PART ONE: KIPLING IN AND OUT OF INDIA

1. Childhood in India, 1865-1871

Bombay, in 1865, its cotton mills booming, was one of the most progressive and prosperous cities in Asia. With the opening of the Suez Canal, it became, in fact, the main entrance to India. Endowments swelled the activities of the school in which John Lockwood Kipling, Professor of Architectural Sculpture, was expected to encourage the traditional arts and crafts of India.

Professor Kipling had come from a Yorkshire family --bell founders, clock makers, farmers, Methodist ministers --whose members lived in the north of England for many generations. He had married Alice Macdonald shortly before leaving England to undertake the duties mentioned above. It

For the details of Kipling's life, I am frequently indebted to Mr. C. E. Carrington (The Life of Rudyard Kipling, New York, Doubleday, 1955). It is only through his painstaking research, in fact, that I have had easy access to the numerous unpublished papers: in the possession of Mrs. George Bambridge (Kipling's daughter, Elsie), Mr. F. Cabot Holbrook, Mrs. Nelson Doubleday, Mr. "John Connell," Mr. Howard Rice; or on file at the Houghton Library (Harvard), the New York Public Library, and at Rhodes House and New College (Oxford).
was one of Alice's sisters, incidentally, who married the railway magnate, Alfred Baldwin, thus becoming the mother of a prime minister. Another sister married the painter, Edward Burne-Jones. As a consequence, the young Kipling later had contact with some of the most distinguished figures in the British literary and artistic world--William Morris, Browning, the Rossettis, Swinburne, Ford Madox Brown.

Joseph Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay on December 30, 1865. Growing up principally in the company of his nurse (or ayah), and other servants, he was so immersed, from infancy, in an Indian environment, that he often found it necessary, when addressing his parents--this he tells us in *Something of Myself*--to translate his thoughts from Hindustani into English.

Except for a brief return to England when he was two years old--the purpose, apparently, was to make it possible for his little sister Alice ("Trix") to be born in England--the family remained together in Bombay until the spring of 1871. Kipling could always remember from that time--as he tells us, again in *Something of Myself*--"the darkness of tropical evenings, the wind in the banana leaves, the voice of the tree frogs."
2. Growing Up in England, 1871-1832

In accordance with Anglo-Indian custom, the Kiplings, in December of 1871, left their children in England to be educated. They were younger than customary, however. Rudyard was less than six and Trix less than three. Moreover, they were placed with strangers—"Uncle" Harry and "Aunt" Rosa were merely titles of convenience—who had advertised in a newspaper. Rudyard suffered there for a period of five years. His sister, who was happier at Southsea, stayed even longer.

When we say that Kipling lived at Southsea for five years, we mean physically. Psychologically, he remained a prisoner in this "House of Desolation," as he later termed it (in *Something of Myself*) for the rest of his life.

When a child and a grown-up cannot live in harmony with each other, the causes may be so complex that no one, however wise, could be expected to untangle them. The relationship between Aunty Rosa and young Rudyard has been described in autobiographical fragments written by Kipling and his sister. It is likewise depicted in one of the early
stories, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," and in the first chapter of The Light that Failed. The same material may also be seen, more faintly, more symbolically, shadowed forth, in other works, both poetic and fictional.

And yet, even with all of this information available, we cannot be sure that we have the truth. The fact, as recorded, is that Rudyard appeared to be an ungrateful, uncooperative, and eccentric foster child, and that Aunty Rosa—even though, or perhaps because, she had a son not much older than Rudyard—was a severe, indeed a cruelly repressive, foster-mother.

"I had never heard of hell," he tells us in Something of Myself, "so I was introduced to it in all its terrors....Myself, I was regularly beaten. The Woman had an only son of twelve or thirteen as religious as she. I was a real joy to him, for when his mother had finished with me for the day he...took me on and roasted the other side."

The root of the matter may have existed primarily in little Rudyard's bitterness toward his mother. The mother had, in effect, abandoned the son, at a most crucial moment in his psychological growth. This sense of not being wanted by the mother—contrasted, of course, with the enviable situation of the other boy, Harry,—might have induced
a defiant and eccentric behavior calculated to try the patience of the foster mother to an extreme. Certainly Aunty Rosa could not have been all bad, or she would never have gotten along so well with Trix. In short, when little Ruddy hated The Woman, perhaps he was confusing her with his mother.

Hate he did, though. Indeed, as he tells us later in the same autobiographical work, the experiences at Southsea "drained me of any capacity for real, personal hate for the rest of my days." This, of course, is another way of saying what we said above, that he had remained imprisoned there for the rest of his life.

Each December, however, the children lived with their real Aunt, Georgiana Macdonald, who had married the painter, Edward Burne-Jones. It was during these joyous four weeks that Ruddy and Trix caught glimpses of national literary figures, such as William Morris, Browning, the Rossettis, Swinburne. Indeed, just as religion, associated with Aunty Rosa, continued to be remotely repulsive to Rudyard all his life, so his first impulse in the direction of literature may have stemmed from the fact that it was associated, in his mind, with the joys of Aunt Georgie's household.
Kipling's literary future was further nurtured, at this time, by his passionate reading, even though a serious affliction of the eyes required him to stop, for awhile, until glasses could be fitted. Also, as he says in *Something of Myself*, life in the "House of Desolation" "made me give attention to the lies I soon found it necessary to tell: and this, I presume, is the foundation of literary effort."

Growing up in England had a second phase. The subsequent five years were devoted to residence in the United Services College, a public school, only five years old. This existed for the purpose of cheaply preparing young men for the examinations which would qualify them for public service. Cormel Price, the head-master at "Westward Ho!"--a popular nickname for the school--was already well known to Rudyard as "Uncle Crom."

The suspicion may have come to us that Kipling's troubles at Southsea were due merely to oversensitivity. His adjustment to public school, however, was so easy as to suggest that his skin, far from being too thin, may perhaps have been a little too thick. Or had he simply become calloused by his life in the House of Desolation?

He was never quite able to rid himself of the impressions, the prejudices, the spirited posture he then
acquired. Indeed there is no sign that he wanted to. He retained to the end his relish for rough and tumble, the ragging, the brutal horseplay of fourth-form schoolboys and their delight in practical jokes. It never seems to have occurred to him that the school was third-rate and the boys a rotten lot.¹

The discipline, as administered by staff and students alike, was undoubtedly harsh. The chaplain during Kipling's first two years was, indeed, a brute. And yet Price, himself, was a genuine liberal, in religion as well as in politics. He was also a skillful teacher of English composition, who gave young Kipling a thorough training in precis writing, a training which later served him well as a journalist and story-writer. It was under Price's supervision, too, that young Kipling plunged elbow-deep in the task of editing the school paper, his first journalistic experience. Moreover, it was Price, as we learn from Stalky & Co., who gave Rudyard the run of his library. Here the embryo writer had unrestricted access to a great variety of

literature, both classic and modern. For Price, a friend of Burne-Jones, William Morris, and others associated with the Macdonald family, was man of genuine culture.

So, too, was William Crofts, the teacher of Latin and English literature. Often severe, Crofts nurtured the boy's growth both as scholar and poet. Under this watchful eye, young Rudyard soon outgrew the eighteenth and nineteenth century novelists, and the academic poets. He discovered Emerson, Poe, Browning, Whitman, James Thomson, as well as Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris, Ruskin and Carlyle.

Kipling at Westward Ho!, however, was first and foremost a writer. It came as no surprise when his father, Lockwood, decided to find a place for the boy, after his graduation on an Indian newspaper.
3. **Hard at Work in India, 1882-1889**

Lockwood Kipling was now the curator of the Lahore Museum. In November of 1882—the British and French occupied Egypt in that year, and seized control of the Suez Canal—young Kipling, not quite seventeen, became the assistant editor of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*.

Thus the happy family circle—or "square," as they called it—of Kipling's childhood was re-established. The subsequent four years, during which the parents and brother and sister lived together in Lahore, were perhaps the happiest in Kipling's life. If his broken childhood had instilled in him one value, besides that of self reliance, it was the value of family life. It may even be that he over-valued his family; apparently it was proof even against love affairs, either romantic or sexual. This is rather remarkable. Here we have a lively, healthy, a religious young man, of good family, self-supporting, who is serving his apprenticeship as a journalist in a foreign land. He is the author of satires concerned with romantic intrigue among the married and unmarried in a summer resort. He also writes
boisterous, even bawdy verses. In his letters to England he pictures himself as a hearty young man of the world. "The month was a round of picnics, dances, theatricals and so on, and I flirted with the bottled up energy of a year on my lips." But no love affairs.

Let us take a view of this extraordinary young man as he may be seen almost any night during the summer. He is living in the family home, but the family is up in the hills at Simla to escape the heat. At midnight he has finally put the paper to bed. But it is far too hot to put himself to bed. He wanders, as he has done so often before, dangerously, through the old walled city, where the English seldom penetrate. Tonight, however, a "stifling hot blast from the south of the Delhi Gate" nearly discourages him from "entering the City of Dreadful Night at this hour. It is compounded of all evil savours, animal and vegetable, that a walled city can brew in a day and a night. The temperature...outside the city walls seems chilly by comparison."

Now he is inside the gates. "Then silence follows --the silence that is full of the night noises of a great city. A stringed instrument of some kind is just, and only just, audible. High overhead someone throws open a window, and the rattle of the woodwork echoes down the empty street."
On one of the roofs a hookah is in full blast: and the men are talking softly as the pipe gutters..."¹

And so, finally, he must return to the empty home of his parents and go to bed--alone. It is hard to believe that he never sought, on those nights, or even desired to seek, comfort, or relief, for even a moment, in the arms of a woman. What, not even one little street-walker? But the answer--judging from all the evidence, or lack of it--would appear to be no.

There came a time, during the worst of the heat, when Rudyard, too, took his summer vacation up in the hills at Simla. We may see him there, for example, in the summer of 1885, when, at the age of twenty, he was certainly old enough to have an affair, of some sort. Again we are impressed with the fact that here was a young man making minimum use of a maximum opportunity.

For one thing, he was well supplied with funds, being up in Simla, not only on vacation, but also as a paid reporter for the Gazette. This was due to the fact that the government of India, during the summer months, was conducted

¹ The letter (to his unmarried Aunt Edith Macdonald) is owned by Mrs. George Bambridge. The description of the walled city is contained in From Sea to Sea (1889). Both are quoted by Carrington, Op. cit., p. 41.
this village, so high above the blistering plains. Kipling, moreover, had pleased the new Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, so that he and his family were received in the highest circles.

But what sort of town was this, in which the government of India was stationed for several months of the year? Mr. Carrington tells us that the tales of fast life in Simla—"a haunt of gilded luxury"—were quite unjust. Yet all the evidence which he offers serves only to intensify this impression. The court of the Viceroy attracted a type of brilliant young climber—often wealthy, sometimes of noble birth—who was likely to seek excitement by night just as assiduously as he sought promotion by day. Moreover, Simla, in the summer was frequented by women whose fathers and husbands were compelled to remain at work in the plains below. It was Rudyard's own father who noted that "Simla is full of pretty girls and has a strong brigade of sportive matrons of all ages."²

The social activities enjoyed by this brilliant throng included theatrical presentations, polo, concerts, balls, church activities, and even seances. The notorious

² Carrington, op. cit., p. 50.
and influential Madame Blavatsky was active here for a time. And in many of these activities the Kiplings played a prominent role.

Moreover, just as Rudyard was well acquainted with the inner ramifications of the walled city of Lahore, so he also knew the bazaars of Simla, where alleyway communicated with alleyway so intricately that "a man who knows his way there can defy all the police." Here were those who pulled the rickshaws by day and gambled by night. Here lived the "grocers, oil-sellers, curio-venders, firewood dealers, priests, pickpockets...here are discussed by courtesans the things which are supposed to be profoundest secrets of the India Council."^3

The young Kipling could have taken whatever amorous experience he had a mind to, on any level of Indian society, from the highest to the lowest, in Lahore or Simla, or elsewhere. It is astonishing that a conscientious biographer, such as Mr. Carrington, with access to a wealth of unpublished correspondence and other papers, and with the

^3 Kim. As a further indication of Kipling's knowledge of this area, the interested reader should refer to "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows," (Plain Tales from the Hills) which is discussed in detail in Part II of this study.
generous cooperation of Kipling's daughter, has unearthed not a scrap of evidence that this lively and apparently normal young man ever had a single amorous adventure before his marriage—or after. Yet such would appear to be the case. Surely here was devotion to mother and sister above and beyond the call of duty.

To be sure, women entered and left his life, modestly and daintily. It is notable, however, that these shadowy creatures were almost never to be seen in the same town in which Kipling's mother lived. The impression—enhanced by the ladylike, and always British, traits, of these women—is strong that they acted as mother-substitutes.

During his last years at the college, young Kipling occasionally paid a visit to his sister at Southsea. On one of these occasions he met Florence Garrard, a somewhat pre-Raphaelite young woman (a painter, as a matter of fact) who became his fiancee for a while. When he later returned to England as a known writer, he met her again, briefly. But he knew her only when his mother was in India.

While he was still employed on the Gazette, his father wrote, on one occasion, that Rudyard was falling in love, "a most wholesome sign that he is growing to his proper boyhood." The daughter of a stern military chaplain, she
resembled, according to Rudyard, "the pictures of Lady Hamilton." Apparently no one at home ever saw this beauty, however. "These people do not join Lahore society," Lockwood continued, "so the boy for two Sundays has driven five miles to attend Mian Mir church. None of us, by the way, ever go to church....He is vastly funny about it, and I cannot make out whether there is anything in it."^4

Similarly, it was only when Rudyard departed from Lahore, and from his family (to take a position on the all-Indian paper, the Pioneer, in Allahabad) that he became involved in his lifelong Platonic friendship with Mrs. Hill, the wife of a meteorologist and professor of science at Allahabad.

So chaste was this affair that the professor apparently never complained, even when Kipling came to occupy the same house with the married couple. And yet a note of coquetry is visible under the surface. For example, when he was separated from Mr. and Mrs. Hill for awhile, in 1888, he wrote to Mrs. Hill (Edmonia or "Ted") almost every day. One topic, mentioned frequently in these letters, was a love

^4 This letter is quoted by Carrington (op. cit., p. 57) from the unpublished correspondence in the possession of Mrs. Bambridge.
affair which, he insisted, was engrossing his attention. Mr. Carrington comments as follows:

But who was the unknown 'My Lady' to whom he declared an undying though unrequited affection in his letters to Mrs. Hill? It was not, he assured her, Tillie Venner with whom he promenaded to the bandstand in the jaded dusty public garden at Lahore. It was not Ethel Edge, the Chief Justice's daughter, though he admitted his name had been coupled with Ethel's; nor was it Miss Parry-Lambert though everyone supposed Rudyard was engaged to her since he had written that story, 'Venus Annodomini,' about her mother. In letter after letter, 'My Lady' appears, but not in any materialized form. The reader begins to suppose her a figment of the young writer's fancy, a projection, perhaps of Mrs. Hill, herself, to whom he must not declare his devotion.5

The mysterious lady was a projection of Mrs. Hill, to whom he could not declare his love. Why? Because she was married? Or perhaps because she, too, was a projection of his mother? What is more, when Kipling later paid genteel and ineffectual suit to Caroline, the younger sister of Mrs. Hill (their father, an American clergyman, was just as severe, it appears, as the chaplain at Mian Mir), again we receive the impression that the object of devotion was just a projection of Mrs. Hill. Little wonder that the engagement was eventually broken off.

The wonder is, really, that Kipling ever managed

5 Ibid., p. 87.
to marry at all. Yet he did, and the marriage—as we shall see—was apparently a success.

In Lahore, Kipling had gained some attention as poet and storyteller. Now in Allahabad this reputation grew. In a sense he appeared to be outgrowing his role as a journalist. Perhaps the time had come when he ought to move to London, where he could devote himself to the larger literary career for which he was obviously destined.

In Allahabad he sometimes took upon himself a manner of authority which was hardly justified by his years. Invited, for example, to ride side by side with Sir Frederick Roberts, at that time regarded as England's outstanding soldier, he presumed to tell the general what the men in the barracks really thought. Though the general had apparently requested this information, he was later less pleased—and the Pioneer suffered as a consequence—when Kipling, in a ballad, suggested that the general was not always impartial in his promotions. Equally disconcerted was Lord Dufferin by the verses ("One Viceroy to Another"), in which Kipling celebrated the Viceroy's departure from India.

Likewise, when the recently created Indian National Congress held its convention at Allahabad, Kipling, in print, expressed his adverse opinion of this body so frankly that
he precipitated a physical assault upon the editor of the *Pioneer*, which, in turn, gave rise to a series of lawsuits.

If we said that Kipling was getting too big for his breeches, we should not be phrasing the problem correctly. Rather, the breeches, with Kipling in them, were getting too big for the *Pioneer*, for Allahabad. Kipling needed more room in which to grow. The time was coming soon when his verses, printed on the front page of the London *Times*, at the urgent desire of ministers and kings, would precipitate the physical assault of nation upon nation.
4. What Happened Afterwards, 1889-1936

Though we are concerned primarily with the Kipling of India, we must, nevertheless, at the outset, take a full view of the man. It is therefore necessary, at this point, to follow him, however briefly, to the end of his life. In doing this, we shall give special attention, perhaps, to certain areas: (1) his first reaction to success, (2) his emergence as a world spokesman for imperialism during three wars, and finally, (3) his stature as a national figure during the twenties and thirties.

Kipling, accompanied by the Hills, returned to England by way of the Pacific Ocean, Canada and the United States. He arrived in London to find himself already well known, at least to the cognoscenti.

He was the coming man. Andrew Lang escorted him to the Savile Club, the literary center of London. He was taken up, as we have seen, by William Ernest Henley, who was soon publishing the Barrack-Room Ballads, one by one, in his avant garde Scots Observer. In 1890, a collection of the so-called "Railway" stories appeared, under the title of
Soldiers Three. Indeed in that year Kipling wrote and published so much, and so profitably, that he was soon involved in passionate controversy with the American publishing houses regarding piracies of his works.

But success tasted dryly in Kipling's mouth. All that first year he was desperately homesick, as well as physically ill. At the same time he was making no progress with women. Flo Garrard, and likewise Caroline Taylor, appeared to be almost as bored with him as he, apparently, was with them. Indeed 1890 was probably—as we shall see when we come to discuss The Light that Failed—the crucial year, the turning point of Kipling's whole life.

In July of 1891, Kipling was vacationing on the Isle of Wight with his close friend, Wolcott Balestier. With them were Wolcott's mother and his two sisters. After his usual nervous hesitation, Rudyard had apparently become engaged to one of these sisters—not the pretty one, but rather the dominating and clever one, the one who was older than Rudyard. She was "a good man spoiled," as Lockwood had said. Undoubtedly they were engaged. And yet no marriage loomed. Indeed Rudyard became restless. Soon he had

Carrington, op. cit., p. 141.
set off alone (in August of 1891) on a journey which, by a strangely circuitous route, had brought him, in November, to his mother, and father, back in Lahore. This was Rudyard's last journey to India.

He had no sooner arrived than a cable reached him stating that Wolcott had died of typhoid fever. Kipling got back to London in fourteen days—a remarkably short time—and within eight days he had married the sister, Caroline, the "good man spoiled."

The reason why Rudyard hurried halfway round the world to marry Wolcott's sister is bound up with his devotion to Wolcott. There is little doubt that Wolcott fostered the match, that Wolcott on his deathbed commanded the care of his family to his friend Rudyard, that Wolcott's wishes were accepted by Rudyard as obligations....On one occasion, he forced himself to say a few words to a close friend of Wolcott's whom he had long wanted to meet: "He died so suddenly and so far away; we had so much to say to each other, and now I have got to wait so long before I can say it."^2

Whatever the underlying motivations for this marriage may have been, the marriage itself—as we noted earlier—was apparently a decided success, at least from the practical point of view. That is, Kipling was now provided for the rest of his life with a highly efficient private

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^2 Ibid., p. 150. Kipling later wrote a story, commemorating this visit to Lahore ("William the Conqueror"). The heroine is boyish, with a male nickname. The hero, at one point, is described as "beautiful as Paris, a god in a halo of golden dust."
secretary. At the same time a routine physical sex relief (geared to the Law of the Group) was available.

The most important aspect of this marriage for Kipling, however, was undoubtedly the fact that he, himself, was now the head of a family. To Carrie and Rudyard, three children were born—Josephine, Elsie, and John. Josephine died in childhood. The other two, with their parents, became a "family square," paralleling that of the Kipling family in Lahore. Very possibly this situation gave Rudyard the opportunity to perform magical counter-measures against the bitter memories of his own childhood. Certainly there is no record that he and Carrie ever abandoned their children—as Hansel and Gretel were left in the forest—to strangers in a foreign land.

But let us return to the marriage. Soon afterward (in February of 1892) they settled for life (so they thought) in Balestier territory—that is, near Brattlesboro, Vermont. Here Kipling soon recovered the flow of his genius, which had run almost dry in *The Light That Failed*. With the publication of the Jungle Books, for example (1894, 1895) he again added a glowing chapter to the history of British literature.

Altogether the four years in Brattlesboro (from which they were driven home by the fear of an Anglo-American
The enormous influence of Kipling as a spokesman for imperialism was exerted mainly in connection with the Spanish-American and Boer Wars, and to a lesser degree in connection with the World War.

Kipling has been belaboured unmercifully on this score, and frequently, it is to be feared, by rote, through the voices of people who have not known just exactly what they were talking about. In brief his position was this, that the Anglo-American "white man" bore a moral obligation to "liberate" the primitive peoples of Cuba, the Philippines, and South Africa (presumably this would also apply to the people of India) from their backward oppressors, and so to bring them the blessings of modern science and social enlightenment. All this altruism was, of course, regarded by the left as little more than a mask for the ruthless capitalistic exploitation of people who could not protect themselves.

Whatever side we may take in this controversy, the fact remains that Kipling's prestige as a spokesman for the imperialist view (or the expansionist view, as Theodore Roosevelt delicately termed it) was huge. Here the poet
(the Dichter) played a role (comparable to that of Victor Hugo in France or Goethe in Germany) such as perhaps was never seen before in the history of English literature.

Concerning the Spanish-American War, the facts were these. On February 15, 1898, the United States battleship Maine was destroyed by an explosion (the cause of which was never determined, though the Spanish were blamed) and the Spanish-American war ensued. With its conclusion, the United States found itself faced with a question. What were they now to do with the peoples who had fallen into their power. This question first became urgent in regard to the Philippines, where a revolt was imminent.

Toward the end of November, Kipling finished the most famous, or infamous, of his imperialistic poems, "The White Man's Burden." A copy was sent at once to President Roosevelt, who gave it his full approval. It was printed on February 4, 1899, in the London Times, and on February 5 in the New York Sun and also in the Tribune. On February 6, the Senate passed a bill to take over the administration of the Philippines.

In view of the tremendous impression which this poem has made on several generations of political thought, it may be well to examine it briefly. The main theme of
the poem is stated as follows:

Take up the White Man's burden--
Send forth the best ye breed--
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captor's need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild--
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child

Moreover, this unselfish service performed for a fearful
people must be done without show of force:

Take up the White Man's Burden--
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.

Most dreadful is to see all the efforts of compassion and
science wasted by the failure of the captive people to make
full use of the initial guidance which they receive:
Take up the White Man's burden--
The savage wars of peace--
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hope to naught....

Proceeding now to the fifth stanza, we find perhaps the most crucial question, one which is asked frequently in the middle of the twentieth century—shall we give to these captive people what they want or what we think they ought to have?

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

As a nation in power, your every move will be measured and judged by the subject nation:
Take up the White Man's burden--
Ye dare not stoop to less--
Nor call too loud on freedom
To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.
Praise is easily won and freely accorded to the victor
after the battle. The real test will come, however, in the
years that follow the victory.
Take up the White Man's burden--
Have done with childish days--
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise.
Come now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers!
Naive this poem may have been. Perhaps arrogant.
The author may or may not have been guilty of race chauvin-
ism. It is difficult to believe that he was practicing
rank hypocrisy. Certainly problems are raised here--they
have been raised again and again since the writing of Plato's Republic—which cannot be so easily solved as Kipling would appear to solve them.

Kipling's world prestige may be measured, if we note the public reaction, later that month, to his severe illness. While paying a visit to the United States, with his family, Kipling was suddenly struck down with pneumonia. Crowds awaiting bulletins outside his hotel in New York City, obstructed traffic. People knelt on the sidewalks to pray. Telegrams came in from all over the world. The most pitiful aspect of that week was the fact that Kipling had no sooner begun to recover than he discovered that he had lost his elder daughter, Josephine, whose illness had run concurrent with his own.

Back in England, and recovered, Rudyard turned his attention to another colonial problem, the British situation in South Africa. On September 29 of that same year (1899) he published in the Times a poem, "The Old Issue," which encouraged a war against Kruger in the Transvaal, a war which, in his opinion, would bring freedom and unity and progress to South Africa.

Several days after the publication of the above poem—and who shall say to what extent Kipling helped to
precipitate it?--the war actually broke out. At once Kipling immersed himself in military activities. These included the writing of another poem, "The Absent-minded Beggar," which appeared in the Daily Mail, October 31, 1899. The purpose of this poem was to stir the arm-chair strategists into some kind of practical, useful action. It was also used (especially with the melody provided by Sir Arthur Sullivan) to garner funds for the war effort, which it did to the tune of a quarter of a million pounds.

At this point the Prime Minister, impressed, offered Kipling a knighthood for his services. He refused. He did make a trip to South Africa, though, to distribute in person the goods which his fund had purchased. He was welcomed with open arms, on all levels. He was not there, however, for the purpose of graciously accepting the gratitude of his benefactors. Instead, at the request of General Roberts, whom he had known in India, and who was now the commanding officer of the British forces in South Africa, he undertook the task of establishing a newspaper in this new theatre of war. Indeed he actually participated physically, for a period of two weeks, in the physical labor of this task.

Another poem in the Times, published not much later, was called "The Islanders," and demanded that the nation
should at least give as much attention to its armed forces as it gave to the game of cricket. Never did a single man offer so much offense to so many. Pro war and pro empire, Kipling may have been, but he was no genuflector of the upper classes. Those who had inherited an easy way of life, he sternly pointed out, must learn that they could not keep it unless they would learn to fight for it:

Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set,
Life so long untroubled, that ye who inherit forget
It was not made with the mountains, it is not one with the deep.
Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must keep.
Men, not children, servants, or kinsfolk called from afar,
But each man born in the island broke to the matter of war.

An ironic situation arose, on the day after peace was declared--June 1, 1902--when Rudyard's Aunt Georgie (to whom he was eternally faithful, despite her opposition to the war) hung a banner in her window which read as follows:

We have killed and also taken possession.

For Kipling, morality had consisted, from Southsea up, in heeding the Law of the Group. The two dominant Groups were
those of the Family and the Nation. If the two should conflict—as in the Antigone—then which would take precedence?

Without attempting to answer this question, we shall merely point out that, when a crowd gathered outside the house that evening and attempted to tear the sign down, it was necessary for Kipling to come over from his neighboring house and plead with them to go away!

Kipling's "South African phase," we may say, came to an end a year later (1903) when he published his South African verse in a volume called The Five Nations.

Kipling played a lesser role in the World War. His poem ("For All We Have and Are") in the Times did not precipitate the war, but rather committed the nation to a thing which had come:

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone!
Though all we knew depart,
The old Commandment stand:--
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."
The final stanza is worth quoting, because it shows in unwavering certainty the profound importance which Kipling attached to the survival of the Group:

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will and soul.
There is but one task for all--
One life for each to give.
What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

We may add that these were no idle words. Kipling meant what he said. The best evidence we may find is in his own reaction to the loss of his son, John, an officer in the Irish Guards. The event was the more agonizing because the boy was at first merely reported as missing in action. A period of two years had to pass before the Kiplings had definite information. Their son had died bravely and quickly, in combat. Rudyard recorded the pain of the waiting--not bitterly, but proudly--in poignant verse:
"Have you news of my boy Jack?"

Not This Tide.

"When d'you think that he'll come back?"

Not With This Wind Blowing, And This Tide.

"Has any one else had word of him?"

Not This Tide.

For What Is Sunk Will Hardly Swim,

Not With This Wind Blowing, And This Tide.

"Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?"

None This Tide,

Nor Any Tide,

Except He Did Not Shame His Kind--

Not Even With That Wind Blowing, And That Tide.

Then hold your head up all the more,

This tide,

And every tide;

Because he was the son you bore,

And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

Kipling found comfort, undoubtedly, in the task, which he had undertaken, of writing the history of his son's regiment, which he titled The Irish Guards in the Great War.
He gave himself fully to this work, visiting casualties in the hospitals, interviewing numerous members of the regiment, including personal friends of John who came to call on the father at his home. The Kiplings were now living at "Batemans," the residence at Burwash which they had occupied since their departure from Rottingdean.

In 1917 Rudyard went to Italy to write the story of the Italian campaign. And in October of 1918 his poem, "Justice," which appeared in 200 newspapers during that month, expressed his fear that the allies might submit to some kind of compromise peace:

Across a world where all men grieve
And grieving strive the more,
The great days range like tides and leave
Or dead on every shore.
Heavy the load we undergo,
And our own hands prepare,
If we have parley with the foe,
The load our sons must bear.

With the coming of the Armistice, moreover, he was increasingly distressed by the impracticality of Wilson's fourteen points. He expressed his concern in letters to the Secretary for War and in a more personal letter to
ex-President Roosevelt. Commanded to Buckingham Palace to meet Wilson, himself, he was unimpressed. He was profoundly distressed, however, by the death of Roosevelt, whom he memorialized in a poem as "Great-Heart."

The measure of Kipling's stature as a world figure, during his last years, may be seen if we trace his relationship to the King of England.

In 1921, through his private secretary, Lord Stamfordham, George V offered Kipling the Order of Merit. Kipling refused the honor. It was necessary, however, to do so with care, in order that respect and gratitude should nevertheless be shown to His Highness. The result of these negotiations was that Kipling became a friend of Lord Stamfordham. At the same time, his connection with the Royal family became stronger.

In the spring of 1922, Kipling was invited, twice, to participate with the king in public ceremonies in France. On the second of these occasions they conversed. The King

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4 He refused the same offer when it was made again, in 1924, just as he had earlier refused a knighthood. He did, however, accept honorary degrees from the Universities of Edinburgh, and Paris. He accepted the Nobel Prize in 1908. Places in the Abbey were reserved for Rudyard and his wife on the occasion of Edward VII's Coronation, as well as that of George V.
spoke to Mrs. Kipling of the son whom she had lost, and Kipling and the King discussed politics. Later in that same month, Kipling was invited to a small party in England that he could again meet the King.

We are not to conclude from these events that Kipling, in the last two decades of his life, was highly regarded by the younger generation of intellectuals. He was producing, and his works had a wide sale. Moreover, though tastes may differ, there are many who would say that the stories written by Kipling after the World War were, many of them, sufficiently distinguished (apart from all of his earlier works) to bring him world fame as a teller of tales. In the era of Hemingway— with whom, however, he might well be compared— Kipling was a forgotten man. Indeed, on his seventieth birthday, he and Carrie were surprised by the flood of letters and telegrams which came in. Not the least of these was a personal letter from Rudyard's friend, the King.

On the thirteenth of January, 1936— a day when he was feeling in good health, so that he and Carrie were planning a trip to France— Kipling unexpectedly suffered a severe hemorrhage and was taken at once to Middlesex Hospital, where a serious operation was performed. The world— and his
wife and daughter—were required to suffer in suspense until January 18, when Rudyard died. He was buried, of course, in Westminster Abbey.

On the day of Rudyard's death, another prominent Englishman fell ill. Born, like Kipling, in 1865, he died two days later than Kipling. He, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey. This was George V, the King of England and also the Emperor of India.
PART TWO: KIPLING ON INDIA

5. "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows"\(^1\)

Kipling's earliest story—written when he was only eighteen years old—is an astonishing tour de force. It is simply a sketch, seen through the eyes of a customer, of an opium den in Lahore. Yet in miniature (in the form of a seed, as it were) it may well contain most of the leading motives which characterize the entire body of Kipling's work. Let us briefly examine some of the characters. Most prominent is the manager and owner, old Fung Tching. Fung Tching (for a minor character in a minor tale written by an eighteen

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\(^1\) The chronological sequence of Kipling's earliest writings may be listed as follows: Schoolboy Lyrics (1881) was privately printed by his mother. During this same period he was editor of his school paper, The United Services College Chronicle. In September of 1884 he had written "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows." On March 7, 1885, he mentions the inspiration for Mother Maturin. By July 30 of the same year he had finished 237 pages of this never-published work. At the end of that year the four Kiplings published a magazine called Quartette which included the earliest stories which Kipling approved for his collected works: "The Phantom Rickshaw" and "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes." Departmental Ditties appeared in 1886, Plain Tales from the Hills in 1888, From Sea to Sea (sketches) in 1889. These were the works which appeared before Kipling departed for England.
year old boy) is amazingly well developed, a fully drawn and highly pregnant characterization. He had previously, so we are told, been a boot-maker in Calcutta. "They say he murdered his wife there when he was drunk. That was why he dropped bazaar-rum and took to the Black Smoke instead." He had later opened his own house, the Gate of a Hundred Sorrows, a respectable place.

The old man knew his business thoroughly, and he was most clean for a Chinaman. He was a one-eyed little chap, not much more than five feet high, and both his middle fingers were gone.

All the same, he was the handiest man at rolling black pills I have ever seen. Never seemed to be touched by the Smoke, either; and what he took day and night, night and day, was a caution. I've been at it five years, and I can do my fair share of the Smoke with any one; but I was a child to Fung Tching that way.

This Eurasian Narrator, then, regards himself, in a sense, as a child of Fung Tching. The two are linked in another sense. That is, the Eurasian narrator had also had a wife.

I had a wife of sorts. But she's dead now. People said that I killed her by taking to the Black Smoke. Perhaps I did, but it's so long since that it doesn't matter. Sometimes when I first came to the Gate, I used to feel sorry for it; but that's all over and done with long ago.

There was an old aunt of mine, down Agra way, and she left me a little at her death. About sixty rupees a month secured. Sixty isn't much.
He goes on to recall his former trade.

I can recollect a time, 'seems hundreds and hundreds of years ago, that I was getting my three hundred a month, and pickings, when I was working on a big timber-contract in Calcutta.

Old Fung Tching used to take care of him. "When old Fung Tching was alive he used to draw the money for me, give me about half of it to live on (I eat very little) and the rest he kept himself." One cannot help wondering, at this point, if Rudyard, when he lived with his father at Lahore, while working as a journalist, paid his father for board and room.

I was free of the Gate at any time of the day or night, and could smoke and sleep there when I liked, so I didn't care.

No; it was clean and quiet, and not crowded...we always had a mat apiece, with a wadded woolen head-piece, all covered with black and red dragons and things....He died a couple of years ago, and gave me the pipe I always use now....I smoke it for the old man's sake. He must have made a good thing out of me, but he always gave me clean mats and pillows, and the best stuff you could get anywhere.

When he died, his nephew...took up the Gate.... The nephew does things very shabbily...I've found burned brand in my pipe over and over again. The old man would have died if that had happened in his time ....Fung Tching used to be very particular about his people, and never got in anyone who'd give trouble by dying messy and such. But the nephew isn't half so careful....Never tries to get men in quietly, and make them comfortable like Fung Tching did....
And so Fung Tching died, we are told. The Nephew took over. He changed the name from "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" to "The Temple of the Three Possessions." And what were these Three Possessions? We wonder. But we do not wonder for long. A page later we arrive at a curious situation. The clientele has changed, we learn. More negroes. Fewer whites. "He has to keep us three, of course--me and the Memsahib and the other Eurasian. We're fixtures. But he wouldn't give us credit for a pipeful--not for anything."

Now who is this Memsahib? She was mentioned earlier, in connection with the reprehensible practice of putting burned brand in the pipes--"That's the Memsahib's work, I know....I don't know why I don't leave the place and smoke quietly in a little room of my own in the bazaar...." Well, the Memsahib, who also smoked, was the half-caste consort of the Nephew, just as she had also been the consort of Fung Tching. Not the wife, for Fung Tching had murdered his wife. Just the consort.

Now the tempting question is this. Whether the author knew it or not, does it seem reasonable that some of these characters might have symbolized actual persons? Could we hazard the guess that Fung Tching (perhaps also the Nephew) reflects Lockwood Kipling as manager of his Indian
Museum; and likewise that the Memsahib (perhaps also both of the murdered wives) reflect the mother?

And who was "the other Eurasian"? This is easy. Let us have a little guessing game. Here is another character, mentioned twice only--meticulously, yet carelessly, and without any attempt at characterization--who is nevertheless so important that the very name of the house is based partly on her existence. She is so identical with the Eurasian narrator, perhaps, that characterization would be superfluous. Even her "sex" is not mentioned, and doesn't matter. "She" is one of the three Possessions of the Proprietor. Or one might say that she and her fellow Eurasian, the narrator, are the two possessions of the proprietor, be he old or new, and the kill-her-off-in-vain Memsahib. It is hardly necessary to add that the two Eurasians (or Anglo-Indians) are Rudyard and Trix. In short, here is precisely the family square--if you will--in which Kipling was living while he wrote the story.

If you are lucky enough to belong to a Group, don't quibble about the price. Obey the Law, without question. Our Eurasian narrator (as well as the other Eurasian) has found his way here now. He belongs. He has the run of the place. So the proprietor is making a good thing of it. He
will pay whatever price the Law has set, with little question, because the reward is indispensable, essential, an end in itself--namely, the privilege of lying with his pipe or bottle (pacifier, nipple) in the room of the Proprietor and Memsahib, at the foot of the coffin, near the joss.

Before leaving this many-faceted little sketch, let us ask a question. We have said that this early sketch contains in embryo most of the major theses of the later works. What do we then find here which might anticipate Kipling's concern with the White Man's Burden. What we find is this, that the Nephew began the decline of the house by the fact that he "let in all sorts of low people, niggers and all, and the Black Smoke isn't as good as it used to be." And again,

That's why the Gate is getting a little bit more known than it used to be. Among the niggers of course. The nephew daren't get a white, or, for matter of that, a mixed skin into the place. He has to keep us three, of course--me and the Memsahib and the other Eurasian.

The word "nigger," of course, is unforgiveable in the ears of any sensitive American. We must remember, however, that it may have had a very different connotation
to an Anglo-Indian in India in 1885. In any case, racial issues play a prominent role in this respectable house. Little space is found, however, for a topic so broad in scope as that of "The White Man's Burden."

2 The fact is, however, that Kipling still used the word, unnecessarily, perhaps defiantly, as late as 1935, after he had lived for several years in Vermont and should have known better. Yet in a letter to a Mrs. Jackson Stoddard, "who had charged him with misunderstanding her country, he had written: "Remember that I lived in the land for four years just as a householder...As the nigger said in Court: "'If ah didn't like de woman, how come I'd take de trouble to hit her on de haid?"' This letter, to be seen in the Carpenter collection, is quoted by Carrington, op. cit., p. 391.
6. **Mother Maturin**

"I have really embarked to the tune of 237 foolscap pages on my novel--Mother Maturin--an Anglo-Indian episode."

Kipling wrote these lines on the thirtieth day of July, 1885, being nineteen years of age and a hard-working reporter on the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette. And thus began the alpha and omega--the one manuscript, never published--which haunted his work and career more or less from beginning to end.

...Like Topsy "it grewed" while I wrote and I find myself now committed to a two volume business at least. It's not one bit nice or proper but it carries a grim sort of amoral with it and tries to deal with the unutterable horrors of lower class Eurasian and native life as they exist outside reports and reports and reports. I haven't got the Pater's verdict on what I've done. He comes up in a couple of days and will then sit in judgement. Trixie says it's awfully horrid; Mother says it's nasty but powerful and I know it to be in large measure true. It is an unfailing delight to me and I'm just in that pleasant stage where the characters are living with me always. The Parents say "publish it at home and let it have a chance." I hold that India would be the better place and have already received one offer for the book from an Indian paper.¹

¹ Carrington, *op. cit.*, pp. 52-53.
"The pater"—whose word was always law in such matters—eventually condemned his work. Perhaps he perceived the frightening elements of its origin more clearly than did the other three members of the "family square." Nevertheless, in the first blaze of his London fame, Kipling again attempted to put this story into shape, but without success. He then placed it in safe deposit until he borrowed from it for *Kim*. Late in life he again attempted to use it, this time in connection with the writing of a story for the cinema. The supposition is that he finally destroyed it. Perhaps, like his father, he finally understood it.

Probably there is no person living who ever read the manuscript of *Mother Maturin*. It was read, however, by Mrs. Hill, before her death, and she has left us the following account of the work. In reading this brief synopsis, it is suggested that the reader must try to decide for himself what the sources might have been for the old Irishwoman and her daughter:

*Mother Maturin* I have read which was never published because John Lockwood Kipling was not satisfied with it. It is the story of an old Irishwoman who kept an opium den in Lahore but sent her daughter to be educated in England. She married a Civilian and came to
live in Lahore—hence a story how Government secrets came to be known in the Bazaar and vice versa.  

It is not the prerogative of the present author to say that the old Irishwoman was modeled on Mrs. Kipling, or that her son-daughter was modeled on the joint figure of Rudyard-Trix. But it is perfectly possible that Lockwood Kipling—perhaps the world's most sympathetic and perceptive student of Kipling's works—had thought of this, where Rudyard himself may have not. It is perfectly possible, indeed, that Lockwood had voted against the work without even telling his son precisely why.

\[2 \text{ Carrington, op. cit., p. 279.} \]
7. **Departmental Ditties** (1886)

In the offices of the Civil and Military Gazette, the need often arose for material of odd lengths to fill up certain empty spaces in the columns. For this purpose, Kipling often turned out certain frivolous verses—which he sometimes referred to as "Bungalow Ballads." Some of these he collected in 1886 under the title of **Departmental Ditties**. They were printed first anonymously. Soon afterward—and still in the same year—the rights to these items were purchased by Thacker and Spink of Calcutta, who at once issued a new edition under the name of the author. Apart from **Schoolboy Lyrics**, which the author never acknowledged, this was Kipling's first book.

These verses, for the most part, are derivative in form. Frequently the author seems to be consciously imitating the verses of W. S. Gilbert. In subject matter they are highly topical, that is, they are concerned most frequently with the gossip of political and social events in Lahore and Simla. As such, they belong to an Anglo-Indian tradition by which versifiers, (through the newspapers of
various cities) would utter variations on a theme—a process resembling the communal barking of dogs on a summer evening.

This Anglo-Indian custom had come to the attention of the British critic and poet, Andrew Lang, who—chancing to receive a copy of this anonymous little book—was moved to offer a few paragraphs of friendly comment. This was Kipling's first critical notice.

Sifting over the several editions of the *Ditties*, we find little enough to reward us.

These verses include romance, gossip, governmental and sociological tracts, satire, imitations, Anglo-Indian problems and subjective utterances.

Of these, perhaps the so-called romantic items are the least interesting. They are callow, indeed. We are thinking of one ("To the Unknown Goddess") in which the poet, presumably, is addressing an imaginary woman who may one day be his bride:

Have I met you and passed you already,
unknowing, unthinking, and blind?

Shall I meet you next session at Simla, O
sweetest and best of your kind?

Faintly interesting for its structure, however, is "The Lovers' Litany," in which each of four stanzas opens
with a description of a pair of beloved eyes—gray, black, brown and blue. Thus--

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills

Silvered with the moonlight hoar...

And likewise each of these stanzas ends with the commonplace refrain--"Love like ours can never die!" The last stanza summarizes by stating that the poet is thus bankrupt in quadruplicate by being four times Cupid's debtor.

It is amazing that the author of the "Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" could at the same time have been writing such stuff as this.

The gossip, or keyhole poems, as they might be termed are hardly more interesting today, though it is understandable how they might have caused talk at the time they were written. "The Story of Uriah," for example, relates how one Jack Barrett was ordered by a person or persons unknown, in the upper echelons of the government, to report for duty to an outpost by the name of Quetta, where he died, leaving his wife to mourn for him a proper length of time.

A day will come, we are told, when the last Great Bugle Call will sound and the Quetta graveyards will give up their dead and at that time, says the poet, anticlimactically,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

"Delilah," again, is a work in which a lady of intrigue, elicits a departmental scandal from an aged lecher, and passes it on to a young journalist--

He wrote for divers papers, which, as everybody knows
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows.

The result was the retirement of a Viceroy.

Conceivably more interesting, being equipped with a sleazy plot, is an item entitled "The Post that Fitted." Here we are concerned with a fellow named Sleary who was engaged to marry a certain "Carrie," of little fortune. He therefore paid suit to one Minnie Boffkin, uncourted daughter of influential parents. The latter, desperately hoping to marry off their unwanted daughter, attempted to pay Mr. Sleary by getting him a handsome appointment "on the Bombay side." Having accepted this irrevocable situation, he thereupon contrived, by a judicious use of "Pears' shaving sticks," to give the impression that he was a frequent victim of fits. Being therefore rapidly jettisoned by the Boffkins he gleefully married his Carrie:
Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

Turning to what we have called governmental and sociological, tracts we find a piece called "Municipal," in which the poet, his rickshaw crossing the path of an errant municipal elephant, is almost killed. The cause of this disaster is the fact that the "Main drain sewage-outfall" was blocked "some eight feet up, with mire." The idea, of course, is to inspire the city to "do something" about the draws.

This is not so bad. The poems which are sung in the name of "the people" are, however, distressing. We have, for instance, a work in which the "Women of India" are described as struggling to express their gratitude to Lady Dufferin, wife of the Viceroy, for the welfare fund which she has set up.

Somewhat more interesting is "What the People Said," in which we hear "the sound of the Great Queen's voice":

"My God hath given me years,
Hath granted dominion and power;
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice"--
This voice is more or less ignored by the man of the soil:
And the ploughman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod;
For he saith: "The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God."

"The Masque of Plenty" satirizes a government inquiry into the welfare of the Indian people. The Masque opens with Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty, singing on the wooded heights of Simla:

"How sweet is the shepherd's sweet life.
From the dawn to the even he strays--
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

Now this is the position,
Go make an inquisition
Into their real condition
As swiftly as ye may."

During the progress of the investigation, the camera shifts to an area from which we can view the true situation:

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear--
The earth is iron, and the skies are brass--
The well is dry beneath the village tree--
The young wheat withers ere it reach a span,
And belts of blinding sand show cruelly
Where once the river ran....

Finally the Government of India reappears, equipped with
"white satin wings and electroplated harp"--

How beautiful upon the mountains--in peace
reclining,
Thus to be assured that our people are unanimously
dining.
And though there are places not so blessed as
others in natural advantages, which, after all,
was only to be expected,
Proud and glad are we to congratulate you upon
the work you have thus ably effected..."

A Hired Band then makes its appearance:

God bless the Squire
And all his rich relations
Who teach us poor people
We eat our proper rations---
We eat our proper rations,
In spite of inundations,
Malarial exhalations,
And casual starvations,
We have, we have, they say we have--
We **have** our proper rations!

Of the satirical verses, many are doubtless directed at known individuals. Thus "The Man Who Could Write" is concerned with a certain Boanerges Blitzen, who thought that he could advance himself in the service by writing for the papers:

Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,
Till an Indian paper found that he could write:
Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.

In "The Last Department," young Rudyard Kipling (who certainly wrote more nimbly than Mr. Blitzen) adjures us to remember that a day is coming when furloughs will last forever:

And One who wrote on phosphates for the crops
Is subject-matter of his own report.

Let us all remember that none of us are indispensable and that all of us are little more than a breath of air from eternity:

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight
A draught of water, or a horse's fright--
The droning of the fat Sheristador
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night
For you or Me. Do those who live decline
The step that offers, or their work resign?
Trust me, Today's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.
Elsewhere Kipling anticipates the mythology of the
Jungle Books by writing, in a piece called "Divided Destinies,"
of a dream in which he has a conversation with a Bandar. The
Bandar speaks as follows:
"O man of futile fopperies--unnecessary wraps;
I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no tall-wheeled traps;
I buy me not twelve-button gloves, 'short-sizes'
eke, or rings,
Nor do I waste at Hamilton's my wealth on 'pretty things.'

"I quarrel with my wife at home, we never
fight abroad;
But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am her
only lord....
His hide was very mangy, and his face was very red,
And ever and anon he scratched with energy his head.
His manners were not always nice, but how my
spirit cried
To be an artless Bandar loose upon the mountain side!

The most characteristically juvenile of these satirical pieces, though they are also in some ways the most sharply honed, are those which concern themselves with women. When these cut a bit deep, the cause may be, as we have seen and shall see again and again, that Kipling's bitterness toward the female sex may be traced to a very old scar.

We turn, then, to a series of stanzas which Kipling described as "Certain Maxims of Hafiz." "Seek not for favor of women," he says. "So shall you find it indeed." What could be more disconcerting than that? And again:

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of marriage.

He warns us to beware of receiving letters:
If she have written a letter, delay not an instant, but burn it.
Tear it in pieces, 0 Fool, and the wind to her mate shall return it!
If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the blackest can clear,
Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear.
And again beware of those who pretend to be modest:
My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scuffingly bid thee give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward--get out! She has been there before.

A lighter item, "The Betrothed," apparently deals with a gentleman who must give up his fiancee or his cigars. The hero pretends to meditate the alternatives. Actually we can see that he hasn't the faintest doubt as to which is more important:

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away--
Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown--
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty--gray and dour and old--
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold!...

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket--
With never a new one to light, tho' it's charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar box--let me consider a while--

Here is a mild Manilla--there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion--bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a string?...

Finally Kipling hits one of those lines in which the commonplace is raised to the level of immortality:

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.
The most savagely wrought of these double-edged attacks on women, courtship and marriage, is a series of stanzas, harmlessly titled "An Old Song."

So long as aces take the king
Or backers take the bet,
So long as debt leads men to wed,
Or marriage leads to debt,
So long as little luncheons, Love
And scandal hold their vogue,
While there is sport at Annandale
Or whiskey at Jutogh,

If you love me as I love you,
What knife can cut our love in two?

Here's the second half of the next rather startling stanza:

So long as those unloaded guns
We keep beside the bed
Blow off, by obvious accident,
The lucky owner's head,

If you love me as I love you,
What can Life kill or Death undo?

And here's another half stanza:

So long as rumors from the North
Make loving wives afraid,
So long as Burma takes the boy
And typhoid kills the maid

If you love me as I love you,

What knife can cut our love in two?

In the verses just quoted, Kipling has taken an old bottle and filled it with a mighty pungent new wine. Elsewhere, however, both form and content are hopelessly imitative. This is especially true of the items written in the manner of Poe. "As the Bell Clinks" is a good example:

As I left the halls at Lumley, rose the vision of a comely Maid last season worshipped dumbly, watched with fervor from afar;
And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid would greet me kindly.
That was all--the rest was settled by the clinking tonga-bar.
Yea, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga coupling-bar.

Another of these intolerably Poe-like achievements is "The Undertaker's Horse:
The eldest son bestrides him,
And the pretty daughter rides him,
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;
And there wakens in my bosom
An emotion chill and gruesome
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Hardly less derivative is this weak imitation of Bobby Burns:

This fell when dinner-time was done--
"Twist the first an' the second rub--
That oor mon Jock cam' hame again
To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,
An' syne we thocht him fou,
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,
An' garred his partner rue,

Then up an' spake an elder mon,
That held the Spade its Ace--
"God save the lad! Whence comes the licht
That wimples on his face?"
An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,
An' ower the card-brim wunk:--
I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg
May be that I am drunk."

Questioning finally reveals that the man is engaged to be married.

A more distinguished imitation is called "One Viceroy Resigns." Here we are concerned with the departure of Lord Dufferin (Kipling's friend) in favor of the new Viceroy of India, Lord Lansdowne. Kipling is here modelling his work on the dramatic monologue form of Robert Browning. He used a similar structure later in many of his prose tales. The poem opens as follows:

So here's your Empire. No more wine, then?

Good.

We'll clear the Aides and khitmatgars away.
(You'll know that fat old fellow with the knife--
He keeps the Name book, talks in English, too,
And almost thinks himself the Government.)

And later:

Your business! Twice a hundred million souls.
Your business! I could tell you what I did
Some nights of Eighty-five, at Simla, worth
A kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives,
God knows to what new reef the man at the wheel
Prays with the passengers. They lose their lives,
Or rescued go their way; but he's no man
To take his trick at the wheel again--that's worse
Than drowning...

Lord Dufferin would be happy to give advice to the new man,
if he could. But it is not really possible:
I'd agonize to serve you if I could.
It's in communicable, like the cast
That drops the tackle with the gut adry.
Too much--too little--there's your salmon lost!

It is worth our while to examine this poem since, in a way,
it is not only Dufferin's memorial to his period of service
in India, but it is also Kipling's. In a sense one might
say that their tenures coincided. Likewise, as journalist
versus Governor, they were dealing more or less with identical
material. For example, here:

I'll see you in the Times--
A quarter-column of eye-searing print,
A leader once a quarter--then a war;
The Strand abellow through the fog: "Defeat!"
"'Orrible slaughter!" While you lie awake
And wonder. Oh, you'll wonder 'ere you're free!
I wonder now.
He drops into an old man's reminiscences, anticipatory of the style in which Lytton Strachey many years later described the last memories of Queen Victoria:

A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,
And Smiths thrice happy if I call them Jones,
(I can't remember half their names) or reined
My pony on the mall to greet their wives.
More trains, more troops, more dust, and then
all's done.
Four years, and I forget. If I forget
How will they bear me in their minds?

Before continuing, we may pause to consider that Kipling himself might have been somewhat amused by this over-serious examination of an early collection of verse. In one of these very poems, "The Conundrum of the Workshops" he writes a series of stanzas, each concluding with a variation on the eternal question, "But is it art?"

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first
On Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched
with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it art?"
Kipling might have asked himself the same question regarding one of his own poems in this collection, which appears to be some kind of extraordinary surrealistic experiment:

I had seen, as dawn was breaking
And I staggered to my rest,
Tari Devi softly shaking
From the Cart Road to the crest.
I had seen the spurs of Jakko
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?
The effect soon appears to be one of delirium tremens:
In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall;
Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard grey leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

At this point the mental phenomenon seems to be derived directly from personal experience. That is, it is hard to see how it could have been invented:

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried,
And they said I had the "jims" on,
And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bedroom—
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse—

Though I said: "To give my head room
You had best unroof the house."

The above lines—quoted from "La Nuit Blanche" are in striking contrast to "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House." Here we have the first inkling of the wonders which were soon to come in the "Barrack-Room Ballads." That is not to say that the present ballad is in the style of the later works. We are dealing here with seafaring men, for one thing. Moreover, the style is closer, say, to that of Robert Service. Indeed, in quality, it is hardly more than a notch higher than that. Here is the hero:
And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane
   Bull-throated, bare of arm,
Who carried on his hairy chest
   The maid Ultruda's charm---
The little silver crucifix
   That keeps a man from harm
Hans is in the company of a motley crew indeed:
   And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,
   And Pamba the Malay,
   And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,
   And Luz from Vigo Bay,
   And Honest Jack who sold them slops
   And harvested their pay.
Soon we meet Anne of Austria, who drank with these men
"and took the wage of shame," and belonged, this week, to Salem Hardieker. Or at any rate, such was the ruling of Port Law. But Anne of Austria was rolling her eyes on Hans the blue-eyed Dane.
   "I ship miniselfs tomorrow, see," says Hans---
   Und round the Skaw we go,
   South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,
   To Besser in Saro."
But talking to another man's girl can lead to trouble:

An oath from Salem Hardieker,
A shriek upon the stairs,
A dance of shadows on the wall,
A knife-thrust unawares---
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
Across the broken chairs....

And so a moment later we find him breathing his last---in the arms of Anne of Austria, of course:

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands
The weary head fell low:---
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight
For Besser in Saro:
Und there Ultruda comes to me
At Easter, und I go...

But Hans is going nowhere, of course:

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
But Anne of Austria looted first
The maid Ultruda's charm---
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

The Anglo-Indian problems mentioned above are
mainly concerned with weather, war and morale. A typical poem regarding the summer heat in the plains is titled "Pagett, M. P." This honorable Member of Parliament has arrived in India to prove in his own person that all the talk about unendurable heat is merely a myth. During the winter and spring he is "cool and gay" and ridicules the excessive salaries paid to his Majesty's servants in this comfortable country. However, the weather begins to change:

May set in with a dust-storm,---Pagett went
down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.
Imprimis---ten days "liver"---due to his drinking beer;
Later, a dose of fever---slight, but he called it severe.

It goes from bad to worse for Pagett:

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court at noon,
(I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett went off in a swoon.
That was an end of the business; Pagett, the perjured, fled
With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar
Myths" in his head.

Though the level of literary accomplishment in these verses is not high, it is nevertheless important to notice that they are distinguished by an extraordinary variety, both in form and content. Thus, "Christmas in India," which, in effect, is merely another poem concerning the weather in India, is so different in all ways from "Pagett, M. P." that we might well suppose it to be the work of another writer:

Dim dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is saffron-yellow—
As the women in the village grind the corn, and the parrots seek the river-side, each calling to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is born.
Oh the white dust on the highway! Oh the stenches in the byway!

Oh the clammy fog that hovers over earth!

Thus a pattern is set, by which each stanza opens as if promising something lyrical, only to shift at once to grim, hard hitting naturalism. Let us look at the opening lines of the second stanza:

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue
and staring
As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,
And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is
past all hope or caring,
To the ghat below the curling wreaths of smoke.
A further poem concerned with weather reverses
the dynamics, in this sense, that the first lines attempt
to give an attractive picture of springtime in India,—
My garden blazes brightly with the rose-bush
and the peach,
And the koil sings above it, in the siris by
the well
From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's
chattering speech,
And the blue-jay screams and flutters where
the cheery sat-bhai dwell.
Then comes the shift, abruptly, to a truly poignant memory
of springtime in England:
But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the
koil's note is strange;
I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-
burdened bough.
Give me back the leafless woodlands where the
winds of Springtime range---
Give me back one day in England, for it's
Spring in England now!

One would hardly have expected such a detailed and idle surrender to the countryside as we see in the following lines:

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er the brown fields blowing chill,
From the furrow of the ploughshare streams the fragrance of the loam,
And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and the jackdaw in the hill,
And my heart is back in England mid the sights and sounds of home....

We have mentioned also that war was an Anglo-Indian problem. It is true, however, that armed conflict on a large scale did not occur between the British and the Indians during Kipling's residence there. Skirmishes did occur, however, and they were noted by Kipling, even during this early period when he had not yet turned his attention much to the military life. As a consequence, we occasionally find lines or couplets which anticipate the later intensity of Kipling's military writings. For example, in "Arithmetic on the
Frontier," the following lines are worthy of notice:

The flying bullet down the Pass,
That whistles clear: "All flesh is grass."

And again:

A scrimmage in a Border station—
A canter down some dark defile—
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee jezail—
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride.

A poem of peculiar intensity is called "The Grave of the Hundred Head." Here we are concerned with a group of natives, led by a British Subaltern. In vengeance for the death of their Subaltern, they seek out the tribe responsible and claim a hundred heads as indemnity:

A Shider squibbed in the jungle,
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the first Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head.

They bury the boy and then march to the rebel village of Fabengmay:
Long was the mourn of slaughter,
Long was the list of slain,
Five score heads were taken,
Five score heads and twain;
And the men of the first Shikaris
Went back to their grave again,
Each man bearing a basket
Red as his palms that day,
Red as the blazing village—-
The village of Pabengmay.
And the "drip-drip-drip" from the baskets
Reddened the grass by the way....

Kipling suffered keenly at times in his struggle between the two attractions of England and India. Often throughout his career he shows us a hero who suffers a collapse of morale which involves submission to the opium lure of the east. Such a hero is Griffen of "Griffen's Debt." He is, of course, first cousin to the Eurasian narrator in "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows." Griffen, it seems, went broke, deserted his regiment, took to drink, lost all his friends and finally joined "the people of the land." That is, he turned "three parts Mussulman and one Hindu," and so settled down "among the Gauri villagers,"
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain,
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood sahib
Had come among them. Thus he spent his time,
Deeply indebted to the village shroff,
(Who never asked for payment) always drunk,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels;
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

But Griffen did find a way to repay his debt to the shroff:
You know they damned the Guari with a dam,
And all the good contractors scamped their work,
And all the bad material at hand
Was used to dam the Guari...

As a consequence the dam burst, flooded the village, and
killed twenty-five natives. Griffen, after, was found dead
under an old horse. People said this was the natural result
of the Demon Drink. The natives, however, had another tale
to tell. The great question was this, why had only twenty-
five native lives been lost? A legend arose among the Guari---
or was it merely a legend?---that shortly before the full
impact of the flood, a god came clailing through the village
on a horse, shouting, driving the natives up the hill with
a whip, to a point where they could not be reached by even
the highest water.
So he, the whiskified Objectionable, 
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels, 
Became the tutelary Deity 
Of all the Guari valley villages; 
And may in time become a Solar Myth.

Now it was all very well and a fine thing that Mr. Griffen was able to repay his debt to the shroff. And indeed he did owe a great debt to the shroff. For, having been rejected by all other Groups, he had been accepted by the Guari. The least he could do, then, was abide by whatever Laws were in operation among those people. In the same sense the narrator of the "Gate" was grateful to be accepted by Fung-Tching and he gladly submitted himself to a law which enabled him to lie down at the foot of the bed occupied by Fung and his consort and smoke his pipe.

And yet the question arises, why did these and certain other Kipling heroes suffer such a collapse of morale in the first place? Why did Griffen go broke? We understand that the Eurasian's wife died because he took to the Black Smoke. But why did he take to the Black Smoke? Is it possible---and we shall attempt to demonstrate in the progress of this paper that it is possible---that these and all such Kipling characters seem to reflect the author and his
sister who died together as children. That is, a part of them died. Thus when they returned across the sea from England to India and so back to their mother, a part of them was gone and they were therefore neither of them ever able afterwards to function in normal fashion.

Possibly we may see some reflection of this pattern even in the hodge podge of these departmental ditties. Let us conclude this chapter, then, by looking for a moment at a poem called "The Gift of the Sea." Here we find a widow—in terming her a widow, Kipling places the onus overwhelmingly on the mother—in a cottage by the sea, lamenting the death of her child, who lies beside her in a shroud. "I have lost my man in the sea," she says, "And the child is dead. "What more can ye do to me?"

But more can be done. Soon she fancies that she has heard the voice of a child outside the cottage, perhaps down near the sea. She turns to the old grandmother, beside her. "Heard ye nothing?" It's probably the voice of the lambing ewe, says the grandmother. Soon they seem to hear the voice again.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.
There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
There was neither spirit nor spark,
And "Heard ye nothing,-mother?" she said,
"'Tis crying for me in the dark."
And the nodding mother sighed.
"'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
Or the wail of the wind-blown gull?"
"The terns are blown inland,
The gray gull follows the plough.
'Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,
O mother, I hear it now!"
The next stanza will bear examination for its psychological significance:
"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;
The child is passed from harm,
'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your rest,
And the feel of an empty arm."
But profound physio-psychological distinctions must be drawn between mother and grandmother, as we shall find Kipling saying again many years later in *Kim*:
She puts her mother aside,
"In Mary's name let be!
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,
And she went to the calling sea.
In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piles,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
For she came to a little child.

It was she, then, who was responsible. It was not fate.
It was she who had missed the child by an hour. Too late.
But she had so chosen.

She laid it into her breast,
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed, and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.
And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark;
And, "God forgive us, mother," she said,
"We let it die in the dark."

In the above poem we may see a dominant motif for the remainder of this study.
8. *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888)

In the winter of 1886, when Kipling was twenty-one, his editor, Stephen Wheeler, under whom he had worked for four years on the *Gazette*, returned, finally, to England, defeated by the weather. The new editor, Kay Robinson (a refugee from the London *Globe* and the Allahabad *Pioneer*) was an old friend of Kipling's.

The order had come down, said he, to brighten the paper. Whereupon he made a proposal. The *Globe*, he said, had always featured on its front page a special article or story. To finish reading this, you had to turn over the page. Why shouldn't they feature a "turn-over" on the *Gazette*, the topic to be current, lively and short. And could Rudyard be the author? He could and did. In 1888 thirty-two of these stories (together with eight from other sources) were printed as *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

Taking his ideas where he found them—from a soldier on a train, from an item in a newspaper, even from a book by somebody else—Kipling turned out crisp, readable tales. They belong, most characteristically, in a journalistic tradition, that of Addison and Steele, Dickens' *Boz,*
The subject matter is varied. We find tragedy, comedy, farce. We find ghost stories and stories for children. Nine are concerned with the military life, including three which afford us an early acquaintance with the famous trio of Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris.

The majority of these tales, however, concern themselves with high society life in Lahore and Simla. Often it was easy to identify the originals of these characters. The most popular, doubtless, was "Mrs. Hauksbee," a lively lady of somewhat dubious reputation, whose capacity for stealing husbands was sometimes employed (as in "The Rescue of Pluffles") with altruistic intent. It is tempting to think that "Mrs. Hauksbee" might have embodied some of the characteristics of Kipling's witty mother. We are reminded, in this connection, of the dedication of the book---"To the Wittiest Woman in India."

Now which of these stories attempts to grapple with the central problem of this study, the problem of the Englishman living in India? Before we continue, let us notice this, that the terms Eurasian and Anglo-Indian are of course not the same. The Eurasian is a person with one European parent and one Indian. Whereas the Anglo-Indian
is, of course, an Englishman living in Asia. We may say, however, that the early Kipling apparently did not always distinguish sharply between the terms. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the young Kipling never felt quite certain whether he was English or Indian. As a consequence, he seems inclined to identify with Eurasian characters, as in "The Gate" and---apparently---in Mother Maturin. In the tales now under discussion, he is concerned with the relation between Englishman and Indian. He has not yet, however, elected to believe in the essential superiority of his own people. On the contrary, he often appears to weigh his tale in favor of the Indian. Likewise, he seems to indicate that intermarriage may give the "white man" the best of the bargain. Let us examine two of these tales.

In "Lisbeth" we meet a girl of the Hills who has been baptized into the Christian faith at the age of five weeks. When her parents die, she is taken--a very beautiful, tall and stately girl in her middle teens--to live with the chaplain and his wife. One day she finds a handsome young Englishman lying unconscious beside a country road. Bringing him home, she declares that she intends to nurse him back to health and then marry him.

When the young man recovers consciousness, the
chaplain's wife explains to him that the girl intends to marry him. He is sufficiently amused to remain somewhat longer than necessary. We are not told that he seduces the girl or makes her pregnant, though that is what ordinarily happen in a tale of this sort. Indeed, we may assume, if we wish, that it did happen.

When the Englishman begins to tire of the game and announces his intention of leaving for home, the chaplain's wife advises him to lie to Lisbeth, which he does. As a consequence is able to dry her tears. "He will come back and marry me," she says. "He has gone to his own people to tell them so." And the chaplain's wife encourages this idea. "He will come back."

When the chaplain's wife finally confesses the truth, the girl is deeply shocked. At first it seems incredible to her that a chaplain's wife could lie. When she comes to accept this fact, however, she returns to her own people:

The Chaplain's wife bowed her head, and said nothing. Lisbeth was silent too, for a little time; then she went out down the valley, and returned in the dress of a Hill-girl---infamously dirty, but without the nose-stud and ear-rings. She had her hair braided into the long pigtail, helped out with black thread, that Hill-women wear.

"I am going back to my own people," said she.
"You have killed Lisbeth....You are all liars, you English."

By the time that the Chaplain's wife had recovered from the shock of the announcement that Lisbeth had 'verted to her mother's gods, the girl had gone; and she never came back.

She took to her own unclean people savagely, as if to make up the arrears of the life she had stepped out of; and, in a little time, she married a woodcutter who beat her after the manner of Paharis, and her beauty faded soon.

"There is no law whereby you can account for the vagaries of the heathen," said the Chaplain's wife, "and I believe that Lisbeth was always at heart an infidel." Seeing she had been taken into the Church of England at the mature age of five weeks, this statement does not do credit to the Chaplain's wife.

Lisbeth was a very poor old woman when she died. She had always a perfect command of English, and when she was sufficiently drunk, could sometimes be induced to tell the story of her first love affair.

Before offering comment on this story, let us examine another which is written in a somewhat similar vein. This is "Yoked to an Unbeliever," the story of Phil Garron, an ineffectual young man who goes to India to make his fortune so that he can return and marry Miss Agnes Leiter. Miss Agnes, however, gets tired of waiting and marries a wealthy young man who, conveniently, had remained on his own soil. Informed of this unexpected development, in a poignant letter from Agnes, Phil pities himself for awhile, and then he makes a decision:

He did what many planters have done before him---
that is to say, he made up his mind to marry a Hill-girl and settle down. He was seven-and-twenty then, with a long life before him, but no spirit to go through with it. So he married Dunmaya by the forms of the English Church, and some fellow-planters said he was a fool, and some said he was a wise man. Dunmaya was a thoroughly honest girl, and, in spite of her reverence for an Englishman, had a reasonable estimate of her husband's weaknesses. She managed him tenderly, and became, in less than a year, a very passable imitation of an English lady in dress and carriage. It is curious to think that a Hill-man after a lifetime's education is a Hill-man still; but a Hill-woman can in six months master most of the ways of her English sisters.

The culmination of the story is abrupt and ineffectual, from the point of view of narrative art. Agnes' husband dies and leaves her a fortune. This happens by chance, while the two are residing in Bombay. This event, in Agnes' opinion, shows "a direct interposition of Providence." She decides to locate her former lover and permit him to marry her and her gold. She does find him, but she fails to win his hand. "Dunmaya is making a decent man of him; and he will ultimately be saved from perdition through her training."

In both of these stories we are definitely given the impression that the Indian is superior to the Englishman. In "Lisbeth" the young Englishman—and likewise the Chaplain and his wife—are persons of shoddy character, as contrasted
to the heroine. And in "Yoked to an Unbeliever" (the title is ironical, of course) both Agnes and Phil are inferior to Dunmaya.

Moreover, Kipling here not only tolerates the idea of inter-marriage, but---at least in the second story---he seems to advise it. As a matter of fact we shall never see him positively resolving this conflict in favor of the arbitrary Law of his own Group until after his marriage.
9. The Railway Stories

The Tales just discussed were written in a strict form, for the Gazette, in Lahore, while Kipling was living with his family. In the summer of 1887, however, a distinct alteration occurred in the mode of his existence. George Allen, who operated both papers, transferred Kipling from the Gazette to the Pioneer in Allahabad, where he was a somewhat smaller frog in a somewhat larger puddle. Equally important, he left his family and discovered the mother-substitute, Mrs. Hill.

Rudyard was given the task of editing the magazine supplement known as The Week's News. As might have been expected of this natural-born story-teller, he at once offered himself to his superiors as a man quite capable (as indeed he was) of writing the fiction for this supplement. He could do this, he said, at a moderate rate of pay and so save his employer the expense of paying a "name."

Rudyard was, of course, not so much interested in making himself useful to his employers as he was anxious to extend his own scope as a story teller. He wanted more elbow
room. In the new situation he could permit his stories to run on to four or five thousand words.

Under the new arrangement Kipling produced enormously. Soon a certain Mr. E. E. Moreau—who perhaps has not received sufficient attention as a pioneer of the pocket-book—conceived the idea of reprinting these stories, at the price of one rupee per volume. Moreau was on the staff of A. H. Wheeler and Company, which held the Indian Railway Bookstalls concession. Under his supervision, the first six volumes of the so-called Indian Railway Library, all written by Kipling, appeared on the railway book-stalls in 1883.

Selling widely, not only in Asia but all through the world, some of these little books even washed ashore in the British isles. A copy of one of them came to the attention of a critic on the Saturday Review. While "recommending these publications... very heartily," he deplored the fact that they were not found on English railway book-stalls." And he added, "Very little that is so new and so good can be discovered on these shrines of fugitive literature. Mr. Kipling is a new writer, new to the English as distinct from the Anglo-Indian public. He is so clever, so fresh, and so cynical, that he must be young." And Vanity Fair: "A
more readable or amusing book we have seldom come across."
And "No more promising work has recently appeared in the
English tongue than the Anglo-Indian stories of Mr. Kipling,"
said the St. James Gazette. It was not until 1890, however,
when many of these stories were collected under the title of
Soldiers Three and others in a volume called Wee Willie Winkie
that Kipling's name was first brought to the attention of
the general public in England.

The so-called "Railway Stories" may be classified
as juvenile, domestic, and military.

The juvenile include two stories ("Wee Willie Winkie" and "His Majesty the King") which are primarily
sentimental, stylistically as well as in subject matter.
They are of relatively little interest to us today. The
third, however, carries us right back again, forcibly,
bitterly, ruthlessly and--honestly, above all, let it be said
--to that Hansel and Gretel episode in Kipling's childhood
which, obviously played a major role in the formation of
Kipling's genius, just as the searing experiences of Dickens'
childhood in the Marshalsea, Hungerford Stairs and the
blacking establishment stamped his work from Box to Edwin
Drood.
This episode was never directly faced in the earlier works. Now the boil finally bursts, the careful balanced cup of bitterness overflows, and Kipling pours out his heart in such plain flat words that the sensitive critic of the World was moved to assert that the story was "too grim and unlovely to be associated with the playfulness of childhood."\(^1\)

We, however, must not screw up our courage and follow this story through, giving special attention to the psychotherapeutic insight of this young and untutored but highly gifted story-teller.

The title, of course, is based on the nursery rhyme, which the author cites at the beginning of his story:

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, Sir, yes, Sir, three bags full.
One for the Master, one for the Dame--
None for the Little Boy that cries down the lane.

The hero and heroine here are Punch and Judy. The two-in-one, like the Eurasian narrator and the other Eurasian.

\(^1\) These reviews are quoted (see Carrington, op. cit., p. 101) from a scrap book of press cuttings in the possession of Mrs. Bambridge.
When the story opens, the three Indian servants are putting them to bed. Somehow extraordinary privileges are being granted tonight. What's up? It is the nurse, herself, the ayah, who finally explains:

"Punch-baba is going away," said the ayah. "In another week there will be no more Punch-baba to pull my hair anymore. She sighed softly, for the boy of the household was very dear to her heart.

The camera shifts and we find the parents alone.

"The worst of it is that one can't be certain of anything," said Papa, pulling his mustache. "The letters in themselves are excellent, and the terms are moderate enough."

"The worst of it is that the children will grow up away from me," thought Mama; but she did not say it aloud.

"We are only one case among hundreds," said Papa, bitterly. "You shall go home again in five years, dear."

"Punch will be ten then—and Judy eight. Oh, how long and long and long the time will be! And we have to leave them among strangers."

"Punch is a cheery little chap. He's sure to make friends wherever he goes."

"And who could help loving my Ju?"

They were standing over the cots in the nursery late at night, and I think that Mama was crying softly. After Papa had gone away, she knelt down by the side of Judy's cot. The ayah saw her and put up a prayer that the Messahib might never find the love of her children taken away from her and given to a stranger.

Mama's own prayer was a slightly illogical one. Summarized it ran:—"Let strangers love my children and be as good to them as I should be, but let me preserve their love and their confidence for ever and ever. Amen."

And so the four embarked on a long journey. Don't let Judy forget me, persisted Mama during the journey.
"Punch could not understand what Mama meant. But he strove to do his duty; for, the moment Mama left the cabin, he said to Judy:--"Ju, you bemember Mama?" "Torse I do," said Judy. "Then always bemember Mama, 'r else I won't give you the paper ducks..."

The voyage was over. They arrived at the place in England, on the side of a sandy road, where Aunty Rosa lived, and Uncle Harry and the oily black haired boy who was known as Harry. And then came that morning:

...they roused Punch and Judy in the chill dawn of a February morning to say Good-by...Punch was very sleepy and Judy was cross. "Don't forget us," pleaded Mama. "Oh, my little son, don't forget us, and see that Judy remembers too."
"I've told Judy to bemember," said Punch, wriggling, for his father's beard tickled his neck. "I've told Judy--ten--forty--'leven thousand times. But Ju's so young..."

They had gone. In his half-sleep he could hear the carriage rattling away. But they would be back again the next day. On the next day, however, they were smugly told, by the black-haired boy that Mama and Papa had gone to Bombay and that he and Judy were to stay where they were "forever."

"When the tears had ceased...there was a distant, dull boom in the air--a repeated heavy thud. Punch knew that sound in Bombay in the Monsoon. It was the sea--the sea that must be traversed before anyone could get to Bombay.
"Quick, Ju!" he cried. "we're close to the sea. I can hear it! Listen! That's where they've went. P'raps we can catch them if we was in time. They didn't mean to go without us. They've only forgot."
"Iss," said Judy. "They've only forgotted. Less go to the sea."
They walked a long time. "I'se so tired," said Judy, "and Mama will be angry."
"Mama's never angry....Ju, you mustn't sit down. Only a little more and we'll come to the sea. Ju, if you sit down I'll thmack you!"

But "there was no trace of Papa and Mama" and when Uncle Harry found them Judy was "wailing to the pitiless horizon for "mama, Mama!"--and again "mama!"

And then came the years of gradual change, in which the originally lively and healthy-minded young Punch-baba was transformed, by the power of suggestion, into a Black Sheep, a self-confessed child criminal who hurled himself (literally almost blindly) in all directions at a totally hostile world. It started gradually with the fact that the Woman had already a boy to love. "Punch was the extra boy about the house. There was no special place for him or his little affairs."

True he had learned to read and this was his salvation. But it was also his despair, since the woman could now punish him by taking his books away. In desperation he learned to trick her--but never for long:

"You're a liar--a young liar," said Harry, with great unction, "and you're to have tea down here because
you're not fit to speak to us. And you're not to speak
to Judy again till Mother gives you leave. You'll
corrupt her. You're only fit to associate with the
servant. Mother says so.

He was Harry's slave:

He shared his room with Harry and knew the torture in
store. For an hour and a half he had to answer that
young gentleman's question as to his motives for telling
a lie, and a grievous lie...

From that day began the downfall of Punch, now Black
Sheep.

"Untrustworthy in one thing, untrustworthy in all," said Aunty Rosa, and Harry felt that Black Sheep was
delivered into his hands. He would wake him up in the
night to ask him why he was such a liar.

"I don't know," Punch would reply.

"Then don't you think you ought to get up and pray to
God for a new heart?"

"Y-yess."

"Get out and pray, then!" And Punch would get out of
bed with raging hate in his heart against all the world,
seen and unseen...

There came the time when he was sent with Harry to
school. Harry already had given out the word that the new
boy was a coward. Yet the coward, one day, struck back at
one of his enemies "with all the power at his command."

The boy dropped and whimpered. Black Sheep was
astounded at his own act, but, feeling the unresisting
body under him, shook it with both hands in blind fury
and then began to throttle his enemy; meaning honestly
to slay him.

Came Harry at a gallop and dragged the coward home:

"Why didn't you fight him fair? What did you hit him
when he was down for, you little cur?"

Black Sheep looked up at Harry's throat and then at a
knife on the dinner-table.

"I don't understand," he said wearily. "You always
set him on me and told me I was a coward when I blubbed."
But you probably killed him, said Harry. In that case you'll hang. In that case, said Black Sheep, I might just as well kill you, too, and he seized the knife and gave chase. He was beaten for that, twice, to drive out the devil. But the devil did not appear to be driven out.

Black Sheep decided to kill the devil by killing himself. Having been told that eating paint was a sure road to death, he went to the playroom and started, systematically, to eat the paint off the toys. He retired that night in the serene assurance that he would be dead by morning. This knowledge provided him with a certain poise. "If you speak to me tonight, Harry, I'll get out and try to kill you. Now you can kill me if you like." And he thereupon "lay down to die."

Finding himself alive the next morning, he resumed the round of his daily sins. One of these, a new sin, for which he could not account, was bumping into things:

He himself could not account for spilling everything he touched, upsetting glasses as he put his hand out, and bumping his head against doors that were manifestly shut. There was a grey haze upon all his world, and it narrowed month by month, until at last it left Black Sheep almost all alone.

"The greyness had grown so thick that not even the print in the story books was clear. He was driven far back into darkness where he could only invent his own stories."
So Black Sheep brooded in the shadows that fell about him and cut him off from the world, inventing horrible punishments for "dear Harry," or "plotting another line of the tangled web of deception that he wrapped around Aunty Rosa."

And then came the crash. Aunty Rosa discovered that for weeks he had done no home work. For three days he was shut in his own bedroom—to prepare his heart. He was beaten at school by the authorities. And then at home by Aunty Rosa. And then a placard was produced, marked "Liar" which was sewn to the back of his jacket. He was ordered to go for a walk.

"If you make me do that," said Black Sheep very quietly, "I shall burn this house down, and perhaps I'll kill you. I don't know whether I can kill you--you're so bony--but I'll try."

No punishment followed this blasphemy, though Black Sheep held himself ready to work his way to Aunt Rosa's withered throat, and grip there till he was beaten off. Perhaps Aunty Rosa was afraid, for Black Sheep, having reached the Nadir of Sin, bore himself with a new recklessness...

There came one day a visitor from India, the very doctor who had first escorted Punch and Judy into the world. On this his visit to England he was especially anxious to see the children, he announced. He met Judy, a happy little girl. But where was Punch? And so Punch was called, who came, as usual, bumping things, apparently unaware of what
was in front of him. He "charged into a solid tea-table laden with china."

"Gently, gently, little man," said the visitor, turning Black Sheep's face to the light slowly. "What's that big bird on the palings?"
"What bird?" asked Black Sheep.
The visitor looked deep down into Black Sheep's eyes for half a minute, and then said suddenly:--"Good God, the little chap's nearly blind!"

And so the Mama came, finally. "She was young, frivolously young, and beautiful, with delicately flushed cheeks, eyes that shone like stars." The good witch.

Judy ran straight to her, but Black Sheep hesitated. Could this wonder be "showing off"? She would not put out her arms when she knew of his crimes. Meantime was it possible that by fondling she wanted to get anything out of Black Sheep....

The bad woman you want to kill, but is this woman the bad woman? "'She's too little to hurt anyone,' thought Black Sheep, 'and if I said I'd kill her, she'd be afraid.'"

And that night--

"Come and say good night," said Aunty Rosa, offering a withered cheek.
"Huh!" said Black Sheep. "I never kiss you, and I'm not going to show off. Tell that woman what I've done, and see what she says."
Black Sheep climbed into bed feeling that he had lost Heaven after a glimpse through the gates. In half an hour "that woman" was bending over him. Black Sheep flung up his right arm. It wasn't fair to come and hit him in the dark.
But wonder of wonders no blow followed. There could be only one explanation. She was showing off, in order to get information out of him, he felt sure. But no--she was crying!...

Three months later, Punch, no longer Black Sheep, has discovered that he is the veritable owner of a real, live, lovely Mama, who is also a sister, comforter, and friend, and that he must protect her till the Father comes home. Deception does not suit the part of a protector, and, when one can do anything without question, where is the use of deception?

"Mother would be awfully cross if you walked through that ditch," says Judy, continuing a conversation.

"Mother's never angry," says Punch. "She'd just say, 'you're a little pagal..."

Punch walks through the ditch and mires himself to the knees. "Mother, dear," he shouts, "I'm just as dirty as I can pos-sib-ly be!"

"Then change your clothes as quickly as you pos-sib-ly can!" rings out Mother's clear voice from the house.

"And don't be a little pagal!!"

"There! Told you so," says Punch. "It's all different now, and we are just as much Mother's as if she had never gone."

Just as much?

Not altogether, O Punch, for when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion and Despair, all the love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge; though it may turn darkened eyes for awhile to the light, and teach Faith where no Faith was.

Among these stories we also find a type which may be loosely classed as domestic. One example is a lengthy story (or novelette) titled "The Story of the Gadsbys."

A satire on love and marriage, this work--which abounds in dialogue--regales the reader with the folly of Captain Gadsby
of the Pink Hussars, who commits the folly of marrying for love. A remark of his friend, Captain Mafflin, is often quoted by students of Kipling: "A good man married is a good man marred." Though influenced, in the writing, by contemporary French fiction, Kipling actually took many of the details of this work from a friend, an officer in the 19th Bengal Lancers, who himself had had a similar experience.

The military aspect of the narrative just discussed reminds us that a large number of the stories of this period had the army as a background, especially the tales of those legendary rascals, Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris. Examining these stories—and we may for the moment permit our range to extend to include not only the army stories of the Railway group, but some which came earlier or later—we cannot avoid speculation concerning the actual experience or knowledge which enabled Kipling to write so effectively of army life. We might thus gain a special insight into the nature of Kipling's genius.

Peace reigned in India during Kipling's residence there. The Second Afghan War had come to an end in the year before his arrival. For a long time the North-west Frontier—though an army was always maintained there ready for action—was quiet. Shortly before Kipling's departure, a small
outburst occurred—the Black Mountain Campaign—which involved the loss of less than twenty-five soldiers. This, together with two foreign actions—one in Egypt and one in Burma—constitute the only action which Kipling could possibly have witnessed. And we know that he did not witness any of these.

And yet he described many battle scenes, and with a tremendous credibility. Where did he get his material for these stories? Many were drawn from books. "Cupid's Arrows" derives from a passage in Daniel Deronda. "The Killing of Hatim Tai" is drawn from Horne's Everyday Book. The material for "Snarleyow" may be found in Sergeant Bancroft's history of the Bengal Horse Artillery. And in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" the incident of the two drummer boys who save the regiment is based on Orme.2

Let us stop to examine this story for a moment. What happens when a writer takes his material so directly

2 Orme, R., Military Transactions of the British Nation in India, vol. III, 1763, p. 486. But the battle is based upon the action of Ahmed Khel, 19th April, 1880, in which the 59th Regiment made a good recovery after a momentary panic." For this and other details concerning the sources of Kipling's army tales, we are indebted to Carrington, op. cit., pp. 79-85.
from printed sources? As this story opens, we find that the regiment known as "The Fore and Aft" has seen no action for many years. Now they are about to go into battle. Their excitement bubbles over, especially in the form of uncontrollable lack of discipline in the drummer boys. Unlike the sainted drummer boys of nineteenth century fiction, these two are smokers, drinkers, cursers, brawlers. And yet when the regiment panics in the face of fire, it is the drummer boys--not heroically, but rather because they are drunk on rum--who rally the troops back into battle again.

The point, of course, is that Kipling, drawing strictly on literary sources, achieved a powerfully convincing description of a battle.

Some of these tales, indeed, were already classical. "'The Lost Legion' was a tradition of 1857 arising out of John Nicholson's punishment of the mutinous 55th Native Infantry. 'The Jacket' was an exploit ascribed to Captain Dalbiac, a gunner-officer in the Egyptian War. 'The Big Drunk Draf'...was claimed "as the personal experience of "Lieutenant A. A. Howell of the Northumberland Fusiliers.... 'The Taking of Lungtungpen' by a raiding party of naked soldiers was reported in the Civil and Military as an actual achievement of the 2nd Queen's Regiment, a few weeks before
Kipling wrote it up as fiction. 'Namgay Doola' was an incident of the Black Mountain Campaign."

We have discussed, so far, only Kipling's knowledge of the battlefield. Was his acquaintance with military personnel likewise second-hand? The answer is probably that he did know some enlisted men, and quite a few officers, though his contacts were less extensive than we might have thought. Doubtless the first soldiers, or ex-soldiers, whom he ever met were the so-called "school sergeants" at Westward Ho! described in Stalky & Co. One was an Irishman and the other a cockney.

When he first arrived in India, however, we see no evidence that he gave his attention much to army life at first. At the age of seventeen, he dined on one occasion with the regiment which was stationed at Mian Mir. And at Simla, his acquaintance with certain subalterns contributed directly to the writing of stories such as "The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly" (November, 1886), and "His Wedded Wife" (February, 1887).... These stories, which first appeared as "turnovers" in the Gazette were later reprinted in Plain Tales From The Hills.

The famous trio of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, whose adventures were recorded in Plain Tales and also in
Soldiers Three, as well as in later collections of stories, were apparently without specific models. Eventually Kipling grew tired of writing about them and tried to create a public interest in a new enlisted man, Gunner Barnabas. But the Gunner never caught the public fancy. Returning to Mulvaney, Kipling, in 1888, arranged for his discharge and gave him a job, in a civilian capacity on the Indian Railway. This occurred in "The Big Drunk Draf," which appeared in March of 1888. By July of that year the other two members of the trio had also been dismissed. "Private Learoyd's Story" was written in the tone of an old soldier recalling incidents from the time when he was in service. And yet, in later stories, Kipling again employed the Three Musketeers in their military capacity, notably in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," "On Greenhow Hill," and "Love of Women."

The main point to be drawn here regarding these famous soldiers--possibly the best known enlisted men in English literature--is the fact that they were created, as far as we can tell, mainly out of the imagination of the author.

Another more or less personal contact with army life was available to Kipling in his role as reporter, especially when he was covering cases in court. In his
letters we find references to military personnel who were involved in crimes which ranged all the way to murder.

During his last three years in India, Kipling had a good acquaintance with the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers ("The Tyneside Tailtwisters," he called them), who had served in the Afghan War, and also in the Black Mountain. He knew mainly—as so often—the officers rather than the enlisted men. As a result of this observation he wrote "Only a Subaltern," whose hero is "Bobby Wicks."

We have seen that Kipling, the famous authority on army life, had gathered his material mostly at second hand. The same is true, however, of Shakespeare, and Stephen Crane, and Norman Mailer. Mailer's greatest battle scene, in The Naked and the Dead, was based on stories brought back from a Pacific patrol in which he himself had played no part. But the proof of the pudding lies in the eating. Let those who have described the army life more successfully than Shakespeare, Kipling, Crane and Miller, step forward and claim the prize.

The fact is that Kipling was the first Englishman since Shakespeare to present a truly sympathetic and yet realistic picture of the common soldier in the British army.
Finally, it is important to notice that Kipling's soldiers--despite their corruption, drunkenness, wenching and blasphemy--are always aware of the Law of the Group. We shall now see this trait as it appears in Tommy Atkins, the folk hero of Kipling's Barrack-Room Ballads.
Doubtless Kipling's knowledge of Tommy Atkins was acquired at second hand. Likewise the verse form of the Barrack-Room Ballads is highly derivative. The effects are often strictly theatrical. Unfortunately, "Mandalay," "Gunga Din," "Boots" and the others are so familiar, they have become so overlaid with prejudice and association, that it is almost impossible to judge them objectively.

And yet these jingles (poetry, if you will) were so fresh when they appeared--they carried such a clatter and gusto--that they constituted an astounding and unparalleled moment in the history of British literature. Let us try to see them objectively. Are we slogging along in the yellow dust of an Indian post-road, or are we sitting, with a sack

1 The earlier volume of verse, Departmental Ditties (1886) may be regarded as a poetic counterpart to Plain Tales from the Hills. Both collections are often superficial and glossy. But The Barrack-Room Ballads may be associated with the period of Soldiers Three. Doubtless inspired by the Allahabad background they were written mainly during the first months of Kipling's residence in London. They appeared first in the Scots Observer (starting February 22, 1890 and continuing into June). They were collected into a volume, Barrack-Room Ballads in 1892.
of peanuts in our lap, in a London music-hall? It is sometimes difficult to tell.

Often Kipling's wanton surrender to uninhibited inspiration simply leaves us astonished. We think, for example, of "Screw Guns," where the poet tells us blithely not only that the soldiers love the cannon, but also that the cannon love the soldiers:

For you all love the screw-guns--the screw-guns they all love you.

Or consider the startling heroine of "Mandalay"--

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat--jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot...

Or the figures of speech in "Oonts!"²

² "Oont" was a slang term of "camel." It rhymed with "front," according to Tommy Atkins. Camels were a familiar sight in the Northern Indian Transport Train.
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken oont!

Again take note of the mad improvisations of pure sound in "Loot." The title of the poem refers, of course, to the practice of looting the enemy which was forbidden by the rules of the service:

But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we are debarred,

For the same with British morals does not suit (Cornet: Toot! toot!)--

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin' clobber

With the--

(Chorus) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo!

Loot! loot! loot!

'Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!

This not only forecasts what was supposed to be something new-fangled in Vachel Lindsay, but it positively anticipates the modern Broadway lyricist, Johnny Mercer:
This is the G. I. Jive, man alive,
It starts with the bugler blowin'
reveille over your head when you arrive,
Jack, that's the G. I. Jive,
Rootle-tee-toot! Jump in your suit,
make a salute, Voot!3

This is all show business so far, and so is "Tommy Atkins," despite its plea for a patriotic appreciation of the army. Imagine yourself in the front row center at the Palladium hearing some fabulous combination of Harry Lauder, Tommy Trinder and Jimmy Durante:

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
0 it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

Elsewhere, however, the cadence is not so much that of the music hall as it is straight out of the heart of the medieval ballad. We are thinking, for example, of Danny Deever, who is scheduled to hang this morning for shooting a comrade in the back while asleep. The regiment has been marched out to watch the event.

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said....

And again, at the beginning of another stanza:

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny dightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said....

And always at the bottom of every stanza comes that bawling refrain:

0 they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!!
Also "Gunga Din" is theatrical, or literary, rather than naturalistic. But what theatre! This is what they used to call "actor-proof"—even the most incorrigible ham cannot ruin it:

Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

In other ballads, however, the smell of the theatre blows away and we find ourselves suddenly in the real world—

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves an' the sun off the snow in your face...

Nor does Tommy balk at telling the truth—

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu impi dished us up in style:

But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid...

Yes, Tommy serves the flag and the widowed Queen, as he confesses in "The Sons of the Widow"--

"ave you 'eard the Widow at Windsor

With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?

She 'as ships on the foam--she 'as millions at 'ome,

An' she pays us poor beggars in red...

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',

An' flop round the earth till you're dead;

But you won't get away from the tune that they play

To the bloomin' old rag over'ead...

But the service of the Queen (as he adds in "The Young British Soldier") may end most ingloriously

When you're wounded an' left on Afghanistan's plains,

An' the women come out to cut up your remains,

Jest roll to your rifle an' blow out your brains,

An' go to your Gawd like a soldier:

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

So-oldier hof the Queen.
All this is far far from "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Small wonder that Kipling—despite his tremendous influence as a poet—was never offered the position of Poet Laureate. His picture of Mr. Atkins was much too real.

How did Kipling, using second hand sources, manage to make his characters, such as Tommy Atkins, so convincing? The answer, of course, is simple. He pushed himself under the skin of his characters. To what extent, then, is Tommy Atkins autobiographical? We have seen that Kipling had developed from early childhood a distrust of the mother. At the same time he had learned to place a special value on self-reliance. Nevertheless, it was always his feeling that, if a man were lucky enough to win admission to a Group, he would certainly be wise to pay his dues and keep up his membership by accepting the Laws of that Group.

Now how about Tommy Atkins? Certainly he possesses the sturdy self-reliance of a man who learned at an early age to take care of himself. Most soldiers write to their mothers. But not Tommy. We might suppose that he never had a mother, that he was issued, not born. Yet he does seem conscious of mother images. He dislikes them. He feels no affection for the Queen. He describes himself as one of
"The Sons of the Widow" but this role gives him little satisfaction. He is one
O' missis Victorier's sons.
(Poor beggars!—Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor
For 'alf o' creation she owns:
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword
an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

To be sure, if "The Young British Soldier" feels obliged to marry, he is advised to select an older woman.
Now, if you must marry, take care she is old--
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest, I'm told--
For beauty won't help if your victual's is cold,
An' love ain't enough for a soldier.

Moreover, if you equip yourself with an old woman, then you may well look forward to the special satisfaction of ridding yourself of an old woman; here we have Tommy Atkins with an Oedipus complex!
If the wife should go wrong with a comrade,
be loath
To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on my oath!
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er; that's hell for them both,
An' you're quit o' the curse of a soldier.
Curse, curse, curse of a soldier--

And so we can hardly say that Tommy Atkins belongs to a Family Group, nor yet to a National Group (under the domination of an old lady!) or a Tribal or Racial Group (Fuzzy-Wuzzy is just as good as he is!). But Tommy has found a home in the army, in the regiment, and the Law of this Group (as set forth by the Old Campaigner and written down in "The Young Soldier") is his Law. He is marched out and shown what happens to those who do not Obey:

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quick-step play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an'
they'll want their beer today,
After hangin' Danny Deever in th' mornin'.
Rudyard himself, however, was soon to lose touch, for a time, with all Law, wandering ever deeper into the
forest of the past, ever closer to the suicidal desperation of the Black Sheep. And to mark his lonely trail he left only--like Hansel and Gretel--the glistening crumbs of these ballads.
11. The Light That Failed (1890)

Toward the end of that first year in London, Kipling finished and published a novel, The Light That Failed (1890). Strictly speaking, this book shows the hero shuttling from England to Egypt, not from England to India. This distinction is a mere technicality, however. Actually, The Light That Failed belongs to the body of Kipling's Indian writings just as much as does "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."

The curtain goes up on an English foster home near the sea. The wicked step-mother is Mrs. Jennett. Two of her unhappy children, Dick Heldar and Maisie, grow up together in this home and fall in love. Upon reaching maturity and finishing "college", the boy disappears for several years into the Sudan while the girl moves on to a London art school.

The camera then shifts to Egypt where we find that Dick Heldar has now achieved fame as a painter of battle scenes in the Sudan. Returning from Egypt he finds himself famous. He becomes involved in self-tormenting controversies
with greedy art dealers. He is shocked to rediscover the girl friend of his childhood. He appears to be incapable of any manly and positive relationship with the girl. Moreover he is plagued by the charges of friends that he is prostituting his art. An acquaintance puts it this way: "For work done without conviction, for power wasted on trivialities, for labour expended with levity for the deliberate purpose of winning the easy applause of a fashion-driven public...there remains but one end,—the oblivion that is preceded by toleration and cenotaphed with contempt. From that fate Mr. Heldar has yet to prove himself out of danger."¹

We find the hero at the end, almost blind, again in Egypt, indeed in the "house" of a kind-hearted Madame:

In the early morning, being then appropriately dressed in a flaming red silk ball-dress, with a front of tarnished gold embroidery and a necklace of plate-glass diamonds, she made chocolate and carried it in to Dick. "It is only I, and I am of discreet age, eh? Drink and eat the roll, too. Thus in France mothers bring their sons, when those behave wisely, the morning chocolate."

Somewhat later she protests that they must not be seen together in public. After all, suppose they should

¹Chap. IV.
be observed by some English ladies. "There are no English ladies," he says, "and if there are I have forgotten them." And again, not long afterward, and shortly before his death---"In the half doze it seemed that he was earning a punishment hymn at Mrs. Jennett's. He had committed some crime as bad as Sabbath-breaking, and she had locked him up in his bedroom."

Perhaps in the confused mind of the child Dick, as well as in that of the adult blind Dick, the hated Mrs. Jennett was in some ways the hated mother who had left him there. And if Dick was never able to come over completely to Maisie, may it not have been because she was, after all, a woman, and therefore perhaps as wicked as Mrs. Jennett or his mother. And the hell with all English ladies. He, himself, would gladly settle for a French Madame. That way at least he would know for sure with whom he was dealing.

And so Heldar, renouncing Obedience to all Law, rejecting all Group Plans for survival, embarks on that final voyage backward which will bring him to the only freedom there is, the freedom of death. "Now take me up the gangplank and into the cabin," he says in the last chapter. "Once aboard the lugger and the maid is---I am free, I mean." And why does he go back to the East, out of which
he had recently emerged, so hopefully? Is the real mother there, somewhere in darkness? He mentions her just before his death. "What luck!" he says, when he learns that the Sudanese are planning a dawn attack on the English. "What stupendous and imperial luck! It's just before the battle, mother." Oh, God has been most good to me!..." And so, insisting on being placed in the front line, he goes to his death.

Why did Kipling say that this novel was his version of *Manon Lescaut*? Mr. Carrington says "that it is hard to find any resemblance between the French novelist and the English." The clue is to be found in Mr. Carrington's own book where he mentions that Kipling, in 1878 (at the age of thirteen) was haunted by a painting of the death of *Manon Lescaut*. Where Mr. Carrington errs is in attempting to draw a parallel between Heldar and the hero of *Manon*. The parallel is rather between Heldar and *Manon* herself, dying—alone, lost, abandoned in a desolate land. Moreover, he had died once before in this manner, when his mother had abandoned him as a child in the desolate foster home of

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Again, Mr. Carrington tells us that the critics have always been puzzled as to why Kipling wrote this book. It would seem to be quite plain and simple that he wrote it as an alternative to madness and suicide.

The great hinge in Kipling's career, the turning point—the romantic interlude, or period of Storm and Stress—comes in 1890. The earlier Kipling—that is, the young reporter in India—had been a precocious, perceptive, ironical, and yet apparently well balanced young genius. Something of the classicist. Later, after marriage, he find a similar, though mature, adult. What happened during the interlude?

We must remember that Kipling, too, with his little sister, had been abandoned in a desolate land. When he recovered his place in the family circle, or square, he was capable of behaving objectively as long as he was allowed to remain near the family. It was only when he was suddenly required to be a man that his troubles started. Abruptly he was snatched from mother, and from the mother-image, Teddy Hill (to whom he clung until the very last minute) and so he was dropped, as if from a balloon, into the center of one
of the greatest literary marts in the world. He was a blinding success, the center of a million eyes—mocking, drilling, measuring, waiting.

Questions were hurled, and charges: You're producing too fast. What are you writing now? Next week? Next year? They're cheating you. Why don't you come over to us?... Doubtless other questions were asked: When're you going to marry and settle down? You a virgin? You like to meet a girl? What's the matter with you, you don't like girls?

For the first time since childhood, Kipling lost his poise, his sense of humor, identity. He was punch drunk, desperate. He flailed out aimlessly in all directions. In his battle with the American publishers, especially Harpers, he presented a wild and frantic figure, eventually abandoned even by those whom he might have counted on.4

4The three major English novelists (William Black, Sir Walter Besant, Thomas Hardy) eventually signed an article in the Athenaeum throwing their support in the direction of Harpers. Kipling responded with a satirical ballad in the same publication, entitled "The Three Captains." His emotional condition may also be seen in two stories of gloom and horror which came out in the spring of 1890: "The Mark of the Beast" and "At the End of the Passage."
Who was this desperate fellow, for a second time washed up on the shores of England and left there to flounder—lost, alone, abandoned by both his mother and Teddy Hill. Little wonder that he was profoundly shaken by the accidental meeting, after a separation of eight years, with the scornful art student Florence Garrard, still scornful, and trailing behind her the smell of the House of Desolation itself. But who is it that he reminds us of, in his desperate and undisciplined defiance of all the world? Why, of course, this is Black Sheep.

What was he to do? He could Obey the Law of the Group—which meant to marry a Good Woman (perhaps a "troop sergeant's wife") and settle down. Or he could blindly follow the course of Black Sheep to its only logical end. He decided to try out the latter possibility on the blackboard, as it were, by writing it down in a novel, The Light that Failed.5

The reaction to this hectic novel, being as neurotic as the novel itself, was probably of very little use to the author. Thus Max Beerbohm:

Should the name of Rudyard Kipling be put between inverted commas? Is it the veil of feminine iden-

5As a matter of fact, he tried both solutions, for the American version ended with marriage.
tity? If of Mr. Kipling we knew nothing except this work, we should assuredly make that conjecture....Dick Heldar doted on the military...
Strange that these heroes with their self-conscious blurtling of oaths and slang, their cheap cynicism about the female sex, were not fondly created out of the inner consciousness of a female novelist. ⑥

Beerbohm may well have struck a truth here, namely, that Kipling's strong desire to identify himself with the "he man" aroma of the armed forces, especially around this stage of his career, might have been due to a need to prove

⑥Saturday Review, February 14, 1903. Quoted by Carrington, op. cit., p. 132.
As if Kipling, himself, sensed the same quality which Beerbohm noted, he later wondered which role Sarah Bernhardt had intended to play, when she offered to dramatize the book, the role of hero or heroine. (Ibid., p. 132).
Likewise when Kipling sets forth a few months later for India, just as Heldar did for the Sudan, he writes a poem celebrating his departure in which a similar confusion regarding genders may be noted. (Ibid., p. 150)
In celebration of the journey just mentioned, Kipling wrote a story in which the heroine had a boyish name, as well as a boyish appearance, whereas the hero was described as being beautiful. See our Ch. IV, foot-note 2.
It is necessary to be clear. No suggestion is intended here that Kipling was a latent homosexual. Later in life he was once consulted on the point ("apropos of this tiresome stupid Well of Loneliness") by Hugh Walpole: "No, he doesn't approve of the book. Too much of the abnormal in all of us to play about with it. Hates opening up reserves. All the same he'd had friends once and again he'd done more for than for any woman. Luckily Ma Kipling doesn't hear this. (Ibid., p. 380)
himself a man. This need, of course, can only come from a sense of identification with women. This, again, may explain why Heldar could not settle his affair with Maisie, why he gave up in despair and chose blindness, the army, war and death.

And why did Kipling have difficulty with his genders? A literary critic, of course, is presumptuous when he attempts to answer such questions. We may, however, at least suggest this possibility (which we have noted previously, as when discussing the Eurasian narrator in "The Gate" and his association with "the other Eurasian") that when the child Rudyard and his sister (they were aged 5 and 3) were abandoned by their mother to strangers in a foreign land, he may well have become so identified with his sister that he was never able afterward to get himself disentangled from this identification.

If caught in a similar situation today, Kipling might well have consulted a psycho-therapist. In his own time he escaped his predicament by writing it up in a novel. Even the novel did not exhaust the impulse, however. His infatuation with Wolcott Balestier (which apparently prevented him from marrying Wolcott's sister) sent him backward in time and space, in the wake of Heldar, on a wandering
course which brought him all the way to his mother in Lahore (to whom The Light that Failed had been perhaps bitterly or ironically, dedicated).

At that point the pendulum began to swing in the opposite direction. Wolcott died. Thereupon Kipling doggedly adjusted his spectacles (whereas Dick Heldar had gradually permitted himself to grow blind) and faced the fact that survival, for him, consisted in electing---like an existentialist hero---the Law of the Group. For him this meant marrying Wolcott's sister. She was doubtless a troop sergeant's widow, a "good man spoiled". Indeed it might even be said that here Rudyard-Trix was marrying Wolcott-Carrie. But what of that. She bore his children and framed him into the figure of a man.

The period of Storm and Stress was passed. When Kipling next asked himself, in the Jungle Books, and in Kim, which was better, to slide backward into the opium dream or to emerge therefrom, Obedient to the Law of the Group, as a man of action and light, he knew the answer.
12. The Jungle Books (1894, 1895)\(^1\)

It was not long after their marriage---in fact it was on November 11, 1893, soon after their arrival in Vermont---that Kipling confided to Carrie that he was full of a wonderful new creativity.\(^2\) The first fruit of this new energy appeared in the form of the Jungle Books.\(^3\)

It is amazing that any of us, with a little research in our neighborhood libraries, would know as much as Kipling knew about the scene which he was describing.\(^4\)

\(^1\)Between The Light that Failed and The Jungle Books appeared: Life's Handicap (1891), a volume of stories, and The Naulahka (1892), written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier. This romantic novel, concerning the search for a fabulous jewel, moved from the west to India. Barrack-Room Ballads (1892) contains the verses which first appeared in The Scot's Observer.

\(^2\)This is taken from Carrie's diary, which is in the possession of her daughter, Elsie (Mrs. Bambridge).

\(^3\)The Jungle Book (1894) and The Second Jungle Book (1895).

\(^4\)Occasional passages are based on personal observation. Thus the "Cold Lairs" were apparently modeled on the Abandoned City of Amber, which Kipling observed and described in his notebooks, while paying a visit to the Rajput states of the Indian desert, in November, 1887. This was in northern India, however, and not in the actual locale of the Jungle Books.
Almost all of these stories occur in Central India, on the banks of the Waingunga River, in the Seonee area of Central India, a district which Kipling knew only from hearsay. He discussed the locale with the Hills, who had been there, and presumably he studied the photographs which they had taken, and which are now available in the Carpenter Collection in the Library of Congress.

The basic idea of a child running with a pack of wolves was taken from Rider Haggard's *Nada the Lily*. The detail concerning jungle animals was found in Sterndale's *Mammalia of India*. Much of the folklore of the jungle was available to Kipling in *Beast and Man in India* by Lockwood Kipling. What is even more important, Lockwood, himself, happened to be paying his son a visit, in Vermont, at the time when the Jungle Books were being conceived.

And so Kipling knew little more about the jungle than he knew about Tommy Atkins. All this, of course, is merely to say that we can learn more from an uninformed genius than we ever could from an educated fool.

It would be interesting to compute how many of Kipling's works make a point of indicating, in the first few pages, that the hero, or heroine, or both, was abandoned by his parents in infancy. Thus in the first chapter of
The *Jungle Book* Father Wolf lays the man cub down among the wolf cubs who are seeking the teats of the mother. "'How little! How naked, and—how bold!' said Mother Wolf, softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. 'Aha! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub. Now was there ever a wolf that could boast a man's cub among her children?"

And thus we enter upon a series of fanciful tales concerning Mowgli, the man-cub who—falling among the jungle creatures—was nursed by the she-wolf and ran for awhile with the pack. Having observed the folly of Tabaqui the jackal, and Shere Kahn, the tiger, who mocked the Law of the Jungle, and of the vain bandarlog, who depended on words, not deeds, he espoused the friendship and wisdom of Bagheera the panther and Baloo the bear and so eventually he became the master of the jungle. Mowgli's brothers were known as the Free People. But their freedom and strength consisted in recognizing the Law of the Group. "For the strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the pack."

Still, this was only the beginning for Mowgli. Unfortunately it was only by chance that he had fallen among the beasts of the jungle. Actually—if his people had only
taken proper care of him—he would always have remained in the village. It is now by reference to a larger law than that of the jungle that he must leave the jungle.

We have asked ourselves before, if Kipling knew so little about his subject matter, how was he able to give such a startling reality to his scene, whatever it might be—an opium den, a battle-field, a barracks. And our answer was simply that he inserted himself under the skin of the opium smoker, the soldier, or whoever the character might be. That is, all his characters are autobiographical in the sense that he tells us what he would do if he were in their place.

The reader is now asking if we conceivably mean to say that Kipling inserted himself under the skin of the elephant, the bear, the snake. But after all, we know very well that this is what he did in the animal works which he wrote late in his career. Is it unreasonable, then, to compare Mowgli and his older friends of the jungle, with young Kipling and his mentors at Westward Ho!? Likewise, the time came when Kipling, somewhat fearfully, was required to leave the safety of that small jungle known as the United Services College, for the other Law of Lahore.
Or again a parallel could be drawn between the opium dream of Lahore, where Lockwood could doubtless be compared to Baloo, perhaps, just as Wheeler or Robinson might be compared to other animals. And again, Kipling was bound sooner or later to renounce the opium comforts of the family square for the adult responsibility of a realliance with his native tradition in England. "It is my fortune to have been born and to a large extent brought up among those whom white men call 'heathen'...I recognize the paramount duty of every white man to follow the teachings of his creed and conscience as 'a debtor to the whole law.'"

And yet the tone here must not be viewed as showing a contempt for India or the Indian. Such an attitude was utterly foreign to Lockwood's outlook, who had devoted his life to a reverent study of Indian culture, and it was certainly also foreign to Rudyard's outlook. We must never forget how profoundly Rudyard respected his father's opinion. It was upon the advice of Lockwood that Rudyard never published *Mother Maturin*. Likewise Rudyard's final utterance on India was profoundly influenced by Lockwood.

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5 This quoted from a letter written on October 16, 1895, to the Rev. J. Gillespie. The letter is in the Houghton Library. See Carrington, *op. cit.*, p. 281
Rudyard continues the letter from which we quoted:

"It seems to me cruel that white men, whose governments are armed with the most murderous weapons known to science, should amaze and confound their fellow creatures with a doctrine of salvation imperfectly understood by themselves and a code of ethics foreign to the climate and instincts of those races whose must cherished customs they outrage and whose gods they insult."

At any rate, it is in this spirit that Mowgli, as "a debtor to the whole law," finally breaks with his beloved brothers of the jungle. To them, the necessity of the change is perhaps more obvious than it is to him. It is Mowgli, they say, who must make the decision, but they know what decision he must make:

"What need of talk?" said Baloo slowly, turning his head to where Mowgli lay. "Akela by the river said it, that Mowgli should drive Mowgli back to the Man-Pack. I said it. But who listens now to Baloo? Bagheera—where is Bagheera this night?—he knows also. It is the Law."

"When we met at Cold Lairs, Maling, I knew it," said Kaa, turning a little in his mighty coils. "Man goes to Man at last, though the Jungle does not cast him out."

And again Baloo speaks:

"I taught thee the Law...Little Frog, take thine own trail; make the lair with thine own blood and
pack and people; but when there is need of foot or tooth or eye, or a word carried swiftly by night, remember, Master of the Jungle, the Jungle is thine at call."

And Kaa declares that his people will also be at Mowgli's service when needed.

"Hai-mai, my brothers," cried Mowgli, throwing up his arms with a sob. "I knew not what I know! I would not go; but I am drawn by both feet. How shall I leave these nights?"

"Nay, look up, Little Brother," Baloo repeated. "There is no shame in this hunting. When the honey is eaten we leave the empty hive."

"Having cast the skin," said Kaa, "we may not creep into it afresh. It is the Law."^6

13. **Kim** (1901)\(^1\)

The plans for *Kim* were stirring in Kipling's mind at least as early as the winter of 1895-1896, when he discussed the project with his father. It was laid aside at that time, however, for the writing of *Captains Courageous*. Again he discussed the book with his father in the fall of 1898. Not long afterward he settled down seriously to the task, so that by 1900 the novel was finished.

We have said that Kipling was thinking of this subject as early as 1895. In fact, the first conception was undoubtedly of much earlier date. Let us carry our minds back to what was perhaps the earliest piece of fiction, or pseudo-fiction, which Kipling ever wrote, the "Gate of a Hundred Sorrows." Let us remember that the "hero"---that is, the Eurasian narrator---had been formerly employed on a big timber-contract in Calcutta. Eventually he became a

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\(^1\)Between the second Jungle Book and *Kim*, Kipling published: *The Seven Seas* (1896), a volume of poems; *Captains Courageous* (1897), a juvenile adventure novel of the sea; *The Day's Week* (1898), a collection of stories written in Vermont; *Stalky and Co.* (1899), which concerned Kipling's life at the United Services College.
slave to opium, giving his salary, at first, to the kindly owner, and fellow-addict, Fung Tching, later to Fung-Tching's mistress, the half-caste Memsahib, and his nephew.

This story was apparently an early study for *Mother Maturin*—which, according to Mrs. Hill, told the story of an old Irishwoman who ran an opium den in Lahore and sent her daughter to England to be educated. The daughter married and returned to Lahore.

Now it is significant that, whenever Kipling, with his father, pondered *Kim*, he was always at the same time turning over the old *Maturin* manuscript. Moreover, if *Mother Maturin* concerned the daughter of an Irish mother who ran an opium den in Lahore, *Kim* concerned the son of an Irish father who was an opium addict in Lahore. (His den, moreover, to carry this back to the "Gate" again, was run by his mistress, a half-caste woman. Moreover, he was once a gang-fore-man on the Ferozepore line, as compared to the Eurasian, who had worked on a big timber contract. Both became addicts after the deaths of their wives.) But perhaps we should allow Kipling to tell the story of Kim's origins in his own words:

Though he was burned black as any native; though he spoke the vernacular by preference, and his mother-tongue in a clipped, uncertain sing-song; though he
consorted on terms of perfect equality with the small boys of the bazaar; Kim was white—a poor white of the very poorest. The half-caste woman who looked after him (she smoked opium and pretended to keep a second-hand furniture shop...) told the missionaries that she was Kim's mother's sister; but his mother had been nursemaid in a colonel's family and had married Kimball O'Hara....She died of cholera...and O'Hara fell to drink and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed three-year-old baby...till he came across the woman who took opium and learned the taste from her, and died as poor whites die in India....poor O'Hara that was gang-fore-man on the Ferozepore line.2

It is apparent, then, that Kim's background grows out of the same soil which produced the "Gate" and Mother Maturin. His parentage—and this applies especially to the mother—is pathetically, painfully uncertain, as always when Kipling attempts to trace the parents of his hero.

The point is that Kim carries with it whatever Kipling had been able to salvage from the work which had preoccupied him throughout his career, Mother Maturin. We shall never know just how much of the one has survived in the other because there is no one living, as far as we know, who ever read the original manuscript, or ever will. It is now supposed that this manuscript was at some time destroyed. This is mere supposition, however.

2 Chapter I.
Let us not forget that mother and sister—as we saw earlier—were shocked by this manuscript. So too, undoubtedly, was the father, since he again and again advised against publication. Presumably Mother Maturin contained material more painful concerning Rudyard and his parents, than anything which he ever published. It is not impossible, then, that the manuscript does exist, still in the protective custody of some member of the family. In such case, it might at some time come to light.

To return to Kim, the plot of this novel, if we may say that it has a plot, is concerned with the education of a detective in the Indian police. This, however, is merely a frame. This romance—a more suitable term than novel—is a richly textured, abundantly detailed, three dimensional and highly individualized portrait of the beloved India of the author's youth.

Kim is seldom concerned with the European. True, we find at the beginning a loving portrait of Lockwood Kipling in his Museum at Lahore. Likewise, it is possible, in the progress of the work, to sort out a handful of western types—two chaplains, a drummer boy, a Colonel. But none of these characters carries much weight or appeal.
No, the characters here who determine the stature of the work are the natives—the Pathan horsetrader, the Babu, the elderly Sahiba, and—most important of all—the Tibetan Lama. The breadth and richness of these character studies may be seen in the fact that they behave as people do in real life—giving off a variety of unexpected traits as they are slowly turned and observed at leisure in the loving hands of their author. Thus the fierce and treacherous Pathan, as the romance continues, reveals loving qualities which we had hardly anticipated. And in the same way the Babu, who at times may have appeared suave and cautious to a fault, reveals a real capacity for courageous and affirmative action. The Lama, of course, is the dominant figure in this study. He perhaps represents all that was appealing—most dangerously seductive for Rudyard—in the India of the Buddhists. Here was a temptation—comparable to Mowgli's love of the jungle—which Kipling felt obligated to overcome.

Clearly Kim was born of the same inspiration which produced the Jungle Books. Both Mowgli and Kim are autobiographical portraits of brilliant young men (like Wilhelm Meister or the young Joseph of Thomas Mann) in the process of reaching maturity. A striking characteristic, which all of these young men possess in common, however (in contrast
to Werther, Hans Castorp, and Dick Heldar) is the fact that they are essentially classical, serene, reconciled to nature in their growing up. They are not self-destructive.

Parallels might also be traced from (1) the teachers in *Stalky & Co.*, (2) the animal mentors of the *Jungle Books*, and (3) such characters as the Pathan, Babu, or Lama of *Kim*.

Finally, just as Mowgli, in the end, chose the village of his own people over the jungle had nursed him; so, when the time came to choose between the contemplative world of the Lama and the materialistic world of the Pathan and the Babu, Kim—freely recognizing the higher Law, like a good existentialist—chose to engage himself in the world of action. And both the Bagheera of the earlier work and the Lama of the later, readily perceive the necessity of this choice.

Why did Lockwood prevent the publication of *Mother Maturin*? Surely because he was waiting for Rudyard to understand his mother, to forgive her, at least to soften the portrait which he had drawn of her. We have suggested that *Kim*, in contrast to *The Light that Failed* was classically serene, rather than subject to the storm and stress of
irreconcilable conflicts. Does this development apply even to Kipling's feeling toward his mother?

We have mentioned a certain Sahiba in this cast of characters. And who was she? The true mother? Oh no. We have already shown that Kim's mother had been murdered by the author long long ago in a cholera epidemic. Indeed she had died before Kim was three. (The age of Trix when the children were left at Southsea.)

And yet the Lama (who must surely be the voice of Lockwood, even though Lockwood had appeared in person early in the novel)--the Lama would have Kim believe that the Sahiba is, at least in a sense, part of the mother image. It is as if the Lama is earnestly desiring Kim to believe that there is a part of the mother which he should be able to accept. "The Sahiba is a heart of gold," he said earnestly. And he goes on to insist that the Sahiba looks upon Kim as her son.

Is this what old Lockwood--living quietly with his old wife Alice at Tisbury--has gently been attempting to explain to the wounded son, down through the years of discussing Mother Maturin and Kim.

But the old Sahiba knows she is no mother to this boy. And elsewhere she tries to explain to the Lama that
grandmothers are better than mothers. A grandmother, she says, is far enough from "the pain of bearing and the pleasure of giving the breast" so that, when a child cries, she can tell whether "the cry is pure wickedness" or merely gas.  

Here we find Kipling pushing far back way beyond Southsea for the source of his trouble. It is doubtful, however, if he will ever achieve a complete stability on this particular issue. "I am Kim," he says in this last chapter:

I am Kim. I am Kim; and what is Kim? His soul repeated it again and again.
He did not want to cry,—had never felt less like crying in his life,—but of a sudden easy, stupid tears trickled down his nose....

And "Somewhere a mother must have born thee--to break her heart," she says to Kim.

3 Alice Kipling may have taken the children to England earlier than customary, because her health had been affected by giving them birth. "Her eldest son's birth had cost her a long and dangerous labor...her daughter's birth in London had been even more difficult; a third child was born, and died, in the hot weather of 1870." Carrington, op. cit., p. 10. And whatever did become of Gretel? Like the daughter of the opium woman in Mother Maturin, she lived in India after her marriage, where, for many years, she was a distinguished and beautiful ornament of Simla society. "A person of extreme sensibility--imaginative and nervous--she was...'psychic,' so unworldly that she seemed sometimes to move in a world of phantoms." Unfortunately, she could not take refuge, when necessary, like her brother, in the magic of art. In December of 1898, while Rudyard was starting Kim, "her mind gave way and it became necessary to place her under her mother's care at Tisbury." Ibid., p. 221.
"I had no mother, my mother," said Kim. "She died, they tell me, when I was young."

She had not died, so much as Kipling had killed her, just as, with almost the first stroke of his pen, he had killed the wife of Fung-Tching, and also the wife of the Eurasian. Did Alice—"the wittiest woman in India"—perceive what was happening to her, day after day, in that happy happy square?
SUMMARY

The purpose here is to summarize the previous sections of this study.

INTRODUCTION

In what light did Kipling view his role as an Anglo-Indian?

Having been abruptly excluded, at a painfully early age, from his family unit in India, only to be taken back when it was almost too late, Kipling apparently felt all his life that anyone who is lucky enough to belong to a Group, ought to be glad to surrender himself to the Law of that Group. Moreover, if your Group has special advantages—if it is unusually strong or rich, or well advanced in a technical or moral sense—then you owe a certain Burden of responsibility to those which are less fortunate.

Thus Kipling—by a kind of existentialist election—considered himself primarily obligated to the Law of his own Family, Tribe, Nation. At the same time he felt bound to accept a certain responsibility for the welfare of the Indian, the native of South Africa, or of the Sudan, just as the United States, so he asserted, must face its duty to the Filipino. This, to use his own notorious and unfortunate
phrase, was "The White Man's Burden." Such a philosophy did not necessarily imply that the white races are superior to the colored races, nor did it indicate opposition to inter-racial marriage or de-segregation.

It has been the aim of this study to discuss Rudyard Kipling in his role as an Anglo-Indian. This has involved (1) a survey of Kipling's life (with the emphasis, of course, on the life in India); and (2) a study of the outstanding poetic or fictional works which are concerned directly or indirectly with India.

PART ONE: KIPLING IN AND OUT OF INDIA

1. Childhood in India, 1865-1871

Coming from a Yorkshire family, Rudyard was born in Bombay, where he spoke Hindustani earlier than English.

2. Growing Up in England, 1871-1882

In accordance with Anglo-Indian custom, the Kiplings eventually placed Rudyard and his sister Trix (aged five and two) with strangers in England to be educated. Rudyard was thus scarred for life. The cause may have lain, not so much in the cruelty of the foster-mother, as in Rudyard's bitterness toward his mother.
One happy month, however, out of each year, was spent with his Aunt, where Rudyard came into contact with prominent figures in British literature. He also read enormously during this stage of his life. And when he later attended the United Services College, he derived lasting benefits from certain professors, as well as from his work on the school paper.

3. Hard at Work in India, 1882-1889

Rejoining his family, which was now established in Lahore, India, Rudyard became assistant editor of the Civil and Military Gazette. He was now living a full and vigorous professional life. Likewise he was happy within the circle --or "square"--of his family life. Indeed his happiness seemed excessive in the sense that it apparently excluded normal erotic and romantic relations with other women.

It was only when Rudyard departed from Lahore, and from his family, to take a position on the Pioneer in Allahabad, that he became involved in his long Platonic friendship with Mrs. Hill.

At the same time his fame as a story-teller--and especially as an influential balladeer--was expanding to such an extent that Allahabad seemed hardly big enough to hold him.
4. What Happened Afterwards, 1889-1936

Kipling's first reaction to success was disastrous. He was desperately homesick, as well as physically ill. Moreover, he was making no progress with women. However, with the death of his friend and collaborator, Wolcott Balestier, he married Wolcott's sister and soon became a father. Thereafter his works reveal an increasing maturity and stability.

His enormous influence as a spokesman for imperialism was exerted mainly in connection with the Spanish-American and Boer wars, and, to a lesser degree, in connection with the World War.

His position, as indicated earlier, was simply that the Anglo-American "white man" bore a moral obligation to "liberate" the "primitive" peoples of Cuba, the Philippines, South Africa, and India from their backward oppressors. His international influence on this subject was exerted through such poems as: "The White Man's Burden," "The Old Issue," "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and "The Islanders." In relation to the World War he published "For All We Have and Are" and "Justice," in which he deplored the possibility of a compromise peace.
After World War I, Kipling suffered a loss of prestige. And yet the quality of his literary output remained high. He retained, moreover, many distinguished friends. Among these he could number the King of England. These two eminent Englishmen died within two days of each other and were both buried in Westminster Abbey.

PART TWO: KIPLING ON INDIA

5. The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows

Written when he was eighteen, this sketch describes the following denizens of an opium den in Lahore: The manager, Fung Tching, who had killed his wife and now lives with a half-caste Memsahib; his nephew; the Eurasian narrator, formerly employed on a big timber-contract in Calcutta, who had also killed his wife, in a sense; another Eurasian.

With the death of Fung Tching, the Nephew took over the den, and the Memsahib who went with it. He changed the name to "The Temple of the Three Possessions." Says the narrator, "He has to keep us three, of course--me and the Memsahib and the other Eurasian." Could we hazard the guess that Fung Tching (perhaps also the Nephew) reflects Lockwood Kipling in his Indian Museum; and likewise that the Memsahib
(perhaps also both of the murdered wives) reflect the mother? If "the other Eurasian" be regarded as sister Trix, we then have the family square in which Kipling was living as he wrote the story.

Our Eurasian narrator has finally found a Group where he is accepted, where he can lie with his pipe or bottle (pacifier, nipple) in the room of the Proprietor and Memsahib, at the foot of the coffin, near the joss. For this privilege he will gladly pay whatever price the Law has set.

6. **Mother Maturin**

Apparently "The Gate" was a preliminary study for Mother Maturin. At any rate, it was less than a year after writing "The Gate" that Kipling had finished 237 pages of Mother Maturin, the novel which obsessed him all his life and which he never published because Lockwood Kipling was never satisfied with it. (His sister said it was horrid and his mother called it nasty but powerful.)

Probably no one living has ever read this work. But Mrs. Hill has left a statement to the effect that the plot was concerned with an old Irishwoman "who kept an opium den in Lahore but sent her daughter to be educated in England."
She married a Civilian and came to live in Lahore--hence a story how Government secrets came to be known in the Bazaar and *vice versa*.

It is, of course, mere speculation to suggest that the old Irishwoman was Mrs. Kipling and that the daughter whom she sent to England to be educated was a joint portrait of Rudyard and Trix. If this is true, however, we can see why Lockwood Kipling persistently vetoed publication.

7. **Departmental Ditties** (1886)

These verses include romance, gossip, governmental and sociological tracts, satire, imitations, Anglo-Indian problems (such as those connected with weather, warfare, and morale problems), and, finally, purely subjective utterances.

Of special interest here is "Griffen's Debt" which includes a hero remarkably similar to the Eurasian narrator in the "Gate." "The Gift of the Sea" shows us a mother lamenting two children who have died in infancy.

8. **Plain Tales from the Hills** (1888)

The early stories, later published as *Plain Tales from the Hills*, were written to a specified format, for the Civil and Military Gazette. They include tragedy, comedy, farce, ghost stories, and stories for children. Nine of
these stories deal with military life, including three which introduce the famous trio of Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris.

Especially interesting here are certain stories which appear to show the Indian woman as being superior to the Englishman: "Lisbeth" and "Yoked to an Unbeliever."

9. The Railway Stories

When Kipling removed to Allahabad, he published stories in the Pioneer which gave him greater scope in length and subject matter. Some of these later were printed for sale on the Indian Railway book-stalls. Later still, they were collected in Three Soldiers and Wee Willie Winkie. They may be classified as juvenile, domestic and military.

The most notable of the juvenile type is "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," which is a strictly autobiographical work, describing the residence of the Kipling children at Southsea, at a time when Rudyard was reduced to a state of pitiable solitude and desperate defiance.

Among the domestic tales is "The Story of the Gadsbys," which has given us a characteristic phrase of Kipling's, "A good man married is a good man marred."

A study of the military tales in this series, many of which are concerned with Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd,
will reveal the rather startling circumstance that Kipling, the distinguished authority on the everyday life of the soldier, based his material mainly on second hand information. The same is true, however, of Shakespeare, Stephen Crane, and Norman Mailer.

The fact remains that Kipling was the first Englishman since Shakespeare to present a truly sympathetic and yet realistic picture of the common soldier in the British army.

Finally, we must note that these carousing characters have all a healthy respect for the Law of their Group.

10. **Barrack-Room Ballads**.

Though they may be second-hand and sometimes theatrical in content, and derivative in verse form, the Barrack-Room Ballads possessed a freshness and gusto and a boundless inspiration which startled critics. Moreover, these verses tell the brutal truth about the British military record, as in the Sudan.

We may also see something autobiographical in these seemingly impersonal lines. Kipling's disrespectful attitude to the Queen, or to the soldier's wife, reminds us again of his antipathy to the mother-image.

Tommy Atkins never surrendered to the Law of the
Family or the Nation. But he did find a home in the Army, and to the Law of that Group, he is as quick as Mulvaney, Ortheris or Learoyd to pay his healthy respect.

11. The Light that Failed (1890)

In The Light that Failed, again we start out in the foster home by the sea. Subsequently the hero follows a course, gaining fame in the Sudan, then suffering torments during his success as a painter in London, which closely resembles Kipling's own. This is the author's period of Storm and Stress. The sudden demand upon him, in London, that he play the role of a man, not a boy-girl in the shadow of Lost-and-found-Mama, or Substitute-Mama-Mrs.-Hill, almost killed him, would have killed him, perhaps, if he had not dextrously turned off the death onto his hero.

Kipling had thus returned to the desperation of Black Sheep. We next find him infatuated with one Wolcott Balestier, with whom he collaborated, of all things, on a novel.

The pendulum did not begin to swing in reverse until Wolcott died, whereupon Kipling was able, indeed compelled, to marry Wolcott's sister. It was thus that he got back the urgently needed mother-image, plus a wife which
made of him a man and father. The period of Storm and Stress was passed.

12. The Jungle Books (1894, 1895)

Again we are surprised to find that Kipling's knowledge of his subject—whether he writes of the army or of the Indian jungle—was acquired mostly at second hand. This is only to say, of course, that we can learn more from an uninformed genius than we ever could from an educated fool.

These tales relate how an orphaned man-child, Mowgli, ran with a wolf pack, learned the Law of the Jungle, (thus becoming its master), and recognized in the end that he must accept the Law of his own Group, that of the Village.

Mowgli is, of course, autobiographical. His moral obligation to move from Jungle to Village bears an unmistakable resemblance to Rudyard's painful decision to move from India to London, and also from the family square to marriage.

13. Kim (1901)

It is apparent that Kim's background grew out of the same soil which produced the "Gate" and Mother Maturin. The hero's parentage—and this applies especially to the
mother—is pathetically, painfully uncertain, as always when Kipling attempts to trace the parents of his heroes.

But the point is that Kim, to some extent, may be the final version of Mother Maturin.

It is nevertheless clear—and this is no contradiction—that Kim was also born of the same inspiration which produced the Jungle Books. Both Mowgli and Kim are autobiographical portraits of brilliant young men (like Wilhelm Meister or the young Joseph of Thomas Mann) in the process of reaching maturity. A striking characteristic, which all of these young men possess in common, however (in contrast to Werther, Hans Castorp, and Dick Heldar), is the fact that they are essentially classical, serene, reconciled to nature in their growing up. They are not self-destructive.

Finally, just as Mowgli, in the end, chose the Village of his own people over the Jungle which had nursed him; so, when the time came to choose between the contemplative world of the Lama and the materialistic world of the Pathan and the Babu, Kim—freely recognizing the higher Law, like a good existentialist—chose to engage himself in the world of action.

Why did Lockwood prevent the publication of Mother Maturin? Surely because he was waiting for Rudyard to understand
his mother, to forgive her, at least to soften the portrait which he had drawn of her. Did he achieve this in *Kim*?

A certain Sahiba may be found in this cast of characters. Is she Kim's mother? Oh no. But the Lama (who in a sense is Lockwood Kipling, even though Lockwood himself appears elsewhere) employs her as a means of reconciling Kim to his dead mother.

"The Sahiba is a heart of Gold," he says earnestly. And he goes on to suggest that the Sahiba looks on Kim as her son. Is this what old Lockwood--living quietly with his old wife Alice at Tisbury--has gently been attempting to explain to the wounded son, down through the years of discussing *Mother Maturin* and *Kim*?

The old Sahiba, however, knows that the boy cannot be fooled. "Somewhere a mother must have born thee--to break her heart," she says to Kim.

"I had no mother, my mother," said Kim. "She died, they tell me, when I was young."

She had not died, so much as Kipling had killed her, just as he had long ago killed the wife of Fung-Tching, and also the wife of the Eurasian. Did Alice--"the wittiest woman in India"--perceive what was happening to her, day after day, in that happy happy square?