The *Kipling Journal* is the quarterly magazine of the Kipling Society, a charity whose object is the advancement of public education by the promotion of the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling. The Journal is open to submissions of any length between 500 and 5000 words from students, scholars, professional academics, and Kipling enthusiasts. All articles are peer reviewed.

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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Wednesday 13 April 2016 At 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League: John Sutherland, Lord Northcliffe Professor Emeritus of University College, London, on ‘Kipling and Orwell: a life-long love-hate relationship’.

Wednesday 4 May 2016 At 12.30 for 1 pm, Hall of India and Pakistan, Royal Over-Seas League: Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society. Guest speaker: Patrick Cockburn on ‘Kipling, Journalism and War’.

Wednesday 13 July 2016 At 5.30 for 6 pm in the Royal Over-Seas League: Kipling Society Annual General Meeting: speaker to be arranged.

Wednesday September 14 2016 At 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League: speaker to be arranged.

March 2016

ANDREW LYCETT
(Meetings Secretary)
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EDITORIAL AND NEWS

This number opens with Part II of ‘The Cadell Hoard’, letters written to Mr and Mrs Hunt by Rudyard and Carrie Kipling in 1893 after the birth of their daughter Josephine, which show the Kiplings at their happiest and most relaxed. These have been edited with a commentary by Alastair Wilson, who also contributes a book review, a report from the Kipling Mailbase and a letter about ‘The Mary Gloster’ (illustrated by me with a photograph of a 1936 model). I thank Alastair Wilson for his energy, his knowledge and his generosity in sharing it.

‘A tale from which pieces have been raked out is like a fire that has been poked. One does not notice that the operation has been performed, but everyone feels the effect’: Kipling’s saying in Something of Myself might serve as an epigraph for Austin Asche and John Coates, who both address the telling gaps in his stories. Austin Asche in ‘Concealed Signposts’ analyses the narrative reticence of ‘The Gardener’ and then sets a quiz from six Kipling stories, giving his reasoned answers. John Coates discusses the Plain Tales story ‘A Bank Fraud’, examining its portrayal of the hero Reggie Burke and the political and psychological implications of Reggie’s ‘double’ personality in work and leisure. He argues that Kipling’s deadpan account of an elaborately acted white lie anticipates the modernist uncertainties of Ibsen’s The Wild Duck and Conrad’s Heart of Darkness.

Two further essays address Kipling’s ‘take’ on history. Janice Lingley, writing on ‘Below the Mill Dam’, argues that this fable of conflict between tradition (the corrupt Grey Cat and Black Rat) and modern industrial innovation (the newly installed turbine), was directly influenced by Richard Jefferies’ novel World’s End, in which these oppositions are symbolised by grey rats invading ‘good old English’ black rats. The late Ann Weygandt investigates Kipling’s sources for the ‘American’ stories in Rewards and Fairies in a lively scholarly essay, which first appeared in 1954 and has not dated at all. The Kipling Journal reprinted its opening portions in 1955 and 1956, and after 60 years is delighted to present the substantial remainder, with its shrewd weighing-up of Kipling’s approach to history.

Thanks to the many recent books about and reprints of Kipling’s work, this number again has three book reviews, this time by Alastair Wilson, Howard Booth and the Editor. More will follow in June.

KIPLING EXHIBITION AT CENTURY ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK

Kipling’s 150th birthday in 2015 was also the 120th anniversary of his election to the Century Association in New York (U.S.A.’s equivalent to the Athenaeum, which he joined in 1896), as one of its youngest
ever members. Our North American representative David Richards has curated the wonderful celebratory exhibition *Rudyard Kipling, Centurion 1895–1936*, in the Century Association’s New York premises, from 4 January to 31 March 2016. Items on display include a copy of the original privately printed 1886 edition of *Departmental Ditties*, MSS of two illustrated letters from Kipling to youthful fans of *The Jungle Book* in America and England, the architectural plans of Naulakha House by Henry Rutgers Marshall, also a Centurion, and original caricatures by Max Beerbohm. It is splendid that Kipling’s memory is so honoured by his fellow Centurions.

**KIPLING FESTIVAL IN SIBERIA**

In December 2015 the English Language Center of Novosibirsk Research Library, supported by Novosibirsk Pedagogical University, held a Kipling Festival for local schools. 300 students from grades 3 to 11 of 100 schools in Novosibirsk and the region participated, with drawings and models of Kipling’s books, poetry recitals, Kipling-based plays, their own Kipling quiz games, and finally on 10 December, a live conversation on Skype between four Kipling Society members and 20 high school children, all impressively enthusiastic and well informed.

**BART MOORE-GILBERT 1952–2015**

I am sad to report the untimely death of Bart Moore-Gilbert, Professor of Post-Colonial Literature at Goldsmith’s College, London. All students of Kipling’s ‘Indian’ writing in its colonial context are indebted to his landmark *Kipling and ‘Orientalism’* (1988), and he contributed two excellent essays to the *Kipling Journal*, one critically but sympathetically analysing ‘Cultural transfer in Beyond the Pale’ (No. 277) and another, equally good, on ‘Travel, Gender and Imperialism in Letters of Marque’ (No. 281). He had recently published the warmly received book *The Setting Sun* about his quest for the truth about his policeman father’s actions in colonial India, described by Andrew Lycett as ‘a well-achieved hybrid of memoir, travelogue and history’. A fine scholar, a perceptive reader of Kipling and other writers, and a delightful man, Bart will be much missed.
THE CADELL HOARD
LETTERS FROM MR AND MRS KIPLING TO MR AND MRS HUNT 1892–1907
PART II, 29 January to 28 October, 1893
Transcribed and edited by Alastair Wilson

[Cdr. Alastair Wilson, R.N., is a lifelong admirer of Rudyard Kipling’s writings. He is currently editing and transcribing Charles Carrington’s extracts from Carrie Kipling’s diaries for the Kipling Society’s website. The first part of his transcription of the Kipling–Hunt letters appeared in Kipling Journal 362, December 2015. Ed.]

The ‘Cadell Hoard’ is a cache of thirteen letters and one telegram from Carrie and Rudyard Kipling to Henry and Clara Hunt, who became their friends during the Kiplings’ honeymoon trip to Japan, where Mr Hunt represented the tea importer Alt & Co. These letters, kindly donated to the Kipling Society in January 2015 by Mrs Valentine Cadell, daughter-in-law of the Hunts’ youngest daughter Margaret, have been transcribed by Alastair Wilson and are published here for the first time. Part I (Kipling Journal 362) consisted of three letters from the Kiplings written during the autumn and winter of 1892, beginning with Carrie’s letter to Mrs Hunt in September, and ending with a telegram from the Kiplings announcing Josephine’s birth: DAUGHTER TWENTY NINTH BOTH DOING FAMOUSLY LOVE.

LETTER 4 (29 January 1893)

There is a separate envelope which appears to belong to this letter, post-marked “BRATTLEBORO / FEB 4 / 4 PM / 93 and addressed to Mrs. Hunt at 21 Linden Road, Bedford, England. The first part of the letter is in Kipling’s handwriting, and tells briefly of Josephine’s birth and progress after the first month (she was born on December 29 1892) and that Carrie is coming along well.

There Kipling’s handwriting ceases, and Carrie’s takes over for the remainder of the letter, with the explanation that Kipling was “so occupied with the correcting of proof sheets the rewriting of stories and singing verses for the new book that he does not get a letter any more finished than this, no matter how much he wants to do it.” This explains the discrepancy between the letter’s date and that of the postmark.
Brattleboro
Jan: 29: 1893

Very dear folks,
We didn’t send you any letter after our cable about Josephine’s birth because we wanted the news for you to be altogether good and it is. Carrie has come through splendidly and the baby who has gained a pound each week since the beginning and is equally pious. She eats and sleeps and is weighed now and then and behaves in that marvellous and miraculous way peculiar to all first babies. She is fair haired with blue eyes and a chin that is a flat theft of her father’s. We are naturally much delighted and need only you to come along and look at her to make us altogether happy.

You are an awful crowd! Don’t lose any more of the children en route than you can help or if you do, drop ’em in America where we can get at them and keep ’em for you.

Rud is so occupied with the correcting of proof sheets the rewriting of stories and singing verses for the new book that he does not get a letter any more finished than this, no matter how much he wants to do it.

Your news about the coming to America is good to hear and we must meet. If only we were in the larger house, and you could come to us, but we shall have that to look to in the Autumn.

The baby gains a pound a week so far and is a sturdy little lassie and a dear delight to us. We think her wonderful and beautiful beyond all other babies but my mother assures us she is quite usual and so keeps down our pride which threatens to make us unknowable.

A most astounding offer made by an English girl to come and serve us as nurse was accepted and she promises to be a treasure. At least she is gentle, kind and a good servant and we hope for the best from her.

I sent you [our?] Polly Cla’s [sic] case you did not get the magazine. It [sic] not as badly illustrated as Rud’s story, we thought. We read it with all our old delight and enjoy hearing other peoples delight. Mr. Hunt has given immense pleasure to the St. Nick people.

Jack Frost is what we call the other poem too. Rud is attending to it and it was of that chiefly he wanted to write to you. We are so enthusiastic over the charming thing but he will tell you all that far better than I. I should have written sooner had I been allowed but the nurse insisted upon my not using my eyes.
The New Oriental have presented us with 4/- on a pound, which, if not luxurious, is thankfully received and is to be invested just as a test to see if it will fail again. I so much wish we might go over to Japan with you what larks we should have! But until Autumn I shall not be able to leave the baby as she depends on me for her food. Father Kipling is in Australia where he went for the sake of the voyage he can see no great improvement yet but then its full soon to hope for it. We have no word from them yet about the grandchild. My sister Josephine is improving rapidly and she will so enjoy meeting your girls. It will be a dear delight to see you all. It’s too bad about Mr. Hunt’s arm, but we hope it’s a thing of the past by this. We wonder if the little boys won’t be lonely.

The conclusion to this letter is crossed up the left hand margin of the first page:

I want to say so many things, only I am so tired this time. Best love to you from us, Carrie & Rud

Marjorie and Josephine are so sweet together

LETTER 5 (14 March 1893)

A “line in great haste” in Kipling’s own hand, to Mrs. Hunt at a commercial address in New York City (presumably the New York agents of Alt. & Co., the employers of Henry Hunt.)

Brattleboro. Mar: 14: 93 Wednesday

Dear Mrs Hunt –
A line in great haste to say that the house is being turned inside out on account of the packing for the journey to New York. We go down – if all goes well – on Friday and shall be in town by 3 or 4 of that afternoon – soon enough to catch you ere you can dare to move away. Our roads are unspeakable filth, slush, sluice and channels of ice and roaring brooks, where the roadbed should be. I shall be glad to see a decent hotel again. We shall be (did Carrie tell you) at 230, W 42nd Street at the Dunnane [?] but I shall look for you at the Brunswick. We want to get your
permission to dedicate the new book *Many Inventions* to you and Mr. Hunt – just initials “To C & HJH” and perhaps [?] if I can make ’em good enough for the occasion.

Tell Mr. Hunt, with profound salaams, that *Jack Frost* is a [seasonal](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Season) poem and therefore ought to have been written around July to get into any magazine on time. I’ve thought over [him?] but just now the mags are roaring full. We’re rejoicing over the prospect of seeing you again (bless you both) and Baby Josephine sends love with ours to you all.

*Ruddy*

*Rudyard Kipling*

The Carrington extracts from Carrie’s diaries for 1893 make no mention of meeting the Hunts. But it is clear from Letter 6, below, that the families must have met, although the meeting is implied rather than specifically mentioned. It would appear that the Hunts are on their way west to Japan again, and that they have at least some of their children with them. These must have been their daughters Edith and Winifred, then aged c.18 and 15, since Carrie says in her previous letter [No. 4] that her sister Josephine will enjoy meeting them. (The Hunt boys would meanwhile have stayed in England at their boarding schools.) Carrie’s diary records that the Kiplings returned to Brattleboro on 20 April.

**LETTER 6 (24 April, 1893)**

This letter from Kipling to Mr. Hunt mentions a misprint in the poem “Melbourne” in *The Song of the Cities*, which was about to appear in the *English Illustrated Magazine* in May 1893. It is annotated, presumably by Mr Hunt, with the date of its arrival, nearly 2 months after the date of the letter. It was obviously posted very much later than 24th April, as Rudyard says in the last paragraph that he had lost it (probably for weeks), under a pile of papers, and that Carrie has ticked him off for the delay.

Brattleboro
Monday Apr: 24: 93

Arrd 13 June 1893

Dear Mr. Hunt

We got back to Brattleboro on Friday last after a severe course of colds, coughs, sneezes and BOILS all round. I had the BOIL and some of the colds and baby had vaccination (badly) so we
were all a happy family & it was worth while coming down to be able to get back again. It’s beautiful spring here with the snow still lying about in spots and all the frost isn’t quite out of the ground yet but it’s warm and sunny and we’re very happy. Baby Josephine bears travel almost as well as your children must have done when they were little and seems to be a philosophical little cuss.

What do I not owe to following your suggestion about [toning?] down Melbourne’s [case?] in my small poem. I had to do it by cable, time being short and I substituted “reckless” for “lawless” but the triply blanked Telegraph idiot cabled it “feckless” and that’s how it stands today. Now Melbourne is about one degree more touchy than the States. One of her biggest banks has just gone smash and she’ll be in a fine temper to stand the imputation of fecklessness. I’ve laughed immensely over the misprint. It’s so deliriously appropriate but – or I’m much mistaken – they won’t laugh at it south the Line.

The entire verse reads

Greeting – nor fear nor favour won us place
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth
Loud voiced and feckless as the wild tide race
That whips our harbour mouth.

If I’m attacked more than flesh and blood can stand, shall I say you did it. Seriously though I’m very glad I did change the verse at your suggestion and I can put it all right in a second edition. But Crikey! How Melbourne will swear! A propos of editions, at the last moment in Many Inventions I had to include a tale called “Love o’ Women” (one of the Mulvaney lot) that completely barred our dedicating any single page of the book to you dear people, even by initials. When you see the tale you’ll see that I’ve done right. As work there’s nothing I would more willingly have dedicated to you, but it’s not a nice tale. Anyway I shouldn’t like Mrs. Hunt or the girls [to?] come across it and feel that they’ve lent it the sanction of dedication. We must try again – something cleaner rather [sic] I trust.

- since writing the last page I’ve seen the Imperial Institute poem and it seems to me to be largely distinguished by a complete absence of full stops. New of course but I prefer the old way. Spring has been coming up here step by step and we’re enjoying every step of it. When the crows caw it reminds us of
Yokohama and there is a new and tender green in the trees something like the colour of the rice fields. You must surely let us know how your young folk stand the climate. A line from Mrs. Hunt tells us that your youngest daughter can’t be comfortable in the cars at any price and I expect to hear most awful accounts of the crossing in the steamer.

I’ve pulled up on my work for a little bit while the book is going through the press and if there is one thing that I detest more than another it is the correction of proofs when one is sick & tired of the subject matter.

My father comes over to America a month earlier than I had thought, leaving Karachi on 7th May and coming on almost direct from Liverpool. I am expecting great things for him from the summer climate.

Like the careless animal that I am I’ve left this letter securely hidden under a pile of paper where it has gone out of sight and now Carrie is giving me toko for not having sent it off before. She tells me to apologise for the delay – but you should just see my table in its present condition. She sends great love to Mrs. Hunt and the Family – also a special instalment from baby Jo who is growing visibly.

Remember please to finish your ballad (I’ve seen a reference to Polly Cla more than once in the English papers) and believe me ever

Yours Sincerely,

Rudyard Kipling

LETTER 7 (28 October 1893)

This letter, dated merely October 28th, but from internal evidence clearly dating from 1893, is from Carrie to Mrs. Hunt. She starts apologetically, saying that she has already sent a letter to an address in New York, followed by a ‘wire’ (telegram) to ‘the ship’, which evidently means the ship in which the Hunts were about to return to England. (The wire could only have been delivered while the ship was still in port – we are still some 20 years before the general introduction of wireless telegraphy for communicating with ships at sea). But neither seems to have reached Mrs. Hunt.
Dear Mrs. Hunt,
I wrote you in New York and sent you a wire to the ship and am so sorry you did not get them as I see you have not from your letter of Oct. 6th.
We are all quite well though I confess to feeling a bit down these last few weeks. Nursing the baby through the summer, getting the house finished, and the anxiety of the Pater’s health and well being made my summer a bit difficult but now we are settled down for a little [?] and I hope to get rested and feel quite my self again.
The husband is more absorbed and tangled up in some work he has on hand than I have ever known him to be and will not hear of going away until he has finished. Mama can not take the care of the baby the early part of the winter at any rate so we have had to give up the notion of India for this winter.
The Pater left on the 7th September and we hear of his settling down to a quiet pleasant life at Tisbury. He was vastly better in health when he left us – I feel quite sure he will come soon again.
We were much interested in your word about the *Lucania* and delighted with your news about the family. We are so full of interest always to hear each little thing about you and shall hope next for news about the finding of a new house.
I am afraid we are not going to see the Pownalls as they have not turned up yet, which is disappointing.
The husband bids me say about the verses⁷ that they are being sent about but there is no news yet to give you. Magazines take such a time to attend to things.
The baby has two teeth and almost two more. She pulls herself on to her feet in her crib and is a dear little maid. She is deeply in love with her father and they have great larks together.
The Pall Mall Magazine is publishing 4 Barrack Room Ballads and a long set of verses about the Sealers directly.
The notices of *Many Inventions* are much better than any we have had and the sale in England has been very large.
No more O.B.C. dividends and we rather fear that 6s. on a pound is all we shall get.⁸
Dear love to you and the girls and Mr Kipling sends greeting to you and Mr. Hunt.

Affectionately

Carrie Kipling

NOTES

1 ‘Polly Cla’ is a poem by Mr Hunt, on whose behalf Rudyard Kipling had sent it to the editor of the children’s magazine *St Nicholas*, Mary Mapes Dodge, suggesting publication. She did take it for the February 1893 number (see ‘The Cadell Hoard Part I’, *Kipling Journal* 362) and Kipling evidently hoped that *St Nicholas* might print more of Mr Hunt’s work, but it didn’t. (It is clear from the 1974 article by Catharine Wright Morris ‘How *St Nicholas* Got Rudyard Kipling And What Happened Then’, cited in Part I, that Mary Mapes Dodge was really only interested in publishing work by Rudyard Kipling.)

2 The New Oriental Bank, in which RK had invested his savings of £2000, suspended payment while the Kiplings were in Japan, as Kipling relates in *Something of Myself*. The repayment of four shillings (20p) in the pound meant that the Kiplings salvaged about £400 (though according to Letter 7, in the end they did better than that). Carrie and Ruddy had been guests at the Hunts’ Japanese residence around this time (they may even have been staying with the Hunts on the day the bank closed its doors), so Mrs Hunt would certainly be interested to know how much her friends managed to get back. It is noticeable that Carrie, head of the ‘Committee of Ways and Means’, is the one who writes about their finances. Rudyard mentions money only once, when in Letter 3 (30 October 1892, ‘The Cadell Hoard’ Part I) he sends the $125 fee from *St Nicholas* for ‘Polly Cla’ to Mr Hunt. Presumably he left most financial matters to Carrie and his agent A.P. Watt.

3 The version of ‘Song of the Cities’ collected in *The Seven Seas* has ‘reckless’.


5 Lockwood Kipling’s health just before his retirement had evidently been poor. In Carrie’s Letter 4 (29 January 1893) he is setting off on a sea journey to Australia, in hopes of recovering his health. Her Letter 7 (28 October 1893), mentions ‘the anxiety of the Pater’s health’ but says he is now much improved.

6 ‘giving me toko’: the OED derives ‘toko’ from Hindi and defines ‘give toko to’ as a slang term for ‘chastisement’.

7 These ‘verses’ presumably refer to Hunt’s poem *Jack Frost*, mentioned by Rudyard in in his Letter 5 (15 March).

8 OBC (Oriental Banking Company) is the same as NOB (New Oriental Banking Company). Even if Rudyard did not bank with it while he was in India, he knew of it under its old name, and so sometimes used this. The Kiplings used both sets of initials interchangeably.
There is a special category of Kipling stories – usually among those written in his later years – which practically demand a second or third reading to discover that various apparently casual comments scattered throughout the narrative are, in fact, vital clues to a far greater comprehension of the whole context.

In his early career Kipling had neither the time nor the maturity for this sort of depth. He was a young journalist, writing in a hurry, to fulfil the incessant demands of provincial newspapers which came out at short and regular intervals. No time for sophisticated studies of character; and, at any rate, this was not what his readers wanted. They, too, were busy, often overworked, and they wanted straightforward tales of things they knew about, and may, themselves, have experienced. Thus, Plain Tales from the Hills were just that – plain tales; a “good read”.

The more elaborate ways of the human comedy, and the tortuous workings of the human mind, were more likely to be found and, more importantly, read about and discussed, in the larger metropolis of London. So, “the plot thickened”, and the characters became three-dimensional. He asked more of his readers; sometimes he asked too much. Sometimes he seems like a writer of detective stories who doesn’t give you sufficient clues to justify the ultimate solution, but (implicitly) assures you that it’s all there if you look for it. Do I need to mention ‘Mrs Bathurst’ in this context?

The stories I wish to discuss are the exact opposite of this paring down of clues. They are the stories where Kipling gives us plenty of clues, but disguises them so adroitly that we tend to pass them by on the first reading, and will still miss some on the second or third reading. Indeed, for some that I have read with great pleasure many times, I still cannot be sure that some apparently chance remark may not have a concealed relevance I am yet to discover.

A prime example of this is ‘The Gardener’, one of the most deeply moving stories Kipling – or anyone else – ever wrote. A second reading is imperative because it is only the revelation in the last few lines that
jolts the reader into awareness that things are not what they seem. Almost certainly, on first reading, he or she would pass over, as without any particular significance, certain minor incidents, casual references or short descriptive passages, apparently only meant to fill in the background, or, as Pooh Bah would say, ‘give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative’. But it is these ‘throwaway lines’ that are the strength and depth of the story.

Now I must make a point here which will be obvious when I make it, but nevertheless, needs to be made. Social conditions have changed radically since Kipling wrote ‘The Gardener’; and it is only through knowledge of the social conditions of Kipling’s day that the full impact of the story can be understood. In brief, we are told of a respectable, upper middleclass woman, who has an illegitimate child, and manages to conceal that fact from a society that would otherwise have disowned her – and the child. People of the last two generations (I would think, anyone under fifty), would find this story incomprehensible if they applied present-day tests to it. Who, these days, would suggest that an unmarried woman, bearing and rearing a child, should be treated as some sort of social pariah? Any person uncharitable enough to criticise her or suggest that she be condemned by society would find themselves the object of censure, and probably end up facing some form of anti-discrimination board. We live in a kindlier and less censorious age so far as these matters are concerned.

But in order to understand the full sorrow and pity of the story the reader must travel back to the nineteenth century, or the early years of the twentieth century. In those days there was no doubt that if the daughter of a middle-class family became pregnant to a man she had not married, this was a deep and abiding disgrace, not only to her, but to all her family. Severe social ostracism would be inevitable, if this became known. So it is not surprising that strenuous efforts were made to see that it did not become known. The girl would be dispatched to some remote part of the country, certainly far away from inquisitive neighbours; she would there remain until the child was born, and properly and precipitately, adopted out. The girl could then return with a tale of a continental tour, or the necessity to care for an aged relative in a distant county. The respectability of the family would be preserved, and a dark little secret taken loyally to the grave.

The position would be more complicated if the girl wanted to keep the child. Some plausible account would be needed to explain the child’s presence and protect the girl’s reputation. This could be done in various ways, for instance, by inventing some distant and scape-grace male relative who had sowed wild oats abroad. Out of charity the family had taken in the result, and the daughter of the house had
particularly sacrificed herself in loving and tender care towards the little stranger who had come into the household, and who, of course, could never address her as ‘mother’.

And so we come to Helen Turrell and ‘The Gardener’. Helen is 35, unmarried, the daughter of a family well respected in the village in which she lives. Her parents are now dead, but she retains the social status she has inherited from them. She has a ne’er-do-well brother who never visits the family, but leads a roaming and varied existence overseas. He ends up in India where he ‘entangles himself’ with a lady who gives birth to his child (Debits and Credits [1926] p.399). The brother falls from a horse and dies a few weeks before the child is born. Helen, although herself ill at the time with lung trouble which ‘had driven her to the South of France’ (p.400) decides that she is bound to look after the little boy, and arranges his passage to France, and brings this little nephew home to the village. There he grows up in the care of this loving aunt, and a great bond of affection exists between them; so much so that he would like to call her ‘Mummy’; but she explains that they can only do this as a secret because, of course, she is only his aunt.

The boy grows up into a splendid decent young man, with every prospect of success in life. He enlists in the Army at the commencement of the 1914–18 War, and becomes one of its millions of casualties.

Helen’s deep and profound grief is made more tragic by the truth she has never revealed. She learns the location of the war grave in France and she travels to it. In seeking for the exact grave among so many she asks a man, apparently a gardener, to help her. He looks at her with ‘infinite compassion’, and says, ‘Come with me, and I will show you where your son lies’. The story ends with words that may not be unfamiliari, ‘and she went away, supposing him to be the gardener’ (p.414).

Now there may be some very perceptive readers who, reading the story for the first time, have anticipated the truth before it is revealed in that dramatic and compassionate sentence spoken by one whom Helen supposed to be the gardener. I doubt there would be many. Most of us, until then, would have been reading a sad and moving account of the devotion of a maiden aunt to a little nephew whom she has, at much sacrifice to herself, saved from a miserable life of poverty and neglect, being rewarded by the love that grows between them. And the death of the boy is as terrible and heart-wrenching as the loss of a devoted son to a devoted mother.

If we have read it to this point, the final revelation irresistibly compels us to read the story again; and then the clues are everywhere. The line from St. John’s Gospel (xx, 15; slightly misquoted from the Authorised Version), tells who the gardener is; and, because He is who He is, there can be no doubt of the truth when He speaks of ‘son’ rather
than ‘nephew’. And, to drive the point home, we remember that the Gospel is here telling us of a meeting between someone supposed to be the gardener, and Mary Magdalene who was traditionally supposed to be a ‘fallen’ woman.

The final truth revealed in the gardener’s words to Helen reveals also the sad pattern of untruths or deceptions practiced by her to protect herself and her son. We now understand that she went to the South of France, not because she had ‘lung trouble’, but because, in those days, the South of France would clearly be far enough away from the village to ensure privacy. Further delay in returning is explained by the necessity to bring the child back from India, the consequent illness of the child and the fact that Helen had to dismiss the child’s nurse for ‘carelessness’ (p.400), thus sufficiently explaining the absence of any witness present at the birth. The likelihood that people would remark that the child had a family resemblance to Helen is explained by the fact that he is her nephew; and Helen ‘pointed out that little Michael had his father’s mouth to a line’ (though we learn, tellingly, that ‘his mouth was somewhat better cut than the family type’: p.400). One wonders whether the brother ever existed; but his existence is necessary to Helen.

Kipling does not give us any details of what it was that caused Helen to take that trip overseas. He doesn’t have to. He can leave that to the reader who knows well enough that even the most virtuous and well-adjusted of individuals may, on a rare occasion, be overwhelmed by some elemental force which they cannot control. We don’t need Dr Freud to tell us that. We can assume that, on one occasion, Helen met a man to whom she became sufficiently emotionally attached to give herself to him. He could not have lived in her village, nor could the relationship have lasted very long. Almost certainly he would never have known that he was a father. Certainly Helen would never have told him. That is all we need to know.

The intensity and drama of the ending of the story leave the reader with a puzzle. What effect did the words of the gardener have on Helen? We are not told, and the assumption is that she did not understand their significance. I think most of us would like a ‘happy’ ending, so that the burden Helen had carried over the years was lifted from her. But we are not told that. We are told only of the divine compassion and understanding; but it seems that Helen will not learn of this in her lifetime. At the most, we can believe only that she will continue her days bravely and cheerfully, an accepted member of the village community, respected and respectable.

I have analysed this story in some detail, because it is a great and powerful tale told by a master of his craft; but also because it is a prime example of a technique Kipling employs in many of his other stories,
where what appear to be casual comments or ‘throwaway’ lines are in fact sign-posts to a greater understanding and comprehension of what is written. The reader will only realise their significance at the end, or, more likely, pick them upon a second or third reading.

In doing this, Kipling is taking a calculated risk, but he also pays his readers a generous compliment. The risk is that the casual reader may never find the clues and miss the real depth of what is told. The compliment is that he says, in effect, ‘I trust you, the reader, to be sufficiently alert and perceptive to find things which you may not notice at first, but will considerably enhance your appreciation when you do.’ Few writers take such risks.

One could, I suppose, argue that Kipling in these stories is doing no more, and, indeed, rather less, than a writer of detective stories is doing – scattering clues for the reader to find, accept or reject. But the vital difference is that, in a detective story, everything is finally explained. Sherlock Holmes or Hercule Poirot brilliantly analyse every detail, patronisingly point out why the naivety or innate stupidity of the obligatory dim-witted Police Inspector has (again) led to the wrong conclusion, and unmask the villain. Nothing is left to the imagination. Kipling is doing the opposite, saying, in effect, ‘Here are the clues. Use your imagination’.

It is rather fun to note that, in one of the Just-So Stories, Kipling satirises his own method. Turn to How the Whale got his Throat and note the constant reminder ‘You must not forget the suspenders’.

Now I could continue – as I had originally planned – by giving some selected examples of Kipling’s ‘throwaway’ lines to illustrate how, so often on closer reading, they become far more significant than they first appear. I hope you will excuse my presumption, if I now suggest that Kipling aficionados might enjoy a small quiz in which they can test their own views on the deeper meaning of the passages I propose to cite. I will give interpretations at the end, but of course you may take a different view which may well be superior to mine; I would never suggest that I thoroughly understand all the nuances in a particular passage devised by a master of concealment.

I have taken my examples from some of the better-known stories, but there are many others. (All references are to the standard Macmillian editions).

1. In the story ‘In Ambush’ (Stalky & Co., 1899), Stalky, M’Turk and Beetle have made the housemasters, Prout and King look foolish. The wise Headmaster, who knows perfectly well that the trio are technically innocent (but with evil intent), canes them on principle, explaining ‘When you find a variation from the normal – always
meet him in an abnormal way’ (p.35). He then gives them permission to borrow books from a shelf of paperbacks in his room, concluding with the remark, ‘they smell of tobacco rather.’ (p.35) What is the significance of this apparently offhand comment?

2. Again in *Stalky & Co.*, in the wonderfully entertaining tale of poetic justice ‘An Unsavoury Interlude’, early in the story, Stalky mentions Richards, the ‘house servant’ of Prout the housemaster. His comment is only ‘He [Richards] has a down on King for something or other’ (p.67). King is the housemaster who enjoys suggesting that the boys of Prout’s House do not wash (‘Most extraordinary! However, each House its traditions, with which I would not for the world interfere. We have a prejudice in favour of washing’, p.70), and thereby brings appropriate retribution on himself. It is Richards who ultimately has to remove the dead cat which Stalky & Co. have secreted above King’s house. He has certain opinions of his own as to how the cat got there, but remains silent. Why?

3. In ‘Dayspring Mishandled’ (*Limits and Renewals*, 1932) the character Manallace spends years working on a highly precise and detailed revenge designed to destroy the reputation of his colleague Castorley, who had (deservedly) gained a respected place in the academic world, but who is a thoroughly nasty and spiteful individual. In a conversation with Castorley, Manallace mentions a lady they had both courted, who had suffered an incurable and wasting illness. She had been cared for by Manallace, tenderly and loyally, until her death. For he had never lost his love for her.

   Manallace spoke of Vidal’s mother. Castorley said something in reply, and, from that hour – as was learned several years later – Manallace’s real life-work and interests began. What did Castorley say?

4. ‘The Brushwood Boy’ (*The Day’s Work*, 1898) is the story of a boy and girl who share the same dreams, although they do not know this until they meet as adults and immediately fall in love. There is an incident when the boy, aged six years, is taken to a stage show and sits next to a little girl who lisps an expression of sympathy (‘I’m tho thorry!’) when he shows her a cut on his thumb. (p.364) Nothing else happens, and they go their separate ways. Towards the end of the story you will find one passing reference which will connect up with this incident. What is the reference, and what does it entail?
5. ‘At the End of the Passage’ (Life’s Handicap, 1891) is a story of the supernatural. It could be dismissed as a vivid account of a man horribly and inexorably tormented by his own imagination, except that, on his death, whatever ghastly thing he saw remains imprinted on his eyes and can be photographed. Dr Spurstow who takes the photographs immediately destroys them. The one who suffered unto death could be little helped by his few friends because they all lived in remote areas, and could only foregather once a week. Nevertheless, on one such gathering, the sufferer seems to gain some respite when one of the guests manages to extract some music out of a decrepit old piano. But the demons return. As the guests leave, Spurstow says to the piano player, ‘Well done David!’ and receives the reply, ‘Look after Saul, then.’ What is the significance of this exchange?

6. In ‘The Man who would be King’ (Wee Willie Winkie, 1895), Kipling as the narrator has a conversation with a man, a stranger to him, who asks Kipling to do something for him that will inconvenience Kipling somewhat and which he normally would not do for a stranger. But there is a preliminary conversation between them in which East and West directions are mentioned and he is asked to do it ‘on the square’ (p.203). Kipling then considers himself obliged to do it. Why?

I will give comments, not answers, because, as I have mentioned, with Kipling you can never be sure that you know all.

1. In 1899, smoking was not regarded with the aversion which now surrounds it. It was, in fact, regarded as a sign of maturity and a privilege confined to adult males (women came to it later, in the 1920s). Though health issues were often raised, the real sin of a boy smoking was presumption. He was taking on manhood before he was entitled to it. Nevertheless the Head took an enlightened view (for those days), knowing that some of the older boys did smoke and there was really no point in stopping them, provided they did not flaunt the privilege in front of the younger students. The Head also knew that the two housemasters were not of his mind, at least where Stalky & Co. were concerned, and would strike mightily to convict them on such evidence as books which smelt of smoke. So, without the slightest suggestion that this is what he is doing, he gives them a complete defence.

2. It was quite obvious to Richards that the cat had not died where he found it, but had been put there by a human agency. It was his duty
to reveal this, but that would have meant a furious and avenging King seeking condign punishment for the offenders. Richards did not like King, so he kept quiet.

3. We are not told what Castorley said, but it is pretty obvious. He is painted as a thoroughly nasty type of individual, and clearly felt insulted that a lady to whom he had offered the vast privilege of his favour had turned him down. Since he could not see anything wrong in his own impeccable character, the explanation had to be that she was unworthy of him and was probably immoral. What he said to Manallace was characteristically vicious and almost certainly included the word ‘whore’ or some equivalent expression. So Manallace’s life-work began.

4. Towards the end of the story appears the sentence, ‘Miriam spoke slowly, for she knew she lisped when she was nervous’ (‘The Brushwood Boy’, p.398). So we can connect up Miriam with the little girl at the theatre many years before. But this is a case where Kipling is paying us a real compliment because this is something we know, but the protagonists don’t and never will. True, George says, ‘the chain goes as far back as those days?’ But he is clearly talking of the shared dreams and not of some casual childish conversation, not at all memorable. It is the reader who is being told something to reinforce the story by a source outside the imagination of the two persons most concerned.

5. When ‘At The End Of The Passage’ was published, Kipling could have expected his readers to be familiar with the passage in the Old Testament (I Samuel xvi 14–23) where David plays on the harp before Saul. But even they might have missed the true depth of the reference. Saul, it appears, suffered from what we would now diagnose as a deep depressive illness. ‘An evil spirit from the Lord troubled him’, and though he was soothed when David played the harp, the relief was only temporary. So with Kipling’s haunted man. The guest saying ‘Look after Saul, then’, could see the rocks ahead.

6. Kipling was a Freemason.
DECEIT, RULE-BREAKING AND KINDNESS: ‘A BANK FRAUD’

by JOHN COATES

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‘A Bank Fraud’ has claims to readers’ attention beyond the pleasure it gives as a narrative. It offers one of Kipling’s many glimpses into the manipulations, bending of rules and even corruption (in this case, innocent) that colonial rule permitted. The story also suggests incipient modernist qualities in Kipling’s writing.

Accepting that colonial domination in India was morally indefensible should not mean ignoring its varied aims and particular effects. Those who bent, or even made, the rules used their power both to exploit and to show compassion. The historical record offered extremes as wide as Warren Hastings in Bengal and the Lawrences in the Punjab. Sir Henry Lawrence (1806–57), President of the Board of Administration in the newly conquered Punjab, together with his brother Sir John Lawrence (1811–78), offered after 1849 outstanding examples of benevolent, if high-handed rule, forcing through many valuable reforms. In both his verse and fiction, Kipling recorded how far, in both directions, power might be exploited.

Daniel Bivona has pointed to a contradiction within British colonial rule in India, ‘a strange anomaly whereby a system of rules built on a bureaucratic foundation would eventually be undermined by the need for it to be carried out by “charismatic’ leaders”’. The ‘Punjab style’, based on the effective, beneficent despotism of the Lawrence brothers in the Punjab in the 1840s acquired prestige when that province, with decisive effect, stayed loyal to the British in the ‘rebellion’ of 1857–58. The ‘extraordinary amount of freedom’ for the individual administrator that the ‘Punjab style’ involved worried bureaucrats who, at the same time, admired its efficacy. They recognised that ‘the only check to an abuse of power was a process of careful recruitment’. A central tenet of the ‘Punjab style’, ‘the moral efficacy of work’, may also have directed power to better ends. Kipling’s first readers would have noted both the demanding tests to which Reggie Burke was subjected before being employed and his own devotion to work. It is likely that they would have seen the tale as a comic and touching variant of the ‘Punjab style’, though differing significantly from the Lawrences’ prototype by dispensing with their Evangelical religious fervour.
Although he endorsed British colonial dominance in India, Kipling was frank in admitting how different were the effects of the rule-breaking endemic in the system. In ‘The Story of Uriah’ in *Departmental Ditties*, a senior civil servant, imitating King David’s disposal of a loyal soldier in order to seduce his wife, arranges for Jack Barrett’s transfer to Quetta, in the September heat. While Barrett is dying of overwork in an impossible climate, the administrator and Barrett’s wife can have an affair in the comfort of Simla. Another poem ‘Public Waste’ tells how the ‘Little Tin Gods’ of the Indian bureaucracy become irritated at the occupation by an experienced engineer of a senior post in the State Railway. He is not one of the right sort socially. They solve the difficulty by coaxing him into early retirement, bending the rules to give him an enhanced pension. A clique sacrifices public money and an engineer’s expertise to gratify its own snobbery.

Unlike ‘A Bank Fraud’, these poems are straightforward satires. ‘Thrown Away’, another story in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, offers a more direct comparison. Both tales involve setting aside correct procedures, and the irregularity in ‘Thrown Away’ amounts to a serious offence against the military code. In both cases, the motives for dishonesty are pity and desire to spare others pain. ‘Thrown Away’ shows the narrator and a Major (who, in private, abandons the stiff upper lip and weeps) covering up a young officer’s suicide. Sordid in its physical details, the boy’s self-murder was unnecessary and foolish. Taking life in India too seriously and unable to share his troubles with others, he had exaggerated his failure to live up to the expectations of his demanding, over-protective parents. His petty dissipations and manageable debts seemed to him evidence of indelible shame and criminal folly. He should have realised that colonial India was a place, beyond all others, where one should not take life too seriously. Under the British Raj neither good work nor bad work mattered much and the incompetent were able to hang on ‘longer than anywhere else’. In any case, none of his fellow soldiers cared about his financial ‘disgrace’. After the boy’s stupid and pathetic end, the Major and the narrator ignore the rule-book, setting aside the suicide’s last deeply-felt communication and the facts of his death. Instead, they concoct a story according to which, after an early, guiltless end, the young man is regretted as the embodiment of all the virtues, loved by his regiment and with a great future before him. Rather than protecting the army’s reputation, they wish (and succeed) in preventing his parents’ humiliation and agony. Instead, proud of their ‘noble’ son, their grief will become bearable.

Readers may notice a disparity between the epigraph of ‘A Bank Fraud’ and what they encounter in the story. The character which the introductory lines of verse describe does not resemble Reggie Burke
as he is subsequently presented. ‘A Bank Fraud’ is introduced by lines of verse describing kind actions performed by a more reprehensible figure:

He drank strong waters and his speech was coarse;
He purchased raiment and forbore to pay;
He stuck a trusting junior with a horse,
And won gymkhanas in a doubtful way.
Then, ’twixt a vice and folly, turned aside
To do good deeds – and straight to cloak them, lied.³

Reggie may drink ‘strong waters’, but only socially and in a controlled manner. His speech is not particularly coarse. He does not cheat at gymkhanas or pass dubious horses on to trusting younger men. His life is not one of vice and folly. In only one way are the character of the man described in the epigraph and Reggie Burke similar, and it is on this particular likeness that the reader is invited to reflect. Both men perform good actions and then lie to conceal them. The story which follows shows a man behaving with self-sacrificing generosity to someone whom he finds entirely unappealing and who has no claim of any kind upon him. The epigraph deflects readers’ attention from a common Victorian conception of *noblesse oblige*, the notion that from the strong and successful to whom much has been given, much is expected – that they have an implied duty to protect the weak. Instead, our attention is focused on the appearance of goodness in unexpected places, not among the respectable or in the ranks of those who consciously profess high moral standards, but among the worldly. Another of the epigraph’s effects is to bypass the conventional Christian Victorian equation of religion with respectability. Instead, we are invited to return to a Gospel preference for publicans and sinners over Scribes and Pharisees; although this invitation is only implied, for readers to infer if they wish. ‘A Bank Fraud’ remains morally inexplicit; the motives of Reggie Burke’s action do not emerge from and are not explained by conscious choice, still less from any kind of introspection.

The doing of good deeds which are then concealed [‘And straight to cloak them, lied’] suggests actions performed for their own sake and without thought of public reputation or acclaim. It also implies that, as in the tale which follows, goodness may proceed through doubtful methods. The doer cannot afford to reveal his kindness and the knowing must cover their tracks. Since Reggie Burke is no longer in India and out of reach in Hong Kong, it is safe for the narrator, himself in the know, to reveal the Bank Manager’s forgeries and tricks.
Reggie is a notable example of a conventional but efficient and successful young man. His characteristics reflect some of the mores approved and inculcated in the later nineteenth century. For example, he follows the injunction of that time to work hard and play hard, combining the frivolities of ordinary life with his work [172]. His ability to perform as a ‘sound practical man’, while dancing and riding well, and being wanted for ‘every sort of amusement at the station’, conforms to a model often encouraged by English parents and teachers at that time. In the figure of Mr Wemmick in *Great Expectations* (1861) Dickens, with a prophetic eye, had noted a rigid division between the personality at work, cultivating a tough efficiency, and the man of the domestic fireside, kindly, soft and sentimental. What Dickens saw as a new kind of eccentric, by the end of the century economic and social pressures had made commonplace, and had even endorsed. Yet as the text makes clear, Reggie’s mode of life is unusually self-conscious, ‘as he said himself… there were two Burkes’ [172]. He is an intelligent young man, who knows what he is doing and the purpose of his deliberately chosen life: to achieve success in a demanding environment. Subjected to an exacting process of screening, Reggie has been ‘tested’ up to a fairly severe breaking strain [172] by the directors of the bank in which he works, which is a powerful institution able to influence government policy through the allocation of contracts. Naturally enough, the senior figures of such a bank are discriminating about those they choose to appoint and retain. ‘They picked their men well’ [172].

Reggie is exactly the kind of well mannered, adroit and, in his case, clever public school product designed for success. One of his most useful social assets is an ability to shift roles. Endowed with natural acting skills, he can assume a tone suited to any occasion in which he finds himself. Anyone who played polo with him would see him as an outspoken sportsman. If the same person, next morning, tried to borrow money from the bank on doubtful security, ‘he would recognise you, but you might have difficulty in recognising him’ [172]. With some care, Kipling creates a figure who is more than a careerist sent into the world to fit in and get on, despite being the product of an education and background which aimed at and generally succeeded in making round pegs for round holes. (One recalls Chesterton’s amused comment on the goal, commonly offered in public schools and universities of his and Kipling’s day, ‘of losing one’s angles’. In Chesterton’s view, the desire to retain one’s angles was the aspiration of anyone who did not wish to become like Humpty Dumpty.4) Reggie has deliberately chosen such a common ideal of the time and, moreover, pursues it with relish. He enjoys his role-playing, almost shape-shifting, and delights in his ability to camouflage his identity. At the same time, two separate
sides of Reggie’s head interact with each other. What he learns about his customers in casual leisure encounters, which he enjoys for their own sake, he also makes use of in his business dealings. Personable, ‘young looking, clean shaven, with a twinkle in his eye’, Reggie has a very good head for drink that ‘nothing short of a gallon of Gunner’s Madeira could make any impression on’ [173]. This ensures that while others grow confiding, he will remain observant. There are hints that, while outwardly conventional, Reggie has something of an actor or artist about him. His position gives full scope and some justification for his skills and inclinations. The narrator firmly endorses the young man’s attitude: ‘A clever man who does not go about among his clients, and know more than a little about their affairs, is worse than a fool’ [173]. But the text also stresses that Reggie’s scheme of life, which is undeniably useful, defensible, or even essential, is also a source of enjoyment for him. In his role of knowing observer and manipulator, Reggie has furthered his own career and served his employers well. At the same time, over the years, his relish for this approach has made him accustomed to understanding, circumventing and managing others.

The title of the story, and its second sentence ‘He was a man who worked the big fraud on the Sindh and Sialkot Bank’ [172] prepare the reader for rather different tale from the one they will encounter. Yet, given Reggie’s supple manner, skill at fitting in, gathering information and pleasure at being one jump ahead of others, discovering their secrets and using his knowledge for purposes of manipulation, the story might well have followed the line its title and opening sentence indicate that Reggie was splendidly equipped to carry out a successful piece of embezzlement. Clearly, part of his motive for the innocent fraud he does perpetrate is a pleasure in successful deception, which could have been used for other ends. In the course of its exploration of knowingness, ‘A Bank Fraud’ accepts, and even endorses, the fact that the good deeds Reggie accomplishes have mixed motives.

Reggie’s first response to Silas Riley, the ‘gawky raw-boned Yorkshireman, full of savage self-conceit’ [173] whom the Directors had shifted on to him, is significant. At a big dinner, Reggie casually remarks to his friends that his new colleague is a ‘Natural Curiosity’ [173]. ‘Casually’ suggests no hostility but not also not much sympathy and little interest; ‘Natural Curiosity’ is a term appropriate to some unusual zoological specimen. Riley is simply not the kind of person Reggie and his friends would have expected to meet socially or with whom they would have wished to have any dealings. In the language of the time, he is ‘the wrong sort’ or ‘not one of us’. Here the writing in ‘A Bank Fraud’ is particularly interesting. Crosscurrents and counter indications point readers towards different lines of thought. In one direction, we are
coaxed to show sympathy for Reggie Burke and to accept the impression of Riley he initially forms: ‘You will admit that Reggie had reasons to call his new Accountant a Natural Curiosity’ [173]. At the same time, however, we are shown how the young manager looks in the eyes of his subordinate. For Burke, Riley is uncouth and ill-bred, while Riley, ‘a clever self-made man’ without the ease of manner a privileged background often gives, misreads the conventional politeness in his letter of appointment as proof that the Directors have chosen him on account of especially brilliant talents. In Riley’s eyes, Reggie’s ‘you-be-damned air’ and ‘look of youth’ [174] are equally unbearable. The two men ‘failed to hit it off at all’ [173] because they see each other over a social divide in which each man’s assumptions, body language, and tone are alien to the other. If Reggie finds Riley a boorish Puritan, ‘wonderfully narrow-minded in business’ [173], the Yorkshireman resents the Manager’s upper-class arrogance and that of his army friends, ‘clean built careless men’ whose coarse humour and ‘sultry stories’ shock a serious young man from a Nonconformist middle-class, provincial background so much he has to ‘get up and leave the room’ [174].

Kipling’s double perspective is worth noting. Drawn by birth and education to Reggie and his view of things, he nevertheless offers Riley’s outlook – an instance of his drawing on that ‘other side of his head’ of which he boasted elsewhere. Rather than remaining apart or detached from each other, these alternative views engage together, tussle for attention, challenge, correct and even at times undermine each other in a relationship which provides readers with surprise and pleasure, as well as insight. One important asset the knowing narrator possesses is an ability to get inside the minds of those to whom he is not naturally drawn. More sophisticated than it might otherwise seem, ‘A Bank Fraud’ does not offer the sight of an obvious misfit in a normal situation. Instead, it invites us to see the wry humour and pathos of the English colonial class system. Those on opposite sides of this divide cannot help giving out the wrong signals to each other. It is not a question of moral difference between the two men; we are not invited to reject Burke’s arrogance and to admire Riley’s noble humility, nor must we approve Reggie’s man-of-the-world ease contrasted with Silas’s lack of manners or breeding. Morally, there is little to choose between the savage self-conceit of the raw-boned Yorkshireman [173] and Reggie’s ‘you be damned air’; the only difference is that the latter’s self-esteem is expressed in smooth, smiling ways which his acquaintances, from the same social background, find acceptable.

Another example of inside knowledge, the narrator’s account of how Riley got a job at the Bank, throws light on how financial organisations and the administration worked together in British India. This
anomalous appointment, which causes Reggie ‘to tear his hair’ [174] when he has to deal, daily, with some of its consequences, came about through wire-pulling: Riley had been foisted on the bank by an M.P. who wanted the support of Riley’s father [173]. Such illicit influence, circumventing the normal processes of ‘severe’ testing, can subject other employees of the Bank, who have to deal with their useless colleague, to a ‘hard time indeed’. However, as the Directors of the Bank had envisaged, they will be able to dispense with Riley when the influence which gained this unsuitable employee a post no longer operates and the balance of power among the wire-pullers changes. This soon happens. One of the Directors wants ‘to advance a nominee of his own’ [174] and Riley’s father, having died, can no longer serve the Bank’s interests. Sick for half a year and incompetent in any case, the Yorkshireman may be discharged.

Both the double perspective, Reggie’s on Riley and vice versa, and the knowing narrator’s information about how Riley got his job, discourage readers from any rush to judgement. Instead, the narrative coaxes them to stand back from the situation, appreciating its complexity and the mixture of pathos and comedy which it implies. Unlike the poem ‘Public Waste’, the story does not ask us to become indignant about the way some struggle to gain advancement in their employment while others are wafted into their posts by a word or two behind the scenes. Such, after all, is the way of the world. Often, there is no direct correlation between merit and the gaining or retention of employment – a point Kipling also makes more explicitly in ‘Thrown Away’, discussed above. Nor should we be surprised if people from different social backgrounds do not get on, or seek to blame either party involved in the friction or quarrels which result from their encounters.

Such judgements, and the implied attitude to life they promote, prepare the way for a deliberate choice in which the morality of strict regard for truth is modified by kindness, pity and humour. What is most interesting about Reggie Burke’s ‘bank fraud’, the elaborate deception of Riley after the Yorkshireman has been dismissed, is what we are not told. The narrative pares down information about Reggie’s motives until only hints remain. Moralising, self-examination, doubts about what course of action to pursue, spiritual or emotional changes, lengthy reflections on his attitude to Riley or conscious alterations in what he thinks of his colleague are all absent. All these subjects might have provided the interest to sustain a story, although it would have been one more conventional than ‘A Bank Fraud’. Innovative in leaving aside characteristic Victorian plot mechanisms such as the conquering of temptation or the finding, after a struggle, of one’s better self, Kipling
is implying that he does not find them interesting or even credible compared to the vision he wishes to offer.

‘A Bank Fraud’ is interesting, then, as an instance of what Janet Montefiore has called Kipling’s ‘intuition of the potential instability of the certainties dear to “mine own people”’ and of the ‘internal divisions of rationalist subjectivity’ (although in her view Kipling stopped short of fully exploring these ‘powerfully felt intuitions’ which link him to ‘canonical modernists such as Conrad, Joyce, Pound and Eliot’, unlike those writers). In ‘A Bank Fraud’, Kipling’s questioning of simple moral certainties and of the whole notion of a coherent personality straightforwardly assuming its social role, anticipate, while not fully embracing, a modernist consciousness. Kipling’s ‘powerfully felt intuitions’ about the enigmatic depths of a seemingly conventional young man’s personality and his story’s readiness to cast aside a whole moral framework as irrelevant and hurtful ally him with modernist perceptions. Despite his formal beliefs and imperial allegiances, Kipling’s denial of the ethically improving nature of truthfulness in Reggie Burke’s handling of Riley, is as thorough as Ibsen’s in *The Wild Duck* (1884). The latter articulates his perception in an intellectual drama, whereas Kipling imaginatively presents what he has intuited.

The ‘Bank Fraud’ is not presented in terms of any kind of moral choice at all. We are told that although Burke finds Riley a deeply irritating, virtually useless subordinate, he has never abused him to his face. He sees Riley is a sick man, ‘such a frail beast that half of his loathsome conceit is due to pains in his chest’ [174]. The narrative simplifies the psychology of the situation, making Reggie act out of instinct and without analysing his feelings, from a healthy young man’s pity for a ‘frail beast’. Reggie is not shown as choosing to act as he does. Instead, without reflection, his background, training and scheme of life operate at once and automatically. Discussing Riley with the Doctor, Reggie, at first jokingly, suggests that he drug the ‘clacking nuisance “into silence” for this hot weather’ [175]. The Doctor does not laugh, telling him that Riley has little more than three months to live. The Bank Manager’s response is significant: ‘Reggie’s face changed at once into the face of Mr Reginald Burke and he answered, “What can I do?”’ [175]. The phrase ‘at once’ and the immediate shift from one side of his personality to another shows the way in which Burke operates. He is grounded in a training which accepts the division between private leisure and pleasure on the one hand and the acceptance of self-sacrifice and painful duty on the other. The fact that the Roman poet Horace could celebrate both the heroic, voluntary death of the general Regulus and the pleasures of feasting and wine, explains Kipling’s long-standing affection for this
classical poet. Able to move between these poles of duty and pleasure, the versatile and well-adjusted personality is capable of putting aside easy-going, even self-indulgent habits and rising to the occasion to do what is appropriate. By long habit and deliberate choice of a way of life which best fits the world in which operates, he at once decides on the most smooth and painless solution to the problem: ‘Reggie lit a cheroot and, before he had finished smoking, he had sketched the outline of a fraud’ [175]. Rather than experiencing the nervous tension or physical stresses associated with a weighty decision, Reggie relaxes over a smoke and works out a practical answer to a problem from which most moral imperatives, apart from the need to spare someone pain and humiliation, have been suppressed, or more correctly have simply not been acknowledged at all.

What interests the Manager most is the technique by which he can carry out the deception. With obvious relish, he can call upon reserves of knowingness and savoir-faire to deal with the trouble another man would otherwise experience, and the embarrassment Reggie himself would suffer when witnessing it. The narrator endorses the pleasure the Manager derives from planning his ‘fraud’. This first step is to suppress the letter in which the Directors give Riley a month’s notice of dismissal. Kipling employs a curious expression when describing the letter’s suppression: he put away – ‘burked’ – the Directors letter [175]. One might, of course, have expected ‘burned’, the most obvious and effective way to destroy a letter. The unusual word ‘burked’, recalling Reggie’s own surname, suggests that such a destruction of painful material is simply part of his nature: a product of his identity and approach to living.

Riley’s deathbed has none of the features found in much Victorian writing. It is not edifying or beautiful; nor does it, as often in Victorian fiction, provide a means by which the individual repents a misspent life, discovers the truth or sheds illusions. Rather, it is the business of the man who watches over Riley to confirm the dying man’s fantasies. The Yorkshireman is as tiresome as he was before, if not worse. Ungracious as usual [175], never thinking of the extra work he is causing but only of the damage his illness causes to his own prospects, he grumbles continually, disparaging Reggie’s conduct in the Bank. Rather than providing a moment of illumination, his deathbed is a nuisance. Perhaps Kipling is merely being realistic, for illness does not always improve the temper of the sick. In any case, the emphasis of this narrative has shifted from what the dying or their attendants may discover about life in general and themselves in particular, to the role of the knowing observer’s skill in blunting the edge of pain by disguising the truth. For Reggie sees Riley’s mean-spiritedness and querulous maulderings as a challenge to
his own skill and techniques of deception. Even after a day of double duty in the latter half of June [176], the Manager gives a tour de force performance, consulting his impossible colleague in the evening, responding with humble penitence to his ignorant criticisms, forging complimentary letters from the Directors, paying Riley’s salary out of his own pocket and even reading grim Methodist tracts to him. The reader is bound to infer that Reggie takes pleasure in his management of the situation, getting every detail of his acting as perfect as he can. He thinks continually of new devices and tricks to make the fraud run on even more smoothly, meeting every fresh demand with expedients to keep the process going and the ‘poor wretch’ Riley as comfortable as possible.

Reggie’s ‘bank fraud’ entails an implied but serious criticism of an entire moral scheme. Rather than it being crucial to get others to face the truth about themselves, and the deathbed providing the ideal theatre in which to do this, it is the duty of the knowing, those with superior information and understanding, to protect individuals whose lives may have been delusional, to safe-guard for them fantasies without which their existence would be unbearable and their deaths made worse by humiliation. Although Reggie would not have admitted it, his knowingness has passed over into an act of Charity. Looking at what Reggie does, we are reminded of the pointlessness and irrelevance, at least in this situation, of alternative and more prestigious moral schemes. As Reggie reads the dying Yorkshireman his Methodist literature, Riley draws morals out of these tracts for the benefit of his Manager, who he thinks is given over to horses and his bad friends’ [176], though he, Riley, has done ‘his best to keep him straight’ [174]. At the moment of death, Riley declares with evident self-congratulation that, to the best of his knowledge, he has, ‘nowt to lie heavily on my conscience’ and has been ‘preserved from the grosser forms of sin’ [177], and before fading into unconsciousness, he offers Reggie one final moral exhortation. This scene amounts to an implied attack on the whole way in which some individuals and societies structure their moral lives. Riley’s form of religion is a self-blinding and even destructive one, which helps to sustain his otherwise unfounded pride in himself and prevents his seeing the truth about others. Even when he is sinking fast and becomes aware of how serious his illness is, ‘the conceit that made him worry Reggie kept him from believing the worst’ [177]. His moral values are quite unsuited to the situation, perhaps even to any situation in which he might find himself (at least in India, for he seems to have prospered in Huddersfield). His code does not provide a useful guide to living, to forming relationships with others, to getting work done, or even to passing the day without social friction.
Above all, Riley completely misread the personality of the man who was caring for him, and whose worldly kindness preserves his life-illusion. The narrative makes one final point, involving the effect of the bank fraud on Reggie himself. Where Riley remains what he always was, protected, as he needs to be, by his lack of self-knowledge, the Bank Manager has grown morally in the course of the tale. This is not by a conscious spiritual choice. Rather, it is the incidental result of the process in which he involved himself. What began as a piece of cleverness, and outsmarting of others, almost a joke, has grown into something else and taken Reggie along with it. He sustains his deception of Riley and the Bank Directors at growing personal cost. The ‘sickroom life and constant strain’ wear the young Manager down and ‘shook his nerves’ [177]. Carrying on the business of the Bank and the business of the sickroom in the hottest Indian season was a physical and mental ordeal Reggie bears unselfishly. The last glimpse of Burke suggests that he has transcended, or perhaps more correctly, developed to the finest point the qualities of his worldly easy-going self by acts of kindness. The Manager only regrets that he cannot use his last forged letter to prolong Riley’s life a little longer ‘If I’d been only ten minutes earlier’, thought Reggie, ‘I might have heartened him to pull through another day’ [178].

The originality of this story does not lie in its portrayal of a sterile or self-deceiving form of religion. After the Pecksniffs, Heeps, Slopes, Chadbands, and Bulstrodes of the nineteenth century English novel, one could not make such a claim. Where the tale is innovative is in its insistence that facing the truth must be sacrificed to saving another from pain, even if this means preserving his life illusion, the fantasy through which he finds existence bearable. Such an insistence, at that time, is bound to recall the challenge of Ibsen’s moral emphasis to some conventional views. In ‘A Bank Fraud’, we begin to enter a modernist world where a fixed value like truth or even the belief in a stable self may be questioned. This is the world of The Wild Duck, or of Conrad’s Heart of Darkness, whose narrator Marlowe buries the horror of the colonist Kurtz’s final whisper ‘The horror ! The horror!', telling the man’s betrothed that ‘the last word he pronounced was – your name’.¹⁰

NOTES

3. Rudyard Kipling, Plain Tales from the Hills, p. 172.
4 G.K. Chesterton, ‘Oxford from Without’ in *All Things Considered* [1908; rpt. London; Methuen, 1919], pp. 71–79.

5 ‘Much I owe to the land that grew./ More to the life that fed./ But most to Allah Who gave me two/ Separate sides to my head.’ Kipling, ‘The Two Headed Man’, *Rudyard Kipling’s Verse; Definitive Edition* [1940; rpt. London; Hodder and Stoughton, 1977], pp. 587–588.

6 The New Reader’s Guide points out that since Madeira is a fortified wine whose alcohol content is between 13% and 20%, a gallon of which would kill even a hardened drinker, this is hyperbole. Evidently Reggie can drink anyone under the table.

7 Kipling, ‘The Two Headed Man’; see also note 5.


9 This play on words is Kipling’s later addition. In the first appearance of ‘A Bank Fraud’ in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 14 April 1887 the word is ‘burnt’.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

March 2016

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John Lambert
Hon. Secretary
TWO VERSIONS OF *IF*

(1) ‘WITH THE USUAL APOLOGIES’

Anon, in the *B.E.F. Times*, 1 Nov 1917; contributed by **ROGER AYERS**.

If you can drink the beer the Belgians sell you,
And pay the price they ask with ne’er a grouse,
If you believe the tales some will tell you,
And live in mud with ground sheet for a house,
If you can live on bully and a biscuit,
And thank your stars that you’ve a tot of rum,
Dodge whizzbangs with a grin, and as you risk it
Talk glibly of the pretty way they hum,

If you can flounder through a C.T. nightly
That’s three-parts full of mud and filth and slime,
Bite back the oaths and keep your jaw shut tightly,
While inwardly you’re cursing all the time,
If you can crawl through wire and crump-holes reeking
With feet of liquid mud, and keep your head
Turned always to the place which you are seeking,
Through dread of crying you will laugh instead,

If you can fight a week in Hell’s own image,
And at the end just throw you down and grin,
When every bone you’ve got starts on a scrimmage,
And for a sleep you’d sell your soul within,
If you can clamber up with pick and shovel
And turn your filthy crump-hole to a trench,
When all inside you makes you itch to grovel,
And all you’ve had to feed on is a stench,

If you can hang on because you’re thinking
You haven’t got one chance in ten to live
So you will see it through, no use in blinking
And you’re not going to take more than you give,
If you can grin at last when handing over,
And finish well what you had well begun,
And think a muddy ditch a bed of clover,
You’ll be a soldier one day, then, my son.
Whizzbang: the shell from a light field gun fired with relatively high velocity and low trajectory. In forward trenches, they might be heard passing overhead before exploding.

C.T.: communications trench, normally running forward from the rear lines to the forward trenches. Used for reinforcement and re-supply, also for field telephone cables and communication by messenger or ‘runner’.

crump-holes: craters made by the shells of heavier guns, in particular the German 150mm gun (known to the British as the ‘5.9’, the equivalent calibre in inches). These were highly effective, but their craters gave some initial cover from fire in open ground.

(2) MAURICE BOWRA AND THE IF GAME

Contributed by PROFESSOR THOMAS PINNEY

Kipling’s name had cropped up. Bowra said “Have you ever played the game of marking yourself for the qualities listed in If-- ? It’s a good one.”

We set about playing the If game at once. Rather unexpectedly, Bowra knew the poem by heart. I now greatly regret that I did not immediately afterwards write down the attributes Bowra claimed (he was very modest about them), and also the correct system of marking. My impression is that you clocked up half a mark for possessing a quality in principle, another half for improving on the situation; that is to say, trusting yourself when all men doubt you, scoring additionally for making allowance for their doubting too. It is, however, possible that you were assessed for five out of each combined condition. The second system is less likely, because I seem to recall that Bowra gave himself a total of three-and-a-half out of a potential fifteen, or thereabouts. His own comments greatly augmented the pleasures of the game.

“Being lied about, don’t deal in lies—that’s absurd of course. Next one.”

We came to Triumph and Disaster.

“Can’t say about Triumph. Never experienced it.”

“Maurice, what nonsense.”

But he was adamant. He had never known Triumph. All the same he had liked playing the If game, and was in very good form after it.


‘BELOW THE MILL DAM’:
BLACK AND BROWN RATS

by JANICE LINGLEY

[Janice Lingley, who has degrees in English and Medieval English, has worked as a children’s journalist and freelance writer. Her most recent contribution to the Kipling Journal, the essay, ‘Magical Topographies: Kipling’s Puck of Pook’s Hill and Jefferies’ Bevis: The Story of a Boy’ appeared in No. 360, June 2015. Ed.]

Coincident with the Kipling family’s move to Bateman’s, ‘Below the Mill Dam’ first appeared in the September 1902 edition of the Monthly Review, and was subsequently collected in Traffics and Discoveries in 1904. The narrative, a parable in microcosm of the radical technological change which the development of hydroelectric power represented, features Park Mill, the eighteenth century mill on the Bateman’s estate which is located on the site of a medieval corn mill constructed in 1250 or thereabouts. An ancient mill formerly located at nearby Robertsbridge, and recorded in Domesday Book, also contributes to Kipling’s ideas. The installation of a turbine to generate electricity and the modifications to the mill wheel described in the fictional story are based on innovations to the machinery of Park Mill which Kipling actually set in progress.¹

The story is ingeniously imaginative in presentation. The confrontation between the two generic modern-day human characters, the Miller and his partner the Engineer, and the two historically based, anthropomorphic characters, the Black Rat and his ally the Grey Cat, dramatises allegorically the subversion of the centuries-old traditional water wheel, which the new technology featured in the narrative sets in progress. The nine-hundred-year-old song of the Wheel forms a background chorus to the conversations of the Grey Cat and the Black Rat, and to the activities of the entrepreneurial human characters.

The Black Rat, in league with the Grey Cat, represents a sybaritic, privileged and leisured class, which is complacent and greedy (the Rat), and superciliously opinionated (the Cat). Their generic names, unlike the titles of the human characters, are composites. The Black Rat’s status apparently derives from religion; he speaks as one ‘nursed’ in the medieval ecclesiastical ‘bosom’ with particular reference to ‘the dear old Abbot of Wilton’ (p.386), and initially appears on the ‘cross-beam’ in the mill’s roof (p.369, my emphasis). The Grey Cat is likewise associated with many charitable ‘tile and outhouse committees’ dedicated to ‘the amelioration of millkind’ (p.379). They themselves are, however, incorrigibly determined to remain insouciantly blind to ‘all
the unloveliness in the world’ (p.387). Latinate in diction, the animals’ dialogue belongs to an educated and affectedly cultured register. Their alliance represents a status quo that is not only decadent but also hypocritical, for of course (as they both admit), in nature rats and cats are opposed, and on this the Grey Cat’s presence in the Mill ostensibly depends. However, the Black Rat, despite his rapacity, is linked to the notion of conservatism. He (and the Cat) seek information on the builder Mangles’ activities, for says the Black Rat ‘simply but firmly’, without affectation or sophistry, ‘It affects our Order’ (p.380).

The Wheel’s utterance is similarly mannered; it claims ‘the elementary instincts of a gentleman’ (p.374) and, implying a picturesque rurality, points out that it has been painted by ‘at least five Royal Academicians’ (p.389). Like the Black Rat it asserts an association with the medieval church in the form of Wilton’s abbot (p.386). The Wheel’s song and speech conveys a huge fund of historical knowledge based on its association with an agrarian landscape and society, and it is from this centuries-old ‘Order’ that the activities of the Miller and Engineer, intent on mechanically exploiting the power of ‘the Waters’, threaten drastic severance. The radicalism of the change is expressed by the defection, in the story’s conclusion, of the Spirit of the Mill from the Wheel to the dynamo, and its new alliance with the Waters. In reciting the Domesday Book, dated 1087, the Wheel asserts man’s traditional husbandry of the land in the context of the medieval world of Norman conquerors and Saxon peasantry. As a repository of ‘untold reserves of knowledge’ it accuses the Waters of parodying this venerable document and having ‘no instinct of deference’ towards their ‘betters’ (p.385).

The Waters, seemingly brash in ethos and casually dismissive of ‘old things’, call the lumbering Wheel ‘a bone-idle old hand-quern’ (p.388). Their potentially destructive power is imaged in the Wheel’s recall of having once been badly damaged by being torn from its bearings by a flood and carried off downstream (p.373), an event the Waters also remember. ‘We lifted that Wheel off his bearings . . . We said, “Take away that bauble!”’ (p.373). The unleashing of their anarchic force is thus associated with Cromwell’s brusque dismissal of the Rump Parliament in 1653. The killing of the Black Rat by the Engineer at the end of the story may appear to be justified, but it implies a revolution of another kind, which is not necessarily going to be entirely benign. There is something a little suspect about the Engineer simply being designated by the capitalisation of his professional status, as if he represents little more than an externalisation of the mechanical. He is also one-dimensional, described simply as ‘young’ and, in contrast to the other characters, without historical background. The Miller fares rather better, because his ancestry is comparable with that of the Black Rat,
and he possesses a folklore. A well-known ballad featuring his kind is cited. However it is not very complimentary (‘I care for nobody – no, not I, And nobody cares for me’ [p.378]); a miller was traditionally a figure representing fraud.

‘NUN-NUN-NUNQUAM GELDAVIT’
The theme of non-payment of geld, chanted from the opening onwards by the water-wheel, repeating extracts from *Domesday Book*, as a background chorus, has interesting connotations. In his book on the Norman inquisition into land holdings and their value, R. Welldon Finn observes: ‘How early ‘gelds’ were levied is uncertain: many must have been for some special purpose, and among these were those recurrent impositions collected to buy off Danish armies’. Land which was not subject to geld payment in the medieval period was probably subject to ‘forest’ law, the word ‘forest’ being essentially then a legal term, referring primarily to a royal hunting ground reserved for the beasts of the chase. As such, it would have been outside (Latin *foras*) the agricultural and pastoral life of the manor and its administrative framework, and thus free of geld payment. The ‘forest’, not necessarily entirely tree-covered, also traditionally conceded to forest dwellers ‘Right of Common’, for such purposes as grazing, pannage (pasturing swine) and turbary (cutting turf). Forest areas would also have been free of liability for geld. *Domesday Book* often refers to a tract of uncultivated land as ‘Waste’ not because it is unusable, but because it is subject to ‘forest’ law. In Kipling’s Sussex story, the inventive toponyms he accords the geography of the Five Watersheds which augment the power of the mill and presage the development of the dynamo – Raven’s Gill, Harpenden Brook, Batten’s Ponds, Witches’ Spring or Fountain and Churt’s Haw (pp.375–376, 392) – together suggest an upland area of ‘forest’ land, a rugged and variable territory, perhaps with old iron workings (the Ponds) and a magical folklore (Witches’ Spring).

**LITERARY RATS**
Kipling acknowledges that his ‘genuine Old English black rat’ has a source, though this is not specified. We are told at the story’s beginning that it is ‘a breed which, *report says*, is rapidly diminishing before the incursions of the brown variety’ (p.369, my emphasis), and the same observation, repeated word for word, ends the story (p.393). The ‘report’ Kipling invokes evidently refers to the rather distinguished opening of one of Richard Jefferies’ early novels, *World’s End*, published in 1877, in which a ‘dark coloured … good old English rat’, is driven from a rural barn by an invasive newcomer, the grey rat, to a nearby area of desolate and infertile land. The rat’s activities initiate a process of topographical
and ecological change, resulting in the creation of a natural dam and a productive area of marshland colonised by gypsies, who establish a cottage industry based on basket-weaving. But this peaceable development has to give way to the ‘‘ogres’’ of ‘Legal Rights’ and the advent of ‘Steam’. A local farmer and landowner claims jurisdiction over the land and refuses the gypsies’ offer of ‘quit-rent’, to establish their ‘claim upon the soil’ and immunity from eviction. The village is eventually swallowed up in the foundation of ‘Stirmingham’, a centre of industry and commerce which considers that ‘the world could not exist without its watches and guns, its plated goods, its monster factories and mills’, and sends ‘cargoes to Timbuctoo and supplies Java and Malabar with idols’.8 The token appearance, in due course, of the engineer with level and theodolite, ‘followed by an army of workmen’, heralds the rule of the invasive rats – ‘parvenu grey Hanoverian rascals’, says Jefferies9 – in the foundations and sewers of the great conurbation.10 This scenario is comparable with the actions of Kipling’s Engineer, who brings about the symbolic demise of the Old English black rat, stuffing him and putting him ‘in a glass case’ (p.393). There can be little doubt that Kipling’s invader is modelled on the rodent of his source, a northern creature ‘imported in the holds of vessels’ and, says Jefferies, destined to obtain ‘undisputed sway over the country’.11

Kipling would almost certainly have been aware of the literary sources of Jefferies’ ‘parvenu grey Hanoverian’ rats. In Sir Walter Scott’s Rob Roy (1818), set in the time of the first Jacobite rebellion of 1715, the character Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone speaks of ‘the new turnips, and the rats, and the Hanoverians’ as having changed the world of ‘Old England’ that he formerly knew.12 In Henry Fielding’s The History of Tom Jones, A Foundling (1749), set in the time of the second Jacobite rebellion of 1745, Squire Western deplores the militant politics of ‘roundheads and Hanover rats’, and its effects upon the country’s economy; he hopes for an end to the crisis ‘before the Hanover rats have eat up all our own, and left us nothing but turneps [sic] to feed upon.’13 Both novelists draw upon the satire that was popularly directed at the Hanoverian regime.14

Kipling’s fable implies that the innovations introduced by the Miller and the young Engineer, however potentially beneficial in terms of their efficiency, occur in a moral, cultural, religious and political context that is not conducive to due controls. The corruption of the old Order which is symbolised by the old English Black Rat on the crossbeam, dispossessed the yeoman farmer Aluric by enclosure, and fined him for legally seeking compensation; and the Abbot of Wilton who, recalls the Wheel, kept a mistress, excommunicated him (pp.372–373). The new order, as revealed by ‘the mocking Waters … chuckling and chattering
profanely’, now fosters a tinker holding a potato patch, an irreligious charcoal-burner, and religious Dissent accommodated by red brick facings. ‘Aluric & Co. are dead. So’s the Papal Legate’, say the Waters, and the Wheel groans in protest at what seems to him ‘blasphemy’ (p.384).

The narrator’s attitude to all four of the principal characters seems to be sceptical and ironic. But one notices an implicit aggression about the unleashed power of the combined Waters: they roar on the buckets (p.373); they leap ‘furiously’ upon the overshot Wheel with a ‘solid crash’ (p.382); they ‘hiss’ in full flood (p.382); and the violence of their plunge causes the Wheel great shock. Their excessive force is irresistible and irrefutable, symbolically suggesting a form of tyranny.\(^{15}\)

Finally, the ‘impenitent’ Grey Cat endows the newly reinvented and transposed Spirit of the Mill with a curiously ancient and heathen ambience: ‘Praised be Pasht and the Old Gods, that whatever may have happened I, at least, have preserved the Spirit of the Mill’ (p.393). The ‘genuine old English Black Rat’ is no more, and the story ends where it began, with the comment, ‘That breed, the report says, is rapidly diminishing before the incursions of the brown variety’.

An earlier version of this article appeared in the *Richard Jefferies Society Journal*, No. 28 (Summer 2015).

NOTES


2 The page references throughout are to the Macmillan edition of *Traffics and Discoveries*.

3 The Black Rat refers to the Wheel as an ‘old friend’ and acknowledges its antiquity as the world’s first most notable invention; he ranks the Wheel among the ‘old things’ that ‘persist and survive and are recognised’ (p.379). The Waters, in contrast, address the Wheel as an ‘old thing’ in a contemptuous tone (p.386). Kipling has recourse to the epithet again in *Puck of Pook’s Hill* (1906): Puck introduces himself to Dan and Una as ‘the oldest Old Thing’; the phrase ‘old thing’ and ‘thing’ are of course key words throughout, and very positive in their significance. The time span of the story’s implied historical reference – post-Conquest, pre-Reformation, Reformation, the English Civil War and Commonwealth era – is very similar to that of the *Puck* stories.


Jefferies, *op. cit.*, p. 5.


See the note (p.482) to the Oxford World’s Classics 2008 edition of *Rob Roy* edited by Ian Duncan; the note (p.890) of the Oxford World’s Classics edition of *Tom Jones* (2005), edited with explanatory notes by Thomas Keymer and Alice Wakely, with an introduction by Thomas Keymer. There is no evidence that Jefferies read either *Rob Roy* or *Tom Jones*, but he does appear to be well acquainted with Scott. He refers in his writings to: *Waverley* (1814), *The Antiquary* (1816), *Ivanhoe* (1819), *A Legend of Montrose* (1819), *Kenilworth* (1821), *Peveril of the Peak* (1823), *Quentin Durward* (1823) and *Woodstock* (1826).

For Kipling’s contemporary readers, the building of dams was of topical interest. The construction of the Aswan Dam was begun in 1898, following the British invasion and occupation of Egypt in 1882. The completion of the Dam in 1902 threatened to submerge many ancient landmarks, including the venerable temple complex on the island of Philae, which attracted many Victorian tourists. Closer to home, the decision in the latter part of the nineteenth century by the Manchester Corporation to dam and flood the beautiful Thirlmere valley in the Lake District was controversial. The legislation in 1879 to permit the lake’s ‘industrialization’ was passed despite considerable opposition, not only from local residents, but from lovers of nature and the countryside generally. Dams had already been built in the Peak District to supply the great conurbation’s manufacturing activities and their workforce with water, but the reservoirs so created had proved to be insufficient.
HISTORICAL MATERIAL IN
‘BROTHER SQUARE-TOES’ AND
‘A PRIEST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF’

by ANN M WEYGANDT

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[The late Professor Ann Weygandt (1910–2006), had a lifelong interest in the work of
Rudyard Kipling. Educated at Bryn Mawr College (B.A., M.A.) and the University
of Pennsylvania (Ph D, 1938), she published her classic study Kipling’s Reading in
1939. From 1947 to 1975, she taught in the Department of English at the University of
Delaware, retiring as Associate Professor Emeritus in 1975. Ed.]

This paper was first published in Delaware Notes, 1954. The first
part of it was reprinted in the Kipling Journal no. 113 (April 1955). A
second extract, reprinted in no. 119 (July 1956) covered the detailed
description of Toby Hirte the apothecary in Abraham Ritter’s History
of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia (1857). The Editor thanks the
University of Delaware for allowing us to reprint the remainder of this
essay.

Ritter winds up his account of Hirte’s country activities with a picture of
Toby at the back door of his cabin reading the Democratic daily Aurora,
and goes on to give a description of his winter quarters in Philadelphia.

Here, in a room of about ten by fifteen feet, sat this veteran in
nostrums, picturesque in the adornment of his walls with the
remains of a music store, fiddles, flutes, French horns, and the like;
whilst below in one corner, stood an old-timed spinnet, steadied to
the floor by a fifty-six pound weight on its lid or top, in range of
which sat the ‘lord of his survey’ at a table either redolent of roast
goose, apple-sauce, &c.; or a mass of pill-stuff, or other medica-
ment, in preparation of a summer’s trip; whilst behind him sat a boy,
bottling or boxing curatives for all the ills of human inheritance,
spurred to speed by the promise of a feast of coffee and sugar-cake
at the end of the week. [It was this boy’s job that Kipling gave to
Pharaoh.] In front stood a large and very grand – as we thought in
those days – mantle clock; but, a little beyond, another, of more
importance and more interest. This was a musical clock – a great
curiosity; whose Swiss peasantry, in a recess over the dial, took an
hourly turn in a cosy dance, to the jingle of a most fascinating set of
well-tuned bells, gazed and wondered at by the Schuankfelders, who
supplied him regularly on the evenings of Tuesday and Friday, with cream, butter, and Dutch cheese; the latter always most popular for its offensive odor.

He was a bachelor to all intents and purposes, and his apartment a stranger to whisk or water. His habits were unique. He prepared and ate his breakfast of toast and coffee, at about 10 A.M.; lunched on tea and toast, or plain bread and butter and Dutch cheese, at 2 P.M.; but dined sumptuously on roast pig (which he called “spanferkle”) or roast goose, with no small amount of potatoes, apples, cold-slaw, bread and butter, &c., settled with several glasses of good Madeira, at about 11 o’clock at night, and then a pipe; and then, despite homeopathy, if all within was of doubtful temperament, a goodly number of Von Swieten’s pills – a composition principally of aloes – were sent to check rebellion. Yet he killed the time of near one hundred years (Ritter, 248–250).

Of the material contained in these passages, Kipling made sporadic use – on one page drawing on one paragraph; on another, calling on the next. We first see him leaning heavily on Ritter when Red Jacket, trailed to Conrad Gerhart’s bakery by Pharaoh, discovers that the boy is hungry.

He opens a door to the staircase and leads the way up. We walked into a dirty little room of flutes and fiddles and a fat man fiddling by the window, in a smell of cheese and medicines fit to knock you down. I was knocked down too, for the fat man jumped up and hit me a smack in the face. I fell against an old spinnet covered with pill-boxes, and the pills rolled about the floor. The Indian never moved an eye-lid.

‘Pick up the pills! Pick up the pills!’ the fat man screeches. I started picking ’em up – hundreds of ’em – meaning to run out under the Indian’s arm, but I came on giddy all over and I sat down. The fat man went back to his fiddling.

‘Toby!’ says the Indian after a while. ‘I brought the boy to be fed, not hit.’

‘What?’ says Toby, ‘I thought it was Gert Schwankfelder.’ He put down his fiddle and took a good look at me. ‘Himmel!’ he says. ‘I have hit the wrong boy. It is not the new boy. Why are you not the new boy? Why are you not Gert Schwankfelder?’

‘I don’t know’, I said. ‘The gentleman in the pink blanket brought me.’

Says the Indian, ‘He is hungry, Toby. Christians always feed the hungry. So I bring him.’
'You should have said that first,’ said Toby. He pushed plates at me and the Indian put bread and pork on them, and a glass of Madeira wine (‘Brother Square-Toes’, 163–164).

After Pharaoh has eaten, Toby, himself, according to Ritter an enthusiastic but by no means excellent fiddler, learns that Pharaoh fiddles too, and decides that Providence has sent Pharaoh to take the place of the truant Gert Schwankfelder. He says to Red Jacket:

‘Now look at this boy and say what you think.’

The Indian looked me over whole minutes – there was a musical clock on the wall, and dolls came out and hopped while the hour struck. He looked me over all the while they did it.

‘Good’, he says at last. ‘This boy is good’ (‘Brother Square-Toes’, 164–165).

There follows some description of the Moravian community in Philadelphia and Pharaoh’s reaction to it and its church. But soon Kipling gets Pharaoh on the move again. The following passages are taken from the account of the trip to Lebanon.

As soon as the dancing clock struck midnight that Sunday – I was lying under the spinnet – I heard Toby’s fiddle. He’d just done his supper which he always took late and heavy. ‘Gert’, says he, ‘get the horses. Liberty and Independence forever! The flowers appear upon the earth and the time of the singing of birds is come. We are going to my country seat at Lebanon’ (‘Brother Square-Toes’, 167).

... But let me tell my tale my own way, same as his brown mare used to go to Lebanon (‘Brother Square-Toes’, 165).

... Toby sold medicines out of his saddle-bags, and gave the French war-news to folk along the roads. Him and his long-hilted umberell was as well known as the stage coaches (‘Brother Square-Toes’, 167).

... and so we jogged into dozy little Lebanon by the Blue Mountains where Toby had a cottage and a garden of all fruits. He came north every year for this wonderful Seneca Oil the Seneca Indians made for him (‘Brother Square-Toes’, 168).

As can be seen from the passages I have quoted, Kipling depends upon Ritter for the touches that give an impression of reality. There are more examples of this: ‘Pastor Meder’s garden where the big peach tree is’ – ‘The service was in English that week’ – and so on. He has invented for Toby a pun on the name of one of his neighbors, David Jones the
hatter, next door to the Buck Tavern. In ‘Brother Square-Toes’, Toby says, ‘The horses are in Davy Jones’s locker’, and Kipling lets Pharaoh explain, ‘That was his joke. He kept his mare under David Jones’s hat shop in the “Buck” tavern yard, and his Indian friends kept their ponies there when they visited him.’ Similarly when Kipling needs a name for one of his minor characters, he picks the most picturesque from Ritter’s lists of neighbors and church officers. Adam Goose and Sister Haga are selected rather than George Schlosser and Elizabeth Mentz.

In a few instances Kipling allows Ritter to mislead him. Plenty of authorities available in 1910 assert that while Cornplanter was for the most part friendly to Christianity, Red Jacket was inimical to it. Ritter suggests that both the chiefs superintended his learning of an Indian version of ‘Jesus, hear our prayer’, and, either on the strength of this passage, or deliberately attributing Cornplanter’s qualities to Red Jacket, Kipling represents Red Jacket as at least partly Christianized. He does more. Apparently for no other reason than that Ritter calls them associates, he describes these two leaders of the Senecas as great friends. All writers on Indian affairs who go into any detail whatsoever tell us that Cornplanter and Red Jacket were rivals who alternately ousted one another from power, and that Cornplanter on one occasion publicly called Red Jacket a coward. It seems probable that Kipling knew of this rivalry and ignored it; a remark of Pharaoh’s that Red Jacket was the better talker of the two must be based on a knowledge of Red Jacket’s oratorical powers that could not have been gleaned from Ritter. Here Kipling has evidently made further researches but decided to sacrifice accuracy to expediency, preserve Ritter’s apocryphal account, and employ the names, if not the actual characteristics, of two well-known Senecas of the day.

I may have given the impression that Kipling never departs from Ritter. He does do so. For convenience sake, he gives Red Jacket more English than he evidently had at spoken command; Ritter’s account of the hymn-singing session does not imply that any other language than Iroquois was used, and early authorities agree that while Red Jacket understood English, he refused to speak it. Occasionally, then, Kipling modifies Ritter, sometimes in order to make a point. Ritter gives an account of the purchase of a stove for the church in 1794 – apparently a great event, but one that caused no controversy. The upper rooms were so cold despite the stove that foot-warmers were needed for the old sisters, he adds. But Kipling, after altering the date to 1793, changes this heartily agreed upon innovation into an occasion for disharmony among the members, some of whom feel that artificial heat is worldly, and he mentions the foot-warmer group as neutral, not caring either way. He perverts Ritter in this fashion because he wants to give
Talleyrand a chance to display his diplomacy. The abbé Talleyrand-Périgord talks to two Moravians on opposing sides of the great stove question, in each other’s presence, and makes each man feel that he agrees with him. Kipling makes this plausible adaptation for the sake of character-drawing, just as he represents Talleyrand as calling Toby ‘Dr. Pangloss’, in not entirely complimentary reference to the confirmed optimist in Voltaire’s Candide, and allows him to make a sort of buried reference to Molière in the self-description ‘a priest in spite of myself’.

Kipling, then, twists Ritter and falls back on his own knowledge of French literature in order to make his characters more vivid and real; in the same way he uses his knowledge of Pennsylvania landscape to make his background convincing. His thumbnail sketch of the Pennsylvania Dutch country has not, I think, been bettered – ‘Little houses and bursting big barns, fat cattle, fat women, and all as peaceful as Heaven might be if they farmed there.’ When he goes into more detail he is equally good. ‘In the cool o’ the morning the cat-bird sings. He’s something to listen to. And there’s a smell of wild grape-vine growing in damp hollows which you drop into, after long rides in the heat, which is beyond compare for sweetness. So’s the puffs out of the pine woods of afternoons. Come sundown, the frogs strike up, and later on the fireflies dance in the corn. Oh me, the fireflies in the corn!’ Bits like this make Pharaoh’s journey with Toby seem like a trip that was actually taken.

Just as he depended on his knowledge of present-day Sussex and Pennsylvania to supplement traditions about smuggling and Ritter’s reminiscences, Kipling, who took the hint about Red Jacket’s supposed Christianity from The History of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia, drew, I think, part of his idea of what an American Indian was like from a very different source. He had Ritter’s – and others’ – authority for these men’s occasional interviews with George Washington, but I feel sure that this picture of the relationship between Washington, Red Jacket, and Cornplanter is based in part on what he knew of relations between officials in British India, and, say, Pathan chiefs against whom they had fought in their youth. He has acknowledged more than once that his sketch of the Roman officers, Parnesius and Pertinax, on Hadrian’s Wall, was a sketch of North-West Frontier subalterns; his descriptions of the friendship between the Pict leader and the young Romans are presumably also transferred from an Afghan border scene; this friendship between Washington and the American Indians appears likely to be a repeat borrowing. Both Kipling’s Picts and his Red Indians have no desire to be caught between the greater powers. Other possible points of comparison suggest themselves. An oblique reference to Braddock’s defeat is made. Washington says to Cornplanter, who fought on the French side on that inglorious occasion, ‘You taught me to look behind
trees when we were both young.\textsuperscript{12} It is easy to imagine a colonel saying something like this to a native officer who began his career on the far side of the border.

It is difficult to tell whether Kipling did much special research on Washington himself for this story. The 1900 Encyclopaedia Britannica articles on Washington and on United States history emphasize Washington’s thwarting of Genet’s desire to use the United States against England. At first glance, it seems that these articles might have been almost enough for the purpose of the tale. But Kipling may have checked on Washington’s movements a little; though there is no evidence that Genet ever went to Mount Vernon, it is true that Washington was there late in the fall of 1793, at the suggested time of Genet’s visit.\textsuperscript{13} It is also true that in April, 1793, Genet projected a visit to Mount Vernon \emph{en route} from Charleston to Philadelphia; by September he was scarcely on such terms with Washington as to think of being a house-guest, unless he was willing to vilify a man and then accept his hospitality.\textsuperscript{14} Perhaps Kipling thought him capable of such behavior. It looks, at any rate, as if Kipling may have considered probabilities of time and place, and he would have had to go beyond the Britannica for these. There are, moreover, some indications that Kipling referred to William Cobbett’s \emph{Porcupine’s Works} for material on both Washington and Genet. After all, as a purveyor of one contemporary British point of view, Cobbett is \textit{a priori} a likely source. He lays a great deal of stress, as does Kipling, on the idea that Washington stood alone in opposition to war, while as a matter of actual fact the cabinet appears to have agreed with him\textsuperscript{15} – even Jefferson, for all his French sympathies.\textsuperscript{16}

Kipling’s estimate of Genet’s character and upbringing could also have been based, at least in part, on Cobbett’s. Cobbett calls Genet ‘abundantly assuming and insolent – uniting the levity of a Frenchman to the boorishness of a Calmuc.’ Like many other authorities on the period, Cobbett gives the name of the \textit{Embuscade}, the frigate which conveyed Genet to America, but he does not spell it as Kipling does, and does not mention the name of her commanding officer, Captain Bompard.\textsuperscript{17} Bompard is mentioned in most of the lives of Washington and in the multi-volume histories of the United States, like McMaster’s \textit{History of the American People} (copyright 1885). A source like McMaster would seem probable, but F.J. Turner in the \textit{Annual Report of the American Historical Association} for 1903 combines allusions to Bompard with additional material that might have provided grist for Kipling’s mill. Turner spells the \textit{Embuscade} French-fashion, like Kipling, and repeats Jefferson’s verdict on Genet: ‘Hot-headed, all imagination, no judgment, passionate and even indecent towards the President in his writing as well as verbal communications.’\textsuperscript{18} If Kipling did consult Cobbett, and
did find Jefferson’s characterization of Genet in Turner or elsewhere, it is not surprising that he should have allowed Pharaoh to describe the ambassador, an aristocrat by birth, and a diplomat by training, as a ‘rude, common man’ who ‘never had more manners than a Bosham tinker’. And if Kipling somewhere ran across John Adams’s letter to Jefferson (June 30, 1813), with its reference to ‘the terrorism excited by Genet, in 1793’, when Philadelphia crowds threatened to drag the president out of his house, it would have corroborated his belief in Genet’s kinship with the mob.

Historically speaking there is no doubt that Genet displayed both ill-manners and rabble-rousing tendencies, but it is perhaps a moot question whether he planned to enlist actual military aid from the United States, as Kipling consistently assumes that he did. His instructions were, so far as we can find out, not to try to make the United States declare war on England, but to obtain as much help from us as possible. Genet’s early speeches in America were relatively moderate, but since he was arming French vessels in our ports, bringing British prizes into them to sell, and endeavouring to launch an American-manned expedition against the Spanish-American colonies, he soon irritated the United States government, which had issued a declaration of neutrality on April 22. When forbidden to carry on these militant activities, Genet became extremely intemperate in his language, and attempted to appeal to the people over the president’s head. Kipling may have felt that Genet’s actions were deliberately intended to draw us into open warfare. Washington himself suspected that they were, as he reveals in a message to congress in the fall of 1793. Perhaps Kipling read this message; in any case, whatever sources he consulted on Washington and Genet, it seems certain that he did not find any encyclopaedia, or any single history of the United States, a sufficient authority. He appears to have used the obvious sources as springboards. This supposition is most strikingly reinforced by the fact that none of the writers I have mentioned, however accessible or inaccessible, supplies Bompard’s first name; Kipling gives it, and correctly. It could not have been easy to find; even the contemporary newspapers seem content to dub Bompard ‘Citizen’ or ‘Captain’. Possibly it was from the archives of the French navy that Kipling derived this piece of information; only from a very recently published article, depending on the Archives de la Marine as one of its sources, have I been able to verify the ‘Jean Baptiste’ that Pharaoh so easily drops into his account of the Embuscade. It is interesting that Kipling should have taken such pains over this name, when he was willing to neglect or ignore Red Jacket’s paganism and his dislike for Cornplanter. He could have mentioned ‘Captain Bompard’ without risk of anyone’s asking for more; he chose
to search out the man’s Christian name. Yet he has allowed a seemingly far more important element in his story, the picture of the relationship between the two chiefs, to be glaringly inaccurate. This fussiness over detail in the first instance is not easily reconcilable with his inaccuracy in the second, especially since he could have invented names for the Indians needed in his tale, while building their characters up on such hints from truly historical figures as he chose to use.

If it is difficult to identify the exact source of Kipling’s material on Washington, Genet, and Bompard, it is equally hard to come to a satisfactory conclusion in investigating his sources on Talleyrand. He almost certainly knew something of him before he began to work on ‘A Priest in Spite of Himself’. Talleyrand is not an obscure eccentric like Toby Hirte. Kipling might, moreover, have been especially interested in Talleyrand on two counts independent of his connection with this story. Talleyrand, like Washington, was a Mason, and Kipling was an extremely devoted follower of Masonry. Talleyrand always stood for an alliance with England, under all six governments he worked for; Kipling was also firmly convinced that Europe’s stability and England’s welfare demanded that England and France be friends. In preparing to write ‘A Priest in Spite of Himself’, Kipling probably read a popular biography of Talleyrand, like Lady Blennerhasset’s, and possibly a portion of Talleyrand’s own memoirs as well. At least, it seems possible that Talleyrand’s mention of the Moravian community at Bethlehem caught Kipling’s eye, and that references to his ‘indifferent lodgings’ and ‘narrow quarters’ supplied the hints for the room ‘as bare as the palm of your hand’ which Pharaoh describes. The remark that Sieyès ‘sulks in his corner’ may account for Kipling’s giving Bonaparte a speech about ‘that sulky ass Sieyès’. As for Kipling’s conception of the relations between Napoleon and Talleyrand at the beginning of the first consulate, he may represent Talleyrand as a little more openly contemptuous of Bonaparte than he actually was at this date, but, in doing so, Kipling makes good use of Napoleon’s lame attempt to win the two chambers of the French assembly by eloquence rather than force. He shows Napoleon boasting about it as if it had been a success, and Talleyrand taunting him with the results – a torn coat when he was ejected.

In the two stories we have been discussing, Kipling has kept fairly close to dates and facts in some places, and to possibilities, such as the Indians’ visit to Mount Vernon, in others. I think we can say that though he has made some errors, and some deliberate departures from fact, on the whole he has tried to be accurate. Indeed, it was his usual practice to take considerable pains with these historical tales. For instance, the first English and American editions of *Rewards and Fairies* show him
hesitating between ‘Senlac’, ‘Santlache’, and ‘Hastings’ as names for the famous battle. The alterations may have been made for the sake of consistency, but Kipling may also have reflected the controversies among historians on this point. Freeman, depending on one chronicler, Ordericus Vitalis, asserted that ‘Santlache’ was the Norman name for the battle. Horace Round denied the force of Freeman’s arguments. Kipling appears to have plumped for ‘Santlache’; for, in the definitive Sussex edition, projected before his death, ‘Santlache’ stands. Perhaps it keeps its place because Kipling had come across Stevenson’s refutation of Round’s refutation of Freeman in the _English Historical Review_ for 1913. If so, Kipling displayed here the same attention to detail that he revealed when he tracked down Captain Bompard’s first name. On the other hand, though he speaks in Chapter VII of _Something of Myself_ of the ‘honest research’ that was joined to ‘legitimate inference’ in his tales on Roman Britain, he inadvertently stationed in England a legion that never was there, and purposely called his young officer, whom he treats like a lieutenant, a centurion, though a centurion was comparable to a sergeant. He did this, a letter quoted in Ballard’s catalogue tells us, because he thought children would have heard of centurions on account of the one mentioned in the Bible.

One question that an investigator of historical sources may be asked is, ‘How do you know that your author did not absorb some of his material from local talk, an archaeological village rector, folklore he learned of his own employees?’ I don’t know it; in fact, I assume that a part of Kipling’s knowledge came through just such channels. In _Something of Myself_, Chapter III, he says that, as a young man in India, he drew on the members of his club for ‘technical knowledge’ – absorbing it, apparently, whether he wanted to or not – and, as an older man, he turned to people like George Saintsbury, another fellow club-member, this time at the Savile. He probably consulted experts wherever he could find them, and may well have spent little time reading the guidebooks I have laboriously consulted. (Guidebooks, however, are at least mentioned in _Something of Myself_.) Kipling’s names for Sussex characters may come from gravestones rather than from Sussex Archaeological Society publications; he may have heard a fragment of ‘Old Mother Laidinwool’ sung, rather than found it in Coker Egerton’s _Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways_. He may not have looked in a book when he needed the name of a Sussex parson loyal to the Stuart cause for ‘A Doctor of Medicine’, the story about Nicholas Culpeper. Perhaps he saw Zack Tutsham’s name in a list of rectors hanging up in Dallington Church, and knew that he was forced to yield his pulpit to a Puritan divine by the date of his withdrawal. But the Sussex Archaeological Collections at any rate prove that the Zachary Tutsham mentioned in ‘A Doctor of
Medicine’ was a real man, and *A History of the English Church during the Civil Wars and under the Commonwealth* confirms the fact.\(^{38}\) I have found that Kipling did not even invent the name ‘Attersole’, though I think he probably was the first to fit it to a clergyman and then cap it with the nickname ‘Wail’. It is on record that Culpeper lived with a relative, William Attersole, for some time.\(^ {39}\) Kipling is always ready to use the most picturesque name that is also accurate or appropriate to the neighborhood about which he is writing, and to give it the added twist that a contemporary would have been likely to contribute.

Earlier I mentioned the need for consulting ordnance maps when dealing with the background of Kipling’s stories. His own delighted dependence on maps is illustrated in ‘Brother Square-Toes’. The trip from the Seneca reservation to Mount Vernon was traced, he tells us, on an old map which, I agree with Mr. Mansback,\(^ {40}\) may well have been the Evans map of 1755. At least all the places Pharaoh lists from Canasedago to Ashby’s Gap are to be found on the copy of Gibson’s London edition, printed 1758, as reproduced in Plate 26 of Paullin and Wright’s *Atlas of the Historical Geography of the United States*.\(^ {41}\) It is noteworthy, however, that the names are not all spelled as Kipling spells them, and that in his own account of the ‘old map of the American Colonies... which gave me all the old trails and ferries that were required’, he dates it ‘1774 or thereabouts’.\(^ {42}\) We cannot be sure that Kipling’s map and Evans’s are the same. Kipling was very likely not looking for his Colonial map when he found it; he says Providence sent it to him. He may even have bought it before he knew he was going to make any practical literary use of it. He loved maps for their own sake. There were two globes in his study at Burwash, the final sentence in *Something of Myself* tells us, and his sister describes him chuckling over odd names, like ‘Loby-Toby’ for a volcano, on an admiralty chart of the East Indies he was studying for ‘The Disturber of Traffic’ (*Many Inventions*, 1891).\(^ {43}\)

Having reviewed Kipling’s dependence on his sources, historical and cartographical, we are now in a position to enter on the most conjectural phase of this discussion and try to guess at Kipling’s mental process as he evolved Pharaoh Lee’s story. He already had his theme for *Rewards and Fairies* – the giving of unacknowledged service. I will advance the hypothesis that he had at an earlier time stumbled on Ritter’s book about the Moravians, with its mention of Talleyrand and his button selling. Kipling may have asked himself what Talleyrand was doing in Philadelphia. With this conception of Talleyrand, he would be sure to think there was a good political reason why the man went into exile there rather than elsewhere. Washington was the most important person in Philadelphia at the time, and Talleyrand presumably was
interested only in major figures. As a matter of fact, it is known to be
true that Talleyrand had letters to Washington, as Kipling makes him
say; but he never was actually granted an interview, though Kipling
allows him to imply that he was. Kipling is not misrepresenting
Talleyrand here; telling a lie by implication would not be out of char-
acter for him! It is also true that Washington made himself unpopular
by his refusal to support republican France against England, as monar-
chical France had supported him. The French minister, Genet, did try
in vain to persuade him to do this. Washington, then, because of his
undeserved unpopularity, would fit well into the scheme of the book,
but how is Washington to be brought into a book laid in Sussex? There
is a way to introduce him. A Sussex man may be represented as having
gone to America, so that someone connected with Sussex can tell
Washington’s story to the children. (He is artificially linked to America
by being made to live, when in England, on the old Penn estate, in
the town of Washington.) But he must be provided with a reason for
crossing the Atlantic. Perhaps Kipling does not want to suggest that
anyone would willingly leave Sussex for the United States; certainly
for the purpose of the story he needs to give his narrator a plausible
pretext for knowing the French ambassador. It occurs to Kipling that
he may be able to place his hero accidentally on board a French ship
carrying Genet. Having read Ritter (according to my hypothesis), he
knows he is going to use Toby Hirte, who can be linked to George
Washington by their acquaintance with the same Indians. And Hirte
played the fiddle (badly, Ritter says), but he played it. If Kipling makes
his hero fiddle, that will be a way to get the two together. Gipsies often
fiddle, and a gipsy might get along well with Indians. And if this gipsy
fiddler can also be a smuggler and half-French, it will be easy to boost
him accidentally onto a French ship and have him taken for a French
citizen while aboard. The French streak will also make it simple for
him to scrape acquaintance with Talleyrand. And what more probable
than that, once established in America, he should try to smuggle goods
into England? Then he can be caught by the French, and have a good
reason for going to Paris, where he will find Talleyrand again, and
form an estimate of Bonaparte as well.

This theoretical reconstruction is open to criticism. But whether or
not I have traced correctly the steps by which Kipling arrived at his plot,
I can say with confidence that his usual scheme for writing an historical
short story is this: Against a physical background well known to him,
he places events he has imagined on the basis of some historical facts –
often facts that it required some effort to unearth. And he assumes that
people doing similar jobs, at intervals of anywhere from one hundred to
ten thousand years, will be something alike.
This formula differs from that of other writers chiefly in that Kipling took more pains with his history than many of them did, and was, on the whole, more careful to write about parts of the world with which he was familiar. It is recognized that Scott allowed himself liberties that might well be called license, except in his novels about seventeenth and eighteenth century Scotland. And while Thackeray was careful, it is fair to say that Kipling was more scholarly, more concerned with verifying details, than many of his predecessors. On the other hand, he discarded one story about Defoe, he records in Chapter VII of *Something of Myself*, because it was over-loaded with accurate references. He saved only those tales, historical and other, that, once started, wrote themselves.

The research Kipling did we can, at least in part, follow; the reason for his choice of this or that bit of material we can ferret out; but it is more difficult to pursue the footsteps of the creative impulse that he calls his daemon. There is no explaining genius, but it is comforting to see genius hard at work. Kipling combined energy with genius; I know of no better way to make the past live.

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**NOTES**

1 This paper was delivered at the University of Delaware on January 11, 1954, as one in the 1953–1954 series of Graduate Lecture. It was first published in *Delaware Notes*, 1956.


5 Ritter, 247–248; McKenney and Hall, I. 14, 16–18 and 187; Appleton’s *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, 1886, I, 743; V, 205.

6 Ritter, 247; McKenney and Hall, I. 18–19, 180.


9 Ritter, 248, 260; Drake, Book V, 113; McKenney and Hall, I, 29.

10 André Maurois, in a discussion following a lecture on ‘Kipling and his Works from a French Point of View’ delivered before the Kipling Society on April 18, 1934, said that Kipling had told him this. *Kipling Journal* 30, June 1934, 46–47. Major C.S. Jarvis bore similar testimony. See an extract from *Desert and Delta*, 1938, 45–47, quoted in *Kipling Journal* 48, December, 1943, 16.

12 ‘Brother Square-Toes’, 169, 179; Drake, Book V, 111–113; Appleton’s *Cyclopaedia*, I, 743.

13 Washington’s letters from September 16 to October 27, 1793, are dated from Mount Vernon or that vicinity. See *Writings of Washington*, ed. John C. Fitzpatrick, Washington, 1940, XXXIII, 89–141. Sparks’s *Writings of Washington*, X, 369–386, does not permit such exact dating, but shows that Washington was at Mount Vernon from September 23 to October 24. Pharaoh describes the trip to Mount Vernon as taking place after the first frosts, when the fall color is at its height. ‘Brother Square-Toes’, 172.


15 Cobbett, *Porcupine’s Works*, II, 276. Cobbett is here speaking of Washington’s advocacy of the Jay treaty with Britain in 1795, rather than of his neutral attitude toward France in 1793, but the issue is fundamentally the same – whether or no to remain at peace with England.


17 *Porcupine’s Works*, II, 360; I, 103.


19 Appleton’s *Cyclopaedia*, II, 624.

20 Stephenson and Dunn, II, 368.

21 *Message of the President of the United States to Congress Relative to France and Great Britain*, delivered December 5, 1793. With the papers therein referred to. To which are added the French originals. Published by order of the House of Representatives, Philadelphia, 1793. Quoted in part by Irving V, 723.

22 *The Pennsylvania Gazette* and *The Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser* for the spring and summer of 1793 abound in references to Bompard and the Embuscade, but never give the captain’s first name.


26 Lacour-Gayet, I, 125. This fact has long been recognized by commentators on Talleyrand.

31 John H. Round, Quarterly Review CLXXV, 1892, 9; Flora V. Livingston, Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling, New York, 1927, 315.
33 Sir John Medley, Melbourne Age, November 22, 1952, as quoted by Ernest Short, ‘Notes’, Kipling Journal 105, April 1953, 1–2. Medley explains that attempts to correct Kipling on this point – putting Legion XXX in England – were unsuccessful, but that later a stone with an inscription of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion was found on the Wall. This was Parnesius’s cohort. A letter to Kipling procured an invitation, but when Medley visited at Burwash and saw the notes from which the story had been written, he concluded that Kipling had just used the first figures that occurred to him. Archaeologists still believe that only odd men from the Thirtieth ever reached England. See also B.S. Browne, ‘Flense, Flench, or Flinch’, Letter Bag, Kipling Journal 57, April, 1941, 25–26; E. Dawson, ‘A Centurion of the Thirtieth’, Letter Bag, Kipling Journal 40, December 1936, 135; Something of Myself, Chapter VII, 204; Bertram C.A. Windle, The Romans in Britain, London, 1923, 67. [According to the late Charles Carrington, ‘the memorial stone to the Thirtieth Legion at Corbridge is almost certainly a hoax…I could name an eminent scholar, now dead, who gave me a strong hint that he had taken part in it when a young man, about 1912’. Carrington, ‘More Pedantry on Parnesius’, Kipling Journal 167, September 1968, 8. Ed.]
34 Ellis Ames Ballard, Catalogue Intimate and Descriptive of my Kipling Collection, Philadelphia, 1935, 250.
35 Kipling, Something of Myself, Chapter III, 49; Chapter IV, 93.
36 Ibid., Chapter VII, 195.
40 ‘Some Kipling Backgrounds’, Kipling Journal 72, April, 1945, 13.
42 Cooper. ‘Rudyard Kipling, a Biographical Sketch’, 32.
This is the third of our member, Andrew Lycett’s, themed anthologies of Kipling’s works (the two previous ones being *Kipling Abroad* and *Kipling and the Sea*). You can disregard the sub-title; the selection starts before *Tommy* and finishes with a poem written in 1934, the *Ode: Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance*. And the main title rather oversimplifies the theme, because the selection of verse, fiction, journalism and honest-to-god history, covers more than war in the abstract. It is all presented chronologically, in a series of periods; ‘India’, ‘Return to England’, etc, to ‘The First World War and After’, concluding with ‘Reflections on the Military Life’.

The first piece of verse is one written while Kipling was still at school, *The Battle of Assaye* which he wrote as a prize poem in 1882: much of the rest of the verse is, hardly surprisingly, taken from *Barrack Room Ballads*. But the selection also includes such verses as *Recessional* and *The White Man’s Burden*, which, it can be suggested, are not about war, though the inspiration for both was rooted in war.

The piece of history is a selection from Volume 2 of *The Irish Guards in the Great War*, and covers the Battle of Loos and the loss of Lieutenant John Kipling, which Rudyard wrote in totally objective and dispassionate prose, reflecting the battalion war diary from which it was largely drawn.

Most of our members will have read the verses and tales selected, but may well be unfamiliar with the journalism, which includes pieces from all four of his war-time expeditions: to see the new army in training, and to visit the French army in Alsace in 1915; and to visit the lesser-known units of the navy away from the Grand Fleet, also in 1915; and finally, in 1917, to visit the Italian front, up in the Dolomites where the Italians and Austrians fought a vertical war at the approaches to Trieste.

In many ways, the most valuable parts of the anthology are Lycett’s overall introduction, and the introductory notes to each piece, giving background information about the sources of Kipling’s inspiration. They are brief, to the point, and informative. And he has also included information about when and where the piece was first published.

For those of us with a complete Kipling library (or as near as one can hope to get, unless you have a full ‘Sussex’ or ‘Burwash’ edition, amplified by Pinney’s *Poems of Rudyard Kipling*), there is probably nothing which we have not read before, but most will probably find that
Lycett has unearthed a small gem or two for us. And this reviewer has found that the verse, in particular, is better read one piece at a time. If one reads, say, The Seven Seas or The Years Between, it is difficult not to go straight from one poem to another without properly absorbing the first – such is the ‘swing’ of Kipling’s verse that one gets carried away; or anyway (to revert to the first person) I do. So here, breaking up the verse so that each piece stands entirely on its own is a good thing.

A final thought – taking the three anthologies together makes one realise what an extraordinary breadth of fields Kipling’s writing covers, and with what virtuosity.

Alastair Wilson

**The Jungle Book** by Rudyard Kipling with illustrations by Lute Vink, Books Illustrated Ltd 2015. 200 numbered copies. Hardback, 125pp., £400.00

**Mourning and Mysticism in First World War Literature and Beyond: Grappling with Ghosts** by George M. Johnston, Palgrave Macmillan 2015, ISBN 9 781 137332 02 8, hardback, 256pp., £45.00


This deluxe edition of The Jungle Book, bound in burgundy leather with gilt edged pages and housed in a velvet-lined box, is illustrated by 32 whole-page plates, lithographically printed from richly coloured oil paintings, plus black and white drawings illustrating the poems by Lute Vink, each copy numbered and signed by the artist. Purists may object to the child Mowgli sporting a loin-cloth, but his long ragged black hair looks right and the all-important animals are done very well, especially the pictures of a sinisterly splendid Shere Khan at rest, and Bagheera and Kaa hastening to Mowgli’s rescue. Cold Lairs itself, with its view of distant towers and flowering trees behind a peacock perching on next to a minaret on high wall, looks romantic rather than sinister. The non-Mowgli stories carry fewer pictures, but there are fine ones of Rikki-Tikki looking alert and Little Toomai on his elephant, and pleasing drawings accompanying the poems, including another peacock displaying his tail for ‘Darzee’s Chaunt’. The book should attract any collector of Kiplingiana with £400 to spare.

George M. Johnston’s *Mourning and Mysticism in First World War Literature* addresses the mystical religious sense as a response
to traumatic loss in writers such as Conan Doyle, Oliver Lodge, Virginia Woolf, and others including Frederic Myers, founder of the Society for Psychical Research, and of course Rudyard Kipling. All are viewed through ‘the lens of object relations theory’, used as a means of defining character types. Each chapter begins with a short ‘psycho-biography’ of its subject, moving from early traumatic experiences to the mourning of loved ones in and after the First World War, the desire for communication with the dead, and the therapeutic effect of imaginative writing. The chapter on J.M. Barrie and Rudyard Kipling presents the two as parallel case-histories of men turned by childhood losses into ‘avoidant-resistant’ types, whose immaturity and repression found a therapeutic outlet in probing the uncanny. Much attention is paid to Kipling’s traumatic childhood years in Southsea and (acknowledging his scepticism) to his creative engagement with the occult. There are two pages on Kipling’s early and middle ghost stories including ‘They’, and more sustained accounts of ‘Mary Postgate’, ‘The Gardener’ and ‘A Madonna of the Trenches’. The long bibliography (5 pages) lists biographies, histories, books on mysticism and studies of mourning and modernism, but very little literary criticism, none of it on Kipling. His work is mined for symptoms of a damaged personal history and psyche, for which Johnston relies heavily on the late Martin Seymour-Smith’s notoriously tendentious (and out-dated) 1989 biography *Rudyard Kipling*.

The cheapest of these three books is by far the best. Kipling’s admirers will welcome the reissue by Oxford University Press of Daniel Karlin’s excellent World’s Classics edition of *Stories and Poems* by Rudyard Kipling, first published in 1999. In addition to his first-rate introductory essay, Karlin provides erudite and helpful notes at the back of the book to the individual tales and poems, giving each its own critical introduction, often brief but always illuminating. The selections are both admirable and individual, with a good showing for the middle period farces. Some of the choices are likely to be unfamiliar even to those who think they know their Kipling well (how many of us are aware of the splendid poem about journalism ‘The Files’, or could summarise off-hand the plots of ‘My Sunday at Home’ and ‘The Bonds of Discipline’ ?) Readers are enabled to appreciate the dialogue between the same themes in prose and verse, because where Kipling accompanied a story with a poem, both are given, so that ‘They’ is prefaced by ‘The Return of the Children’ and ‘In the Presence’ is followed by ‘Jobson’s Amen’. This anthology ought to be on the shelves of all Kipling enthusiasts.

*Jan Montefiore*

These volumes from Uniform Classics are attractively produced, pocket-size editions of Kipling’s wartime newspaper articles, with dust jackets featuring well-chosen paintings from the Imperial War Museum collection. These two are, perhaps, the pick of the bunch. In their reviews of Sea Warfare and The Eyes of Asia from the same series (Kipling Journal 362, December 2015), Guy Liardet and Anurag Jain noted that despite points of interest, those books did not show Kipling at his best; after all, war propaganda does not make for great literature. Yet The War in the Mountains, the most compelling of these texts written in support of the war effort, is a fine piece of writing. It resulted from a brief trip Kipling made to Italy in the first part of May 1917, and the material for the articles was obtained in some five days. They appeared in The Daily Telegraph and The New York Tribune between 6 and 20 June. Surprisingly, these pieces were not collected in English until the Sussex Edition. They evoke what was for long the least well-known European theatre of the war in Britain (though this is now changing, thanks to the publication of Mark Thompson’s excellent The White War: Life and Death on the Italian Front, 1915–1919 in 2008).

As well as a number of his characteristic concerns – logistics and road transport, side-swipes at the more bureaucratic side of British army at war – Kipling notes similarities between the Italian front and the hills of India. The head of a mountain pass is ‘a broad grassy funnel dipping into space, exactly like the Muttianee behind Simla’ and ‘it seemed only right that Hillmen would presently come out with brick-tea’ (25). But all is not energised engagement, with echoes of the younger Kipling; the tone of the impressive ‘Only a Few Steps Higher Up’, for example, is complex in a distinctly modern way. The duel of sound between the Italian band and returning Austrian fire is a masterpiece of condensed comic writing; but the humour disturbs, and there is a slightly manic quality to the article. Kipling also makes us aware that sudden death, from Austrian munitions or a slip of the foot on the treacherous, narrow mountain paths, is always a possibility. In The War in the Mountains Kipling rises to the challenge of bringing to life something at a great distance from the experience of his readers. Though intended for a British and American audience, the articles were first published together in translation in Italy, where they had appeared already in newspapers. (A newly edited edition of La Guerra nelle Montagne was published in Italy in 2006).
The earlier *France at War* is different, more poignant to read. The form is similar, with articles that depict visits to parts of the front. Kipling and Perceval Landon (also his companion in Italy) left for the front on 12 August, returning to Britain on 26 August; the articles first appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* and *The New York Sun* between 6 and 17 September 1915. From the opening poem ‘France’, first published in 1913, the praise for Britain’s ally – something the Francophile Kipling believed in deeply – feels insistent. The assertions that the Germans are outside civilisation become wearing, however, and there is a troubling scene where Kipling looks at German prisoners of war and forces down his response to their distress. ‘They stood there outside humanity. Yet they were made in the likeness of humanity. One realized it with a shock when the bandaged creature began to shiver, and they shuffled off in response to the orders of civilized men’ (51).

*France at War* has received little notice from Kipling’s biographers. Only ten days after the last article had appeared, Kipling heard that John was missing; and that tragedy, understandably, gains their attention. Reading these articles, it seems as if Kipling’s visit to France was making him acutely aware of the dangers that his son was facing on the Western Front. Time and again, the descriptions in *France at War* linger over landscapes, both rural and in built up areas, riven by conflict. Damage to cathedrals and monuments which form part of the historical and cultural fabric of France, are also a preoccupation. Of course, the war really did do such things, but it seems that paternal anxieties about what might happen to John – fears which were realised as soon as 27 September – were being displaced outwards, in ways both spatial and temporal. The French are depicted as standing fast in the face of loss and harm, and in their resolution Kipling was offering himself a model to hold on to and live by.

*Howard J. Booth*
It has been quite a busy six months on the Mailbase – I was surprised to find that we had had a total of 125 messages during the six month period (we all seem to have gone on holiday in August when there were only seven messages). But there were a number of subjects which attracted more than just one answer or comment, which makes for more interest.

The half-year started with a message by Alastair Wilson recounting a chance meeting with ‘Lady Catherine de Bugg’ from ‘The Janeites’ in the form of a World War I traction engine on its way to a steam rally, towing a replica of ‘my ten-inch Skoda which I’d been Number Three of’, and to which Humberstall had given the misspelt name of Lady Catherine de Burgh from Pride and Prejudice.

The next ‘thread’ was a series of messages started by one from John Seriot concerning the author, poet and journalist, T.W.H. Crosland who was a contemporary of Kipling’s, and some of whose work was published in a book of South African verse. In particular, as John Seriot told us, he had written ‘The Five Notions’ and ‘The Absent-minded Mule’, and it was evident that he did not admire Kipling. There followed a typical piece of topic drift which concluded with a dissertation on the geography of Devonport Dockyard – the chain was convoluted – mention of Albert Gate in one of Crosland’s poems – a query as to the meaning of the reference – Hyde Park? – a response that there was a gate into Devonport Dockyard with that name – a further response saying that while the Devonport reference was true, the reference was almost certainly to the home of Sir Edward Poynder, Kipling’s uncle. (We get there in the end, via some interesting by-ways.)

July also saw messages about the protest which Dean Eric Farrar made to Kipling about the debunking of Farrar’s Eric, or Little by Little in Stalky & Co., and the identification of the apology which Kipling made (though it has to be said that there must be a feeling that Kipling wrote it with his tongue at least partially in his cheek).

In November we had an enquiry from a researcher at the Wolfsonian Museum in Miami concerning a drawing in their possession, asking if anyone could suggest when it might have been made. We were able to tell her that the drawing (an excellent likeness of Kipling, apparently in his 30s) was probably made in Washington, DC in the spring of
1895 – we know from the extracts of Carrie’s diaries that Kipling was there, and the invaluable Wikipedia suggests that this was the only time that Kipling and the artist, Theodore Spicer-Simpson, were in the same continent.

For the rest, there have been several queries, answered in one, from the ‘bonded ware’ouse’ of our members’ knowledge, and throughout, John Radcliffe has continued to tease us with quotations to test our own knowledge. On an entirely personal note, I find they encourage me to go back and re-read tales which I had forgotten.

We have finished the period with a piece of pure nostalgia from our Hon. Librarian, John Walker: one of his spiritual homes has been the shop of the booksellers Maggs, in Berkeley Square. They are leaving there, to move round the corner, but John put up for us a montage of photographs from the celebrated shop, where bibliophiles have come from all round the world to find just that rare edition that they wanted, for 78 years.
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

‘THE MARY GLOSTER’

In his excellent article on ‘The Mary Gloster’ (KJ 360, June 2015), Andrew Scragg describes Sir Anthony as an ‘adulterous ship owner who hates his son’. I suggest that this is less than fair to Sir Anthony. The O.E.D. defines ‘adultery’ as ‘voluntary sexual intercourse between a married person and another who is not his or her spouse, regarded as a violation of the marriage vows and hence as a sin or crime’. Yet there is no direct reference in the poem to extra-marital liaisons during Mary Gloster’s tragically curtailed life. Indeed, Sir Anthony might be called quite uxorious; he took his wife’s advice in matters of business, and he clearly enjoyed their marital relationship, for she underwent multiple pregnancies, though only one live birth resulted.

After his wife’s death, Sir Anthony clearly had several liaisons, though only one was a long-term relationship (‘pore Aggie’). Andrew Scragg also describes him as ‘libidinous’ (p.22) which I agree is a very fair description (had he lived another generation, a 1920s mother might have warned her daughter that Sir Anthony was ‘not safe in lifts’). But these liaisons were with professional ladies, at a time when as a widower he was released from his marriage vows. I concede that the lines ‘I’m in for a row with the Mother – I’ll leave you settle my friends./ For a man must go with a woman, which women don’t understand’ could imply extra-marital sex. But it is more likely that like some other widowers, Sir Anthony had sworn to his dying wife that there would never be another woman, and then found he could not deliver the promise; hence the ‘row with the Mother’. So, I submit: libidinous, but not guilty of adultery.

To say that Sir Anthony ‘hates his son’ seems to make Dickie out to be too important in his father’s mind. Surely what Sir Anthony feels is much the same contempt as Kipling himself had expressed five years earlier in the poem ‘In Partibus’ for ‘long-haired things/ In velvet collar-rolls’?

Finally, how generous is Sir Anthony in allowing ‘pore Aggie a hundred’, which in today’s money represents about £10,000? Since some may claim that he has ‘married a second time’, no doubt Aggie had enjoyed substantial financial support (house, servants, carriage, jewels) during Sir Anthony’s lifetime. The legacy would tide her over until she found another protector.

Alastair Wilson,
Chichester, West Sussex
MODEL OF THE MARY GLOSTER

Above is a model of the ‘Mary Gloster’ by the late George Phillip Jones (1891–1961), a naval engineer whose picture illustrating Kipling’s poem ‘Minesweepers’ appeared in the September 2015 Kipling Journal, No.361. It is reproduced here by kind permission of his grandson Roger Jones. The model was constructed by Jones in 1936, using thin copper sheeting and cutting out each plate to cover the hull (it is a little over one metre long), and according to Roger Jones is ‘recognisable to any one who was at sea in pre Second World War tramp steamers.’ It has some 20 large ventilators, made from sewing thimbles purchased by Mrs Jones from Woolworth’s and modified as required. Her kid gloves became the covers of the life boats.
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