The beginning of this thesis entails an inquiry into the circumstances of Rudyard Kipling's life for the purpose of showing the influence of these circumstances on his works. Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay in 1865, the son of Lockwood Kipling, a professor of Architectural Sculpture and later a Museum Curator. He spent his first five years, mainly in the company of his ayah (Indian Nurse) with whom he conversed constantly in Hindusthani. Consequently, Hindusthani was the one language in which thoughts came to him naturally. He tells us in *Something of Myself* of a time when, visiting his parents, he had to translate his thoughts from Hindusthani into broken English sentences. The fact that so early in his life Hindusthani came so naturally to him than any other mode of expression accounts largely for his considerable success in translating into English the speech of his Indian characters with its different idioms and sentence structure. However, he did not know Sanskrit or Bengali. He quoted an occasional proverb or superstition but beyond that he did not reach. The *Bisara of Bures* (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) was written around and about a superstition -- a charm which would bring a lover:

*Little Blind Fish,*
*thou art marvellous wise,*
The road of his ancestors is a story beautifully written around the
superstitious animosity of the naive Hills toward an unfortunate
government-paid vaccinator.

In the Finest Story in the world to Grish Chunder, a Bengali
studying in England, Rippl once said, 'Grish Chunder, you've been
too well educated to believe in a God haven't you?' Grish Chunder re­
plied, 'Oah, yes, here! But when I go home I must conciliate popular
superstition, and make ceremonies of purification and my women will
anoint idols.' Kipling continued, 'And hang up Tulsi and feast the
Purchrist, and take you back into caste again, and make a good khuttri
of you again, you advanced free-thinker. And you'll eat dead food,
and like it all, from the smell in the courtyard, to the mustard oil
over you! I shall very much like it,' said Grish Chunder unguardedly,
'Once a Hindu always a Hindu.'

At least three of his plain tales from the Hills, are headed by an
Indian proverb: 'When man and woman are agreed, what can the Kazi do',
(She Youghal's Says); 'I am dying for you, and you are dying for
another', Yoked with an Unbeliever; 'That is in the Brahmin's Books
that is in the Brahmin's heart? Neither you nor I knew there was so much "full in the world", "ashes of the night." He builds a complete story around a Hindu Proverb — "If your mirror be broken, look into still water; but have a care that you do not fall in," on the strength of a likeness.

He interested himself in the superstitious side of his characters and he never changed with the years. But the love of Krishna and Radha, the delicate sensuousness of the Vaishnavic lyric, the glowing pantheism of the Upanishads, the intellectualism of the Vedanta, were beyond his comprehension. His special province is the vast domain of Teutonic and Germanic words which are still loaded with primitive and direct meanings. They are not the language of cultured people or of townside civilization, but unsophisticated life finds the best expression through them. They are set off by the various stocks, military and naval slang, terms from all the dialects of the British Empire and the latest coinages that have been adopted in the English vocabulary. And yet in Love of open and Greenlow Hill, neither Bul- vaney's Irish nor Critheris' cockney was genuine, and were it not for Kipling's father (himself a Yorkshireman) who had given him assistance, it is probable that Learoyd's Yorkshire dialect might have suffered the same fate as did Bulvaney's and Critheris'.

Conversely, Kipling says of him, "Kipling was a master of description..."
and could relate incident brilliantly, but it does not seem to me that his dialogue is always plausible. To my mind, Kipling's dialogue is only beyond reproach when he is translating into measured dignified English the speech of Indians. This criticism deserves some modification because Kipling did not know the speech of Indians. He had a scattering of Hindusthani only and the stock of words and expressions which he employed were typical of those included in the Manual of Conversation, issued by the Indian government to British soldiers for use in their expeditions. In the Pioneer there appeared a few extracts from the Manual of Conversation under which appear the initials "H.K.". An examination of these extracts, coupled with the fact that Rudyard Kipling was working with the Pioneer at the time and probably initialized these same extracts, leaves little doubt that many of the Hindusthani phrases and expressions with which Kipling's works are so liberally sprinkled must have come out of this manual. Expressions in the Manual excerpts such as "Hi Hi Tyrol! Halt There! Beito or I'll blow yer 'ead off! (Be good enough to stop)", or "Just you bloomin' well butlee (Indicate his position)" are expressions which would be very likely to emanate from Kipling's Ortheris, Leffroy or Bulvaney.

He reproduced dialects phonetically but even in this he was

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limited to an uneven, sometimes incongruous flow of jargon. In the
Pioneer there are verses entitled Hans Breitmann as an Administrator.
They are signed H.S. An examination of these verses will illustrate
this point.

With apologies to O. P. Island

Hans Breitmann went to India
There wasn't no demonstration—
He bustled along in a B and C
To look at de Aryan Nation;
But Hinkel's face
has a shiny smile
As if it knew de thing;
Und little stars come
out und winked
At Breitmann on de ving.

Hans Breitmann went to India—
Day drop him at Bombay.
He boomed around
for the Governor;
on top of a buggy-shay.
"Darwasa bund", de porter said—
Der Breitmann speak him fair:—
"Dere wasn't any sooch man,
Und if dere was — I'm ders!

"I seek a shewine Deutscher,
Day say he runs die show,
Und argue on a door-mat
Is twice so mean as slow—

3. Ibid. Oct. 15, 1868, col. 4, p. 5.
Therefore!— He swears a juron
De Liddlest dot he knew—
Der portal faint mit horror und
De Breitmann pass through.

He found de crate Herr Cofernor.
In bens and ink gesdilt
wrop up in administration——
Likewise in a plazin' kilt,
"Die Prab! sind mir nicht unbekant
But I guess de green haf ran
Into de red and white and blue."
Drezak de Breitmann.

Dey sat him down on a sofa,
Dey gave him a long cigar,
While de goernor dell of troubles.
It hapers in Kathiawar——
Und when he haf grasp de inwardness
Und lighted another smoke
Hit hit his feet on de top of de cible
'Tvas so de Breitmann shboke——

"Now bist du both — in shpots
or bist du both scotch or Deutsch.
Its betder to work on a principle
Which I'll prinp down to dots;
For de more dot principles acted on
Und driven home to de heft
De less vill you be hong up to dry,
Und de less vill you get left.

"Sere's a certain sort of cussin
Dot boledicks mostly breedin—
Flanganderin' men by natiuns
And drawin' men on deir credid;
But dot's legitimate pianess
For since de world pagan,
Later, de girls and de cali
Let more dan meat to a man.
We'll shvear at de Pope and Kaiser
He'll shvear at his frau by shingel
Und von his frau shvears back at him.
We'll shvear at shveary shingel
De notions safe und sound.
So long as de man mit grievance
Roast sioshes his shvearin around.

"But when subjektif unssein'
Develops a finite line
Und becomes objectif libel,
Fidelicit:- "Schnitt is a schvein!
De Schnitt dot is called a schvein-pick,
Howofer his holodicks lean,
Vill call on de Herr Redakteur
Und says: "But hell you mean?!

"Hun! Gender your way of piness—
I put de matter in prief;
A snooplin', snooping! Schwein-blatt
Have called your servant a thief;
Und when you asked for de proofments
Und found dot dere wasn't none,
Instead of bustin' de druckerei
You leaf dat schvein-blatt alone."

De Governor looks at de ceilin—
Der Governor look at de floor,
He never vae so behandelt
By person or man before;
"Now dere was a custom in Kansas"—
Hane shnailed a derrible smile
"For substantatin de puttin
Und puttin a gloss on de style."

"Ve passed a simple rulin'
To raise de tone of de place,
Und nailed a gratis copy
To every frame und case:—
"De man dot publishen articles
Peyont his polit'sheescope
De Vigilance Comittee
Sub-edits—mit a rope!"
"Und dot vas in 'bleedin' Kansas','
Where men are ge-bult in de raw—
Und foorest day empty deir pistol
Und den enquire de law.
But no one was called a horse-thief
Without a mountain of proof
For de only case of libel—
He hanged from his office roof.

"Cut! Toornin' again to your trouble
Which you so mooch bessess,
De man dot vas tarred in de paper
Haf folded his vings in de west;
Und since dot peopel haf swallowed
Its statement lumps und pan,
Cause you vas helled und ready,
Why Devil und all did you draw?

"Potablita! And dow art a Deutscher!
Herr Gott! And a Baron too!
Hit a Vun on de Thurian Nation
Which makes it cyanem-de-blue
Dot you shouldn't be so spread-eagled
Und hung by der head to bleed,
But I guess I haf taught you somedings."

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Here endet de Broithmannleid.

R. E.