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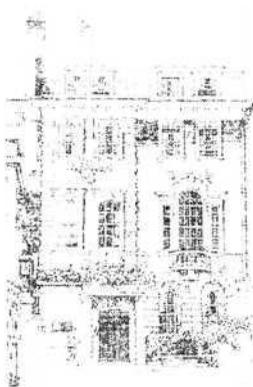
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 20 January 2010, 5.30 for 6.00 p.m. at the City University*, **John Radcliffe** our Online Editor & **John Walker** our Librarian, on accessing the **New Readers' Guide**.

Wednesday 10 February 2010, 5.30 for 6.00 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **David A. Richards** on "The Books He Left Behind: A New Bibliography of Rudyard Kipling".

Wednesday 7 April 2010, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Alastair Wilson** on "Kipling and the Navy".

Wednesday 5 May 2010, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India and Pakistan, Royal Over-Seas League, **The Society's Annual Luncheon**. **Guest Speaker: Lady Juliet Townsend**: "The Elephant in the Room". For details and advanced booking see enclosed flyer.

Wednesday 7 July 2010, 4.30 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, The Society's **A.G.M.** A complimentary tea will be served at 4.00 p.m. in the Wrench Room for members who inform the Secretary in advance. The talk (5.30 for 6.00p.m.) will be announced later.

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CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: OFFICERS, ETC	3
SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS	4
EDITORIAL	6 & 63
TECHNOLOGY AND IT: THE TRANSITION OF IMPERIAL VISION IN <i>TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES</i> by Toko Omomo	7-21
A MILITARY EXECUTION IN INDIA by Ray Beck	22-30
SO WHERE EXACTLY DID 'KIPLING', KYSH, PYECROFT HINCHCLIFFE AND THE UNFORTUNATE POLICEMAN GO IN "STEAM TACTICS"? by Alastair Wilson	31-42
ASPECTS OF THE INDIAN NOTIONS OF SPIRITUALITY IN KIPLING'S <i>KIM</i> by Dr Naveen K. Mehta	43-47
THE COMET OF A SEASON by Rudyard Kipling	48-53
GALLIHAUK'S PUP by Rudyard Kipling	54-58
"THE COMET OF A SEASON" AND "GALLIHAUK'S PUP": SOME NOTES by The Editor	59-61
MEMBERSHIP NOTES by John Lambert	62
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	63
ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY	64

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EDITORIAL

THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET

This new CD is scheduled for release on 9 November. It includes the first professional orchestral recording since 1917 of Elgar's *The Fringes of the Fleet*, based upon four of Kipling's poems from his *Work of that title* plus one by Sir Gilbert Parker. The CD also includes revivals of John Ansell's *Plymouth Hoe* and *Windjammer* overtures, and 50th anniversary recordings of Haydn Wood's *Manx Overture* and *Elizabeth of England* together with new arrangements and orchestrations of songs by Elgar, John Ireland and Edward German.

The results are the culmination of six years research by the conductor Tom Higgins, who has directed the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra in this recording, with four baritone singers – Roderick Williams with Nicholas Lester, Laurence Meikle and Duncan Rock. The recording was made possible by support from the R C Sheriff Trust, the South East Music Trust, Michael Hartnall, the Ralph Vaughan Williams Trust, the Ireland Trust, the Kipling Society, and Dr Robin Darwall-Smith.

Issued by Somm Recordings, the price for CDSOMM 243 will be £14.99 and it will be available at all CD and internet outlets.

ALICE AND ELSIE

Members may recall the Editorial in the June 2008 *Journal* (no.327) in which I recorded the donation by Mr Tom Aiken of a book of verse that had been owned by Mrs Alice Kipling (wife of Lockwood), and passed on to her daughter Mrs Alice ("Trix") Fleming. One of the minor points of interest was that Mrs Kipling had signed herself as Elsie rather than Alice, and this has been acknowledged as being quite usual for her.

By chance I have found that this was not something restricted to Mrs Kipling alone but was clearly common practice in the 1800s. Elsie, whilst being a name in its own right, was also regularly used as a diminutive or nickname for Alice. I came upon examples of this when rereading *The Last of the Mohicans* by James Fennimore Cooper, a book first published in 1826 based upon events that took place in 1757.

The sentences which sparked this off are where Alice, one of the two heroines, is speaking of her father. In chapter 6:

"And did he not speak of me, Heyward?" demanded Alice, with jealous affection. "Surely, he forgot not altogether his little Elsie!"

Continued on page 63.

TECHNOLOGY AND IT THE TRANSITION OF THE IMPERIAL VISION IN *TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES*

By TOKO OMOMO

[Ms Omomo is a PhD candidate at the University of Sheffield. She is currently working on her dissertation in Tokyo, and her thesis deals with Kipling's representation of children and its transition from *Just So Stories* to *Debits and Credits*. – Ed.]

The main theme of *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904), a collection of stories written during and after the Boer War, is an unknown power, and the people and society affected by it. In these texts, an irrational force threatening not only the integrity of people's minds but also the framework of the British Empire is called 'It' or 'the Power'. It/the Power is a destructive force related to both electrical devices and a man's desire for a woman. In this paper, I focus especially on the former to illustrate how Kipling reveals It/the Power through modern technologies, which is the key component of Kipling's vision of the British Empire.

Early in the 1890s, Kipling put forth the notion of the global inter-colonial relationship sustained by the nexus of transport and communication in his poem, "A Song of the English" (1893). The poem shows how the Empire consists of interlacing peripheries. However distant the territories of the Empire are geographically scattered, they are linked together by a bond forged by technologies which convey messages from place to place. Kipling frequently describes the state of connection between England and its colonies in terms of electrical communication. Although his post-Boer War stories inherit the same model, the link that Kipling supposes to preserve the integrity of the Empire appears irretrievably severed. Furthermore, in *Traffics and Discoveries*, the moments of connection, which ought to restore the damaged linkage, are always associated with traumatic and fatal events. Eventually Kipling sets himself to the task of seeking an alternate version of the imperial communication by setting up a link between a generator and the power of the English stemming from the soil of rural England.

I begin this paper by examining "A Song of the English", which demonstrates the ruling model of the Empire: a network conveying words on a global scale. I subsequently suggests that " 'Wireless' " in *Traffics and Discoveries* demonstrates how the former vision of the imperial network collapses because of the advent of a more elaborate communication. New invention is dangerous because it may reveal the unaccountable power lurking beneath the surface. Then through an

examination of "Mrs. Bathurst", I explore how a state of disjunction prevails in the representation of post-war South Africa and how a new item of technology, a cinematograph, assists the process of It/the Power's revelation. Finally, I look at "Below the Mill Dam", which advances the idea of setting up a more manageable linkage using electrical devices within the boundary of a country. The alteration in this tale indicates that Kipling eventually turns from a cosmopolitan imperialism to a more insular one at the beginning of the twentieth century.

"A SONG OF THE ENGLISH": SETTING UP THE IMPERIAL NETWORK

Through his reading of Kipling's Boer War poetry, M. Van Wyk Smith points out that the Boer War occurred when Kipling shifted from his earlier subjects, 'the celebration of the colourful characters of empire', to his exalted and abstract vision of imperial ideology.¹ According to Smith, Kipling began to foster his own concept of the Empire when he left India in 1889. Unfortunately for Kipling, the South African war forced him to put his crude vision to the test. As a result, South Africa showed Kipling the fact that 'his own grandiose concept of empire too brittle to outlast a real imperial war'.² Although the imperial vision expressed in "A Song of the English", one of Kipling's unaesthetic attempts to form a notion of the Empire, is tasteless as well as unripe, just as Smith insists, it has a significant role in that it help us understand the development of the imperial idea envisaged by Kipling. When he was asked to write a poem for *The Times* in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee on 22 June 1897, Kipling declined the offer saying 'he had used his best notion on "A Song of the English"'.³

The central theme of the poem is the worldwide imperial bond established by the exchange of words. What makes the transaction possible is the communication technologies which connect the metropolitan centre and the colonial outposts spread worldwide. That Kipling divides "A Song of the English" into seven sections is not meaningless. The structure of the poem allegorically shows that the British Empire as a whole is perceived as an association of geographically diverse groups. For instance, in 'The Deep-Sea Cables', the fourth section of the poem, the telegraph cable laid at the bottom of the sea conveys 'Words' identified with 'a Power', which vibrates the dead silence of the deep sea—'a new Word runs between: whispering, "Let us be one!"'.⁴ This celebration of a technological achievement which linked Britain and America indicates Kipling's larger vision: every part of the Empire shall be united and interactions between the parts should be perfectly smooth. Peter Keating argues that lack of structural integrity in "A Song of the English" corresponds to Kipling's failure to 'invoke a spiritual justification and support for England's imperial

success'.⁵ In Keating's view, it is quite natural that Kipling calls the poem 'a song of broken interlude' in his untitled prelude. The poem's apparent formal fragmentation, however, does not contradict Kipling's wish to hold them together as a whole. 'Words' in the poem call for the separated parts of the poem: 'Let us be one!'.

A similar comprehensive vision is also illustrated in "The Coastwise Lights". The lighthouse on the English shore sends its light to various ships, which are symbolised as 'Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us main to main' (172). The undisturbed linkage of the English colonial cities brings forth the larger fabric spread across the world. In "The Song of the Cities", fifteen colonial cities pay tribute to Mother England, which also evokes the cohesive imperial association on a global scale:

VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed,
 Till West is East beside our land-locked blue;
 From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
 The well-forged link rings true! (176)

The 'tested chain' or 'the well-forged link' enables 'the circling word', 'Words' or 'a Power' transmitted from one colonial post to another, to draw the separate parts of the Empire closer and closer until it abolished the distance. By means of inter-colonial communication, Kipling goes so far as to say that it is possible that East becomes West and West becomes East.

It is this gleeful vision envisioned in the poem that was tested and abandoned at the time of the Boer War. The image of an integrated network dependent on immediate connection re-emerges but is recurrently undermined in *Traffics and Discoveries*. We must first examine how Kipling represents the theme of the chronic failure of the interlacing communication in "Wireless". Second, we will argue the way in which Kipling confronts the cause of dysfunction in "Mrs. Bathurst". Finally, through an analysis of "Below the Mill Dam", I shall suggest that there is a major shift in Kipling's political views, going along with his physical and ideological return to England.

" WIRELESS " : THE ORIGIN OF IT/THE POWER

In "Wireless", Kipling explores how a wireless apparatus and a person are galvanised by an intangible and eerie power. The story is set in the days of technological change when the telegraph was replaced with the new device invented by Guglielmo Marconi in 1896.⁶ On a winter's

night, an electrician sets up a wireless installation at a chemist's shop and waits for a message from Poole. In the adjacent room, the narrator, who comes to see the experiment, spends a night with the chemist's assistant, Mr Shaynor. The young compounder falls into a type of trance and begins to write down and recompose Keats' poems as though he were a medium possessed by the spirit of the poet. The narrator becomes a witness to a spiritualist transmission instead of a wireless communication. Eventually, both transmissions turn out to be beyond control. Mr Shaynor recovers from the trance before he finishes composing a new version of Keats' poems; the electrician receives not the expected message from Poole but the signals of two ships trying to make contact with each other in vain. The electrician and the narrator listen to one of them complaining '*Disheartening—most disheartening*'?

Sandra Kemp suggests that this story is concerned with the elusive authorship and the process of writing. In the pursuit of 'the mystery of poetic inspiration', " 'Wireless' " carves the way to the unknown: something 'subversive, repressed and represented within the aesthetic as a fragmentary and (sometimes) poetic force'.⁸ This uncanny revelation is brought about because the theme of incarnation explored here is analogically related to the artistic inspiration which lets the presence of the unspeakable ascend to the surface. Although Kemp is right in her comment that " 'Wireless' " is a story of the return of the repressed, she overlooks the fact that, in Kipling's text, the function of wireless is double-layered. In Kemp's view, wireless telegraphy which attracts men's attention works to mask the uncomfortable question of artistic inspiration. Yet the detailed elucidation of new technology is not a cover to divert the reader from the enigmatic theme. As Hermione Lee acutely observes, 'the "otherness" in Kipling is not simply split off from the safe, loud, public voice: it inhabits it'.⁹ Wireless is not only installed in a story of the Royal Navy, "The Bonds of Discipline", but also in a dreamlike story, " 'Wireless' ".¹⁰

In concentrating on the theme of electricity, the parallel between electrical induction and psychic communication should not be overlooked. In the late nineteenth century, the spiritualists believed that they could make contact with the spirits of the dead. People assumed that the spirits try to get in touch with the living. In a spiritualist's imagination, the line between science and occultism was often blurred. If one can talk with people at a distance by telegraph or telephone, would it not be possible to talk with the dead in a similar way? The newly invented technological transmission device was considered to carry messages from the realm of the dead just as the spiritualistic seances did. According to Erik Davis, spiritualism 'was bound up from the beginning with the electromagnetic imaginary and the telegraph's

groundbreaking transformation of electricity into information.'" Spiritualists even considered that the raps, creaks and table-turning which occurred during a seance could be explained as the results of a transformation of electric current.

I shall focus, however, on the process of electrographic induction rather than on spiritual contact with the dead. While in "A Song of the English" the 'Words', which are equated with 'a Power', connect the fragmented parts of the Empire into a harmonious unity, the power transmitted in "Wireless" has a less rational nature:

'But what *is* it?' I asked. 'Electricity is out of my beat altogether.'

'Ah, if you knew *that* you'd know something nobody knows. It's just It—what we call Electricity, but the magic—the manifestations—the Hertzian waves—are all revealed by *this*. The coherer, we call it'

. . . 'That is the thing that will reveal to us the Powers—whatever the Powers may be—at work—through space—a long distance away.' (185)

Unlike the comprehensible message conveyed by the deep-sea cable, the Power in "Wireless" is rather ungovernable. The young electrician confesses that he can 'never get over the strangeness of it' when he works a sending-machine filled with 'the Power—our unknown power—kicking and fighting to be let loose' (191).

The transition of the power from 'Words' to 'It' reflects the advent of wireless at the turn of the century and its impact on people's imagination. Examining a cultural history of electrical presence, especially the electronic fiction generated around telecommunication technologies, Jeffery Sounce points out the significance of the replacement of the telegraph by the wireless. Although wired telegraph suggested the possibility of extraordinary contact which annihilated the old concept of distance, the birth of wireless makes such communion an impossibility because wireless is considered to cut the flow of electricity which telegraphic communication achieved. Telegraph lines carry not only human messages from city to city but also human consciousness from one person to another. This telepathic image of communication is based on the idea that electricity, human consciousness and information are interrelated and transmutable. Yet the current of the telegraph was shut off by the wireless, a different version of electrical presence. The wireless is portrayed 'not only as a medium of mass communication, but as a marker of personal isolation where the loss of wire allowed for extraordinary yet potentially terrifying forms of electrical disembodiment'.¹² Sounce argues that the wireless stories, including

Kipling's " 'Wireless' " as one of the earliest responses, arouse the futility and frustration of radio communication due to 'mysterious forces' which evoke lingering fear as well as fascination, portraying the intermediary's presence as an omnipresent and inescapable force that can occupy the human body and mind. The novelty of the disjunction of bodies and voices, according to Scounce, threatened 'the security and stability of an older social order in which body and mind had been for the most part coterminous'.¹³ If the boundary of time, space and social framework no longer seems to apply in the age of wireless communication, it is likely that people's bodies and minds will be energised and possessed by some invisible external power. A person is nothing but a victim of this external and unfathomable force.

According to the electrician in Kipling's wireless story, however, 'That's where so many people make the mistake' (189). The young electrician, Mr Cashell, denies the narrator's speculation that the massive Hertzian waves arriving from somewhere set the coherer at work 'just like an ordinary telegraph-office ticker' (189). Wireless differs from telegraphic communication in that the electricity of the receiving set rather than the waves sent from the remote place makes the instrument operate by induction, since those waves are not strong enough to actuate it. Thus, the electrical power resides inside of the coherer, not outside of it. To describe the wireless mechanism, the electrician uses a steam engine metaphor:

'Well, the coherer is like a steam-valve. Any child can open a valve and start a steamer's engines, because a turn of the hand lets in the main steam, doesn't it? Now, this home battery here ready to print is the main steam. The coherer is the valve, always ready to be turned on. The Hertzian wave is the child's hand that turns it.' (190)

Compared to the electricity installed in the wireless machine, the Hertzian wave is as subtle as a child's hand. The current which the chemistry shop applied from the home battery is the real site of It/the Power. The shop, which 'looked like a Paris-diamond mine' 'by the light of the many electrics', is the ideal place for the mysterious wireless communication (183). By the same token, this model is also applied to that of a person's mind. Kipling represents It/the Power as a stimulus generated from inside of a person's psychic apparatus, not from outside of it. Thus, Mr Shaynor is not possessed by the spirit of Keats but is overwhelmed by his own libido.

It is interesting that the model of the unlimited inner force explored in " 'Wireless' " bears a close similarity to the account of imperialism given by a contemporary economist. It is well known that J.A. Hobson

developed his criticism of imperialism under the influence of the Boer War. Hobson denounces the small group of financiers who employed the public policy and force to extend the field of their private investment; however, he warns us not to jump to the conclusion that financial matters are the single determining cause of imperialism: 'finance is rather the governor of the imperial engine, directing the energy and determining its work: it does not constitute the fuel of engine, nor does it directly generate the power'.¹⁴ Imperialism, according to Hobson, is incited by 'the power' of public opinion aroused by several factors:

Finance manipulates the patriotic forces which politicians, soldiers, philanthropists, and traders generate; the enthusiasm for expansion which issues from these sources, though strong and genuine, is irregular and blind; (59)

Hobson claims that the English nation which employed imperialism is galvanised by the power of blind impetus stirred by patriotism. If we use Kipling's terms, a small number of financiers correspond to the Hertzian wave, and the power—fuelled by patriotism—corresponds to the electricity called It. What really set imperialism at work were not foreign investors but the people of England. Therefore, it is easy for Hobson to seek a solution: the inculcation of the English people. Education of 'national intelligence and national will' can foster 'the ability of a nation to shake off this dangerous usurpation of its power, and to employ the national resources in the national interests.'¹⁵ In Kipling's case, being unable to make out what It/the Power is, he had to inquire further into the problem. In the next section, I shall examine how Kipling struggles to capture It/the Power through the image of a female figure in "Mrs. Bathurst".

"MRS BATHURST": IT/THE POWER AS A WOMAN

Even though It/the Power is indescribable, I shall discuss how the Freudian concept of It or the id, an unknown and unaccountable force which exerts intense pressure on the ego, can be applied to explain the way in which Mrs Bathurst becomes an embodiment of It/the Power. Freud believes that the internal excitation originates from the id. While human consciousness is equipped with a barrier which protects it from the stimuli in the external world, it has no protection against the stimuli it receives from within. The protective barrier covering the conscious system lessens the quantity of excitation which arrives from the outside. Yet the excitation which comes from deep within us directly assaults the consciousness without diminution. When responding to the massive inner excitations which brings about unpleasure, we

tend to 'treat them as if they came from without rather than within, in order to deploy the protective barrier's defensive capabilities against them'.¹⁶ Freud calls this process, which converts inner stimuli into outer stimuli, 'projection'. Projection is necessary to transform the excessive amount of excitation from within into a more tolerable one. In "Mrs. Bathurst", the intense excitation originating from It/the Power is displaced on to an eponymous character. Yet this does not mean that Kipling is a misogynist who attributes all evil things to women. Since the unconscious is absolutely inaccessible, it is the only way for a person to face It/the Power.

"Mrs. Bathurst", the tenth story in *Traffics and Discoveries*, is set near Simon's Town at Glengarriff, the naval base near Cape Town, shortly after the end of the Boer War. On an afternoon in May 1903, the narrator happens to be spending his time drinking beer and talking with three men. Mrs Bathurst is the name of a mysterious woman that the men's idle chat conjures up. Yet their stories of Mrs Bathurst do not reveal exactly what becomes of her. The reader, from the story of Pyecroft, a Petty Officer, can assume that Mrs Bathurst, a widow who keeps a small hotel at Auckland, has had an affair with a warrant officer named Vickery. Pyecroft tells his audience that in December 1902 Vickery took him to Phyllis's [Fillis's] Circus, which was, for five nights, showing a cinematograph which included the image of Mrs Bathurst arriving at Paddington Station. Vickery insisted that the woman in the picture was looking for him. After the circus finished its performance in Cape Town, Vickery was sent inland where the circus was being held. He went missing, and later his corpse was found. He was struck by lightning up-country near a railway line which runs through a teak forest. At the site of his death, there was another body which was 'as black as charcoal' and fell to bits when a railway man tried to move it.

"Mrs. Bathurst" has so powerful an allure that it makes numerous critics attempt to seek the answer to questions the story poses. For instance, one of the biggest questions which has fretted critics is the identity of the second corpse found charred beside Vickery. C.A. Bodelsen suggests that it is Mrs Bathurst's ghost. Elliot L. Gilbert denies this insisting that the second tramp is not a woman; Kipling puts a total stranger beside Vickery in order to emphasize the intensity of warrant officer's desire. While Nora Crooks identifies Vickery's companion with the ghost of Boy Niven, Daniel Karlin supposes that the second figure is a man, if he has to choose.¹⁷ However, he maintains that his choice has no importance because 'Kipling asks us, and allows us, not to choose'.¹⁸

Apparently Kipling refuses let the reader know who this corpse is. The hole is put at the centre of the story on purpose. Kingsley Amis

points out the story's obscurity attracts attention so that Kipling's 'authorial self-indulgence can leave out too much as well as put too much in'.¹⁹ Angus Wilson indignantly calls the story's deliberate obliqueness 'pretentious'. He claims that 'the difficulty of not knowing what Kipling really means in "Mrs Bathurst" ... is of little interest, for, in the last resort, the story is empty'.²⁰

David Lodge is more favourable to the omission in "Mrs. Bathurst". He describes the structure of "Mrs. Bathurst" as characteristic of modern narratives which end 'before all the questions are answered'.²¹ His analysis of the narrative of this text shows us that it has a 'Chinese box' structure consisting of several stories inside one another. As the narrative progresses, each story reveals itself as one of the 'frames for the real story, the story of Vickery's entanglement with Mrs Bathurst, which is at the centre of the last box, which is a hole, an absence, an insoluble enigma'.²² Although the solution of what is essentially a mystery story is absent, Lodge argues that the text paradoxically requires more involvement from the reader due to the 'indeterminacy of [its] meaning'. If it is impossible to comprehend the meaning of "Mrs. Bathurst", all we can do here is consider what makes the core of "Mrs. Bathurst" empty, not by finding out the hidden episode and filling the hole but by accounting for the reason Kipling leaves it undetermined. While Lodge attributes this structural choice to the nature of modern narrative, we shall attempt to read "Mrs. Bathurst" as a story of *It/the Power*. The core of the story remains empty because the story is controlled by the unknowable force.

Now let us consider how *It/the Power* works among the fragmental images in "Mrs. Bathurst". The story offers a sharp contrast between the state of connection and disconnection. In general, this fragmentary story seems to be engaged with the latter theme. The incongruousness in "Mrs. Bathurst" is detected in the interface between land and sea, and between trains and ships. For example, the narrator who tries to change from the train to the ship in Simon's Bay is left behind at the coast and finds himself 'stranded, lunchless, on the sea-front with no hope of return to Cape Town before 5 p.m.' (268). Moreover, the proposal of Boy Niven, who 'lured seven or eight able-bodied seamen and marines into the woods of British Columbia' (270), is never carried out. Pritchard, the Sergeant of Marines, and Hooper, the Inspector of Cape Government Railways, are momentarily on bad terms and make 'an uneasy little break in the conversation' (273). Two means of transport which sustained the British Empire in the nineteenth century appear to be dissolving. Any attempt to restore the linkage is perpetually thwarted unless *It/the Power* intervenes.

What is significant here is that *It/the Power* does not invalidate the existing means of mediating between land and sea but *connects* them. In

"Mrs. Bathurst", there are two moments when the ship and the railway meet: in a cinematograph and in the electrocution of Vickery and another tramp who may or may not be Mrs Bathurst. In the first connection, the cinema contains all the fragmented elements of the imperial landscape – a ship, a train and people – in one single reel. It shows

'London Bridge with the omnibuses—a troopship goin' to the war—marines on parade at Portsmouth, an' the Plymouth Express arrivin' at Paddin'ton'. (278)

Among the passengers arriving at the metropolitan station, Mrs Bathurst, who is thought to be in Auckland, comes forward until 'she melted out of the picture' (279). The new technology seems to succeed in bringing fragmentary parts of colonial transport together. The second moment of connection is when Vickery is hit by lightning. The officer who deserts after he accomplished his duty to collect some Navy ammunition left in Bloemfontein is wandering inland at the moment of his death.

Kipling describes both moments of connection in electrical terms. First, a film projector charged with electric power displays the combined image of the Empire on a screen. Moreover, when Vickery takes out Pycroft for a round of drinking after they are fascinated with the picture of Mrs Bathurst at the circus, he is ' "clickin' 'is four false teeth like a Marconi ticker" ' (281). Second, Vickery is struck dead by a massive electrical power. Furthermore, the men conversing about Mrs Bathurst clearly identify her as *It/the Power*. Recalling the memory of Mrs Bathurst at the bar in Auckland, Pycroft and the others compare a seductive woman to lightning: ' "An' if a man gets struck with that kind of woman, Mr Hooper?" Pritchard went on. "He goes crazy—or just saves himself," was the slow answer' (277). Pycroft accounts for her unforgettable nature, which indelibly impresses on men's minds, as follows: ' " 'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk necessarily. It's just *It*" '(277, italics added).

These moments of connection can be compared to the moment of harrowing experience as painful as traumatic neurosis. When inner impulses deriving from our drives overwhelm our psychic apparatus, 'all that has been forgotten and repressed' is summoned back again.²³ As the patients with accident-induced neurosis are thrust back into their original traumatic situations in their dreams again and again, the subjects experience a 'compulsion to repeat' when their conscious systems are assaulted by direct inner excitation. Therefore, it is no wonder that Vickery returns to the cinema five times to see the image of Mrs Bathurst—the woman called *It/the Power*.

In "Wireless", It/the Power is detected in the electricity charged in the coherer and in the mind of a young man who falls madly in love with an ordinary girl who is eventually transformed into a gaudy image of advertisement. That is, on the one hand, It/the Power indicates the internal power symbolised in electricity residing in the wireless machine and a man's compelling desire for a woman. In "Mrs. Bathurst", on the other hand, it is the absent female figure that is associated with It/the Power. A man like Vickery is supposed to be an unfortunate victim caught by the woman who is nothing but a manifestation of the most destructive force.

We should not overlook, however, another aspect of Mrs Bathurst's character, which is incompatible with Kipling's attempt to identify her with It/the Power. Pritchard, an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs Bathurst, affirms that she does not have any destructive designs. Pycroft also agrees that she does not acknowledge that she destroys men. Therefore, Mrs Bathurst is a vessel of the power for which she is not responsible. The state of mind symbolised in her 'blindish look' can be compared to that of a medium at a seance. During their intercourse with the unseen world, according to Alex Owen, 'spiritualist mediums became the "repositories", the "vessel", the bearer of the spiritual message and channels for Divine communication'.²⁴ It is female passivity, the renunciation of the self that connects the medium with the power called It. Her state of mind suggests that at the core, Mrs Bathurst is empty.

Thus, Kipling's sincere inquiry of It/the Power ends up with emptiness. Unlike Hobson, who has no difficulty identifying the source of It/the Power with the British people, Kipling is unable to detect it. Although he persists in regarding the correlated network formed by electric communications as a model of the Empire, Kipling cannot get hold of the irrational and unfathomable force which sets the interconnected system at work. It is upon this failure, and in this anxiety, that Kipling aspires to continue his imaginative efforts, minimally within the limited rural area of England. Returning to England, he displaces the centre of the imperial system with the power generated from the land of the English countryside.

"BELOW THE MILL DAM": THE CONTRACTION OF IT/THE POWER

Before we examine the effect of Kipling's return to England, a short detour would be helpful to understand what kind of nationalistic view Kipling formed in the post-Boer War period. In his discussion of late modernism in the thirties and forties, Jed Esty uses the term 'anthropological turn' to explain Tate modernism's indirect and mediated representations of imperial contraction . . . manifested in both cultural

doctrine and literary style'.²⁵ When the gradual decline of the Empire was acknowledged, English intellectuals, who had sought the living modes of organic communities in the primitive societies overseas, began to engage their attentions on the English national culture. English modernists such as T.S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf and E.M. Forster shift their subjects from metropolitan urbanism to English particularism aiming at social and aesthetic renewal. The conception of anthropological turn can be observed when the approaching end of the Empire leads the way to a resurgence of a redemptive agency of culture operated within national borders. About thirty years earlier than modernist writers, Kipling's attempt to restrain the uncontrollable force inherited in his model of the Empire bears a certain similarity. Kipling discovers the English landscape to endorse the British imperialism, not to abandon it.

"Below the Mill Dam", the last tale collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*, reflects on Kipling's return to England. This story of engineering innovation is based on the Kiplings' settlement in Sussex in 1902. In order to bring electricity to his newly purchased house, Kipling exchanged its old water wheel for a turbine and laid deep-sea cables under the ground leading from the generator to storage batteries. As we can see in *Something of Myself*, Sir William Willcocks, a designer of the Assouan Dam, supervised the construction. In one of Kipling's accounts of the process, he mentions that Willcocks told him the following:

'Don't run your light cable on poles. Bury it.' So we got a deep-sea cable which had failed under test at twelve hundred volts—our voltage being one hundred and ten—and laid him in a trench from the Mill to the house, a full furlong, where he worked for a quarter of a century.²⁶

The deep-sea cable no longer runs at the bottom of the sea, bringing enormous power which sustains the frame of the Empire. In the enclosed enclave of Sussex, a dynamo and the house are connected by a deep-sea cable which 'had failed under test at twelve hundred volts'. Within the narrowly bounded space of England, the cable is supposed to bring the attenuated power so that no one has to worry that the massive electrical power may disrupt the overloaded device.

The similar model of a powerhouse is observed in "Below the Mill Dam". In this story, it is significant that the power which brightens the Mill is derived from England itself. In order to illuminate the Mill, the stream of Water is gathered from several corners of Sussex:

'And Batten's Ponds, that are fed by springs, have been led through Trott's Wood, taking the spare water from the old Witches' Spring under Churt Haw, and we—we—we are their combined waters!' (291).

It is the Water that moves a water-wheel and yields power 'by means of cogs and gearing'. That is to say, the Water, which is a dynamic of everything, goes hand in hand with the new technology without disturbing anything.

If the power transferred into tamed electricity is no longer called It/the Power which always entails destructive events, what occupies the centre of the social model instead of this uncontrollable potency is the spirit of the land, especially that of England. 'The power' is safely sent to an electric installation and then to the light bulbs in the Mill. When the Mill is illuminated by electricity the useless old generation symbolised in the figures of the Cat and the Rat is ousted from the Mill because they can no longer face up to the change. At the same time, 'the power' rejuvenates every old thing in the house such as the Wheel. Confounded at first, however, the old Wheel accepts the new situation and begins to work more than ever. At the end of the story, it is suggested that turbines are going to replace the Wheel. Although the voice of the Wheel is completely lost, the Spirit of the Mill, which abandons the old body of the Wheel, begins to talk. The Mill becomes a place where the land and people are reinvigorated and united.

Thus, Kipling chooses the land of Sussex, the heart of the Empire as well as England, as the source of the power and the key to re-establishing the nation in peril at the turn of the century. This theme of the spirit of England is further explored in *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906) and *Rewards and Fairies* (1910). Therefore, "Below the Mill Dam" holds a liminal position in Kipling's works. While it can be regarded as a forerunner of these Sussex stories, it offers an answer to Kipling's long-term struggle to establish the imperial vision germane to the modern technologies and the Power they possess: the return to England.

Through his representations of the electrical devices, we have traced the transition of Kipling's vision of the British Empire. In "A Song of the English", the telegraph line fuelled by 'a Power' or 'Words' provides the framework for the Empire consisting of interactions between England and colonial posts spread all over the world. Yet in *Traffics and Discoveries*, the state of connection which guarantees the imperial integrity seems no longer sustainable. " 'Wireless' " reveals that both It/the Power inherent in the modern technology and human mind are beyond control. The attempt to seize It/the Power projected on the female figure in "Mrs. Bathurst" ends up in failure. In

order to preserve his vision of the imperial network, Kipling sets up the small-scale electrical communication at the centre of the Empire. Kipling returns to rural England not for retirement from the political life but for re-adjustment and reinforcement of his imperial vision.

NOTES

1. M. Van Wyk Smith, *Drummer Hodge: The Poetry of the Anglo-Boer War (1899–1902)* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1987), p.10.
2. *ibid.*
3. Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling* (London: Phoenix, 2000), p.401.
4. Rudyard Kipling, "A Song of the English", *Rudyard Kipling's Verse*, (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1945), p.174. Further references are to this edition.
5. Peter Keating, *Kipling: The Poet* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1994), p. 101.
6. In 1899, Kipling met Marconi and heard a lecture on his new invention. On this biographical account, see *Kipling: Interviews and Recollections*, ed. by Harold Orel, vol.2, (London: Macmillan, 1983), p.241: 'I got Marconi to talk about wireless, and at the end of an hour I felt that I knew as much about wireless as it was possible for a layman to learn.'
7. Rudyard Kipling, " 'Wireless' ", *Traffics and Discoveries* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987), p. 199. Further references are to this edition.
8. Sandra Kemp, *Kipling's Hidden Narratives* (Oxford: Brackwell, 1988), p.30.
9. Hermione Lee, "Introduction", *Traffics and Discoveries* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987), p.13.
10. In a motorcar tale, " 'They' ", the car leads the narrator to 'the other side of the county' where his secret is buried. His encounter with the ghost of his dead child is stunning because it is obvious that he repressed the existence of the child from the unknown reason. In similar way, stories collected in *Traffics and Discoveries* cast the modern invention the role as a key to summon up something irrational from the bottom of people's mind.
11. Erik Davis, *TechGnosis: Myth, Magic and Mysticism in the Age of Information* (New York: Harmony Books, 1998), p.75.
12. Jeffrey Sounce, *Haunted Media: Electronic Presence from Telegraphy to Television* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2000), p.15.
13. *ibid.*, p.63.
14. J.A. Hobson, *Imperialism: A Study* (London: George Allen, 1938), p.59.
15. *ibid.*, p.362.
16. Sigmund Freud, "Beyond the Pleasure Principle", *Beyond the Pleasure Principle and Other Writings*, trans. by John Reddick (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 2003), p.68.
17. See C.A. Bodelsen, *Aspects of Kipling's Art* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1964), pp.141-142., Elliot L. Gilbert, 'What happens in "Mrs Bathurst" ', *Kipling Journal*, No.147 (1963), pp.15-16, Nora Crook, *Kipling's Myths of Love and Death* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1989), pp.79-84.
18. Daniel Karlin, *Rudyard Kipling*, (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999), p.617.
19. Kingsley Amis, *Rudyard Kipling and His World* (London: Themes and Hudson, 1975) p.97.
20. Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Works* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1977), p.221. Wilson attributes this emptiness to the faults of

Kipling's late work: the unnecessary omission of the most significant part of his fiction.

21. David Lodge, *After Bakhtin: Essays on Fiction and Criticism*, (London: Routledge, 1990), p.146.
22. *ibid.*, p.148.
23. Freud, p.72.
24. Alex Owen, *The Darkened Room: Women, Power, and Spiritualism in Late Victorian England* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1990), p. 10.
25. Jed Esty, *A Shrinking Island: Modernism and National Culture in England* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2004), p.2.
26. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself: For My Friends Known and Unknown* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1977), p.135.

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A MILITARY EXECUTION IN INDIA

By RAY BECK

[Ray Beck, one of our Council Members, has been reading and enjoying Kipling's Works since he was a teenager and for several years has been particularly interested in the probable inspiration for "Danny Deever".

The execution of Private Flaxman has been discussed in at least three issues of the *Journal* over the years, KJ020, KJ110, and KJ229, summarised by Roger Ayers in the New Readers' Guide to "Danny Deever". However, Ray Beck's freshly-researched article includes useful references, and, having gone back to the original "witness" report, which as he notes, is written in a very clear hand and without any breaks for paragraphs. He very kindly sent me a photocopy of the original and so I have incorporated the two corrections into the text but struck through, just as they were in the original. – *Ed.J*

Few of us can read Rudyard Kipling's poem "Danny Deever" without being profoundly affected by the pictures it produces in the imagination. The lonely death of one man on a parade ground, surrounded by the silent ranks of his comrades as they look on in stark horror. Cut off from his friends and rejected by the regiment that has controlled his life since his arrival in India, the military ritual proceeds from one stage to the next until finally Danny Deever is put to death. It is one of Rudyard Kipling's most powerful works.

There has been deposited in the archives of the Leicestershire, Leicester and Rutland Records Office, a hand written document entitled "A Military Execution in India". In words both poignant and sometimes harrowing, it seems to be an eyewitness account of the public hanging of No.2638 Private George Flaxman of the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment at Lucknow on 10 January 1887.

For many years now it has been supposed by some, that the execution of Private Flaxman could well have been the inspiration that prompted Rudyard Kipling to compose his poem "Danny Deever".

Most people would agree that Kipling told stories from life, that for most of the images he created there was, at the core of them a real human inspiration. Either something that he had seen or heard, or maybe a conversation with someone who had witnessed an event of interest. In these interviews Kipling seems to have a way of teasing out the most obscure details and revealing the smallest, but perhaps the most relevant aspects of their experiences. If this was the case could Danny Deever have had its roots in reality?

An examination of the *Court Martial Register for India* reveals that there were eight regimental hangings during Kipling's "Seven Years' Hard" in India and such events would most likely have been widely discussed. Also there would have been quite a large number

of officers and men present, for we are told that at Private Flaxman's execution:

The 17th Lancers were formed up on the right front Bengal Native Cavalry, Bengal Infantry and the Royal Horse Artillery were facing the left front and the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment were facing the scaffold.²

Major General Sir Charles Gough R.C.B. V.C. and his staff were also in attendance. So it seems that many people saw the death of Private Flaxman and therefore it is surely not unlikely that Kipling should have encountered one of them during his time as a reporter in India.

Writing many years later Mr R.E. Harbord, a former Kipling Society Council Member, says of "Danny Deever":

I have not the slightest doubt that it was the murder of Provost Sergeant Carmody at Ranikhet by No. 2638 Private George Flaxman of the 17th Foot 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment in 1886 and his subsequent hanging at Lucknow on 10th January 1887, that Kipling had in mind when he wrote the poem.³

The great authority on the "origins" of Kipling's stories was Sir George McMunn recently deceased, and many is the time we have talked of this one among others, when I was on his staff for a short time and at Sackville College East Grinstead.

He (Sir George) reached India in 1888 with his Battery. In 1889 one of his officers was shot dead by a Gunner in Ranikhet; the Gunner too was military executed.

Later Mr. Harbord goes on to say:

Knowing how Kipling worked, I suggest that when he heard of the execution (Flaxman's) he started his poem, but left it partly done for the time being. Hearing about the murder of the Gunner Officer at about the time he was leaving India and having leisure, he took up the subject again and produced this masterpiece.

So how does Kipling's poem tally with the eye witness account? One aspect is the solemn music. Kipling says

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead
March play,

The eye witness says:

. . . the Drum Major gave the word slow march and the Band struck up the Dead March in Saul which sent a thrill through every living soul on that parade ground,⁴

The witness continues later:

A number of native soldiers and a few British soldiers asked leave to fall out of the ranks for they could not bear to see the sight.⁵

Kipling writes:

'What makes that front rank man fall down?' says Files-on-Parade.

The eye witness seems to be very sympathetic to the condemned man and whenever he mentions him it is in compassionate terms:

. . . he marched with a firm step with his head slightly bent and the minister praying as they marched slowly along it was very touching to all.⁶

In another passage he later says:

The prisoner looked stout and well though a little pale, he was a smart young fellow of about 27 years of age and not much appearance of murderer about him.⁷

He was presumably hanged in public as an example to the rest of the Regiment, but it seems they just felt sympathy for a comrade enduring a lonely death, or as Kipling put it:

'I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times,' said Files-on-Parade.
' 'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

There are two instances where the account is at variance with the poem "Danny Deever".

They've taken of 'is buttons off an' cut 'is stripes away,

There is no mention in the account of Flaxman having his buttons cut off and being a Private he would not have had any stripes to remove.

Although it is worth noting that the eight soldiers executed during Kipling's time in India were all Privates.

The other instance is:

They 'ave 'altd Danny Deeever by 'is coffin on the ground;

The eye witness states that Private Flaxman is made to march behind his coffin that is being carried on a gun carriage, a truly cruel and barbaric refinement. But it has never been suggested that Kipling actually witnessed the execution in person, so it is perhaps unsurprising that some of the details differ. Yet the overall feel and atmosphere of the account and the poem seem so similar, they both tend to inspire the same mental images in the imagination.

So what is known of the original document? It first came to the attention of the Kipling Society shortly after August 1952, when a type written copy was published in *The Green Tiger* the regimental magazine of the Leicestershire Regiment. It was printed with an introduction that said:

The following account was found by Mr. Arthur Stocks, 89, Dover Road, Burton on Trent, when his parent's house was broken up. It has been presented to the Museum by Mr T.A. Allen, 24, Junction Road, Wigston, and is published herewith as a true copy of the manuscript.⁸

After its publication it seems to have been filed away and almost forgotten in the Leicestershire Regimental Museum, until 2001 when it was presented to the Leicestershire, Leicester and Rutland Records Office.

The eye witness account fills just over five pages with neat handwritten script of almost a thousand words. Curiously it contains no spelling mistakes at all. But the writer seems to be completely oblivious of the use of paragraphs and of speech punctuation, none is used in the account at all, it is just a solid block of script where the spoken words just flow in and out of the narrative. It does not seem that the account was meant to be presented for others to read at this stage, for there are a couple of instances where words have been crossed out. Upon reading it now, one has the feeling that it was written very soon after the execution, perhaps in an attempt to dispel some of the horror that had just been witnessed.

Who wrote the account is not now known. But it seems most likely to be someone from the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, who faced the scaffold, as the writer could very plainly hear the last words

of Private Flaxman just before he was executed, and he also had a clear view of his last moments.

What do we now know of No.2638 Private George Flaxman, late a soldier of the Leicestershire Regiment? Formed in 1688 the Regiment itself had a proud history of service in India. Its cap badge depicted a Bengal Tiger with the battle honour Hindoostan in a scroll above it. Sadly, as with so many regiments it was amalgamated almost into oblivion in 1970. From then it became a part of the East Anglian Regiment. A faint echo of its former proud nickname the "Tigers" can still be found in the Leicester Tigers Rugby Team.

Not surprisingly the historical record of the Leicestershire Regiment makes no mention of Private Flaxman's death, after all it was probably regarded by

Nine 'undred of'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,

Although the matter is not mentioned in the historical record, it may have been alluded to indirectly by Major General Sir Charles Gough, when he is quoted in his valedictory address to the Battalion on its leaving the Oudh Division on 12 November 1888. Sir Charles observes that a marked improvement had been made over the last eight months

which I attribute to you having got rid of some bad characters who were bringing disgrace to the Regiment.'

But was Private Flaxman a bad character? The Regiment operated a system of Good Conduct Pay and the *Battalion Muster Rolls* record Flaxman as being in Band C, which would have made him a soldier of reasonably good conduct. Neither does his name feature in the *Court Martial Register* of the time, which recorded the more minor and usually drink-related military offences such as "asleep on sentry" or "drunk on duty."

The *Battalion Muster Rolls* do show that Flaxman was admitted to hospital in May 1886, and this seems to be the beginning of his downfall. The Muster Rolls state that from Lucknow the Regiment's sick were sent to Ranikhet for rest and recuperation, and sometime in the next few weeks Flaxman must have been transferred there to aid in his recovery.

Today a popular tourist resort, Ranikhet in Flaxman's time was a hill station approximately two hundred and fifty miles from Lucknow, and from contemporary accounts seems to be an excellent place to be stationed. Built by British Engineers in 1869, set in the foothills of the Himalayas, surrounded by forest and snow covered peaks,

Rani(Queen's) khet (field) must have seemed paradise after the heat and dust of Lucknow. Yet a few weeks later on 9 September Flaxman was to commit murder there. Two more references can be found in the military records on Private George Flaxman. One is in the *General Court Martial India Register*¹⁰, this book deals with the crimes of Officers and more serious Other Ranks crimes. After stating the name of the accused, the offence and the date of the trial, the sentence is then pronounced: "Death by hanging."

The final entry for Private Flaxman is in the *Regimental Muster Rolls*, where he is still recorded as receiving his Good Conduct Pay until the end of January 1887, then in February a thin red line of ink is drawn through his name and "Deceased 10th January," is written.

It is curious to note that in the eye witness account it seems to be common knowledge that Flaxman was operating in concert with other men, as it states:

The Minister did not think that he did the deed, but he was one of the party.¹²

Also later, probably citing a barrack room rumour, it goes on to say:

There were 3 men dealt a pack of cards and agreed that the one who had the ace of spades should shoot the Sergeant, it was supposed that he had the ace and did the deed.¹³

Could it perhaps be that Private Flaxman, suffering illness, in strange surroundings, and cut off from his friends and comrades, was "befriended" by a group for the sole purpose of manipulating him into a position, where he could be incriminated for a murder they were planning, leaving him to pay the ultimate penalty, while they carefully managed to avoid being implicated at all. A similar plot was hatched in Kipling's story "Black Jack", except that Mulvaney was too wily for them and, because he removed the breech pin from the falling block of his rifle, the plan backfired in their faces in more senses than one. Perhaps it is worth noting that in "Black Jack" the conspirators dealt a pack of cards and he that received the Ace of Spades "did the deed." It is also strange that a similar murder, this time of an Officer, should have occurred in Ranikhet less than three years later, leading to the execution of a Gunner.

Did Private George Flaxman's death provide Rudyard Kipling's inspiration for Danny Deever? The truth is we shall probably never know for certain. Therefore each of us will have to make our own personal assessment after reading the eye witness account of:

A Military Execution in India.¹⁴

On January 10th 1887 at Lucknow Bengal East India. This morning at 8.15 a.m. the battalion fell in for parade for the purpose of going to witness the execution of N^o2638 P^r George Flaxman of the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment for the wilful murder of Lance Sergeant William Carmody of the 1st Battalion Leicestershire Regiment at Ranakit on or about the 9th of September 1886. After being inspected and formed up we were marched on to the General Parade Ground and formed into line. The 17th Lancers were formed up on the right front Bengal Native Cavalry, Bengal Native Infantry and the Royal Horse Artillery were facing the left front and the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment facing the scaffold. After standing at ease for a few minutes the Major General Sir Charles Gough R.C.B. V.C. and his staff arrived and inspected the scaffold and shortly after that the condemned man arrived in a covered conveyance accompanied by the church of England Minister and an escort of twelve men with fixed bayonets, about 200 yards in the rear of the troops of the garrison the band of the Leicestershire Regiment was formed up in readiness to play the culprit to the scaffold. In the rear of the Band was a gun carriage drawn by two bullocks on which they placed a coffin, when the condemned man dismounted from the covered waggon he was escorted up to the Gun Carriage his chest nearly touching his own coffin after being halted a few minutes the Drum Major gave the word slow march in Saul and the Band struck up with the Dead March in Saul which sent a thrill through every living soul on that parade ground, he marched with a firm step with his head slightly bent and the minister praying as they marched slowly along it was very touching to all. A number of native soldiers and a few British soldiers asked leave to fall out of the ranks for they could not bear to see the sight. The Band played the culprit to the scaffold and then halted and the escort and prisoner turned about facing the Regiment. The Brigade Major then galloped up to the The prisoner looked stout and well though a little pale he was a smart and young fellow and about 27 years of age and not much appearance of a murderer about him. The Brigade Major then galloped up to the escort and prisoner and cried in a loud voice. Pay attention to the proceeding of the General Court Martial. Every soldier stood firmly to attention except the condemned man and then the Brigade Major read as follows. Adjutant Generals office January 17th 1887 at a General Court Martial held at Ranakit on the 20th day of October 1886 N^o2638 P^r George Flaxman 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment is brought up on the following charge in some place more than 100 miles away in the

straight line from any town or city in which he could be tried by a civil court for the offence of murder, at this the prisoner exclaimed it is false sir I am dying an innocent mans death. In that he at Ranakit on the 9th of September 1886 feloniously and of Malice did kill and murder Lance Sargeant William Carmody the Court finds the prisoner guilty of the charge and sentences him to suffer death by hanging by the neck until dead. The General of India approves of the sentence being carried out then the chief warder and two assistants from Lucknow Military Prison went up to him and bade him Goodbye and took the handcuffs off him, they then bound his hands behind him with a part of the silk rope they were to hang him with. They next said quick march and when he got to the scaffold he halted and kicked his boots off and then ran up the steps of the scaffold as if he was the executioner and not the condemned man who was to die. When he got under the rope one of the warders adjusted the Black Cap and then a native ran up the steps and placed the rope round his neck. Now he was not aware that the native was going to hang him but anyhow he must have smelt him for he said go away you black the native then drew the bolt and he was no more. After hanging a few minutes the black cloth that covered the grave was removed and all the troops marched past him, he hung with his head on one side and there was blood on the coat, he looked an awful sight. They gave him a drop of 8ft. 3in. Twenty Three minutes from the time he was paraded he was in the coffin and on the way to the graveyard. During the time he was waiting for his death the Minister visited him but he would not confess, nor would he pray, for he always said that he was innocent. The Minister did not think he was the one that did the deed but he was one of the party. A Military Execution is one of the worst sights a man can ever witness to see a man marching behind his own coffin and the drums trimmed with crepe, the band playing his own dead march it is most solemn. There were three men dealt a pack of cards and agreed that the one who had the ace of Spades should shoot the sergeant it was supposed that he had the Ace and did the deed.



Could Private Flaxman have been the original Danny Deever? After 120 years it is now impossible to make a positive judgement. One thing is undeniable though, George Flaxman was a very brave man. He endured a spiteful ritual death with a dignity and courage that seems unimaginable in this modern age. Far from being 'is regiments disgrace', he comes down to us as being a great credit to it. The ones who appear to be a little less than glorious in this affair are the military authorities. Who having paraded Private Flaxman around with all the

pomp and cruelty they could contrive, at the last moments of his life, when he is bound, hooded and helpless on the scaffold, do not have the nerve to execute him. Bringing on an Indian to put the noose around his neck and slip the bolt.

Was Private Flaxman a murderer? The general feeling from the account is that he probably was not. His words still come down to us.

'It is false sir, I am dying an innocent mans death.'

All that remains of No.2438 Private George Flaxman lies now in an unmarked grave somewhere in Lucknow. But for me, the poem "Danny Deeever" will always be a memorial to him.

He was a brave British Soldier.

NOTES

1. Public Record Office Kew, W.O.88/1 2.
2. "A Military Execution In India", Leicestershire, Leicester and Rutland Records Office, DE6007/147.
3. *The Green Tiger*, Nov. 1952. Leicestershire Leicester and Rutland Records Office.
4. "A Military Execution in India", Leicestershire, Leicester and Rutland Records Office, DE6007/147.
5. *ibid.*
6. *ibid.*
7. *ibid.*
8. *The Green Tiger*, .Aug. 1952 Leicestershire, Leicester and Rutland Records Office.
9. Historical Records of the 2nd Batt. Leicestershire Regiment. Leicestershire, Leicester and Rutland Records Office, DE8757/5.
10. Public Records Office Kew, W.O.90/7.
11. Public Records Office Kew, W.O.16/2803.
12. "A Military Execution in India", Leicestershire, Leicester and Rutland Records Office, DE6007/147.
13. *ibid.*
14. *ibid.*

With my thanks to Mr. Robin P. Jenkins, Keeper of Archives Leicestershire, Leicester and Rutland Records Office,

SO WHERE EXACTLY *DID* 'KIPLING', KYSH, PYECROFT, HINCHCLIFFE AND THE UNFORTUNATE POLICEMAN GO IN "STEAM TACTICS"?

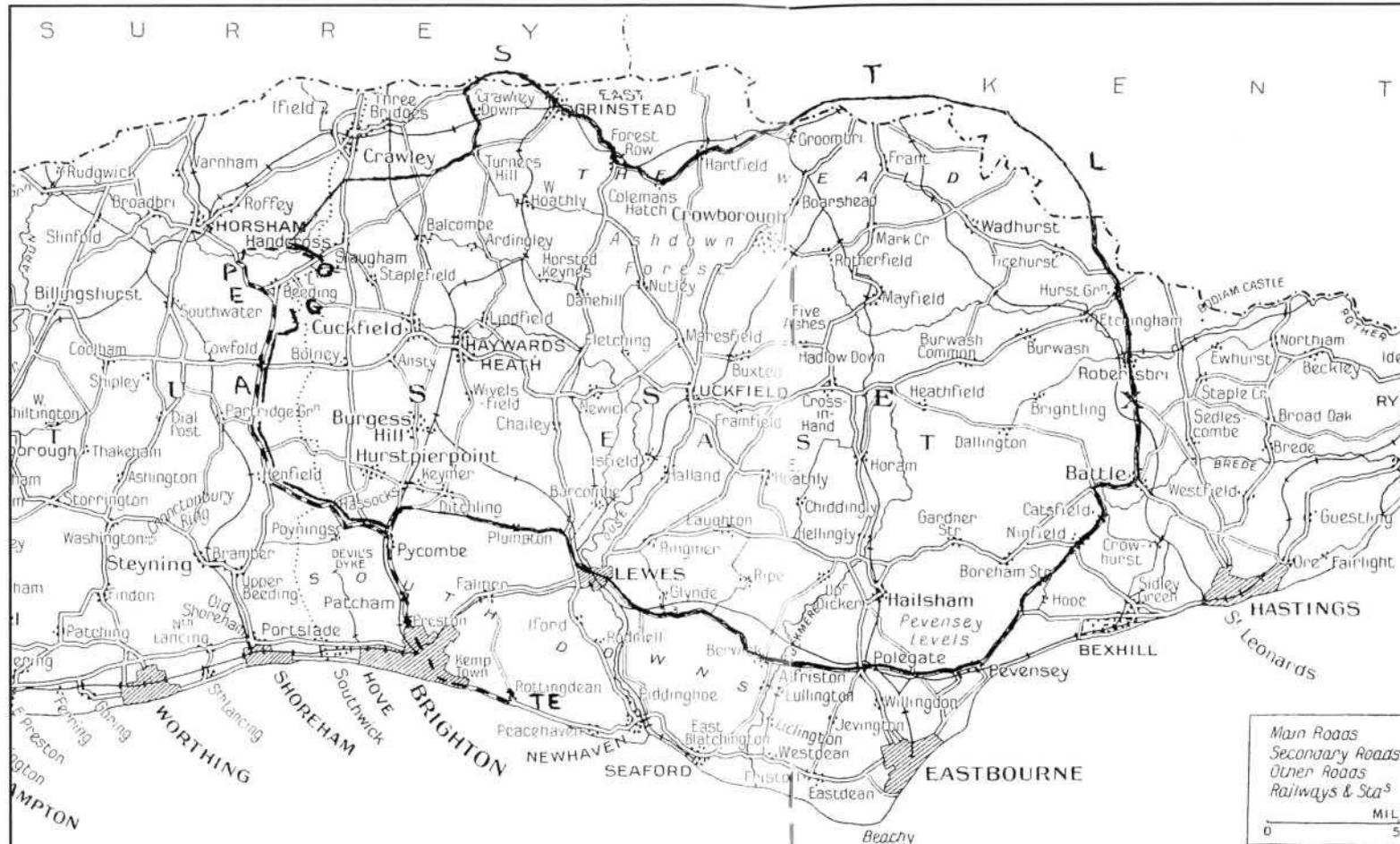
By ALASTAIR WILSON

[As most members will know, Cdr Alastair Wilson has just completed his term as Chairman of Council. He lives in Sussex, and has been a keen Kiplingite almost since birth. Furthermore, as an ex-Naval man, he has taken a proprietary interest in the Pyecroft stories and supplied annotations to them for our web-based New Readers' Guide, as well as to all those works which benefit from maritime knowledge. He is also the author of the general NRG essay on "Kipling and the Royal Navy".

For those who are curious to see what a Locomobile steam-driven car looked like, you can find a fascinating video clip at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zrCDpkzbdp8>. It shows a rebuilt 1901 two-seater rather than the Kiplings' 1900 four-seat model being driven at Knebworth on 25 August 2008. – *Ed.*]

In preparing the New Readers' Guide notes for "Steam Tactics", [*Traffics and Discoveries*] I read through the text of the Old Readers' Guide notes on the tale, and this re-kindled my interest in the question which has crossed my mind occasionally in the sixty years or so since I first read the story: where exactly *did* Kipling *et al.* take the unfortunate bobby in their punitive tour round Sussex?

It is an observable fact that the road pattern in Sussex has not altered markedly in the 106 years since the tale was written: inside the County boundaries, a few miles of the M23 parallel the old Brighton road in their approach to Gatwick airport; a new section of the Brighton road south from Handcross was created in the 1920s – the old coaching road went south-east from Handcross through Cuckfield and Hassocks; a longer section of trunk road now forms a bypass to Brighton, Hove and Shoreham, taking the main south coast road, the A27, over the southern slopes of the South Downs; and the building of Crawley new town has resulted in a slight diversion of the northern route across the county from east to west, the A264. Other than those changes, and one or two lesser by-passes to individual towns and villages, the structure of the main roads is unchanged (see the map on the centrespread). And the web of lesser roads, tracks and byways is certainly unchanged. So the meanderings of the Locomobile steamer, and the more purposeful flight of Kysh's twenty-four horse Octopod can fairly readily be transferred to today's roads.



The question has been discussed in these pages before, and most recently, Michael Smith has touched on the subject in *Kipling's Sussex*. But a detailed analysis of the route taken has only, so far as I know, appeared in the pages of the Old Readers' Guide (Harbord). In an addendum to the notes on the tale (now repeated in the New Readers' Guide, to be found on our website), the late Sir Henry Knight (who died in 1960) wrote 'The Topography of "Steam Tactics" '. This seemed to me to be an admirable examination of the route, but I hope that our membership will allow me to re-examine the matter, to see if we can clarify any points.

Sir Henry observed 'The route falls into two parts, the early part of perhaps 15 miles which is minutely particularised, and the latter part of some 100 miles which is not given in detail. This latter part is fairly easy to follow, viz: 'Park Row' is Forest Row, though this is not in Surrey; 'Cramberhurst' is Lamberhurst; the Long Man of 'Hillingdon' is that of Wilmington; 'Trevington' is Jevington, near Eastbourne; 'Cassocks' is Hassocks, and 'Penfield Green' is Henfield. Sir William Gardener's zoo is that of Sir Edmund Loder at Lower Beeding; Horsham is under its own name.'

He went on: 'This is quite a possible afternoon's run for a 10 h.p. Lanchester car of about 1901—I followed a 1904 Lanchester for several miles from Eastbourne only the other day [this would probably have been in the mid 1950s] and it was travelling very well. I think we can accept this part of the route without further consideration'. Agreed, but it is worth examining the route in greater detail later – there are points of interest.

Then we come to the meat of the matter: Sir Henry wrote: 'The early part of the route presents various topographical difficulties. Kipling presumably started from Rottingdean where he then lived, and his original destination was Instead Wick'.

Let us leave the ORG and Sir Henry there, and make our own examination of the circumstances and the route, using only those clues which Kipling has left us. However, at the outset it must be said, as will become apparent, that although the setting of the first part of the day's shenanigans is, in Sir Henry's words, 'minutely particularised', many of the clues are contrary, or set out so as to call for an impossibility. Indeed, one is forced to the conclusion that Kipling, though he no doubt had a general idea of the route he wanted the steam car to take, took a series of western Sussex place names, varied them slightly, and dotted them around an imaginary countryside which had the characteristics of the low Weald.

The tale was written in 1902, and first published in December that year. That was the year of their move to Bateman's. So the motoring

experiences on which the tale was based were gained in the summers and autumns of 1900 and 1901, and some of 1902. (The tale has to have been completed by mid-November at the very latest: he moved into Bateman's on 2nd September.) Therefore the assumption that the journey started in Rottingdean is fully justified, but his wider experience of Sussex cannot have been very great at this time: he seems not to have visited either the extreme east nor the extreme west of the county by this date, though he had made some surprisingly venturesome journeys already.

At the start of the tale, he is going to meet his friend Kysh for lunch at 'Instead Wick'. (Let us refer to the narrator as Kipling – we have his own word that the tale was based on personal experience, suitably embroidered.) Sir Henry said 'Leaving aside the identity of Instead Wick' – but later provisionally identifies it as Crawley. The only other place names in the whole saga which are real ones are: St Leonard's Forest – near which the steam car finally breaks down 'in floods of tears'; the Hastings road – on which 'Cramberhurst' lies 'in a pit'; Eastbourne – where the policeman's aunt lives; and finally Horsham, where they had 'a great meal' at the end of what must have been a very long day. And although it is not named, Sir Edmund Loder's park at Leonardslee, with its open-air zoo, is clearly indicated. These names provide the framework on which the journey is based

Kipling and his engineer were on their way to 'Instead Wick' when they met Pycroft and Hinchcliffe. Is 'Instead Wick' a place, or a House – as one might say Goodwood, Chatsworth or Montacute? It is almost certainly not the latter, for Kysh was stopped near there that morning by the police for 'leaving car unattended'. Were it the private estate of a wealthy land-owner, the zeal of the police might have been less. So 'Instead Wick' is a place – probably quite a sizeable one, since it has a hostelry where two gentlemen can enjoy a good lunch. Today, when every pub offers food, sometimes extremely good food, it may not be realised that this is a phenomenon of the last fifty years. In 1902, a pub sold beer, wines and spirits, with the emphasis very much on the first. One might – but only might – get bread and cheese or ham and eggs (the latter, especially if you were the hero of one of Jeffery Farnol's novels). So 'Instead Wick' is probably a market town, somewhere in mid-Sussex. At that date, the only towns of any size in that area were Crawley and Horsham. It has been suggested that Kipling had West Grinstead in mind but, although it had a railway station, West Grinstead is only a village, nor does it lie below a hill ('It's down hill to Instead Wick' – p.200, line 15). Crawley is relatively lower than the forest ridge where the steam car gave up the ghost.

But where was the car when it met the carrier's cart with Pycroft and Hinchcliffe? If 'Instead Wick' is Crawley, then their route from Rottingdean would have been straight up the old Brighton Road – from Rottingdean to Brighton, up to Patcham, Pyecombe (where the new 1920s road rejoins the old road), Hassocks, Ansty, Cuckfield, Handcross, Pease Pottage and so to Crawley. But this was a main road, although deserted by the mail and stage coaches, and sporting carriages and phaetons of the Regency era. Why then are they, at the start of "Steam Tactics", in a 'narrow Sussex lane'? Clearly, 'Instead Wick' isn't where Crawley is, even if it has the right characteristics.

Sir Henry has placed them on what is now the A281, a secondary main road which branches northwestward off the Brighton-London road at Pyecombe, and then runs through Henfield, Cowfold and Horsham to Guildford (passing close by Leonardslee and its zoo on the way, between Cowfold and Horsham). This is one road in Sussex which Kipling pretty certainly knew by this date, since he had been to visit St Loe Strachey at Guildford by motor. Certainly the road fits a feasible pattern for Agg, the carrier: road and rail meet at Henfield (not identified at this stage of the story), but then the railway veers off to the northwest, while the road links a string of villages running north. We know that Agg has been to 'Parsley Green' earlier (p. 179), which bears a nominal similarity to Partridge Green: if the latter is a correct identification, it could have been the starting point, because Partridge Green is also on the railway, though off the A281 – a mile to the west. So Agg's route might have been from Partridge Green east to the A281 at Shermanbury, then north to Cowfold, being overtaken by Kipling somewhere north of Shermanbury. The road there is on a steady rise as one goes north, matching the slope on which Hinchcliffe had difficulty with the brakes (p.182).

There is a further contradictory clue provided by Kipling. In the letter from Kipling to Pycroft, which appeared in the first magazine versions of the tale, before it was collected, Kipling speaks of some unpublished tales, and makes reference, it would seem, to "Steam Tactics" as follows:

He said he could guarantee your being agreeable to it, if I cut out all that happened on the Cramberhurst Road, as it would hurt Agg's feelings. I know, from what you said at the time, that you didn't care about Agg's feelings; so I suppose Hinchcliffe and Agg have made it up. [The full text of the letter appears in the opening notes of the New Readers' Guide notes to "Steam Tactics".]

This suggests that Agg, the carrier, was operating somewhere in the vicinity of 'Cramberhurst'. Now 'Cramberhurst', as all we "experts" agree, is Lamberhurst – which is just over the East Sussex border, in Kent. And if Agg was 'on the Cramberhurst road', then that places his carrier's round in East Sussex – probably between Tunbridge Wells and Lamberhurst/'Cramberhurst'. But all the other indications, as I and my predecessors who have played this game agree, are that Agg's round was some fifty miles further west, in West Sussex, where there would have been no 'Cramberhurst road'. At the end of this article, I remark "Kipling's clues do not leave us with a definitive route, and some of them just do not fit the topography. Furthermore, it is always dangerous to try to fit a fictionalised landscape into the Ordnance Survey map." This additional clue, which is not available to most modern readers, is a shining example of such pit-falls.

From the meeting with Pycroft, they 'paved [their] way towards Linghurst, distant by mile-post 1 *PA* miles' (the mile-post confirms that the road was a relatively major one – mileposts would not be found on minor lanes). So where is 'Linghurst'? The name has similarities to Billingshurst, a smallish village then, which lies at the intersection of two important roads, the A29 London-Bognor road, and the A272, one of the three main east-west roads across the county. But Billingshurst and Crawley lie in differing directions from the A281, so why are they now going to 'Linghurst', rather than towards 'Instead Wick'? Furthermore, it later appears that 'Linghurst' has both a police station, and a Magistrate's Court, and Sir Henry confirmed that at that date, Billingshurst had neither. The nearest town which fulfils the latter criteria is Horsham, which is, indeed the next major town on the route of the A281. So it may be suggested that 'Linghurst' is a fictionalised Horsham (even though it appears under its own name at the end of the tale). Horsham/'Linghurst' is also not all that far (about eight miles) from Crawley/'Instead Wick', so Kipling might have envisaged dropping his two passengers at the former, and continuing to fulfil his luncheon engagement.

There is a further problem, in that our presumed meeting place between Pycroft and Kipling is only about six miles from Horsham/'Linghurst', rather than '113/4 miles', but I think we must put that down to Kipling's writer's licence. The next place named is 'secluded Bromlingleigh', which is somewhere on the road to 'Linghurst'. Sir Henry, sticking more closely to the mileage clue in the tale, suggests that it may be Shermanbury, which would match with Agg's carrier's route starting at Henfield rather than Partridge Green. On the other hand, Michael Smith has suggested that 'Bromlingleigh' is sound-alike Bolney, which, although in the right general area, is on

neither of the routes leading to the presumed 'Instead Wick', nor 'Linghurst'. The next clue – of a sort – comes from the meeting with Sir Michael Gregory, who has a large estate in the vicinity – he 'owned many acres' and 'his park ran for miles'. In the rectangle whose corners lies at Bolney, Cowfold, Lower Beeding and Handcross – bounded by today's A272, A281, A279 and A23 – there are a number of substantial gentleman's estates with a park, the largest of which is Wykehurst Park. It may be that this was the park Kipling had in mind, though it is not near the A281. Indeed, if the next clue, the naming of 'Pigginfold' from Cowfold is correct, there are no similar estates south of Cowfold on the A281, up which we have assumed the steam car is laboriously progressing. Once again, I think this is writer's licence.

Cowfold/'Pigginfold', it is suggested, is an entirely reasonable identification. In 1902, there were no petrol stations nor garages. An enterprising blacksmith might advertise cycle repairs – possibly one or two in the whole country might have claimed to do motor-car repairs, and to sell petrol, and Cowfold, at the junction of the A272 and A281 is the most likely place in the vicinity to have found one such. (Members who have read Dorothy L. Sayers' *Nine Tailors* may recall that when Lord Peter Wimsey's Daimler slides into a drainage ditch in rural Norfolk (the tale is set in the early 1930s), it is the village blacksmith who undertakes to straighten the bent front axle.)

From Cowfold/'Pigginfold' we proceed northwards, mostly uphill, on the A281 towards Horsham/'Linghurst', and it is, on the map, in the vicinity of Monk's Gate ('three miles short of Linghurst') that the 'forward eccentric-strap screw' dropped off, and another running repair has to be made. That done, they have got to within a mile-and-a-half of Horsham/'Linghurst' when they are stopped by the policeman. They have been, it would seem, timed over a measured quarter-of-a-mile from 'the top of the hill' – this would be, realistically, from where, today, the A281 and the A279 diverge shortly after passing the present entrance to Leonardslee Gardens. There is a level-ish quarter of a mile there, on which cars might be expected to be picking up speed after the climb through Crabtree to the top of the Wealden ridge. The end of the quarter-mile and the arresting constable have to have been close to telegraph offices, so that the details of the offending car can be telegraphed ahead. In fact, since the presumed site of the speeding offence, and the constable's ambush are less than two miles apart, in reality they would have been hard put to it to get a message from the constable who took the time, via a close-by telegraph office, prepare it for transmission, and transmit it, write it down at the receiving office, and give it to the arresting constable, all in the time it took the steam car to cover the two miles – normally a maximum of ten minutes at the legal limit. Luckily,

the car broke down, and so time was taken while the missing eccentric-strap screw was 'crept' for, found, and the machinery repaired: as the constable said 'I've been waiting for you for some time'.

After they have agreed to proceed to 'Linghurst' to pay their fine, Leggatt is told to 'cut across Sir Michael Gregory's park to find 'my friend', Kysh. This cannot be fitted into the topography in any way. We assume that 'Instead Wick' is nearby, but Sir Michael Gregory's park, even if it 'ran for miles', had been left behind before they reached 'Pigginfold', itself several miles away. Leggatt must have been something of an orienteer, to have run several miles (in chauffeur's coat, boots and leggings?) across-country, to find someone who might, or might not, have been where he ought to have been.

From this point, to where the steam car finally breaks down, Sir Henry's identification of the road seems to fit exactly Kipling's description, although he himself was rather dubious about some of it. He wrote;

The lane down which Hinchcliffe turned must have been that which runs from A281 to Doomsday Green. A modern map shows this as a narrow metalled road with a bridge over a stream; a road map of soon after the First War marks the road as indifferent but is less clear about a bridge. We should have to assume that in 1901 the stream was unbridged and that the steam car crossed in Military Tournament style, or that Kipling altered the facts to suit the story.

Presumably after crossing the stream they came out on to the lane which runs through Doomsday Green to Ashfold Crossways, and north of this lane lies St Leonard's Forest, on the edge of which they filled with water and then 'made shift to climb the ridge above 'Instead Wick. . . . On the roof of the world' – presumably in St. Leonard's forest – the steam car finally broke down 'in floods of tears'.

Then the deus in machine appeared, Kysh on his way to Horsham, presumably from 'Instead Wick' (p.201), and with him Kipling's driver. I have, however, no explanation of how Leggatt had contacted Kysh: the last we had heard of Leggatt was when he 'skipped into the bracken like a rabbit' near Coolhurst (p. 193).

The steam car was on the ridge above 'Instead Wick' to which the road was downhill (p.200). This probably indicates Crawley as 'Instead Wick' and as the original luncheon rendez-vous. But if Kysh were on his way from Crawley to Horsham in order to testify to Kipling's character, he would presumably gone by the direct road A264 north of St. Leonard's Forest, for Leggatt could not have known that the steam car had gone off north-east into the wilds of

the Forest. I can see no explanation why Kysh should have been going from Crawley to Horsham by an indirect by-road and so met Kipling by chance.

I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that from leaving the uniformed policeman on the A281 (p.195) until the Octopod arrived at Forest Row ('Park Row', p.204) the route given in the story is imaginary and cannot be identified. It seems to compress a trip starting from St. Leonard's Forest and going through Ashdown Forest to the east into a shorter trip which took them to Forest Row.

I hesitate to dispute the identity of 'Park Row' with Forest Row, for the road to the latter does drop 300 feet in half a mile or so (p.204).

I had also hoped that the 'four miles of yellow road cut through the barren waste' down which the Octopod 'sang like a six-inch shell' was the narrow, lonely and straight road from Pease Pottage southwest to join the Doomsday Green-Ashfold Crossways road, and that it was the bridge below the hammer pond there which brought Kipling's 'few remaining grey hairs much nearer the grave' (p.204). But this direction does not fit with the road to Forest Row.

The first part of the quote above is fair enough. Kipling has exercised his writer's licence again, Leggatt has found Kysh, and together they have providentially come across Kipling's car. Thereafter, Sir Henry has expressed doubts about how they got to Forest Row/'Park Row'. But he does himself less than justice. If his identification of the place of breakdown of the steam car is correct – on today's A279, between Plummer's Plain and Handcross, close to Ashfold Crossways, then Kysh's first move takes them back down the hill up which they have just come and up the slope the other side – exactly as is shown on the Ordnance Survey map today – the approaches to the dip at the bottom of the hill are marked as 1 in 7 or steeper. And just beyond the bottom of the dip, heading northeastwards toward Pease Pottage, is indeed a narrow, lonely and straight road running to Pease Pottage, exactly as Sir Henry said, but he wished them to be coming down it the other way which, as he says, would not fit. But if they are going north-eastwards, then it does fit, and takes them to Pease Pottage, and from there they can head eastwards towards East Grinstead and Forest Row/'Park Row'.

The fixed points of this second part of their circular tour are Forest Row/'Park Row' and Lamberhurst/'Cramberhurst'. We know that they went off-road at some stage, and we know that they 'passed with decency through some towns': we also know that they strayed briefly into Surrey, and also into Kent – well, they would: Lamberhurst/'Cramberhurst' is

in Kent. But again, Kipling is taking liberties with the topography. It is clear that the towns through which they passed would have been East Grinstead and Tunbridge Wells – the first, because it is directly on the route from Pease Pottage to Forest Row/'Park Row'. However, Kipling has them pass into Surrey after passing through the latter, whereas, the only real location where Surrey comes anywhere near their route is before they reached East Grinstead.

Having reached Pease Pottage, I suggest they went due east on a minor road which peters out into an unmade track immediately after crossing the main London-Brighton railway line, about half-a-mile north of the north portal of Balcombe tunnel. The unmade track crosses Oldhouse Warren, and brings them out, after crossing today's B road which runs north from Balcombe, and a corner of Worthlodge Forest, on to the B2110, the easterly extension of the road along the Wealden ridge on which the steam car had finally surrendered. It would have been on this part of their route that they 'whooped into veiled hollows of elm and Sussex oak' (the *Windsor Magazine* version has 'Sussex weed' for 'Sussex oak' – presumably the change had been made because he had used the phrase in the poem "Sussex", verse 10: 'Huge oaks and old, the which we hold / No more than Sussex weed:').

Thence they could have headed direct for East Grinstead, or, if they must pass into Surrey somewhere on our fictional route, they could have diverted north at Turners Hill through Crawley Down to reach the direct road from Crawley to East Grinstead, today's A264, which is in Surrey for about a mile-and-a-half near Felbridge.

Once through East Grinstead, and on the way to Forest Row/'Park Row', Kysh has committed them to going along the south side of the upper reaches of the Medway valley. At Forest Row/'Park Row' he might have curtailed the tour, and headed straight down the A22 towards Eastbourne, but clearly he had some more spleen to vent on the representative of the Law, and he continued along the B2110 again through Hartfield, crossing into Kent just west of Tunbridge Wells to join the A264, which they followed decorously through the town until it joined the Hastings road at Pembury. They might have gone more directly to Lamberhurst/'Cramberhurst' from Tunbridge Wells, along the B2169, but the approaches to Lamberhurst from this direction lie along the valley of the little river Teise, rather than the descent into 'a deep pit' as on the Hastings road. Then it was on to the Sussex border just north of Flimwell, still heading east of south. Two miles or so further on, they might have turned west along the A265 road from Hurst Green to Heathfield and Lewes (a road which Kipling came to know very well – it passes through Burwash and was his route to the railway station, whether Etchingam or Heathfield). But that route would not

have led them, other than indirectly, to the 'green flats fringed by martello towers'. It is suggested they went on southwards to Battle, there turning west and southwest to pass through Ninfield and Hooe, down on to the Pevensey levels.

Thence, they passed close to the north of Eastbourne, past the Long Man of Wilmington/ 'Hillingdon', along the *All* under the north scarp of the Downs, to Lewes. There, they could have continued along the main road which then disjointedly skirted the back of Brighton and Hove, before turning north again up the valley of the Adur towards Steyning and Henfield/ Penfield Green'. But since mention is made of Hassocks/ Cassocks', I suggest they went through the Ouse gap at Lewes to follow the road which runs west, always close under the Downs, through Plumpton towards Ditchling and Hassocks/ Cassocks'. Today this is a B road, B2116, but it is one of the more 'B' of B roads: if there were a lower classification it would qualify, in parts, anyway, especially at the western end where, instead of turning north at Westmeston to Hassocks/ Cassocks', an unclassified road continues to Clayton to join the old Brighton road in 'the longitude of Cassocks'.

Thence it was simple – they were nearing journey's end. From Clayton they went south a mile or so to Pyecombe to rejoin the route taken by the steam car that morning: thence it was the A281 again through Henfield/ Penfield Green', and shortly afterwards, in the vicinity of Cowfold/ Pigginfold' once more, they turned in at the south end of Sir William Gardner's estate to charge cross-country to somewhere near the furnace ponds, still shown on the Ordnance Survey maps.

Kipling's clues do not leave us with a definitive route, and some of them just do not fit the topography. Furthermore, it is always dangerous to try to fit a fictionalised landscape into the Ordnance Survey map: this author has been trying to do it ever since reading the first of Arthur Ransome's books some sixty-five years ago. It certainly can be an unprofitable exercise, but it can help a reader to more closely imagine the setting of the tale he is reading.

ASPECTS OF THE INDIAN NOTIONS OF SPIRITUALITY IN KIPLING'S *KIM* (EXPLORING BUDDHISM)

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The page numbers against the quotations refer to a reprint edition of *Kim*, published by Surjeet Publications, New Delhi, 1999. – *Ed.*]

Kipling occupies an important position among modern novelists. His literary masterpieces reveal his craftsmanship and genius in depicting the Indian life style. In the novels and short stories with an Indian background and vivid characters, he is very much concerned with his mystical and spiritual quest for real India. His *Kim* highlights a deep insight and knowledge about the great Indian land and its never ending charm of life. India's colourful beauty, diversity, characters, religion and ancient culture all mystically and spiritually attracted and appealed to Kipling throughout his career as an artist. This paper is an attempt to discuss aspects of the Indian notions of spirituality in *Kim*.

Rudyard Kipling has an immaculate power to express the sentiments and primal passions of the common Indian people. He has provided us with a graphic panorama of Indian life as his imagination is vast and vivid. He is skilful in describing the Indian notions of spirituality in *Kim*. He knows well that the real strength of India lies in its deep faith in spiritualism which is opposite to the Western belief in materialism.

All India is full of holy men stammering gospels in strange tongues; shaken and consumed in the fires of their own zeal; dreamers, babblers and visionaries; as it has been from the beginning and will continue to the end. (p.40)

Kipling recognized India as a land of Buddha and Buddhism that had extended beyond the frontiers of India, gone to China and Japan, and across the ranges of Himalaya. He considered that the West stands for action while the East stands for meditation. The Indian concept of spirituality always appealed to Kipling. He had great admiration for the Buddhist principles of renunciation. A close study of *Kim* reveals that Kipling also believed in the great Indian *Guru*¹ – *Shishya*² tradition. Hence, *Kim*, the embodiment of action, falls at the feet of the lama. The white man serves the lama with utmost care and adoration.

Kipling remarkably described the submissiveness and the services to the lama:

It was never more than a couple of miles a day now, and Kim's shoulders bore all the weight of it—the burden of an old man, the burden of the heavy food-bag with the locked books, the load of the writings on his heart, and the details of the daily routine. He begged in the dawn, set blankets for the lama's meditation, held the weary head on his lap through the noonday heats, fanning away the flies till his wrists ached, begged again in the evenings, and rubbed the lama's feet, who rewarded him with promise of Freedom—to-day, to-morrow, or, at furthest, the next day. (p.292)

This shows Kim's exemplary attitude of affection and devotion towards his *Guru*. It also brings out that Kipling does not go deep into the spiritual and mystical questions, yet has developed a great understanding of Indian rituals and principles. Kim regarded the lama as his *Guru*, and served him in every way possible. He was completely transformed and his Western habits had been forgotten.

Kim had become a Buddhist in every sense. His mental habits were similar to that of a Buddhist. Kipling as an artist has tried to depict his characters impartially and impersonally. Whatever he has observed inside the Indian spiritual sites and scenes, he looked with amazement and wonder at the spiritual figures of India. Kipling has two sides of his mind. One is purely Eastern and the other Western, which is clearly reflected from the preface of chapter VIII of *Kim*.

Something I owe to the soil that grew—
More to the life that fed—
But most to Allah Who gave me two
Separate sides to my head

I would go without shirts or shoes,
Friends, tobacco or bread
Sooner than for an instant lose
Either side of my head.

It is the other side of Kipling's mind that has a great zeal and quest for the Indian concept of spirituality that lies in meditation, thoughtfulness, Upright Living, levity of life, classless society and the principles of Buddhism. Kim learned the teaching of Buddha through diagrams and other sketches.

My brother kneels (so saith Kabir³)
To stone and brass in heathen-wise,
But in my brother's voice I hear
My own unanswered agonies.
His God is as his Fates assign—
His prayer is all the world's—and mine.

(KABIR, Chapter XIV, *Kim*)

It highlights that Kipling is well versed in Indian philosophic thoughts. Kipling considered India as his home. The Indian spirit has great importance for Kipling. Kipling's *Kim* represents the English spirit and the lama represents the ancient wisdom of the Indian land.

Kim is really a quest for the motif of life. The hero is in search of the holy river of Arrow which is hidden in the ranges of Himalaya. He is in search of it as he thinks that the river will reveal him the 'true meaning of birth on this planet.' Therefore, he had decided to visit all the Buddhist places of Pilgrimage. The quest for Buddhism is deep rooted in the mind of lama. The great question that is put forward by Kipling on meditation and action continues throughout the novel. At last the lama reached a place where he found great solace. The Indian concept of *Karma*⁴ and *Moksha*⁵ paves the way for Kim that he should go to the active live and the lama should liberate his soul from the great bondage of life. Kipling is a wanderer. He is not interested in the India of the Sahib but of the common man.

'Thou hast said there is neither black nor white. Why plague me with this talk, Holy One? Let me rub the other foot. It vexes me. I am *not* a Sahib. I am thy *chela*, and my head is heavy on my shoulders.' (p.292)

For Kipling, India is not a country of *sahib* but of the streets and villages.

Kipling has selected Kim as a leading figure, as through him he has tried to unfold the Indian concept of renunciation and salvation. Some critics have remarked that Kim is Kipling. Kim is on a quest for something, Kipling is also in search of Indianness. Kipling as Kim likes Buddhism. His description of the museum of Lahore shows that he likes and loves Buddhism. Kim was very happy in the company of the lama, with whom he travelled over a long distance. The enchanting scenery of India flashes before our eyes as we turn the pages of *Kim*.

In India, Kipling had all the advantages of new settings and through his unique style he could observe and depict the strange beauty and colours of India. It has been noted that Kipling is very much against the backwardness and ignorance of Indian people but age-long religions

and customs were a big challenge to him. He saw a spiritual richness in India and was fascinated by the medieval culture of India. He looked with amazement at the spiritual Gurus of India. He is deeply impressed with wonderful occultism of the Indian land.

Therefore, in *Kim*, Kim never regards the materialistic life as illusion as the lama does but as they travel together an important change comes over him. He had become almost a Buddhist. His mental habits were similar to those of a Buddhist. It is through Kim that Kipling shows his personal likes and dislikes. Kim shows his disregard for the materialistic world of the West and joins the world of search and salvation. Moreover, Kim moves gradually away from his race and his mother tongue and slips

back to thinking and dreaming in the vernacular, and mechanically followed the lama's ceremonial observances at eating, drinking, and the like. (p.304)

Kim as Kipling is highly affected by the spiritual thoughts of the lama and can express his wonder to the lama " 'Never have I seen such a man as thou art... Do the very snakes understand thy talk?' " (pp.61-62) Kipling is quite successful in presenting the beautiful description of the release of lama's Soul. The description is impressionistic. A person of Kipling's calibre and talent who knows mythology can justify it. It shows Kipling's deep study of the Indian concept of *Atma*⁶ and *Paramatma*⁷.

'Yea, my Soul went free, and, wheeling like an eagle, saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws to water, so my soul drew near to the Great Soul which is beyond all things. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own Painted Rocks at Suchzen; ... By this I knew that I was free.' (p.311)

Thus, Kipling's lama reflects his quest for the Indian concept of non-attachment, self-sacrifice, self-realization, salvation, renunciation etc. The lama's belief in *Ahimsa*⁸ is clearly reflected in the various events and incidents.

NOTES

1. **Guru:** The word '*Guru*' literally means the 'weighted one' i.e. the one who is profoundly endowed with spiritual knowledge or divine wisdom. It also signifies the one who leads his disciples from the darkness of ignorance to spiritual enlightenment by imparting divine knowledge. Among the followers of Hindu, Buddhist, or Sikh

- beliefs, this title has a consecrated importance as it refers to a spiritual master or teacher. A true *Guru* has attained an extreme high degree of spiritual development before acting as a *Guru*.
2. **Shishya or Chela:** The word '*Shishya*' or '*Chela*' simply means a disciple; one who, practices spirituality as advised by the *Guru*, with the motive of making spiritual progress. According to one of the Hindu scriptures the one who surrenders everything, that is, his body, wealth and life unto the *Guru* and learns lessons of spirituality from him is called a *Shishya*. The relationship between a *Guru* and his *Shishya* is a spiritual relationship where teachings are transmitted from a *Guru* to *Shishya*. A *Guru* once selected remains the *Guru* for a particular *Shishya* until his *Shishya* has reached God-Realization and God-Union himself.
 3. **Kabir:** He was a mystic poet and saint of India. He was a weaver by profession. He boldly criticized all the sects of his time and gave a new direction to Indian philosophy.
 4. **Karma:** '*Karma*' is a Sanskrit word that translates into 'action'. It literally means 'deed or act', but broadly describes the principle of cause and effect. In Hinduism, *Karma* is the law of the phenomenal cosmos that is integral part of living within the dimensions of time and space. It is considered that through this Law of *Karma*, the effects of all deeds actively create past, present and future experiences, thus making one responsible for one's own life, and the pain and joy it brings to them and others. In Buddhism, however, *Karma* refers to one's intention or motivation while doing an action. It is also observed that that the *Bible* [King James's Version] certainly conveys the same essence as:

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. (*Galatians*, 6:7)

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. (*Matthew*, 7:12)

5. **Moksha:** '*Moksha*' is the liberation of the soul from the materialistic world, the cycle of death and rebirth or reincarnation and all of the sufferings and limitations of the worldly existence. It is seen as a transcendence of phenomenal being, a state of higher consciousness. *Moksha* is the ultimate goal of human existence rewarded in turn by Supreme Peace and Bliss. In Hinduism, self-realization is the key to attaining *Moksha*. In Buddhism, it is treated as Nirvana; it occurs when the self is extinguished from the cycle of rebirth.
6. **Atma:** In Hinduism, the '*Atma*' or '*Atman*' is the soul or eternal self that reincarnates again and again. It is eternal, unchanging, and indistinguishable from the essence of the universe. On the other hand, the Lord Buddha denied the existence of the *Atma* and so used the term '*Anatman*', or no-self.
7. **Paramatma:** The word '*Paramatma*' is coined from two words, '*Param*' meaning Supreme and '*Atma*' meaning soul or self. Thus, *Paramatma* is the supreme soul or sublime spirit. It is considered beyond knowledge, ignorance, devoid of all material attributes. It is also perceived that this super soul is in the heart of every individual.
8. **Ahimsa:** The word '*Ahimsa*' denotes respect for all living things and the avoidance of violence towards others both in thought and deed.

THE COMET OF A SEASON

By RUDYARD KIPLING

[From the *Supplement to the St. James's Gazette*, 21 November 1889.]

But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

Mr. Ralph Etheredge was a young writer, and it occurred to him to write a book about a woman who had her throat cut and a horse drowned while crossing a ford. You would never suppose that these incidents and a little ink comprised in themselves the elements of glory. That is because you do not know the great British public. People had been suffering from a surfeit of shuddering kisses, or Pyramids, or purple heather, or dialects, or something indigestible, and demanded change of food. They found what they wanted in Mr. Etheredge's book, and they told him so.

He was impressionable. When you praised him little twitches would crumple the corners of his lips. When you ceased awhile from praising, he would interrupt the conversation to make clear how utterly indifferent he was to praise. This, of course, re-established the current. His eyes were blue and his eyelashes were curly, and the craving of his soul was Sympathy with a gently whispered capital S. His two ideas, being direct inspirations, he naturally valued them much more than other things which had cost him time and headaches: for the sovereign picked up at the bottom of the cab is not to be compared with the shilling earned by virtuous driving. Cabmen say so. They get drunk on the larger trove; exactly as Mr. Etheredge did on easily won praise. And so he became upset, and his lips twitched more than ever, and his need for sympathy grew with his disease. Sympathy is a beautiful thing. It can best be found in the corners of second-tier boxes, between the acts, after little dinners, and in country-houses at five-o'clock teas before the candles are brought in and voices naturally sink with the sun. Mr. Etheredge used to hunt for it in those places. There was not so much in billiard-rooms or corner divans of clubs, where men warm their toes and prove that all their acquaintances are impostors. Sympathy is a God-given emotion; but when a man seeks and obtains the sympathy of eight or ten very nice ladies who would sympathize unutterably with all things new—and when he, at various times and places, squeezes their eight or ten right hands and severally assures

them they are his respective and more than respected Egerias,—the mental horizon and the power of absorbing tender speech seem to grow wider and washier every day.

And with the sympathy came the publishers and the fat green cheque-books. Their demands were as simple as those of the man at the telephone. They rang Mr. Etheredge's bell and shouted "Repeat." They assured him that he had struck out a line, occupied untrodden ground, developed a new field, and done several other things of the greatest possible importance to the world and themselves. He was to till that field diligently and to produce that line as far as it would run. And he was never to forget that Codlin was his true friend and Short was a brigand: and when did he think that he would throw off a shilling's-worth of, say, one hundred and sixty closely printed pages, etc., etc.; to be followed by, let us say, etc.; which would naturally lead up to, etc., etc.? Red hot with many sympathies, deafened with the five-o'clock litany that told him he had only to go forward—"and accomplish anything and everything, Frank, dear; for I may call you Frank"—Mr. Etheredge arranged his contracts on much the same lines as the morning sun would arrange to warm the earth. Messrs. Kilt, Milt, and Roe were the "mortgagees of the property hereinafter mentioned of the one part," and one Gallihawk was their reader. He was a brutal man, unfit for society. He modelled himself on Doctor Johnson—at least the veins used to stand out on his forehead when he ate his food, and the front of his waistcoat was speckled with gravy, and his language was the language of thieves. It was he who took the trouble to call on Mr. Etheredge, who fancied he came about the rent of his chambers till he said without preface: "I was what you are. My line was mist, sea, and a headland, with a girl falling from the top, and the tide bumping the body against a rock. That ruined me; but I recovered, and now bump other bodies. You won't recover. My unofficial advice to you is, Dry up. What I have to tell you is, Continue to gush till you are dry. Go on. Keep yourself *en evidence*, get two suits of dress-clothes and never refuse an invitation. You can write between dinner parties, you know; and, above all things, don't forget the throat and horse trick. No thanks. I should like you to remember, however, that there is no discharge in this war; and if you dip out of a bucket without putting back, you arrive at the bottom."

Mr. Etheredge took as much of this advice as related to the evidence and the dress-suits, and wandered from centre-piece to centre-piece fantastically comparing Gallihawk to Mr. Wemmick, while everybody laughed. No establishment pretending to completeness could, after the due and proper formalities, dispense with Mr. Etheredge between half-past seven and half-past eleven p.m. His theory, which he explained at

length to the ladies, was that he was studying certain side-lights of society; and in the studying he learned to talk from the top of his palate and the left-hand upper canine and between his two front teeth, and to pet particular words as old ladies pet black-and-tan terriers, according to the needs and customs of his company. A young man with blue eyes, whose lips twitch and whose fingers drum in ordinary conversation can give out at a three hours' dinner-party, where he has, for his unmade reputations sake, to talk well and epigrammatically, quite as much nervous force as would carry him through six hours' desk-work and a stubborn plot. Mr. Etheredge never minded explaining how inspirations came to him, and what were the difficulties of controlling a large troupe of headstrong characters, and the ladies in the alcoves to the left of the soft pink lamps used to coo, "How interesting! How wonderful! Tell us mo-oor!" Thereupon he told all over again; and Gallihawk would fluctuate on the outer rim of the hearthrug afar off and murmur, "Dam fool!"

So in a very little time—for he drove through his work like a cyclone—his shilling's-worth was born. A shilling's-worth is, for reasons which do not matter, an excellent—indeed, an indispensable—performance for a man who keeps three dress-suits and eighteen top-hats, and studies English society by the light of pink-shaded lamps. It was called "Blind Kamartha:" and of course Kamartha had her throat cut through two chapters; and there was a horse who got drowned in another forty pages, beginning with his birth and early parentage and his views on life and death as he went under; and the remaining pages led up and round to these two central facts. "Ha!" said Gallihawk unguardedly at a dinner, "he has enlarged the aperture. The wind is escaping." Another man "jackalled" this on the spot, and in the chorus of praise that went up round "Blind Kamartha" the still small voice of one paper was heard repeating it. The cruelty of the thing was that it was just short enough for the public to remember; and Mr. Etheredge met it out at dinner and was sympathized with about it, and would kick the cat all round his chambers afterwards. But the book sold in its thousands, and was stolen by the Americans, and rewritten to suit political exigencies in that country. And that was glory; and Kilt, Milt, and Roe know how much they gained by it.

Then there were some more dinner-parties and dances, and country houses, and club dinners, and first nights, and other steadying influences; and Mr. Etheredge made the discovery that if he epigrammed too fluently other gentlemen would steal his ideas and sell them. This led him often to refer to himself as a walking gold-mine, and later to surround himself with chosen friends, chiefly female, who would respect his words. Thereafter another book was born: in which a

woman was bowstringed, and an elephant was engulfed in a quicksand and so went round roaring to the tip end of his trunk; and that was the horse slightly swelled at the extremities, with attachments. By a small oversight, due to having half heard the tail-halves of two stories, he wrote as though elephants were the natural inhabitants of Turkey, and bowstringed his woman in the one place in Europe where the yataghan—his legitimate throat-cutting—would have been employed. A disgustingly literal man found that out, and recommended him in print to return to his horses and blunt knives. Kilt, Milt, and Roe wrote that, though the book was selling, it seemed to them, without presuming to dictate to so well known an author, that a more serious reputation was to be built up by more serious work.

Gallihauk said nothing, but that he had known four-and-twenty leaders of revolts in Faenza, and the Russians on the other side of Europe began to harry the Jews; the newspapers were full of it, and the Mansion House opened a subscription. Then rose Mr. Etheredge and bought a Josephus, an S.P.C.K. Bible in speckled calf, a Cook's ticket, and a paid [*sic* pair?] of blue goggles; for he saw his chance. He loathed to leave the pink lamps; but Art was Art, as he explained to some lady-friends; and he was going to "take up the dear Jews" and saturate himself with local colour between Jerusalem and the Red Sea, particularly the Red Sea. Gallihauk grinned when he heard that. Etheredge arranged to write for some home papers and sent back amazing articles depicting himself in camp with the children of the desert, and hooking up Pharaoh's chariot wheels with the kedganchors of British-India steamers.

After six months there was produced "at all the libraries" his "Passed Over by Azrael." And it told how one of the first-born of Egypt had escaped the night of death, and, tied up in a baking-trough, had journeyed with his foster-mother and the flying Israelites. There was a moral in the tale. Unfortunately the Russians had left off killing and outraging the Jews, and were doing something else when it came out; but there was Josephus in it; there were Liberty *portieres* and Ben-Hur dialogues and high-peaked saddles in it, and, most of all, there were horses—all the horses of Pharaoh's host drowning together in the Red Sea. Etheredge made one big washing-day of the event. He choked his animals by squadrons and troops and regiments against most tempestuous backgrounds of sea and foam. So greatly and completely did he drown them that there was a distinct sense of reaction in the reader's mind when he turned his Israelites loose to cut the throats of the Jebusite and Hivite women, though that slaughter was even more complete than the horse killing. The two together, with all the properties thereunto appertaining, were called a novel, and sold at the regulation tariffs.

Do not imagine that the British public would have wearied of him on his own merits. But a man elbowed his way through the crowd, bearing blood in a horse-bucket with wild oats atop. Slit-throats were fair; but this was the genuine article, Etheredge's tents were on the Red Sea. Long before he returned his public were crowding with their forefeet in the food held out by the other man.

It is not good to surround yourself with adoring friends. They may love, but they cannot foresee, and the more they know the less will they tell. Etheredge returned hungrily to his pink lamps, and related imaginative stories of adventures under the stars; while Kilt, Milt, and Roe squabbled with the libraries on points of business and batches of returned books. They were large batches; for the tide was running out, and spits of sand showed. Gallihawk took it upon himself to speak the very bitter truth early one morning, when he had thrust his way into Etheredge's rooms and found him undressing after a dance.

"The game is up," said Gallihawk, who never wasted his words except for so much a column. "The boom is finished. How can you get clear?"

These be no cheering words to hear in the dawn. Moreover, Gallihawk had not had his breakfast, and desired to finish that interview.

"Listen here. They are tired of you—you, and your throats and your drowned horses. The new man, the horse-bucket man—you can hear the public lapping it up if you stick your head out of window. On what I have left of a reputation—and I know books better than some men know stocks—you've come to the end of yourself. You're ridden out, written out, talked out, used up—as I was. A year's rest might give you fresh material to go on, but I doubt it; and you couldn't afford to take it."

"But by what right? . . ." began Etheredge; and his lips twitched, for he knew that if his pass-book spoke truth, and bankers seldom lie, he could afford himself no rest.

"By the right of a man who has passed through it all," said Gallihawk, drumming on a calf-bound copy of "Passed Over;" only, thank God! I had a better education than yours to go on with after my collapse. What can you do? To-morrow you'll hear the whips crack. In three months your market-value will be depreciated 50 per cent, and Kilt and Co. will be running the horse-bucket man. You'll have the profits on your sales as by contract, and I know what those sales will be. You haven't even had the strength to plagiarize from yourself. The people don't take the trouble to call you good, bad, or indifferent. They don't want you, that's all. What'll you do? A year hence you may earn three hundred a year if you work hard. How far will that carry you among the sets you frequent? You haven't the stamina, if you had the ability, for journalism, and you can't give up the rotten dinner-party and pet-dog demoralization that you call studying society. I care less

than a tinker's curse for you—I know the way you have been sharpening your wits on me at the De Tompkinses and Van Robinsons; but I . . . have I spoken the truth?"

Gallihauk does not often take the trouble to speak the truth, his profession being literary; but when he does he enforces belief with every flap of his coat-tails, which are weighted with a pipe and a tobacco-pouch.

"I believe you have," said Etheredge, after a long pause; and no one should have known better than he.

Then Gallihauk developed surprising craft, unsuspected knowledge of society, and not a little tenderness, if all be true. He was at great pains to curse the British public, which always was, and until another public arises always will be, waste of breath; but he never allowed Etheredge to forget that he must either start an entirely new line and run the gauntlet of those who would drive him back to his horses, or die the death or . . . That was where the craft began. It was connected with banking accounts.

Etheredge waited till Kilt, Milt, and Roe had written him a letter with some enclosures, and he had read a few things not in the letters. Then he also wrote a letter, but not to Kilt, Milt, and Roe; and four hours later took a cab across town, and after dinner returned to his own place with the smile of a newly washed baby—half pleasure and half soap in the mouth.

"You see I was right," said Gallihauk, "there must be some who believe in you—even you. But be quick and hurry things forward, for you cannot afford to wait even through a six months' engagement."

The fall of "Passed over by Azrael" is written large in many papers, but now happily forgotten in even greater falls. The public clambered over the horse-bucket man till he fell, and another gave them honey-suckles and wood-anemones; and so forth, and so forth. It all comes to the same in the waste paper basket, as the love-letter said to the tailor's bill.

Four months after the wedding, when Etheredge had apparently settled the problem of living with a wife some years older than himself, who told every one about "the basest conspiracy that ever disgraced the history of journalism" (she wrote things occasionally), Gallihauk was to be found chaunting Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" over a small volume of poetry—an inch and a half of type, three inches of margin, with a lily sprinkled vellum back—bearing the name of Mr. and Mrs. Etheredge.

That was the nearest approach to a review that Gallihauk ever gave it.



But let us suppose for a minute that there had been no wife available?

GALLIHAUK'S PUP

By RUDYARD KIPLING

[First published in the *St. James's Gazette*, 30 November 1889]

Keen was his woe; but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that compelled the steel.

He was occasionally called Ishmael, but more often referred to as above; his real name being Hognaston, which is just as bad and does not make a particle of difference.

Stewart-Atherley, who writes for the *Eclectic Emporium* and is arrayed in the borrowed fragments of a new creed every month, lisps that it was entirely Gallihauk's fault for taking an interest in a New Man. But Atherley would not stretch a hand to save living soul or body if he had to rise from his armchair to do it.

Gallihauk was greatly to be excused. He was a lonely soul, austere, and, without any attachments, and chiefly at war with all his acquaintances. No one would have credited his taking up a New Man. No one more fiercely attacked the New Men as they came up and went into the Outer Darkness where there is job-work and decay of power. It was a proverb in the Deucalion Club that whoso passed with a decent degree of success the double-shotted guns of Gallihauk would go far. His theory was that most new writers were possessed not with fancy but flux; and he was used to elaborate the theory offensively and medically in his own chair at the Deucalion. Hence the large surprise when Stewart-Atherley, who always knows things twenty minutes before he should, announced that Gallihauk had discovered a New Man eating the bindings off the historical sections in the British Museum Library, had fed him with raw meat behind a door, and would presently introduce him to the Deucalion. Marple—who believes in the complete selfishness of the human race, and consequently writes about its perfectibility and the ringing grooves of change—denied that Gallihauk would ever concern himself over any human being not 120 years dead. But it befell as Atherley had said; and after a season, in which the Deucalion heard much of writers and rumours of writers, Gallihauk surged down the smoking-room with what, for the sake of brevity, must be called his New Man. Atherley, promptly christened it "The underhung Aberdonian" (it was of northern extraction and rattled its r's like the cog-wheels of a coffee-mill); and other men, moved by their own unholy fancies, called it other names and less quotable. It was not lovely, and seemed but newly introduced to a dress coat and a white tie.

Gallihawk gave all the world to understand that it was his trove and protege, and drove Steinwürth, of the *Gasometer* into a corner for half an hour while he rehearsed its perfections. "He's rough, I admit that," said Gallihawk (and when Gallihawk admits that a man is rough the subject is generally more than rugged); "but it is the roughness of the diamond in the matrix." "Amen;" said Steinwürth, "but why not leave it there? You can buy three-and-sixpenny Brazilian articles in the Lowther Arcade." Gallihawk said that that had nothing whatever to do with the case; and Steinwürth could not get away in time for his whist. Wherefore he detested Gallihawk and the New Man, henceforward to be called the Pup.

There was an earnestness about that animal which after dinner meant nothing less than indigestion—a grim and Carlylese earnestness expressing itself in copybook headings and vehement twistings of the nose. The last two inches of the Pup's nose were hinged and prehensile. They used to frighten Stewart-Atherley into blinking stupor. No man knew whence the Pup had sprung—whether from the nowhere in particular or a county paper. He was the property of Gallihawk, the austere man, and Stewart-Atherley's version of the discovery might have been correct after all. Gallihawk never told. He introduced the Pup as a shining and significant fact—as a sort of undeveloped Titan destined to upheave the Deucalion and the rest of the earth as understood by the Deucalion, which is to say the four-mile cab radius. Gallihawk, who never believed in three pens this side of Doctor Johnson, who swore by and at and with Smollett, who considered Prior a much-misunderstood man, and who knew Swift's soul as the Dean himself never knew it, pinned his newly found faith upon his New Man—his own discovery. "And hereby," said Stewart-Atherley, "you may see how much superior is a man to a woman. Gallihawk has yet to learn how much a man differs from a woman." Stewart-Atherley's pet vice is unsubstantial epigram.

Gallihawk exerted himself immensely to find work for the Pup, who really possessed the rudiments of a style and the beginnings of power. He had been carefully educated, and had acquired at some mysterious university a degree. Yet his appearance was of one who had never seen even the roofs of Burlington House, and his hands were rough as with the handling of agricultural implements. Gallihawk would refer to Burns when men referred to these blemishes; but the Pup was not Burns. Gallihawk did his best to convert him into a sort of "Kinmont Willie" of the reviews and the lighter walks of literature, where all the paths carry labels, saying "Please keep off the grass," and it is rigorously defended to trample on the flowers of fancy. It is said that Gallihawk and the Pup would together sharpen their pens on their lonely hearthstone and sing wild war-songs of the North for a week at

a time, and then descend upon a herd of new books and disembowel them. That was when the Pup "devilled" for Gallihawk and was sitting at his feet learning grim wisdom. In the evening he would come to the Deucalion; and you could hear his voice all down the corridors, croaking to some amazed senior, "That's all vara well; but it's not A-r-r-r-t!" And when men, so to speak, kicked off the boots of toil and put on the embroidered slippers of fancy and the dressing-gown of *abandon* and talked sheer nonsense, as men must for the good of the soul, the Pup would rush out growling from under a billiard-table and bristlingly argue with them. He could never talk without arguing, and his red-headed earnestness irritated. Nor did he much care whom he corrected; and he had a fascinating custom of saying "Hoo!" just like an angry owl, when he differed from but despised his opponents.

Gallihawk saw no harm in these eccentricities—not even when Stewart-Atherley said, "I wish to goodness you'd take your Pup out of this place and tie him up. He bites." The man honestly seemed to love the Pup and be proud of him, and overlook in his work absences of taste and temper that in another's he would have double-thonged. He should have married and had a son of his own instead of adopting literary infants late in life. He smiled at the Pup's broad-shouldered brutality and want of proportion, and very weakly trumpeted work that were better left to find its way on its own merits. He introduced the Pup to valuable commanders, who enlisted him and gave him guns and swords far too deadly for one so intemperate and earnest. In private he used to lecture the Pup, and teach him his own philosophy, which was summarized from another writer: "Never go back, never think twice. Be alone." So the Pup threw and grew fat, and learned to scrub his nails before dinner, and was always the terror of the Deucalion on account of his disputatiousness.

It happened upon an occasion—an ordinary every-day occasion—that half a dozen men were talking nonsense, the ball flying from hand to hand round the fire, and each man developing theories wilder than the last. Tintwhistle had taken upon himself to prove the precise amount of Carlyle's teaching which was directly traceable to the rooster that crowed and disturbed him, or the baker's cart that called inopportunistly. "Here," said Tintwhistle, quoting something from "Sartor Resartus," "an Eternal Verity of a costermonger came by. Here you trace the pessimistic influence of a Pickford van rumbling in the street And here" . . . The Pup arrived, his bristles alight on his back; for if you touched Carlyle you profaned one of his high gods. But even he might have seen that he interrupted a game of pure skittles. He dashed in armed at all points—offensive, raucous, irrepressible, and earnest. Tintwhistle tried elaborate sarcasm, and suggested the writing out of

his views. Then the voice of Gallihawk, always somewhere near the Pup, fell like a rough-cut log across foaming water.

"Don't you be so dee clever! You're making yourself a nuisance over there."

The Pup flushed scarlet. To be lectured in private is one thing; to be checked across the manful width of a club-room is otherwise. Tintwhistle declared that that was the Psychological Moment. The Pup sulked furiously and with ostentation; and later, in the cloak-room, Gallihawk was overheard abasing himself before this Border Ruffian, whose raw Scotch pride was in revolt. "/ should have kicked him," said Stewart-Atherley—"kicked him first and reviewed him afterwards." Gallihawk did not kick. He honestly loved the Pup, and believed in his future, and—this is quite true—he apologized when the Pup talked wild nonsense about having been insulted before he flung out of the door and—into the arms of Leftwhich. May that man die on a crowded pavement from a cab accident with a costermonger's heel in his left eye; and the only woman he ever loved audibly asking his rival "Who is that drunken person?" Knowing that Gallihawk loathed Leftwhich, the abandoned Pup quitted the club with him while Gallihawk was fumbling for his stick all alone in the cloak-room. Leftwhich does not talk about Psychological Moments; but he knows when he meets them, and he also is in charge of the *Record of Lost Endeavour*, where gentlemen and ladies—who, never having had any of their own, naturally do not believe in success—explain monthly why Shakspeare is over-rated, or in what respects they could improve on Homer, and other more nearly living folk. Only the smallness of the motive could have justified the scale of the revenge. Because he owed his little name, his every step, and (if report be true) several meals to Gallihawk—because he had been brought forward, taught, and cherished by that much misguided man—the Pup sought satisfaction from the inkpot. As Stewart-Atherley said, "even a woman would not have done it." Very naturally Leftwhich secured the Pup for the *Record*, and thereby won a better writer than many; and in process of time—Gallihawk still roaming disconsolate through the Deucalion, and seeking his lost child—there appeared in the *Record's* "Touches in Aquafortis," a brutal bitter sketch of Gallihawk, engendered in rebellion, developed in flippant sin, and bitten in with the malice of the intimate inferior—the valet or the pot-boy. That was the Pup's satisfaction—tasteless, tactless, butcherly, and incomplete even in its completeness. It was bad with the badness of baseness; and it grieved Gallihawk for many reasons. When Stewart-Atherley, forgotten of man and God, once called him "the tattered Thug of the more jejeune jungles of Journalism," Gallihawk laughed and said that Atherley did not understand alliteration. But the Pup's attack was

another affair entirely, and I believe he was moved more by sorrow for the boy than any personal consideration. All the faults out of which he had carefully trained him reappeared in that production, the more luxuriant for having been pruned so long. The want of balance, the slovenly county-journal diction and the slack-set sentences tailing into "and whichs" were all there, with the close personal knowledge of Gallihawk's failings and peculiarities that the Pup had so recklessly employed. Gallihawk mourned over the workman more than the work; though the Pup had managed, not unskilfully, to convey the impression that Gallihawk was a Bottle-nosed Shark. Gallihawk was sensitive about his nose, which is a fine, large, and, above all, erudite feature—a thing that suggests whole libraries in half calf with yellow busts atop and ragged volumes of the Fathers in the lower shelves. The Pup sneered at that nose,

No man in the Deucalion said anything to Gallihawk till he broached the subject one day of his own accord.

"Have—have any 'f you seen that—that thing in the *Record*—'bout me?"

"Yes," said one man, while the rest looked every other way at once. They were all sorry for Gallihawk.

"It's no sort of Literature," he said, "but I suppose it's every sort of human nature."

Then he went out of the club looking very straight in front of him, while Stewart-Atherley quoted the immensely original lines at the beginning of this sketch.

Infamous, infamous Pup!

But the judgment of Heaven overtook him later; and to-day he writes extended leading articles in Leftwhich's *Record* proving that Mr. Gladstone is the only authority upon everything in the world.

"THE COMET OF A SEASON" AND "GALLIHAUK'S PUP"

SOME NOTES by THE EDITOR

These two stories were not collected by Kipling, even in the Sussex Edition. Both were originally published in the *St. James's Gazette* in November 1889, just after he had arrived in London in mid-October and set up home in Villiers Street, but neither had any indication of the authorship. The two stories were later produced as pamphlets in Unauthorised Private Editions by E.W. Martindell of London and Hampshire and Ellis Ames Ballard of Philadelphia, or possibly only for Martindell in this particular case^{1,2}. After her father's death, Kipling's daughter Elsie indicated to A.W. Yeats that "The Comet of a Season" was not written by Kipling.²

There is no problem with the authorship of "Gallihawk's Pup" since it is included in a bound volume of Press Cuttings of *Stories, Poems, Articles 1887-1891*,³ but the provenance of "The Comet of a Season" requires a different approach, even though the character 'Gallihawk' is common to both. Fortunately there is a diary-letter by Kipling to Mrs Edmonia Hill for the period 8-16 November 1889 which Prof T. Pinney has made available to us⁴. In the entry for Saturday, 9 November Kipling wrote:

Found a letter from the St. James's at home demanding a "Plain Tale" connected with literature. Lighted a pipe and thought out a notion which I slept upon.

Then for Sunday, 10 November he wrote:

My notion of the literary tale for the Jimmy still hot and disposed myself unto a complete day. Began at ten, stopped for lunch at two and went on till five weaving the yarn of a young man who started in a literary career in London and wrote himself out in the desire to accumulate money. He used and reused his incidents all over again till the public sickened of him and he married a rich wife just in the nick of time.

The following day he wrote the poem "In Partibus", and by 16 November had completed "My Great and Only" for the *Civil and Military Gazette*.

1. J.McG. Stewart, ed. A.W. Yeats, *Bibliography*, p.637, Dalhousie University, 1959.
2. D.R. Richards, *Bibliography*, 1st Proof, p.721, Oak Knoll Press, 2009.

3. University of Sussex Library, Special Collections, Catalogues, Kipling, 28/4.
4. T. Pinney ed., *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling* Vol.1: 1872-89, 1990, p.360.

"The Comet of a Season"

The epigraph comes from the eighteenth stanza of Matthew Arnold's poem "Stanzas in Memory of the Author of Obermann", written in November 1849. Kipling had also used it in "The Last of the Stories", the *Week's News*, Allahabad, 15 September 1888.

Egeria. It seems to me that this most probably refers to one of the Roman nymphs who gave religious instruction to Numa, rather than the 4th century Gallic Christian woman who undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and wrote a letter about her travels.

bowstranged his woman Kipling is incorrect in this statement. Strangling with a bowstring was a normal method of Turkish execution.

yataghan a type of sword used extensively in Turkey and areas under Turkish influence, such as the Balkans.

four-and-twenty leaders of revolts A quotation from Robert Browning's "A Soul's Tragedy" (1846), a drama set in Faenza, NE Italy. Kipling uses the same quotation in "Below the Mill Dam" which he began writing in June 1902.

Pharoah spelled twice like this rather than the more usual current spelling, Pharaoh.

ledge-anchors small ship's anchors used mainly for work inside a harbour.

British-India steamers. Kipling had travelled on two of these vessels, the S.S. *Madura* and the S.S. *Africa*, in March 1889 from Calcutta to Singapore. [*From Sea to Sea*]

Jebusite and Hivite. Tribes of Canaan. See *Genesis*, x, 15-17.

"Gallihawk's Pup"

The epigraph is a slight misquotation from Lord Byron's verse on Henry Kirke White in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers: A Satire*. The original reads:

Keen were his pangs; but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;

[*The Works of Lord Byron*, . . . George Gordon Byron Byron, Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1833]

Deucalion, in Greek mythology, was the son of Prometheus and Clymene. With his wife Pyrrha, they survived the floods loosed on the world by Zeus thus becoming the Greek version of Noah.

The Lowther Arcade was a shop-lined passage leading from north side of the Strand, opposite Charing Cross Station, to Adelaide Street. It was almost opposite the northern end of Villiers Street.

Carlylese earnestness. In "An English School" (1893), Kipling relates that one of his study compatriots, M'Turk / Beresford, was addicted to Carlyle's *Fors Clavigera*.

Burlington House on the north side of Piccadilly. It has been the home of the Royal Academy of Arts and six scientific Societies since 1874.

"Kinmont Willie" Armstrong was a Border reiver (or raider), active at the end of the 16th century. He was eventually caught but was rescued by Scott of Buccleugh before he could be hanged. "The Ballad of Kinmont Willie" recounts the story.

"That's all vara well; but it's not A-r-r-r-t!". a phrase that is very reminiscent of the Devil's question in "The Conundrum of the Workshops" (*Scots Observer*, 13 September 1890).

Double-thonged refers to a whip with two thongs.

"Sartor Resartus" by Thomas Carlyle (1831), subtitled "The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh".

Aquafortis or 'strong water', the alchemical term applied to the strongly corrosive nitric acid.

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John Lambert, Hon. Membership Secretary

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A MAP FOR KIM?

*From: Dr John Wyatt , 9 West Close, Middleton-on-Sea, Bognor Regis, West Sussex
PO22 7RP*

Dear Sir,

Can any reader please help me to find the earliest publication of a map which accompanies the novel *Kim*?

I am researching map makers, and in particular the important printer, engraver and friend of William Morris, Sir Emery Walker. My edition of *Kim* is 1946, Macmillan produced a number of editions, but I cannot trace when this map, inscribed "Emery Walker Ltd" was published. There was a map in a Canadian school edition in the 1930s, and the Penguin Classics edition has a different map, not Emery Walker's. Mine has the title , "A Sketch Map of North West India" and interestingly it does not include the railways, although *Kim* is a rail traveller! Walker produced maps for Kipling's *History of the Irish Guards in the Great War*.

If anyone can help, I can be contacted at the above address or by email to Wjohnmar@aol.com

Yours faithfully

JOHN WYATT

EDITORIAL *continued from page 6.*

And again in chapter 14:

"Father! Father!" exclaimed a piercing cry from out the mist. "It is I! Alice! Thy own Elsie! Spare, oh! save your daughters!"

I put the information to John Walker, our Hon Librarian, for an independent view and he contacted Mr George F. Sanborn Jr., a Fellow of the American Society of Genealogists. Mr Sanborn wrote that

in my 50+ years of doing professional genealogical research, writing, editing, and publishing, I have seen many, many examples of this, as well as numerous other names often considered to be names in their own right but which started out as nicknames for older, more established forenames. My own great-great-great-grandmother was Alice Quinn, always known as Elsie. She was born in Prince Edward Island in 1810, and died in New Brunswick in 1894.

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 31 Brookside, Billericay, Essex CM11 1DT**. The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.)

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- arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker,
- running the web-site at **www.kipling.org.uk** for members of the Society and anyone else around the world with an interest in the life and work of Rudyard Kipling, and publishing the *Kipling Journal*, every quarter.

The *Journal* of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal – only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being wholly academic, the *Journal* is representative of Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing – letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal*, a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available online to members or in our Library. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 72 Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent TN27 9RG, England or email to jwawalker@gmail.com**

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