Kipling’s time (even now but in a different form)
were the most important class in the country. The system of recruitment to the services
had been changed from nomination to competitive examination. It was from this service
that the magistrates, collectors, political Residents, Secretaries to Government and other
high officials of administration were appointed. There was another service not officially
covenanted, but in practice occupying the same status, from which Civil Engineers,
Forest officers, and other technical officers were recruited. The greatest of all services, the Public Works, otherwise the various engineering branches, whether general or irrigation, was at one time the proud product of famous college at Cooper’s Hill. They were the men who built great roads and state edifices of India, and with the railway engineers, those enormous bridges over the Indian rivers that are world famous. It is of these men of Indian Services that Kipling writes. He writes about the men whose lot is cast in parts of the country far removed from the centres of civilization and culture. He says, “Until steam replaces manual power in the working of the empire, there must always be men who are used up expended in the mere mechanical routine. They are simply rank and file—the food for fever-sharing with the ryot and the plough bullock the honour of being the plinth on which the state rests…” (Myself 44).

His object in these sketches is two-fold. Firstly, He wishes to dispel the ignorance of Englishmen at Home about the lives of those who actually run the administration and who have everything to lose and little to gain or to look forward to. His second object is to ridicule the ways of Imperial Government and the India office and their agents for interfering in the work of those who know their business best and who alone by their intimacy with the problem confronting them are qualified to tackle them:

……year by year England sends out fresh drafts for the first fighting line, which is officially called Indian Civil Service. These die or kill themselves by overwork, or are worried to death or broken in health and hope in order that lad may be protected from death and sickness, famine and war, and may eventually become capable of standing alone…If an advance be made all credit is given to the native, while the English men stand back and wipe their foreheads. If a failure occurs the Englishmen step forward and take the blame (Black & White 324).

Not the ignorance merely but the indifference of the comfortable Englishmen to all the distant dog’s work and danger, seems to have impressed Kipling with its injustice and stupidity. “Here was an empire purchased at what cost, maintained at what expenditure of brain, blood and treasure, momentous, maybe to the very existence of the
British empire…Even the supreme government slept on the Indian affairs, only awakening at times to impede by it’s ignorance the work of those who know” (Le Galliene, *Kipling* 74).

To Kipling there is no room for idealism or ingenious theorizing in a country like India where the business of living is much too serious an affair to allow any experimentation along new and cleverly conceived lines. “In Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin” McGoggin has found it an excellent creed for a Government office, and he brought it to India and tried to teach it to all his friends. His friends had found that life in India is not long enough to waste in proving that there is no one particular at the end of affairs, and they objected. They also warned McGoggin not to be too good for his work, and not to insist on doing it better than it needed to be done, because people in India wanted all their energy for bare life. But McGoggin would not be warned, and one day when he had steadily overworked and over talked through the hot season, he was suddenly interrupted at the club, in the middle of the oration and then the final collapse came. McGoggin was eventually converted. Kipling calls this story a tract and it is a tract whose purpose is to convey “That India is able to cure the most resolute positivist of positivism.”(*Plain Tales* 107).

Palmer said “Kipling’s India is a land where science is mocked and synthetic philosophies perish, and mere talk is wiped from lips”(45) To Kipling it is idle to talk of Humanity in India, because here “you really see humanity-raw, brown, naked humanity-with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used up, overhandled earth underfoot”(*Plain Tales*118). Kipling’s Indian administrators are practical and simple men, who obey orders and accept the incredible because their position require them to administer India as though they were never at fault, whereas their experience tells them that, if they are never to be at fault in India, it is wise to be not too original and fatal to be too rigid.

If administration is to be saved from chaos and from caprices of men like McGoggin, there must be one supreme authority to whom all are finally responsible. There must be a system based on graded subordination within which administration must
function. “For this reason the Deputy is above assistant, the commissioner is above the Deputy, the Lieutenant Governor is above the commissioner, and viceroy above all four, under the orders of Secretary of State, who is responsible for the Empress”(Plain Tales 108). The men who succeed in India are those who understand this scheme of things and act up to it. The corner stone of this system is obedience –obedience to the authority above you. There is no room for a prig in India. Prig is a man who considers himself all important, who is too sure of his own rightness of action, and who tries to be didactic in everything he undertakes. Story after story illustrates the failure of the regime of the prig in India.

In “Lispeth” and “The Judgement of Dungara”, we have the portraits of the missionary prigs who think that the Indian instincts can be effaced by a veneer of Christianity. In the former the Chaplain’s wife is forced to admit that “there is no law by which you can account for the vagaries of the heathen”(Plain Tales 7).In the second story Reverend Justus Krenk, Pastor of Tubingen Mission, had come out to India with a pious determination of making Heathens better persons. Gallio, the assistant collector who knew something of the people he ruled upon, tried gently, to hint to the chaplain, that he should not be too enthusiastic in his mission because “when you have been some years in the country, you grow to find one creed as good as another” But the Padri could not take the hint, and indeed for sometime it seemed that everything was going well with the mission. Then came the great day when the collector and his wife were to pay a visit to the mission. It was a festive day at the mission and on that day the Judgement of Dungara fell. The men clothed in shirts of prickly thistle ‘burnt’ in the sun and in a mad frenzy returned to their heathen priest imploring the mercy of Dungara. The work of the years was undone in the twinkling of an eye. The heart-broken Padri is totally cured of his ill founded optimism in coming out to India and trying to win over the allegiance of a primitive people from their most ancient Gods, by ways which on the face appear so unquestionably right and sound.

Monotony of official work contributed to Anglo-Indian melancholy. The ruthless regularity and gigantic industry made machines out of men, taking the human touch out away from them. There are two stories of Secretariat Prigs. One is “Wressley of the
Foreign Office” Wressley is a victim of official monotony of work. Wressley was of the types who do their work, and grow to think that there is nothing but their work, and that they are real pivots on which the administration turns:

...To keep him up to his duties when he showed signs of flagging, he was made much of by his superiors and told what a fine fellow he was. He did not require coaxing because he was of tough build but what he received confirmed him in the belief that there was no one quite so absolutely and imperatively necessary to the stability of India as the Wressley of the foreign office (Plain Tales108).

How a frivolous girl became the means of humbling him and his pride in his work may be read in the story.

The other story is entitled “Prig” Apart from being a sketch of the secretariat prig, it is also a satire on the way the Government wastes away the energies of young men who may otherwise be more profitably occupied. Pinecoffin, in this story belonged to the class of civil servants who are, enthusiasts in their work. He knew great many facts concerning agriculture in India. This weakness of his made him an easy victim of a prank that Government secretary, (who had a personal grudge to settle with him) played upon him when he initiated his Machiavellian scheme for the rearing of prigs in India. The only reward that Pinecoffin got was the attention paid by a down country paper, which declared the “nebulous discursiveness and blatant self-sufficiency of the modern competition wallah and his utter inability to grasp the practical issues of a practical question” (Plain Tales228).

“A Bank Freud” is not a story of Civil Service men but of the employees of the bank in Northern India. What is true of the Government servants is equally true of others serving in India. The directors of the Bank in England not aware of the business ways in India sent out a man named Silas Riley as Accountant to the bank. He was full of savage self conceit “that blossoms only in the best county in England. Arrogance was a mild word for the mental attitude of Mr. S. Rilay. He was useless for Upper India and wheat
province, where a man wants a large head and a touch of imagination if he is to turn out a satisfactory balance-sheet” (*Plain Tales* 118) He had no notion that Indian banking is totally distinct from banking at home, and had actually been foisted on the Bank by an M.P. who wanted the support of Riley’s father. His vanity, however, led him to the conclusion that he had been selected because of his extra ordinary talents. Kipling by contrast admires the manager of the bank Reggie, who could combine the frivolities of ordinary life with his work and yet do well. Besides, and this is what Kipling admires most, he was just the man for the job he was entrusted with: “A fool had no grip of this sort of business; and a clever man who does not go about among his clients, and know more than a little of their affairs, is worse than a fool. Reggie was young looking, clean-shaved, with a twinkle in his eye, and a head that nothing short of gallon of the Gunner’s Madeira could make any impression on” (*Plain Tales* 127). He not only put up with all the insolence of Riley in the interest of the bank, but when the doctor told him that there was little chance of Riley’s surviving his illness, he committed that “Freud” on the Bank which saved his arrogant colleague many of the pangs of death in a far of friendless country.

Kipling says India is not a country for those who have been brought up under the sheltered life system. In “Thrown Away”, the boy is beautifully taught in all that wins marks by private tutor, and carried the extra weight of never having given his parents an hour’s anxiety in his life. Now India is a place, says Kipling “where one must not take things to seriously—the mid-day sun is always expected. Too much work and too much energy kill a man just as effectively as too much assorted vice or too much drink” (*Plain Tales* 16). But this boy came out and took all things seriously and in the end gave over despairing and committed suicide. Gosse Comments, “The men he likes are those who have been thrown out of their depth at an early age, and taught to swim off a boat. The very remarkable story of “Thrown Away” shows the effect of preparing for India by a life “unspotted from the world” in England; it is hopelessly tragic as any in Mr. Kipling’s somewhat grim repertory” (277).

The Anglo-Indian men that Kipling admires most are those who combine practical wisdom with a simplicity of approach; who do not pretend to know much, who are firm
without being obstinate, and, who, whatever their own notions and beliefs, are wary enough not to challenge insolently the sphinx that is India. Theoretical knowledge is of little avail and unless an official chooses to know something of the ways of the “natives” he may be as the Law member in “Todd’s Amendment” in “The Head of the District” Orde succeeds where others are likely to fail, because he knew the virtues of the tribals and their vices, their tribal feuds and their fanatic Mullahs. Only a man familiar with tribal conditions could have thus admonished them for their future good.

In “Judgement of Dungara” Gallio, the assistant collector, is loved by his people the Buria Kol, who brought offerings of speared fish, orchids from the dim moist hearts of the forests, and as much game he could eat. He was always moving amongst the people, risking his life in mending the rotten bamboo bridges, in killing a too persistent tiger here or there, in sleeping out in reeking jungle, or in tracking in Suria Kol raiders who were molesting Burias.

In no country perhaps is ancestral association so great an asset to an administrator as in India. In “The Tomb of His Ancestors” centuries of oppression and massacre had made the Bhil a cruel and half crazy thief and cattle stealer, and when the English came he seemed to be almost as open to civilization as the tigers of his own jungle. But John Chinn, the first lived with these people and made friends with them. In return what he got was “a grave at Government expense”. This is actually a story of his grandson also known John Chinn. He looked upon the by the Bhils as an incarnation of his grandfather and therefore came not only to be respected and feared but also to be worshipped. A government ignorant of the ways of the people and their superstitions sent down a vaccinator to vaccinate the bhils against small pox. But the Bhils unused to the methods of civilization mobbed the man and became defiant. It was John Chin’s ancestral influence and personal tact that ultimately made the Bhils repentant and willing to submit themselves to vaccination.

Simplicity is essential in handling of Indian affairs, but the wrong kind of simplicity may spell disaster where it was intended to do good. In “the Head of the District “a very simple notion struck the “very greatest of viceroys” namely to appoint a
child of the country to the rule of the country’ Kipling says,” what looks so feasible in Calcutta, so right in Bombay, so unassailable in Madras, is misunderstood by the north, entirely changes it’s complexion on the banks of the Indus” (Life’s Handicap175).

The very greatest of the viceroys did not know this. The humbler men of the service who have toiled in the hostile North understood it much better. Orde and Tallaintaire might have had none of the wisdom of the men who sit on the Viceroy’s council, but when it came to keeping the tribal hordes at bay from the throat of India, Kipling thought these men should have had the final say in the matter.

Kipling celebrates the everyday heroism of the Indian officials in these stories. This heroism lies not only in battling against the acts of ignorance that emanate from the Imperial Government that claims to rule India, not only against powers of Darkness but also, in fighting a cruel and malignant nature. These men toil often against heavy odds so that the work of the Empire may be carried on their reward is invariably a grave in some lone sequestered spot far from the pomp of Simla or Calcutta.

Kipling’s writings were a challenge for the cushioned lives of the Victorians. With them death and human suffering was a hush-hush subject. They chose to close their eyes to the grim reality of the day. He shook their complacency by presenting scenes that disturbed their fair illusions. Death and disease were all in a day’s work in India. The bare horror of their surroundings adds to the gallant fortitude of the men who toil and suffer silently.

In ‘Without the Benefit of the Clergy’ the hostility of nature tries the men severely. Two months later, as deputy had foretold, Nature began to audit her accounts with red pencil. On the heals of springreapings came a cry for bread, and the government, which had decreed no man should die of want, sent wheat. The English sent their wives to the hills and went about their work, coming forward as they were bidden to fill the gaps in the fighting line (Life’s Handicap173).
In other stories also, this self-sacrificing spirit is the underlying motif. In “Only a Subaltern” cholera and fever break out in the regiment and Bobby Wick, the subaltern overworks himself in helping his comrades, and perishes. “Write him off to the system that uses one man to do the work of two and a half man” can be nearly said of all Kipling’s heroes toiling and perishing India. The grim motto of their life in India, Kipling emphasizes, is not “live and let live” but “Die and let Die”.

The Indian heat is another factor contributing to Anglo-Indian melancholy. Problems resulting from poor adjustment to the rigors of Indian climate, with its disturbing effects on the Anglo-Indian physically and morally had been a favourite theme with the Anglo-India writers including Kipling. In the story “At the End of the Passage” we are told the earth is dying of Apoplexy. (*Life’s Handicap* 244) The Indian heat provided Kipling with another convenient backdrop against which to describe the Anglo-Indian worker, who received a bolder definition by assuming the role a tragic character fighting against primitive men and cruel forces of nature.

In his collection *The Day’s Work* (1898) four stories concern India. They are remarkable for the touch of idealism. Labour ended; perfection attained is the calm note on which they conclude.

“William the Conqueror” is the story of relief work during an Indian famine, in Madras. It is the story of those who exerted themselves to avert the hand of death and to relieve human suffering. He emphasizes that the men who succeed in such emergencies are those who know how to act and not to wait for the instructions from a benignant but a slow-moving government. Official ignorance in fact was responsible for scarcity in the midst of plenty. The south had no use for wheat area. But Scott rose to the occasion and resorted to the ingenious device of rearing goats on wheat and feeding the children on their milk.

If an Anglo-Indian does not die or kill himself, he suffers disappointment because his work is not appreciated, in spite of the fact that he has taken great pains to “civilize the sullen race” In “The Bridge Builders” it is said of Fidaleyson, a P.W.D. Engineer,
“For three years he had endured heat and cold, disappointment, discomfort, danger and disease, with responsibility almost too heavy for one pair of shoulders; and day by day through that time, the great Kashi bridge over the Ganges has grown under his charge” (Kipling, *Day’s work* 112).

Then there was the interfering Government of India, which destroyed the month’s office work at a blow by adding at last moment two feet to the width of the bridge “under the impression that bridges were cut out of paper” When the bridge neared completion a heavy flood came down. Then ensued struggle between man’s work and nature’s ravages, and the fate of the bridge hung in balance. But the bridge builders triumph because their God is Hard Work.

“The Brushwood Boy” is one of Kipling’s most popular stories. Artistically, too, it ranks high in his fiction. The first part of the story is laid in India and the second in England. Cottar came out as a subaltern to India and gained popularity in his regiment. “His words were quoted as barrack authority on bets in canteen and at tea; and the variant shrew of the corps, bursting with charges against other women who had used the cooking ranges out of turn, forbore to speak when Cottar (The Brushwood Boy), as regulations ordained, asked if there were any complaints” (Day’s work 372).

Kipling then describes a border campaign in which Cottar’s regiment takes part. The contrast between the efficiency of the regiment, the excellence of its command, and the poor performance of the officers and men of “The Drums of fore and Aft “is most clearly brought out: “Cottar nearly wept with joy as the campaign went forward. They were fit-physically fit beyond the other troops; they were good children in the camp, wet or dry, fed or unfed; and they followed their offices with the quick suppleness and trained obedience of a first class football fifteen…”(Day’s work 373).

Cottar’s ‘courage, coolness and discretion’ were rewarded with a promotion in rank and the Distinguished Service Order. It may be noted that Kipling was a great admirer of team work. The men who can work in that team spirit, are naturally favourite with him. All the same he emphasizes the need for good and strong leadership if
cooperation is to be ensured. It is also interesting to note that it is after his work and his duties have been satisfactorily performed that the Brushwood Boy goes home to rest and to his love making. While he works, nothing interferes with the day’s work, not even love which belongs to the dream world of his fancy and is not allowed to spoil his arduous task. “There is no place like England—when you have done your work”

In *Many Inventions* (1893) there is a story ‘In the Rukh’ which deals with the life of officers and men serving in the Department of Woods and Forests, under the Government of India. Gisbourne, a forest officer had spent four hours in the service, “the forest took him back again and he was content to serve them, to deepen and widen in fire lines, to watch the green mist of new plantation against the older foliage, to dredge out the choked stream and to follow and strengthen the last struggle of the forest where it broke down and died among the long pig grass.” Muller is the head ranger from Burma to Bombay, it is recorded that he had “a habit of flitting bat-like without warning from one place to another, and turning up exactly where he was least looked for” He was known for his conflicts with the Supreme Government at Simla, but “He was Chartered Libertine of all the officers, for as Forest officer he had no equal”.

When Kipling came to write of Anglo-Indian childhood, he extended the heroism of his men to children too. This was at once unfortunate, for the result is that instead of making them natural and credible he makes them fantasticaly romantic and entirely false to life. It was altogether not the idea that in India even the “infants of dominant race” are so highly developed at six, physically and intellectually, as to be able to do deeds rivalling the performances of grown-ups. It was that he chose to see whole Anglo-India from the standpoint of heroism. In “Tod’s Amendment” which really is a political allegory. Tod’s is an infant of “six summers”, was utterly fearless young pagan and the only baby who ever broke the holy calm of the Supreme Legislative Council by pursuing his favourite kid even into the sacred presence of that August boy. He was the idol of some eight Jhampanis, and half as many sais. The household menials stood in awe of him “He was precocious for his age, and his mixing with the natives had taught him some of the bitter truths of life; the meanness and the sordidness of it he used over his bread and milk, to deliver solemn and serious aphorisms, translated form vernacular into the English
that made his mamma jump and vow that Tods must go home next hot weather” (*Plain Tales*198). His story goes on to show how the legal member was made wiser by the knowledge that Tods had picked up amongst his friends in the bazaar, and the bill was accordingly amended.

A more preposterous creation is *Wee Willie Winkie* (1888), in the story that bears his name. This child of six, Kipling’s favourite age for children, is an infant of overpowering vitality, who has to be put under military discipline to keep him in any sort of domestic order, and who while suffering under two days confinement to barracks (the room and the verandah of the house) saves the life of a headstrong girl. The way in which he does this puts a terrible strain on our credulity. We have to suppose that in India the infants of the dominant race can do the improbable-ride hard alone, across a difficult river, and up pathless hilly country, to contrive a plan for succouring a helpless lady, and to hold a little regiment of savages at bay by mere force of eye.

Kipling makes his children behave not as they ought to do but as they are likely to do, when they become grown ups .In every Anglo-Indian child he sees a future administrator, or a colonel or a subaltern –already rehearsing the part he is likely to be called upon to play in the India of his generation. This is merely emphasizing ‘the man and his work’ relationship which we have already discussed. Artistically they are not the very best of his stories because in them he is not true to his art. When he writes from observation and memory as he does in “Baa Baa Black Sheep” he is artistically perfect. But they fall in with his general attitude towards Anglo-India and its work.

The heroic conception of life was the most important part of Kipling’s Anglo-India. Whatever the milieu, Kipling discerned amongst men a constant necessary hierarchy, the framework of a heroic society which takes shape whenever a human group has a difficult task to accomplish. At the summit are the heroes, who dominate its elements of idleness, envy, fear, ambition and desire, or at least drive these passions under a cloak of silence. Thus they prevent that disorder which, unless the heroes take matters in his hand, will reduce any society to a state of impotence. When the heroes are exhausted and orders are virtually restored, it is the turn of the great administrators. The
“great sahibs” are strong cautious and silent. They use few words about themselves in their concerns, and fewer still when they talk about them to an outsider. By skill and self control the statesman, for a certain time, maintain the societies created by the heroes. Then the self-seekers and talkers, encouraged by apparent solidity of the established order come to the forefront, and then begins the reign of the politicians and exploiters again.

These three classes of men have been well depicted by Kipling in his stories of the English in India. The man of action is omnipresent in his work, whether building bridges, or fighting famines, a subaltern or an employee of the forest Department. His character is of the simplest. Nothing matters with him so long as his day’s work is not over. He trusts none except men of action even though they are his juniors. The chief of the administration is also Kipling’s favourite, provided he is not a mere prig. He is not as ignorant of the people he is dealing with as is legal member in ‘Tod’s Amendment’ There is a good deal of truth in Palmer’s observation that the great majority of Kipling’s heroic view of life has often been compared to Carlyle’s. Kipling like Carlyle, believes in work, and he has written much which one might regard as Carlyle revitalized.

With this admiration for the man of action and his work, it is inevitable that Kipling should despise the man who merely talks, and by merely talking claims control over the man who acts. Pagett M.P., the radical English politician who comes out to India for four months to set everybody right, is always an object of Kipling’s loathing. He visits India during winter to “study the East” and insults everybody by ridiculing the notion of the Indian heat as “The Asian Solar Myth”. This M.P wandering about in India in top hat and frock coat, talked largely of the benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful, the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system and a general bestowal of the franchise. But nature that year resolved to audit her accounts with a big red pencil. The outbreak of cholera scared the member for Lower Tooting and he hastened to “take his enlightened self out of India”.

There is no dearth of fair-weather prophets and priests coming out to India. There are the story of Lord Benura Trig in ‘The Three Musketeers’ who was out in India for
three months collecting the material for a book on “Our Eastern Impediments” and quartering himself upon everybody, like a Cossack in evening dress.

The speeches made by politicians in England are equally irresponsible according to Kipling. These politicians knew nothing of India and of the conditions of service in India. “Hard her service, poor her payment – she is ancient, tattered raiment – India-she the grim stepmother of our kind. If a year of life he lent her, if her temples shrine we enter, the door is shut-we may not look behind...” (Kipling, Christmas in India)

In the short story “Yoked with an unbeliever” he tells how Phil Garrison, a young Englishman, went out to India and how his sweetheart, Agnes Laiter, wept because, like the rest of the English, she thought that India was “equally divided between jungles, tigers, cobras, cholera and sepoys” Phil Garrison’s mother was equally ignorant, and seemed to possess no curiosity whatsoever about the place where her son was going. Phil was going to Darjeeling and Darjeeling to her was a “Port on the Bengal Ocean”.

Kipling hated mere theorists, the dreamer of dreams, who want to better the world by mere talk. Kipling’s Anglo-Indian was an image of the perfect Anglo-Saxon. He was efficient, resourceful, superior to others in physique and intellect, and above all, dedicated to the task of civilizing the dark man. He believed in the “White Man’s burden” He accepted pain and exile, and neglect as price he had to pay for belonging to the chosen race. He became a martyr to the cause .All who did not fit into this pattern fell by the way, but were quickly replaced by others who had implicit faith in the work they were doing for the empire. This was the picture of Anglo-Indian held up by Kipling.

III. Native Indian Tales

The present section will deal with the short stories of Kipling dealing with Indian life. They are to be found mainly, in the early volumes, and are considerable in number. Some of them rank amongst the best short stories of Kipling, and in the English literature.

Kipling had tremendous interest in Indian life. His father's influence and his own inherent curiosity brought him much nearer to the real India than his predecessors
Cunningham, Mrs. Steel, or Lyall could ever approach. This perhaps is the reason that while their sketches and poems of Indian life were remarkable, they did not strike the imagination of the West in quite the same way as did Kipling’s wonderful masterpieces published in the columns of Anglo-Indian Journals. To the people in India they may have appeared familiar stuff brilliantly executed, but to the English at home the stories had the strangeness, the colour, the variety and the perfume of the East.

Mr. Bhupal Singh in his book *A Survey of Anglo-Indian Fiction* complains that Kipling does not depict real India, "it is the abnormal and mysterious element in our life that Kipling constantly emphasises"(72). One would have thought that the real India means the India of the common man, of the peasants, of the millions who are victims of suffering and disease, the India of religious mysticism, of Fakirs and mendicants, of superstition and diverse creeds. While Kipling writes marvelously of Indian scenes and characters, we do not claim that they make all India; he writes only of such as he elects to portray. There is much in India that Kipling dislikes, that he does not write about or that he treats lightly with irony and even derision.

India for Kipling consists of the Rajas who mismanage their States, and have to be constantly forced into sanity by the Political Department. The other Indian class is that of the peasants, whose life is 'a long drawn question between a crop and a crop'. This class includes all categories of labour from the khansama to the soldier. In between the Rajas and the proletariat is the bourgeoisie, the middle class of India for whom Kipling has little else but derision and contempt. These include mostly western-educated Indians 'the hybrid University graduates' in the roles of clerks, lawyers, judges, and members of the civil services. It is not difficult to "explain, though no critic has attempted to do so, why Kipling dislikes this class of Indians. To him they were artificial products of the English educational experiment in India. They had lost their primeval touch, which Kipling everywhere admires. They had become “more English than the English”, and had ceased to be real Indians. Kipling may also have disliked them from another consideration. They were the elements in Indian life that were threatening to disturb the placid atmosphere of India by preaching sedition and demanding responsible Government.: Says Temple, writing of contemporary India.
The educated Indians are also moved by aspirations for self-government, for political power, and even for representative institutions, the concession of which does not at present fall within the range of practical polities. Such ideas have been mooted in former times, but have never been so fully defined, nor so openly declared, as they are at present. Although benevolence is admitted by them (Indians) to be a prominent feature of British rule, still after having been for so many centuries the sport of despots, the prey of conquerors and the victims of revolution, they have ineradicable fear that the English nation may prove to be not wholly an exception to the rule of selfishness and harshness which so often prevailed with foreign and absolute rulers. (126)

The Bengalis on whom the mantle of Dr. Johnson's English had fallen were particularly distinguishing themselves, by their 'subversive' activities and their violent vernacular press. They were very unlike the men of the North- illiterate, but brave and daring men of action and they were to Kipling visionaries and dreamers, created for desk work, and their portly figures lent themselves to caricature. A. Mackay, in his book Twenty one Days in India has given a caricature of the type.

It is the future of Baboodom I tremble for. When they wax fat with new religions, music, painting, Comedie Anglaise, scientific discoveries, they may kick with those developed legs of theirs, until we shall have to think that they are something more than a joke, more than a mere 'lusus naturae' more than a caricature moulded by the accretive and differentiating impulses of the nomad in a moment of wanton playfulness. The fear is that their tendencies may infect others. The patent-leather shoes, the silk umbrellas, the ten thousand horse-power English words and phrases, the....... loose shadows of English' thought, which are now so many Aunt Sallies for all the world to fling a jeer at, might among other races pass into dummy soldiers and from dummy soldiers into trampling, hope-bestirred crowds, and so on, out of the province of Ali Baba and into the column of serious reflection”(qtd. in Jamiluddin:48)
For Kipling the Bengali is the symbol of the educated middle class Indian, and is therefore to be played down. He is not hailed because he is an Indian, but because he is in politics another version of 'the British Lion rampant', the travelling M. P., he is the 'Bunder Log' of The Jungle Books. Apart from occasional jibes Kipling makes no attempt to either understand or portray this class of Indians. On the title page of Life's Handicap (1891) he sets the Indian proverb, "I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi and they were all my brothers". The motto is not appropriate for his work, for there are certain types of men who are not his brothers. The educated Indian is one of them just as the English radical is another. He despises him and does not understand him. If he were told that this is standing on a lower plane of civilization, "he would with unholy glee rejoice in that fact". But the simple men, the old Indian priests who "sit and meditate on the latter end of things", the Indian peasant who says: "But the wheat and the cattle are all my care, and the rest is the will of God." The Indian soldier who fights shoulder to shoulder with the British Tommy --these are his brethren, these are the men whose hearts he knows, and we like to hear him talk about these people.

In this section, the researcher proposes discuss the class of Indians that Kipling portrayed and who call out all his powers of sympathy and understanding. "He can", says Hart, "put himself in their emotions, their motives, to a degree possible only for one who had been brought up among them, who had spoken, like Tods or Wee Willie Winkie, many of their dialects, delighted in their society, and regarded them as brothers. It is from this point of view then, the point of view of emotions and motives that Kipling's portrayal of natives is best discussed"(17)

It was not possible to paint full length portraits of Indian men, women and children within the limits of short stories. But a few clever touches often show enough of human nature for the character to be true to life. It sounds enigmatical; but it is nevertheless true, that Kipling admires Indians for their very primitiveness. Chevrillon, speaking of Kipling's energy, declared, "it nourishes and directs all his art". Civilization, it appeared to him though he would never admit it, ebbed away all the energy of the primeval man, and took away something from the glory, of the "raw brown humanity" of India. Hence his belief that to understand Indians one must approach them with the
"varnish off". It is thus that he himself approaches his Indian characters and gives us an insight into their emotions and their springs of action. "I write" says he in the Preface to Life's Handicap, "of Life and Death, and men and women, and Love and Fate according to the measure of my ability, telling the tale through the mouths of one, two or more people"(ix).

All the stories included in Black and White (1888) deal with Indian life, or life on the Indian border. Thus 'Dray Wara Yow Dee' is a powerful study of Pathan character. Kipling makes no secret of his partiality for the fighting races of the North, and his study of the Pathan character is, on the whole, true to life. The Pathan is a creature of wild passions gifted: with little understanding. He hates and loves in equal extremes. This is a story of his vendetta. Jilted by his wife the man smote her head off "at the neck-bone", and "hacked off the breasts" that men might know her crime. This done, he sought to wreak vengeance on her seducer and spends his days in chasing him all over Hindustan. For such a one no Government law has any terror, "Your Law! What is your Law to me? When the horses fight on the run do they regard the boundary pillars or do the kites of Ali Musjid forbear because the carrion lies under the shadow of the Ghor Kuttri (A Hindu temple in Peshawar)? The matter began across the Border. It shall finish where God pleases. Here, in my own country, or in Hell"(71). The torment and unrest in the mind or the wronged man is well portrayed. Nothing will vindicate his honour but the murder of Daoud Khan. To him it is not murder—it is the Will of God, and he is its executor. "Surely my vengeance is safe! Surely God hath him in the hollow of his hand against my claiming. There shall no harm befall Daoud Shah till I come: for I would fain kill him quick and whole with the life sticking firm in his body.. I shall return thanks unto God, the Holder of the Scale of the Law, and I shall sleep. From the night, through the day, and into the night again I shall sleep; and no dream shall trouble me"(Kipling, Black & White 243).

Mr. Bhupal Singh says of 'The Head of the District' that it "propagates the view that the martial races of India would most strongly object to Indianization of the administration, that they would sooner accept sweepers as their rulers than, for example, Bengalees. Such stories encourage racial pride and engender racial ill-will"(73). Kipling
is a realist and a writer of fiction and so he distils the maximum of effect out of the
contempt that the warring people of the Hills have for the peace-loving dwellers of the
plains. The only language that the Pathan understands is the language of force. Hence his
contempt for the new Head of the District in the story, who happened to belong to the
province of Bengal. Kipling is not blind to the merits of Mr. Girish Chunder De, M.A.
who was “more English than the English”. He was "a beautiful man so far as routine and
desk work go, and pleasant to talk to" (Life’s Handicap 124). They naturally had always
kept him in his own home district, where he was immensely popular. It was no fault of his
if he was posted to a District for which he was not the man. That was the fault of those
who ruled India. With Kipling the job is always more important than the man, hence his
disapproval of this appointment. Kipling uses the vocabulary of contempt that the Pathan
uses. 'Dog', 'sweeper', 'kala admi' are taken from this vocabulary. It would be ungenerous
to suggest that these words reflect Kipling's own opinion of Indians.

Kipling’s story gives us an insight into the tribal factions of the Border. The
headship of a clan or a tribe is a coveted post. In the story, the Blind Mullah hated Khoda
Dad Khan with Afghan hatred, both being rivals for the headship of the tribe; but the
latter was feared for bodily as the other for spiritual gifts. They throw all scruples to the
wind and each plans to get the better of the other and thus win the confidence of the tribe.
The Blind Mullah incites the tribe to rebellion against the English and promises them
success. Khoda Dad Khan out-manoeuvres him by spying for the English and the raiders
are severely beaten by fore-warned British soldiers. This brings about the downfall of the
Blind Mullah. The scene in which the Blind Mullah is baited and tortured by men whose
confidence he has forfeited is savage—but it is savagery of which the Pathan was always
capable. “They tickled him gently under the armpit with the knife-point. He leaped aside
screaming, only to feel a cold blade drawn lightly over the back of his neck, or a rifle-
muzzle rubbing his beard… Khoda Dad Khan had been at some pains to arrange the
decease. Men described to him the glories of the shrine they would build, and the children
clapping their hands cried, 'Run Mullah, run! There's a man behind you! In the end, when
the sport wearied, Khoda Dad Khan's brother sent a knife home between his ribs.
‘Wherefore’, said Khoda Dad Khan with charming simplicity, 'I am now chief of the
Khusru Kheyl! No man gainsaid him and they all went to sleep very stiff and sore” (Life’s Handicap143).

Pathan contempt for the men of the plains is well brought out in a forceful passage “if from your earliest infancy you have been accustomed to look on battle, murder, and sudden death, if spilt blood affects your nerves as much as red paint, and, above all, if you have faithfully believed that the Bengali was the servant of all Hindustan, and that all Hindustan was vastly inferior to your own large, lustful self, you can endure, even though uneducated, a very large amount of looking over especially if your opponent's mother has frightened him to sleep in youth with horrible stories, of devils inhabiting Afghanistan, and dismal, legends of the black North” (Life’s Handicap130).

This is very unpleasant to read, but Kipling is not far from wrong in his showing of Pathan psychology before he came under the humanizing influence of the Frontier Gandhi. Kipling nowhere suggests that the Border man really admired the British. He did so only when his interests dictated it.

Wali Dad in “On the City Wall” is an interesting study. What fascinates Kipling about him is that he suffered acutely "from education of English variety and he knew it". He had been educated at a Mission School, and absorbed more wisdom “than his father or the Missionaries intended he should". Eventually he became a rationalist and a religious sceptic and this drove him into the arms of the woman “of the most ancient profession of the world”. His portrait is finely drawn by Kipling. “He possessed a head that English artists at home would rave over and paint amid impossible surroundings, a face that female novelists would use with delight through nine-hundred pages. In reality he was only a clean-bred young Muhammedan, with penciled eyebrows, small cut nostrils, little feet and hands, and a very tired look in his eyes. By virtue of his twenty-two years he had grown a neat black beard which stroked with pride and kept delicately scented. His life seemed to be divided between borrowing books from me and making love to Lalun in the window-seat” (Black & White322). He is gifted with a rich poetic imagination, and his songs to Lalun are clothed in oriental hyperbole and imagery. He is a gifted singer and when he sings, "his eyes glow like hot coals, and Lalun leans back among the cushions
and throws bunches of jasmine-buds at Wali Dad”. And yet, he was not a happy man, he is always mourning over something or the other. Sometimes it is the country of which he despaired, or the creed in which he had lost faith, or the life of the English which he could by no means understand.

He is cynical about everything except his love- the Indians suffer from inaction, they talk while others act, they have forsaken their ancient ideals and have started worshipping the “strange gods” of the West. For all his unorthodox ways he is not above the inherent religious fanaticism of his community. When a Moharram riot breaks out he is caught in the heart of the street and instead of managing his escape, plunges into the thick of the fight. The last that we see of him he is lying at the thresh-hold of Lalun "sobbing hysterically and his arms flapped like the wings of a goose. It was Wali Dad, Agnostic and Unbeliever, shoeless, turban less, and frothing at the moudi, the flesh on his chest bruised and bleeding from the vehemence with which he had smitten himself. A broken torch handle lay by his side, and his quivering lips murmured, 'Ya Hasan! Ya Hussain! (Black and White322).

Khem Singh, in the same story, is a political detenu brought from Burma and kept in the Lahore Fort. Kipling does not suppress his admiration for this anti-British revolutionary. He had fought with the British in the Sikh War 1845-46 and been at the great destruction of Sobraon, when the British had dealt with the Sikh Army, which had broken away from control and had invaded British India. What share he had in 1857, is not recorded but he was involved in the abortive Kuka rebellion in 1871. He had once made history with a thousand followers and would have been a princeling but for the Government. The Subaltern under whom he was placed in the Lahore Fort was a sensible officer and knew the man he had to deal with. He treated him respectfully, and gave him freedom of movement in the Fort, on the understanding that he would not break his word and take undue advantage. Gradually the old revolutionary in him began to assert itself. He would often unburden his heart to the sympathetic Subaltern, 'But from the beginning of today I would cut the throats of all the Sahibs in the land if I could'. When the Captain Commanding the Fort returned from leave and took over charge of Khem Singh everything changed. The two Tommies who had been put in guard over him by the
Subaltern to soothe his vanity were replaced by Indian guards. The Captain talked to him in a manner which hurt the old gentleman's feelings. "Fifteen years before", says Kipling bitterly sarcastic over the behaviour of the Captain, "when he had been caught for the second time, every one looked upon him as a sort of tiger. He liked being regarded in this light. But he forgot that the world goes forward in fifteen years, and many subalterns are promoted to Captaincies" (*Black and White* 337). When the riot breaks out, he manages his escape with tin-connivance of Lalun and others, even Kipling (the narrator in the tale) unknowingly plays into the hands of the conspirators. But the old man finds his newly won freedom a delusion, for India has changed since his youth, and Indian leaders have replaced revolutionary tactics by constitutional politics something which is foreign to the old man. He therefore goes back to Fort Lahore and honourably surrenders himself to the Captain.

"Through the Fire" is an Indian love episode between a married Sikh sepoy Suket Singh and the wife of a charcoal burner. Unlike the stories of Anglo-Indian life with a similar theme this piece is free from all cynicism and suggestion of adultery. The woman was ill treated by her husband and she chanced to listen to the tales of service and glory which the Sepoy brought to the simple villagers. Eventually he decides to take her with him to the Lines. This naturally caused trouble in the Lines, and Suket Singh's wife Athira went to live with her mother taking the children away with her. In the meanwhile Madu the wronged husband takes to the only too familiar course of bribing the headman of the village for convening a communal Council. He also seeks the favour of Juseen Daze, the village wizard—who kept the Talking Monkey's Head. Her brother is dispatched by the Council to fetch her. He does not succeed and gets a beating in the bargain. He, however, manages to instill in her heart the fear of Juseen Daze's curse that she would wither away in a couple of months. Any one familiar with Indian villages' superstitions can picture the effect of this. She actually withered away and when two months after her brother called again, she prepared to part. But Suket Singh rose to the occasion. They would go together, and meet their destiny. So the Sepoy applies for a week's leave and leaves his regiment never to return again. The manner in which the couple resolves heroically to be united in death rather than separated in life lends pathos to the conclusion, and one is made to sympathise with characters who ordinarily would alienate his sympathy by their
unconventional behaviour. Because Suket Singh belongs to one of the fighting races of India, and is a sepoy in the Army, Kipling emphasizes his virtues, even though what he does may seem to be disagreeable. He is proud of his regiment, he would not desert it even for the woman he loved. When finally he resolves to accompany Athira, he applies for leave. Even in the moment of his death and agony he does not forget his job. “The Government should teach us to pull the triggers with our toes”. That was the last public observation of Sepoy Suket Singh”. He remembers his Colonel in the message which he leaves behind him. Madu on whose charcoal wood they erected their pyre is left lamenting more the loss of his four rupees worth of wood than of the wife who has perished upon it. It is Madu’s poverty, Kipling suggests by implication that makes him take such a sordid view of the tragedy.

“In Flood Time” is the story of a similar affair between a Musulman and a Hindu widow. It emphasizes on the saying that Love knows no caste. “There is neither Shia nor Sunni, forbidden nor idolater, in Love; and the Nine Bars are but little faggots that the flame of Love utterly burns away” (Kipling, Black and White298). The widow happened to be the sister of the head-man of a village. And the lover knew the consequences, if his nocturnal meetings with the woman across the river, which he had to swim every night, to meet her came to his knowledge. Then a Sikh threatened the girl with a disclosure of her lover to her brother unless she transferred her affections to him. Soon after, comes that great night when her lover has to defy the floods of the river to meet her. He would have perished in the attempt but for a dead body which helped him finally to the bank of the river. The dead body turns out to be that of the Sikh who had been trying to make love to the woman. The episode is narrated to Kipling by the man himself, while the latter awaits the abating of the fury of a river which he had to cross. One little touch at the end brings out the simple dignity of the man to whom Kipling had been talking, “Money? Nay, Sahib. I am not of that kind. No, not even to give sweetmeats to the baby-folk. My house, look you, is empty, and I am an old man,” (Black and White299).

In the story “At Twenty-two” it is again the same theme, the setting is, however, entirely different. This is a story of miners working on the Jumhari Collieries. Janki Meah, an old mine hand, has put in some thirty years of service in the Company. He is
blind, but his other senses to have been compensated for this infirmity. His oil savings have made him rich and he has taken a second wife- a young girl. One can understand Kipling's interest in him. He has not allowed old age and blindness to affect the efficiency of his work. He knows the khads and the pits as no living miner does. “He was not a popular man because of his oil-savings; but all the gangs admitted that Janki knew all the khads or workings, that had ever been sunk or worked since the Jumhari Company first started operations on the Tarachunda fields” (Black and White280). It was only to be expected that the young and good-looking wife of this blind old man would fall an easy prey to the seductions of a younger man Kundoo. Then comes the day when the men are trapped in the mines because of a heavy flood. Janki Meah, though blind, helps the men and the women trapped including Kundoo to reach to safety. Within a week of this he discovers that his wife eloped with Kundoo.

These stories of love and intrigue amongst Indians who belong to the lower strata of Indian society may be contrasted with the stories of Anglo-Indian flirtations discussed in the first part of this chapter. The difference in Kipling's approach is apparent. We contend that he brings a measure of sympathy and understanding to such relationships in his stories of Indians, whereas in the Anglo-Indian tales he is frankly critical, and sometimes grimly cynical. His sympathies in the Indian stories are almost always with the lovers. This is due to the fact that Kipling realises that marriage in the East is very different from what it is in the West, and Kipling always shows particular concern for the Indian woman, because she feels that Indian woman is not as free agent as was her sister of the West.

Money-lenders and their nefarious dealings figure in a number of stories. Kipling shows a familiarity with their ways which no doubt he had gathered from the personal experience of many. In the story “Gemini” he shows the limit to which members of this class can go in coming by their ill-gotten wealth. There is little to choose between the twins Durga Dass and Ram Dass except that the latter was a degree more cunning and villainous than his brother. Protected by the similarity of their appearance Ram Dass goes forward from fraud to fraud which brings the money to him, and the punishment to his brother. In the end Durga Dass is reduced to utter misery and poverty, he even stands
danger of losing his life for the wrongs of his brother. Ram Dass, true to his type, never allows any human considerations to enter his feelings while he builds his fortune on the wreck of his brother.

In “The Finances of the Gods” a priest tells the story of how Shiv and Parbati reward a holy man who had made it his practice to sit on the steps of the temple, and who was very poor. A moneylender, who chanced to be near by, happened to hear what had passed between the Gods and decided to come by the money that the Gods were to give to the poor man. So he offered to buy the man's earnings for the next three days. The offer, every time the man declined to fall with it, continued to be raised till it came to half-a-lakh. This the man accepted. And this was half the money that the Gods had planned to pay to the man. For the other half the money-lender was held by the heels till he paid it. Thus Kipling seems to point out that India is not peopled by money-lenders alone and that even her Gods are interested in punishing this covetous class.

In “The Amir's Homily” which is really a story of Afghanistan, the Amir Abdur Rahman describes how a money-lender had once in his evil days, deprived him of the best silk lehaf for a paltry sum of two rupees and eight annas because at the moment he happened to be in dire need of money. Thus the money-lender all over the world seems to be cast in the same hateful mould.

“At Howli Thana” is a pleasing little life-like sketch of a Northern Indian police-station. This is evidently a story of the days when Indian police was not quite what it should have been, when it was slack, corrupt, and illiterate. Indeed even after the thorough regeneration which the British sought to bring to the Indian police during the beginning of this century, things did not improve much. The spirit of the police continued to be mercenary and since they were not well paid, they did not scruple to ally themselves with those unsocial elements whom it was their duty to prosecute. In the story an energetic young magistrate pounces on a police-station where every one is fast asleep, and carries off their guns and logbook. The policemen had an arrangement with the local dacoits by which the latter were free to carry on their depredations on certain conditions. It therefore struck the policemen that the dacoits had broken their undertaking. In the
morning the case for a dacoit raid had to be made up, complete with evidence, and reported to the magistrate. The senior magistrate turns on the junior for allowing such carelessness but all are confounded when the latter shows the arms he took from the sleeping men. The conclusion may be drawn from the story that Indians are not fit to serve in the police. But if Indians could serve remarkably well as soldiers it is difficult to see how Kipling could have thought the police as a whole were inefficient. The man forsaking his duty is a repugnant creature to Kipling whether he is black or white.

Aboriginal India finds a place in two stories. The Judgement of Dungara' is a story of the Buria Kol, who worships the great God Dungara, the God of Things as They Are, Most Terrible, One-eyed, Bearing the Red Elephant Tusk. A fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fields rules the land. Any attempt at civilising such a people is doomed to failure if it rides roughshod over popular religious superstitions. The heathen priest of the story, Athon Daze, is no fool. He lays a clever trap for the over-zealous Chaplain, and makes the Buria Kol renew allegiance to their ancient God whom they had foresaken by joining the Mission.

The Satpura Bhils in “The Tomb of His Ancestors” are the strangest of the many strange tribes in India. “They were, and at heart are, wild men, furtive, shy, full of untold superstitions. The races whom we call natives of the country found the Bhil in possession of the land when they first broke into that part of the world thousands of years ago. The books call them Pre-Aryan, Aboriginal Dravidian, and so forth; and in other words that is what the Bhils call themselves” (Kipling, Day’s Work104) The story is remarkable for its romance, the light thrown on the aboriginals, and the glory of the old foundation of service laid by John Company. Bukta is of the type "that Kipling likes.” “Then there rose up with a rattle, as straight as a Bhil arrow, a little white-haired wizened ape of a man, with medals and orders on his tunic, stammering, saluting, and trembling”. (Day’s Work110) The man reminds Chinn of his childhood days and is flattered to discover that Chinn still remembers him.

He pushed forward the hilt of his sword as a sign of service, which is an honour paid only to Viceroy’s, Governors, Generals, or to little children
whom one loves dearly. Chinn touched the hilt mechanically with three fingers, muttering he knew not what. It happened to be the old answer of his childhood, when Bukta in jest called him the little General Sahib (Day’s Work111).

It is Bukta who directs him to his first tiger-hunt. It is again Bukta who helps in the hearts of the savage Bhils the divinity of Chinn, a picture of Bhil revelry is painted by Kipling in the following words:

Wild folk came and pressed about his knees with offerings. He gave his flask to the elders of the village. They grew eloquent and wreathed him about with flowers. Gifts and loans, not all seemly, were thrust upon him, and infernal music rolled and maddened round red fires, while singers sang songs of the ancient times, and danced peculiar dances. The aboriginal liquors are very potent, and Chinn was compelled to taste them often, but, unless the stuff had been drugged, how came he to fall asleep suddenly and to waken late the next day. (Kipling, Black and White118)

Kipling is at his best when he writes about the type of people that he really admires. No considerations of race or class enter here. It is important note the points of Puran Bhagat's character. He was undoubtedly an M. A. of an Indian University and tried to be 'more English, than the English', but he was perfect in everything that he undertook to do. When he went to England he made even the English ladies cry out: “This is the most fascinating man we have ever met at dinner since cloths were first laid” When he replied to a toast at a dinner, he made a speech that few Englishmen could have bettered” As an administrator and diplomat he was unrivalled, he had been “twenty years a youth, twenty years a fighter-though he had never carried a weapon in his life -and twenty years head of a household”. It was but right and natural that his worldly achievements be finally crowned by devoting the rest of his days to the life of a holy ‘bairagi’. And yet, when on his way he met a policeman “he salaamed reverently to the Law because he knew the value of it, and was seeking for a Law of his own” (Tales from India97)
The character of Puran Bhagat seems to have fascinated other English novelists also. It finds an echo in Edward Thompson's *An Indian Day*. Thus Jayananda, the Sanyasi was once, we are told, an I. G. S. He resigned his job and gave up his politics to become a seeker of truth. He finds the English lack 'the grace of Jesus Christ'. "And until", he tells Alden, "you can show us your peace, we will not believe, in your victory. It is not energy that proves holiness. A child or mad dog can rush round and round"(272) In *The Razor's Edge* (1943) Somerset Maugham refers to another such character. He is the Minister of Finance of the Benares State: “You’d taken him for just the ordinary, rather commonplace Anglicized Indian and I was staggered when I found out that in a year, when he reached the age of fifty, he was going to resign his profitable position, dispose off his property to his wife and children and go out into the world as a wandering mendicant. But most surprising part was that his friends, and the Maharajah, accepted it as a settled thing and looked upon it not as an extraordinary proceeding but as a very natural one”(207). India has changed in many ways since Kipling wrote, but things still happen which remind one of Kipling’s stories.

Kipling’s treatment of the Indian soldier is an interesting one. The British soldier has so dominated Kipling's work that critics of Kipling have entirely ignored the Indian soldier in his work. It is true that one has the impression that Kipling never concentrated on the Indian soldier as he did on his British comrade. He in no sense forms a class apart from the civil population, whereas the regular soldier does seem to form himself into something quite distinct from the ordinary working man. Indian soldiers were in Kipling’s days almost entirely enlisted from peasant or yeoman stock, and throughout their service they never ceased to be agriculturists at heart. To take two well-known types the Sikh and the Pathan—the Sikh is in the first place a Sikh, that is imbued with very strong community and religious spirit. Secondly, he is a farmer and he regards his pay and pension as capital to be put into the farm. It is only thirdly that he is a soldier. The Pathan is a fanatical Mohammedan whose religion is the paramount ingredient in his make-up. Then he is partly a farmer, but as the barren hillside of his home and give a very poor return for labour expended, he has to keep going by occasional bouts of highway robbery. It is only lastly that he is a professional soldier under the British. Kipling realised that religion and farming hold the foremost place in a Sepoy's heart, he
emphasises that it does not mean that the Indian is not a good soldier. Sikhs, Rajputs, Pathans, Gurkhas, Bhils are the martial races of India. All receive their due measure of praise from him. In the story “The Drums of Fore and Aft”, it is the Gurkhas who revenge the rout of the British soldiers by the Pathans. Kipling admires their doggedness and their skill with the ‘Kukri’. In “In the Presence” it is the Gurkhas who have the honour of standing guard at the coffin of Edward VII. Furnishing guard to the presence with ‘the river of feet’ moving incessantly and eyes focused. All the time on the knees, was no easy task. No English soldier could do it for half an hour. The Gurkha in the story endured "four hours in the presence, not stirring one hair, his eyes abased, and the river of feet, from the knee down, passing continually before his eyes. When he was relieved, “it was seen that his eye-balls worked like weavers' shuttles” (Kipling, Diversity231) The Bhils, also make fine soldiers: “The Bhils of the regiment, the uniformed men—were virtuous in many ways, but they needed humouring. They felt bored and homesick unless taken after tigers as beaters and their cold-blooded daring—all Wuddars shoot tigers on foot: it is their caste-mark made even the officers wonder”( Day's Work106)

Much as Kipling admires the Indian soldier for his courage and fortitude, he admires him even more for his loyalty, his determination to be true to his salt. It is true that Kipling paints no portraits of Indian soldiers as he does of Soldiers Three, but he gives us wonderful life-like vignettes of these splendid fellows. In “Through the Fire” the Sikh soldier does not permit his love affair to interfere with his regimental duties. Rutton Singh and Attar Singh in the story “The Debt” steal their Colonel's revolver to settle a domestic feud. After they have settled account with their enemies they dispatch the revolver to its owner together with three rupees and twelve annas, the cost of cartridges expended. In “A Sahib’s War’ Kipling places the Indian soldier in the position of a critic of the way in which the war in Africa is conducted. But there is more than this in the story. The two soldiers, one Sikh and the other Pathan, are studies in the highest virtues of the Indian soldiers. Umar Singh, is a trooper of the Gurgaon Rissala. He managed to accompany his master and 'son' (as he calls him), Walter Corbyn, the Kurban Sahib of the story, to Africa to join the war against the Boers. During this period of service the man forgot his caste and his religious scruples and served as occasion demanded-- groom, butler, and 'Jamadar'. They were shortly afterwards joined by a Pathan, and though in
peace time and under ordinary conditions the Sikh and the Pathan may not have pulled on very well, their loyalty to their masters makes them say “We be far from our home and both servants of the Raj, Make truce till we see the Indus again” (Kipling, *Travails* 86). Discarding all religious taboos they even ate from the same dish--beef too, and pork for aught they knew. They are greatly annoyed at the way the war is being conducted, for it was a Sahib's war and it seemed to them that great consideration was being shown to the enemy in not launching a total war against them—the kind of war that they had known in India and Burma. Indian regiments were not sent out, and these Indian soldiers have a feeling that “the Sahibs should have sent us into the game” (*Travails* 90). The treachery of some of the Boars whom 'Kurban Sahib' had given protection, brought about his death. His devoted Indian friends, for all their tough build, are plunged in grief and vow vengeance on the head of the Boers: "Then we took an oath together and lay still and mourned for Kurban Sahib. Sikandar Khan wept till daybreak— even he, a Pathan, a Mohammedan!" (*Travails* 95)

In “The Man Who Was” the Indian officer who played for the Lushker team is congratulated on his good play by his British comrades. Replying to a toast in his honour, Hira Singh is made to say "But if I by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the play game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib, and officers, that we will play it outside by side, though they (Russians) have fifty ponies to our one horse" (*Life's Handicap* 104)

An interesting change in the narrative technique comes in the Eye of Asia where Kipling adopts epistolary method. *The Eyes of Asia* (1919) is a volume of four stories in the form of letters written by Indian soldiers serving in World War I, to their families in India. There is a strong suggestion of war propaganda in these stories. K. Jamiluddin in his *Tropic Son* quotes these four stories as they support Kipling's general attitude towards the loyalty and devotion of the Indian soldier. In the first story, Subedar-major Birshen Singh writes to a retired Resaldar-major from the Indian Hospital in the New Forest. Although he is wounded and knows that he will never be able to drill men again, he is content. Honour has been shown to him and he is being well looked after. He reminds his friend:
The Brahmin who steals,
The widow who wears ornaments,
The Rajput who avoids the battle,
Are only fit for crows' meat (82)

Birshen Singh is very critical of the enemy whose nature "is to commit shame upon women and children and to defile the shrines of his own faith with his own dung"(86) In “The Private Account” an Afghan family is busy reading and commenting on a letter that they have received from a son of the house serving in France. The son on the Front can not forget life on the Border. “The people in our country who talk about killing are children. We do not turn our heads if forty are killed at a breath. Have no fear for me, therefore, no matter who joins the regiment”(86) A “Trooper of Horse” is a letter by a Mohammendan lad to his mother in the Punjab. The young man consoles his mother in these gallant words: "Mother put your trust in God to guard my head. If my grave lies in France it can never be in the Punjab, though we try for a thousand years. (86)

We may conclude this discussion of Kipling's Indian soldiers, with the tribute that Kipling paid to the Indian soldiers in his speech at the unveiling of the Indian Memorial at Neuve Ghapelle in 1920. It would be remembered that on March 10, 1915 the Indian corps after a gallant attack secured the village before noon, but because of bad staff work, the 4th Corps failed to follow up the success gained." Not since Columbus", said Kipling, "has there been such a voyage as that of these Indian soldiers going for a cause they but dimly descried, to a land which some of then believed was peopled with devils, and which others believed to be a baleful nothingness, going there from discipline and duty to the flag they followed. The whole war bore no more noble sacrifice than that”. To this may be added Kipling’s prayer for the fallen Indian soldier, made in the Epitaphs of the War 1948-18.

This man in his own country prayed we know
not to what Powers
We pray them to reward him
for his bravery in ours (Kipling’s Verse387)
Writing of Kipling's Indian women, Le Gallienne observes: there is always the so-called ‘brown woman’, fair as ‘bargold’ on whom Mr. Kipling seems to have lavished nearly all the tenderness he has to spare for women as a sex—which really means that he knows and loves essential woman, who is always best as a simple, gentle savage, with no pretence to masculine ‘civilization’ (Le Gallienne 82).

The class of women that Kipling writes about is equally remarkable. He does not write of the oriental Begums or the gorgeously decked Maharanis who figure in later Anglo-Indian literature. His women, generally speaking, belong to the class or classes for which the Indian society has little toleration and less respect. The courtesan class for, example is one of them. And yet, it has to be borne in mind that the courtesan in Kipling’s India had a place of her own in the social structure. Her “house on the wall” was the rendezvous of the city's elite. It was the meeting place of many religions and creeds. Men of talent and culture were often to be seen reclining on silken cushions and vying with one another for the favour of the 'Pearl'. There gathered “Shias of the grimmest and most uncompromising persuasion; Sufis who had lost all belief in the Prophet and retained but little in God; wandering Hindu priests passing southward on their way to the Central India fairs and other affairs. Pundits in black gowns, with spectacles on their noses and undigested wisdom in their insides, bearded headman of the wards; Sikhs with all the details of the latest ecclesiastical scandal in the Golden Temple; red-eyed priests from beyond the Bordei, looking, like trapped wolves and talking like ravens; M.A.’s of the University, very superior and very voluble” It was also the great place for news and what was going on in the bazaars by way of gossip and Kipling may have for this reason frequented it. “Here is tobacco, here is talk, here-are many friends and all the news of the City”. (Black & White327). As Blackham points out:

The fact is that, until comparatively recent years, these so-called dancing girls were the only women in India who could read, dance and sing... The result has been that the society of the educated, and always attractive, dancing girls has been eagerly sought by men of all classes as a distraction to their somewhat sordid home life, and for their intellectual not their physical charms (192-93)
Glimpses of the luxurious salons and their frail and fair occupants are vouchsafed in stories and accounts of Kipling. These are graphic and realistic pictures.

Thus in an old and narrow portion of the great city of Calcutta one has to go up a winding wall-staircase and there is a glare of light on the stair head, a chink of innumerable bangles, a rustle of much fine gauze, and the dainty 'iniquity, stood revealed, blazing,—literally blazing with jewellery from head to foot. Take one of the finest miniatures that the Delhi painters have drawn and multiply it by ten; throw one of Angelica Kauffman's best portraits, and add anything that you can think of from Beckford to Lalla Rookh and you will fall short of the merits of that 'perfect face'... her maids are only one degree less gorgeous than she. Half a lakh or fifty thousand pounds' worth are disposed upon her little body. .. each hand carries five jewelled rings which are connected by golden chains to a great jewelled band of gold in the centre of the back of the hand—earring weighted with emeralds, diamond nose-ring.” (Kipling, Sea to Sea246).

In Lahore, “the little house on the City wall was just big enough to hold Lalun, and her maid, and a pussy cat with a silver collar. A big pink and blue cut-glass chandelier hung from the ceiling of the reception room. And Lalun's silver huqa, studded with turquoises, had a special carpet all to its shining self”(Black and White326). But who can describe Lalun, her lover thinks that she would need a thousand pens of gold and ink scented with musk. She has been variously compared to the Moon, the Dil Sagar Lake, a spotted quail, a gazelle, the Sun on the Desert of Kutch, the Dawn, the Stars, and the young bamboo. These comparisons imply that she is exceedingly beautiful according to the native standards which are practically the same those of the West. Lalun was a particular maiden, slow of speech, reserved of mind. An accomplished player on the sitar, who was perfect in ever-thing she undertook, she knew how to make up tobacco for the huqa, could embroider strange things in gold and silver. Her range of information was equally amazing, she knew all the City, and whose wives faithful and whose untrue, even Government Officers could not keep secrets from her. Of her wealth no estimate can be given, her jewellery alone was worth ten thousands pounds.
The humbler sister of the elegant courtesan- the ordinary bazaar girl is also noticed by Kipling in his stories. The Peshawar girl mentioned in 'Dray Wara Yow Dee' is of that class. Kipling does not, however present her as a debased creature. When the Pathan in the story came to her enquiring after his pretended friend but actual enemy, the girl read his feelings by looking into his eyes. "Never friend waited friend with such eyes. Lie to God and the Prophet, but to woman ye cannot lie. Get hence! There shall no harm befall Daoud Shah by cause of me".

Kipling's attitude to the Indian members of "the most ancient profession in the world" is based on an intelligent appraisal of the forces that bring such a class into existence. Nowhere does he give the impression of a general sexual laxity as a common feature of Indian society. Here he differs markedly from Miss Mayo and those of her way of thinking. The East does not fuss over its public morality without finding a remedy, as only too often does the West. Therefore in the East certain things have to be taken for granted for good or for evil. He takes notice of the socio-religious factors responsible for the creation of this class. Poverty, for instance, only too often compels indigent parents to sell their daughters to the obnoxious profession. Indian sentiment is much too orthodox and narrowly prejudiced to see that the sins of the mother need not be visited on the children. The result is that the profession tends to be hereditary descending from mother to daughter. Then there are the Temple women (Devdasis) who make their own contribution to the profession. "The dancing girls who are attached to the temples" says Blackham, "have come in for a great deal of criticism, but it should be recognized that temples large enough to have such 'servants of the gods' attached, to them are- in view of the immensity of the country- few and far between"(191) The idea of allowing the young girls of the prostitute class to grow in the atmosphere of the temples is to instil into them some religion, some fear of God, so that when they come of age, they may not indulge in promiscuity, but be the mistress of one man. The prostitutes of India are, therefore, one of the most god-fearing and loyal class of mistress known to that unfortunate profession.

An honorable status used to be accorded to them by marrying them to a god, tree, or to a sword. Kipling refers to the custom in 'On the City Wall' Lalun's real husband, for even ladies of Lalun's profession in the East must have husbands, was a big jujube-tree,
her Mamma, who had married a fig tree, spent ten thousand rupees on Lalun's wedding, which was blessed by forty seven clergymen of Mamma's Church, and distributed five thousand rupees in charity to the poor.\textit{(Black and White}321). This is indeed a mild reference to the evils which crept into certain temple practices and which enlightened India has done so much to banish. "Since all courtesanship is not miserable, and since sexual laxity is not the worst of human vices, we shall see that the quality of staunchness and comrade-ship, the good indeed that Kipling sees is everything, comes out in his treatment of this subject also" (Macmunn 128). These 'salons' were patronised by a well-to-do middle-class which found little else to beguile its hours of idleness with. It was certainly a decadent phase of contemporary Indian society. With the spread of education in the country the salons not only lost their earlier popularity but came to be looked down upon as unhealthy rendezvous to be scrupulously avoided by all who cared for their good name. The change in the economic condition of the middle class had also something to do with their disappearance.

Kipling's other Indian women fall into two groups. One of these (mostly to be found in the volume \textit{Black and White}), deals with the Indian woman who is disloyal to her husband and elopes or has illicit relations with another man. That in India, where devotion to a husband often amounts to worship, and has been so enjoined by the holy books, Kipling should notice only the defaulters, seems a little strange. But it is the exception to, and not the rule of, a certain way of life that is always interesting and furnishes romance. Besides, Kipling's stories are always within reach of the probable and the possible in Indian life. The researcher had already examined these stories, and have noticed that they deal with the lives of humble and for the most part illiterate men and women. There is no attempt in these stories to malign Indian character. Kipling's sympathies being always with the lovers in the peculiar situation which is responsible for what happens. Kipling's stories of faithless Indian wives may be compared to stories with the same theme narrated in the \textit{Panchatantra}. In the latter, such wives are described as caring "not a straw for luxurious beds at home and enjoyable conjugal relations with obedient and loving husbands, but always hanker only after stolen amours." Again in another story it is recorded. "Great is the delight felt by an adulterous woman on rainy days and dark nights, when the streets are rendered impassable and on days when her
husband is abroad." (qtd. Jamiluddin 99,100) This orthodox Indian attitude toward such women can not be made to embrace Kipling’s' faithless wives, for the latter act in a situation which wins for them the reader's sympathy.

The other group deals with Indian women, who live outside wed-lock with Anglo-Indians. Supreme amongst these is Amira, the heroine of “Without Benefit of Clergy” 'A lovely Apparition sent to be a moment's ornament' would be the epitaph that most people would finally honour her memory with. She has the beauty, the mystery, the strangeness of a distant East. She is almost a figure resurrected from the mediaeval world of chivalry and romance. The other worldliness about her would hardly seem to make her a figure of contemporary India. And yet for all the idealism of her character, she is not dehumanized. She has a real human concern for her 'husband', and would not, unlike most of the 'memlog', accept a safety from cholera that does not include Holden. Living in happiness, she is even more devoted to Holden in the midst of her tragedy. “We be two who were three, the greater need therefore that we should be one” is her simple logic. “I love more because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together and that thou knowest” is her equally plain philosophy. The final parting with Holden when it at last comes is full of tragedy and pathos but for such a spirit the unknown holds no terror and Amira proclaims finally and eternally that “there is no God but- thee, beloved!” (Tales from India42).

Bisesa in ‘Beyond the Pale’ is a Hindu widow, about fifteen years old. This is a tragedy arising out of the Indian custom which condemned widows- even though they were children- to a miserable existence. An Indian critic Bhopal Singh so blinded by prejudice has to declare: “Bisesa’s punishment will be accepted only by those who regard Indians as half savages” (71) Kipling's picture is more or less a true reflex of an unpleasant aspect of Indian life. Kipling, however, shows no desire to bring the custom even within the pale of controversy. His interest lies in the pathos of Bisesa's situation and in the resulting tragedy. This girl has none of Amira's idealism; she is passionate and savagely jealous in that passion. "Much that is written" says Kipling, "about Oriental passion and impulsiveness is exaggerated and compiled at second-hand, but a little of it is true; and when an Englishman finds that little, it is quite as startling as any passion in his
own proper life. Bisesa raged; and stormed, and finally threatened to kill herself if Trejago did not at once drop the alien Memsahib who had come between them” (*Plain Tales*173). After the hint of her affair being disclosed to the household, it is left to us to conjecture her ultimate fate, for the malignant little gods of the house would not surely be content with chopping off her hands only.

The main interest of “Lispeth” lies in the fact that she re-appears in *Kim* as the Woman of Shamlagh. The character must have particularly fascinated Kipling and led him to duplicate the figure in his best book. It is also interesting to note that Lispeth's original was the famous hill girl who was christened Elizabeth, after marrying a Colonel. She is a typical child of the hills and as Kipling writes:

> When a Hill-girl grows lovely, she is worth travelling fifty miles over bad ground to look upon. Lispeth had a Greek face one of those faces people paint so often, and see so seldom. She was of a pale, ivory colour, and, for her race, extremely tall. Also she possessed eyes that were wonderful; and, had she not been dressed in the abominable print-cloths affected by Missions, you would, meeting her on the hill-side unexpectedly, have thought her the original Diana of the Romans going out to slay(*Plain Tales*176)

In the contrast between the simple instinct of the girl and the sophisticated outlook of the Missionaries who had brought her up, the latter cut a poor figure. Kipling's sympathy with Lispeth is evident in the last passage: “It was hard then to realise that the bleared, wrinkled creature, exactly like a wisp of charred rag could ever have been 'Lispeth of the Kotgarh Mission’” (*Plain Tales*8).

In the stories “Yoked with an Unbeliever” “To be filed for Reference” and “Georgie Porgie” Kipling emphasises the domesticity and the household virtues of the woman of the East. Dunmaya, Mrs. McIntosh, and Georgina may not be ideal companions to their husbands but they are gifted with just those womanly virtues for which the woman of the East is so famous. They are faithful, minister to the comforts of their 'husbands' and share his joys and sorrows with equal readiness. In the stories, their
influence has entirely tended to be on the side of the good and they make the life of the exiled English more happy and comfortable than the Englishwoman seemed to do in India.

These unions naturally brought into existence the hybrid race popularly known as Eurasians. Kipling, unlike his later imitators, is able to handle without horror the mixture of the black and the white. Kay Robinson Kipling's Lahore boss writes,

The railway folk, that queer colony of white, half-white and three-quarters black, which remains an uncared-for and discreditable excrescence upon British rule in India, seemed to have unburdened their souls to Kipling of their grievances, their poor pride, and their hopes. Some of the best of Kipling's work is drawn from the lives of these people; although to the ordinary Anglo Indian, whose social caste restrictions are almost more inexorable than those of the Hindu whom he affects to despise on that account, they are as a sealed book”(82)

It is true that Kipling is only too keen to recognise and give due importance to the drop of white blood in these characters, but he does not believe that such a people would naturally inherit only the evils of the races from which they spring. Kipling approaches this class with greater understanding. In fact, his attitude is a practical one since we know little of their life, its joys and its sorrows. We should not sit in judgment over them.

“The Black and the White, he says, “mix very quaintly in their ways. Sometimes the White shows in spurts of fierce childish pride—which is Pride of Race run crooked—and sometimes the Black in still fiercer abasement and humility, half-heathenish customs and strange, unaccountable impulses to crime. One of these days, this people ... will turn out a writer or a poet, and then we shall know how they live and what they feel. In the meantime any stories about them cannot be absolutely correct in fact or inference. (Plain Tales)77
In “His Chance in Life” it is the drop of white blood that electrifies Michele to action, but in the presence of the Englishman, he felt himself "slipping more and more into the native" and his conscience, East like, is pained at the thought of having killed a man. The best story of the kind is “Namgay Doola”. The character no doubt combines the White and the Black, but one can not maintain that it is the evils of the two that he combines. Namgay Doola has inherited more than a red head from his father, one Tim Doolan, a soldier of the East India Company. He is bold, daring and afraid of no man—not even the king whose subject he was. He had become a problem to the ruler as he spread discontent amongst the subjects and set a bad example to them by refusing to pay the state any revenue. He had even gone to the limit of cutting the tail of a cow in revenge because the owner of the cow remained loyal to the king. Kipling, who we are to believe had the privilege of advising the said king, suggested that the man may be raised to the headship of the Army and reasonably paid for his office. This had the desired effect, for it pacified the urge of the Tommy in his blood. This done the religious instinct of the East asserted itself and the man "hurried in an agony of contrition from temple to temple, making offerings for the sin of cattle maiming." "Admirable", said Gosse, "are the stories which deal with the results of attempts made to melt the Asiatic and the European into one". (77)

Kipling did not devote many more stories to the Indian child. His Anglo-Indian children seem precocious and even unnatural; his Indian children do not appear to be so. The earliest and the best of these stories are to be found in his first volume, “The Story of Muhammad Din” At the top of the story he quotes a passage from ‘Munichandra’: “Who is the happy man? He that sees in his own house at home, little children crowned with dust, leaping and falling and crying” (Tales form India9). Kipling draws children best when he draws them from memory or from observation or from both. This story may well be based on a personal experience. Kipling’s acquaintance with little Mohammed Din dated from the day that the latter took a fancy to an old polo-ball which Kipling had given him. From that day, it was always “Taalam Tahib” and “Salaam Mohammed Din” when Kipling returned from the office and passed through the garden into the house. The child absorbed in his innocent play had become a familiar sight to Kipling and far from being annoyed at the disfiguring of the garden he began to take a lively interest in the work of
the “small architect”. For months the “chubby little eccentricity” revolved in his humble orbit among the castor-oil bushes and in the dust, fashioning magnificent palaces from stale flowers, smooth pebbles, bits of broken glass—always alone and always crooning to himself. One evening however the child was missing from his play, another followed and yet no Mohammad Din was to be seen in the garden. Enquiries revealed that he was down with fever. Kipling got him medicine and the services of an English Doctor. Then follows the end, a passage that for its pathos may be quoted in full: “A week later, though I would have given much to have avoided it, I met on the road to the Mussulman burying-ground Imam Din, accompanied by one other friend, carrying in his arms, wrapped in a white cloth, all that was left of little Mohammad Din” (Plain Tales 320)

In “Toomai of the Elephants” we have the heroic Indian child cast almost in the mould of Wee Willie Winkie, and yet this child is more naturally drawn than his Anglo-Indian prototype. The child of a mahout, Toomai is daring beyond his years. He has many a time joined in the hunt of the wild elephant and knows the ways of the beast. Kala Nag, the elephant, and he were great friends and on the night of the elephant dance he accompanies Kala Nag into the dim jungle to witness what no man has ever seen—an elephant dance. Couched low on his back the child is carried over the mountain through the stream into the thick of a forest, till they reach open ground. Here the huge assembly of elephants goes into a rhythmic dance till the break of dawn, and then melts away into the adjoining forests. When Toomai returned home, there was a feast by the blazing camp-fires in front of the lines of picketed elephants, and Little Toomai was the hero of it all. “….trackers and drivers and ropers, and the men who know all secrets of breaking the wildest elephants, passed him from one to the other, and they marked his forehead with blood from the breast of a newly killed jungle-cock, to show that he was a forester, initiated and free of all the jungles.” (Kipling, Jungle Books 240)

Childhood in the lap of poverty is heartrending anywhere in India. The tragedy is heightened by the background of famine and epidemics against which the human drama of life is enacted. “Little Tobrah” is the story of children orphaned by sickness and starved by poverty and famine. The little sister of Tobrah who survives small-pox but loses her eyesight for life, whom poverty drives along with her brother from door to door,
is in the end delivered of her sufferings by her innocent and well-meaning little brother, who thought the bottom of a well would bring her deliverance from her misery, and accordingly pushed her into one- intending no doubt himself to follow suit. Arrest for murder, release through insufficient evidence, brought him no deliverance from his evil fate. “He trotted into the court-compound, and sat upon the well-kerb, wondering whether unsuccessful dive into the black water below would end in a forced voyage across the other Black Water. A groom put down an emptied nose-bag on the bricks and Little Tobrah, being hungry, set himself to scrape out what wet grain the horse had overlooked.” (Life’s Handicap 374) An Englishman happened to notice him; and taking pity decided to make a riding boy of him. The meal that he ate with the grooms that evening was perhaps the full meal that he had had for many a month.

'The Finances of the Gods' is a story told by the priest of a temple to a child who had come to request the former to pray for his father who was down with fever. The little child stood naked in the chill of the twilight for it had no clothes. The priest has compassion on the little one and enfolds him in his tattered quilt. The child buries his head in the dense white beard of the priest and pulls the hair. A little chiding by the priest is enough to call forth a well of tears in the child's eyes, "Shall I weep too and of our tears make a great pond and drowns us both and then thy father will never get well, lacking thee to pull his beard? Peace, peace, and I will tell thee of the God (Life’s Handicap 327). And he did and it pacified the child.

These then, are the Indians of whom Kipling writes in his short stories. The researcher has already stated that they do not make all India, nor do they all enlist his sympathy in equal measure. We are more inclined to agree with Edmund Wilson when he says:

The natives Kipling probably understood as few Englishmen did in his time; certainly he presented them in literature as nobody had ever done. That Hindu other self of his childhood takes us through into its other world. The voices of alien traditions in the monologues of In Black and White- talk an English which translates their own idiom; and we hear of great lovers and revengers who live by an alien code; young men who
have been educated in England and, half dissociated from native life, find themselves impotent between two civilizations; fierce Afghan tribesmen of the mountains, humble people who have been broken to the mines, loyal Sikhs and untamed mutineers. It is true that there is always the implication that the British are bringing to India modern improvements and sounder standards of behaviour. But Kipling is obviously enjoying for its own sake the presentation of the native point of view, and the whole of Anglo-Indian situation is studied with certain objectivity (127).

There are, however, certain limitations in Kipling's representation of Indians, which must be observed. There was in India the voice which Kipling chose not to hear the voice of young Educated India. But it must be remembered that this indifference was not particular to Kipling, he shared it with Anglo-India in general. Huxley makes an interesting comment upon it:

The only Indians you find them (Anglo-Indians) objecting to as a class are those who have received a Western education. The reason is sufficiently obvious. The educated Indian is the Englishman's rival and would-be supplanter. To the slavish and illiterate masses the European is manifestly superior. Nor can the pandit, entangled in his orthodoxy and learned in nothing, ever challenge a supremacy which he owes to his Western training. All these he can afford to love protectively. But no man loves another who threatens to deprive him of his privileges and powers. The educated Indian is not popular with the Europeans. It is only to be expected (81).

In the Nineties, there was none to challenge Kipling's picture of India, and it was accepted as unquestionably authentic. In the Forties of the twentieth century young Indian writers wrote of India from a viewpoint so unsuspected, that Kipling seemed to be guilty of nothing but plain falsification -so much so that much that was true to fact in his sketches came also to be either ignored or doubted. Yet another feature of his presentation deserves to be remarked upon. Where he is not writing of the martial races of India—a certain patronising demeanour marks his presentation, particularly in stories where one is
being constantly reminded of the Englishman graciously condescending to be polite, helpful, or generous towards the Indians. This superiority consciousness of the Englishmen is often irritating. But when one recalls the growing racial estrangement between the Indians and the English in the later half of the 19th century, one must concede that Kipling can not be accused of narrow and arrogant racial pride. He did not regard Indians, as many of his countrymen did, as a people 'inferior collectively and individually', to men of his own race. The defects, he points out, are in many cases real, and he does not gloss over or omit or forget to mention such virtues as left their impress on his mind.

While concluding this chapter it would be proper to mention a few words about Kipling's use of Hindusthani (Kipling's generation of Anglo-Indians were familiar with "Hindustani", a term now out of favour, having been superseded to some extent by "Hindi" and "Urdu") Kipling has used more Hindustani words in his Indian works than any other Anglo-Indian writer. But this is no proof of the fact that he really knew Hindustani or was familiar with its usage and idiom. It can, however be claimed for him that he knew more Hindustani than the average Englishman of his day. Anglo-Indians generally picked up Hindustani words and phrases from their Indian servants. In the case of Kipling, however, it must be borne in mind that there were other helpful factors also. He was a member of Lodge Hope and Perseverance at Lahore, where the company of high class and educated Indians must have made an important contribution towards his stock of Hindustani words. Then, Lockwood Kipling with his memory for remembering things, and his talent for mastering everything, could always be of immense help to him, when he was in doubt.

It was natural that the earlier books of Kipling written for Europeans in India should contain many Indian words. Even then the Indian words are not in superfluous abundance, and the text is not full with them. The words and phrases used by Kipling were of three different categories. One, the terms, often in themselves inaccurate, in every day use among educated Europeans in India the words of the house, the stable, the hunting field, and the office. *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and the like were stories of the English in India, and therefore contained many words of this category, words like “bat’
(to talk), “mallum” (to know), “Zehannum” (Hell), “dufter” (office), khidmatgar (Table Servant), “bunia” (money-lender), “murramutt” (repair).

The second category is of words used more colloquially, more accurately, and often beautifully in the pure stories of Indian drama and tragedy. A few examples are “Bhisti (water carrier), “durwaza bund” (door shut) “Kabbari” (second hand furniture shop), “Shabash” (well done, bravo), “Purdahnashin” take to the veil “Shaitan (devil)), “Fareb” (Freud). There is a third category, and that is the mangled phraseology with which the British soldier in India made himself understood by the Indians. The soldier stories provide examples of these: Kiko Kissywarsti, 'Our orderly hokee-mut', 'You baito' ‘You’ve dekkoed' etc. Kipling contributed to The Pioneer Oct. 23, 1888 A Campaigning Phrase Book for use of Tommy Atkins in India. The phrases with their Hindustani equivalents are listed below-

I want a sheep-Baba mankta! Ba—ba !
Drop your gun at once—Bundook let go, slippy.
Take your women away from this place—Nickle-jow bibi-log.
I am not going to kill you 'Ham nay marega'
Why have you brought me a child—Kiswastey aker hai'

(qtd. in K. Jamiluddin 88)

It was a common frailty of the British soldier in India to regard himself as an accomplished Orientalist, when he could use nothing more than a sign language to make himself intelligible to Indians.

There is a fourth category of Indian words and phrases employed by Kipling; these are of the type that British India had evolved for its own use. The phrase “kala Juggah” for instance, literally means, a “dark place”. But Anglo-India used it for the dim little sitting-out places, adjoining bell-rooms, where a couple may retire for privacy. Kipling too uses it in this sense. Similarly the word “pukka” was used not in the sense of “ripe”, but in the sense of thorough, and when used of a “Sahib” suggested the very highest of qualities, as opposed to “Bahadur” which coming at the end of “Sahib” became a term of derision. The word 'phut' for collapse, is definitely Kipling’s contribution to the
English vocabulary. Apart from the actual Indian words that Kipling uses there is special charm and accurate interpretation in the English that he uses, when he makes an Indian speak. The turn of sentences, the idiom, and the colour is Indian even when the words are English. The following are picked at random:—

“The heart is made fat and my eye glad. May you never be tired! As is cold, water in the Tirah, so is the sight of a friend in a far place” (Plain Tales 57)

True! True! One can get money and land, but never new brother! But for all that… My belly is on fire now with knowledge I never had before. I wish to impart it to him. Take down my words from my lips to my foolish old farmer brother” (Eyes of Asia 67).

Kipling’s short stories provide excellent examples of this style of writing peculiar to Kipling, and evolved as a result of his having caught the ‘flavour’ of Hindustani. And this accounts in a large measure for the fact that his Indian characters, for all their limitations, appear more real than those of other Anglo Indian writers.
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