"Give me the first six years of a child's life and you can have the rest." The stage can be set inexorably. India was a factor in Kipling's life — by far the most influential factor. India gave him material for the kind of stories only he could write. India was just the scene for his gusto, vigor, candidness and love for dealing with vivid panoramas and earthy detail. Then barely six he was sent with his sister to England to live with a relative. She was harsh and often unkind. It might have been as early as this in his life that he began to develop hates and prejudices which were later to rule his life.

His parents, when they discovered his awful plight at the "House of Desolation", as he pathetically calls it in Something of Myself, rescued him and sent him to actward Ho, a college for the sons of soldiers. Here he wrote The Scribbler and other schoolboy tales and lyrics. Let it suffice to say that young Kipling had nothing but contempt and hatred for all his Schoolmasters with possibly only two exceptions—the Headmaster was one. But even these inspired him with awe rather than a deep, abiding affection. His respect for the Headmaster did not diminish with the years. His schoolmates were "devoid of any decent
Three of them, Stalky, Turkey and Beetle, "exercised their instincts."

But to Kipling, Stalky always remained "a gallant, resourceful, adventurous, high-spirited soldier and gentleman." His four years in college "gained a hold on him which throughout his career he never outgrew. 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. In fact after visiting it many years later he wrote a charming account of it, in which he paid a glowing tribute to that harsh disciplinarian, his old Headmaster, and expressed his gratitude for the great benefits he had received during the period he had spent under his care."

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2. Ibid.

3. Ibid.

4. Ibid.
His lyrics and fiction at Westward Ho concerned mainly the world of a schoolboy. His heroes or victims, as the case might be, were invariably school-teachers, headmasters and fellow-schoolboys. Years later then he was truly dedicated to the imperial ideal, his victims were Indians whose characteristics he portrayed only as a foil to the virtues and achievements of the English.

Britannia ruled not only the waves but the world. Peace and prosperity prevailed because of the might of Britain. Her fighting forces maintained peace on earth and goodwill toward men, in land stood for supremacy in commerce, naval power, armed forces and territorial conquests. The British were ordained by their God to take up the "White Man's Burden" and dominate the peoples of the Empire. And Kipling in his teens was British. The imperialistic attitude, the racial prejudices and the belief in the theory of white supremacy were now taking a definite shape in his thinking.

As a child he had seen the primitive life of India. This was suddenly supplanted by the cold but orderly life of England. He was too young to plumb the mysterious and profound depths of Indian culture and civilization. What he saw on the surface repulsed him. The vast confusion of castes, creeds, mores, religions, religious sects, languages, dialects; the inertia, the abjectly poor, the fabulously wealthy must have been a vivid contrast to British
energy, vigor and simple way of life and thought, as a youth he had accepted the might of Britain as superior to all other world forces. His extensive travels in Africa, Canada and Australia, together with the experiences of his childhood and his youth established in him the imperialistic ideals to which his work is dedicated.

His first sympathies for the common man disappeared and were replaced by an obsessing patriotism which developed into a stagnant imperialism. Perhaps his education at a school where loyalty was the code and young men dreamed of sharing in the glory of further British conquests aroused in him a sense of duty. But what he mistook for patriotism many would label as chauvinism. That he was unsympathetic toward Indian ideals may be due to the fact that over a decade of the most plastic part of his life was spent in England among English friends — away from the Indian influences, literary or otherwise that might have broadened his outlook.

At the age of 17, he returned to India and as sub-editor to the Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore, began with Plain Tales from the Hills to write about a country he was once acquainted with as a child. The magic of India, its customs and superstitions took hold of his imagination; and in a writer whose greatest asset is his imagination, the mark was indelibly stamped upon his mind. Decidedly, this was the turning point in his life and
any eminent critics agree that it was actually his work produced in India that brought his fame around the world. Hebling is like "The Man Who Could Write" named Boomer, as Blitzent whose prospects were not so bright "till an Indian paper found that he could write."

In Lahore, the centre of the setting in which his world revolved was the Punjab club. Here he met men specially trained and skilled in Education, Canals, Forestry, Engineering, Irrigation, Railways, Medicine and Law. Here too he met civilians and army men. It was here that he acquired that "show of technical knowledge" which so distinguished his works in later years; yet, which was a limitation insofar as his excessive use of it became tedious.

As a reporter he described openings of big bridges and such, which meant a night or two with the engineers; floods on railways -- more nights in the wet with wretched heads of repair gangs -- village festivals and consequent outbreaks of cholera or small-pox; communal riots under the shadow of the mosque of Hazir Khan, where the patient waiting troops lay in timber-yards or side-alleys till the order came to go in and beat the crowds on the feet with the gun-butts; and the growling, flaring, creed-drunk city would be brought to hand without effusion of blood or the appearance of any agitated Viceroy; visits of viceroy to neighbouring Princes on the edge of the great Indian desert, where a man might have to wash his raw hands and

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face in soda-water; reviews of armies expecting to move against Russia next week; receptions of an Afghan viceroy, with whom the Indian government wished to stand well; murder and divorce trials, and an inquiry into the percentage of lepers among the butchers who supplied beef and mutton to the European community of Lahore.

In 1895 he was made a Freemason and in the Masonic hall he met Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, members of the Arya and Brahmo Sanat and a Jew, Tyler. Often on nights from mid-April to mid-October he would wander the streets till dawn. He visited liquor shops, gamling and opium dens, wayside dances, or in and about the narrow gullies under the mosque of Kasir Khan. The Indian scenery of Kim came undoubtedly out of such experiences.

He got to meet the "soldiery in those days in visits to Fort Lahore and, in a less degree, at Iian Kir Cantorments." The three soldier characters Malvacy, Curtheris and Learoyd were inspired by these visits and he had already begun to write his Soldier's Tales.

Simla was another "new world" for Kipling. There he spent his usual monthly leave and it was on one of his monthly holidays — after he had been ill — that he went off for a rest along the Himalaya-Tibet Road. The grandeur of the mountainous region was a revelation to him, and he put into Kim some of the experiences, color, form and substance of his trip. On his way back to Simla,
he rode through a thunderstorm and saw a family of bears walking and talking, an eagle wheeling and glistening in the sun. These types of experiences inspired the *Jungle Books*.

In 1885 he began *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and in 1886 he published *Departmental Ditties*, verses on Anglo-Indian life. In 1887 he left the Civil and Military Gazette in Lahore and went to serve on the Pioneer in Allahabad, hundreds of miles south of Lahore. Up to this time he had lived among Mohammedians, who were the first Indians he knew, which probably was his reason for showing more affection for the Muslin rather than for the Hindu. Here he wrote *The Story of the Gadsbys*, which was later published in England.

Kipling would often comment about his work with the Pioneer, "I felt that I did not quite fit the paper's scheme of things and that my superiors were of the same opinion. My flippancy in handling what I was trusted with was not well seen by the government or the departmental officialism . . . . I fancy my owners thought it safer on the road than in my chair. They sent him to look at mines, mills, factories, and such things which he could write about without causing any inconvenience or discomfort to themselves."

As in *The Man Who Could Write*, certainly he scored it, bold and black and firm; *The Indian Paper* he made his seniors squirm,
quoted office scandals and wrote the tactless truth. All of which in-
vited the content from his superiors, "Has there ever known a more
misguided youth?" He sold to the man in control of the Indian
Bookstalls Plain Tales from the Hills, Departmental Ditties, and
most of his Soldier Tales, Indian Tales and Tales of the Opposite
Sex. With this money he left India for England, by way of the far
East and the United States. The rest of his life, beginning with
this voyage, is concerned in this thesis only insofar as his stay
in India affected it. In England he admitted that his stay in India
and his Indian training served to ballast him.

His main success lay in the indisputable fact that he pictured
India more vividly from closer quarters, as it were, than anyone
from the East had yet done. His stories give you the "scent of
the East, the smell of the bazaar, the torpor of the rains, the
heat of the sun-scorched earth, the rough life of the barracks in
which the occupying troops were quartered, and the other life,
so English and yet so alien to the English way, led by the officers,
the Indian civilians and the array of minor officials who combined
to administer the vast territory."

In Something of Myself, Kipling admits of limitation with
regard to space. "I have told you that my early surroundings
were, and how richly they furnished me with material. Also, how rigorously newspaper spaces limited my canvases and, for the reader's sake, prescribed that within these limits must be some sort of beginning, middle, and end. We should all agree that a short story should be short. I found that when to save time and trouble, I wrote short, 'ab-initio' much salt went out of the work. He preferred to write long stories and shorten them in consequent re-reading for he felt 'that a tale from which pieces have been raked out is like a fire that has been poked.'

Since this thesis concerns only the period of Kipling's life which was spent in India, only his works written in India will be studied in detail. To be sure, the stories he has written about India upon his return to England cannot be entirely excluded. Further, in the attempt to discover the urges which prompted and the influences which guided him, one must of necessity look at some of his later works. He had a versatility seldom matched and very seldom excelled. In the year 1888 alone he produced a series of books and short stories among which were  

In Black and White, Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, Lee Lickle Linkie, The Story of the Cadbyas and Under the Deodars.

Considering that his stay in India was only of seven years
duration, it is a source of great surprise, mingled with admiration, to anyone previously unacquainted with the industrious side of Kipling's multiphase personality, to be confronted with such an array of works wrought during his seven years in India. Robert Louis Stevenson accused him of "copiousness and haste" but these accusations were probably prompted by envy. Contemporary literary rivals resented him, not so much for his fame, but for his youth and fame, a combination which constituted an indigestible affront to their conservative stomachs. After all Kipling was still in his teens when he achieved fame. Most of all they looked with disapprobation at his lack of a cultural heritage, his immunity to influences of the past, the absence in his works of a sense of form, balance and proportion. His talents, however, such as they were proved to be of special value to English literature at that moment because they presented a refreshing contrast to the esoteric accounts of aestheticism and the worn formulas of conventional Victorian poetry. Henry James recognized young Kipling as "the most able and promising artist of his generation."

Kipling's later travels were extensive including America and even South Africa. But rather than develop a universality

as might normally be expected. Kipling's life remained a disjointed string of experiences with no consistent development of any tradition or culture. He did not have the traditional training under English culture as did Bridges, nor did he have any consistent training under the culture of the East.