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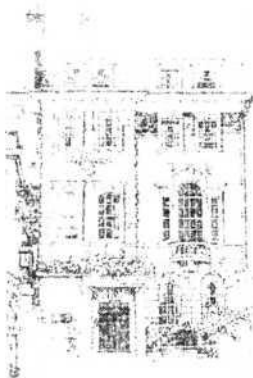
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 9 February 2011, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Catherine Wynne** (Lecturer in English, University of Hull) on "Imperial and War Trauma in Kipling".

Wednesday 13 April 2011, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Professor Thomas Pinney** (editor of Kipling's Letters) on "Kipling and America, or 'the lawless golden horde'".

Wednesday 4 May 2011, 12.30 for 1 p.m. in the Hall of India and Pakistan, Royal Over-Seas League, **The Society's Annual Luncheon. The Rt. Hon. Lord Cope of Berkeley**: "'To Sing the Song o' Steam' – the Engineers' Poet and Motorist". For details and advanced booking please see enclosed flyer.

Wednesday 6 July 2011, 4.30 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, The Society's **A.G.M. Speaker to be announced**. A complimentary tea will be served at 4.00 p.m. in the Wrench Room for members who inform the Secretary in advance.

Wednesday 7 September 2011, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Speaker to be announced**.

Wednesday 9 November 2011, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Speaker to be announced**.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL

PADDLE-BOAT "534"

Although many members will already know of the paddle-boat which Kipling used with his friends on the pond at Bateman's, they may not be aware of the current plans for it. The original has long since disappeared, but Gary Enstone, the Premises Manager for Bateman's is now trying to raise £2,000 in order to build a replica. This July, Gary, his brother David, and their friend Keith Holland, successfully repeated the journey described by Jerome K. Jerome in *Three Men in a Boat (To Say Nothing of the Dog!)*, rowing an 1870s skiff from Richmond to Oxford, sleeping on board but taking fuel for the journey at the frequent Thames-side hostelries. The expedition's blog at <http://rowyards4kipling.blogspot.com/> provides an excellent description of their adventures as well as some photographs. If anyone wishes to contribute towards the cost of building the replica "534", this can be done online at <http://www.justgiving.com/RowYards4Kipling> or by post to Gary Alen Enstone, Premises Manager, Bateman's, Burwash, Etchingham, East Sussex TN19 7DS.

Kipling was clearly rather proud of the original paddle-boat, mentioning it in letters and encouraging visitors to Bateman's to disport themselves in it. The first reference to it that I have found is in a letter to his goddaughter, Ursula Stanley, of 29 December 1928 [Pinney, *Letters V*, p.518] where he wrote

I have got a small boat that you can sit in and work with a little paddle-wheel with your hands. Only it cannot be upset. It is painted green and yellow. It is six feet long and four feet wide.

A week later he wrote to his godson, Bonar Sykes, [Pinney, *V*, p.519]

I have got a new boat for the pond at Bateman's. It is six feet long and has two paddle-wheels that you can turn by a handle as you sit in the middle of it. It is so wide that it can not be upset. It is painted yellow and green, and I hope when you are back in England again you will come down and try it. It is to be called The Margaret.

There is no mention of a paddle-boat in the letter to Sir John Chancellor of 7 September 1929 [*Journal* No.339, December 2010], but in the letter to Lady Chancellor of 12 January 1930 he wrote

Tell Robin that four children turned up here the other day. The dogs went nearly wild with joy and I put them all into a little paddle boat that you work with your hands (she has real paddle-boxes) and they banged about round the pond. Luckily they could not upset her. I wish he had been along.

This tends to confirm that the paddle-boat was newly purchased in the last three months of 1929, after Robin Chancellor's visit.

There is now a gap in the story with the subject not picked up until it appears in a letter of 31 January 1933 to Sir Percy Bates, Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company [Pinney, VI, pp.161-2].

You may be interested to know that my wee paddle boat has been painted – green, red, and aluminium – and reconditioned and christened 534. Also I have made a miniature Cunard House flag. She should be ready for summer cruises on the pond next spring.

Hull number "534" was that of the vessel which was being built for Cunard by John Brown & Company at Clydebank, Scotland, and which would become the R.M.S. *Queen Mary* after she was launched in 1934. Lord Birkenhead in his biography, *Rudyard Kipling* (1978, p.347), describes how in 1934 Kipling's "534" was in for her winter painting and refit. The numbers had to be scratched through and *Queen Mary* painted below, the house flag renewed, and three coats of varnish applied.

Other references exist to the paddle-boat in the *Journal*. In No.109 (April 1964), p. 1 there is an anecdote about William Ramsay being persuaded into making a trip on the paddle-boat whereupon he became marooned in the middle of the pond. Kipling eventually rescued him by casting for him with a salmon rod and drawing him back to the bank.

Then in No.162 (June 1967), p.5, an article by Arthur Gordon describes how in June 1935 he drove down from Oxford to Bateman's. Kipling led him down to the pond where there was a six-foot skiff with hand-cranked paddle wheels. 'You can be the engine room,' Kipling said. 'I'll be the passenger list.' Gordon was so nervous that he cranked too hard; the paddle wheel broke and there he was, marooned in the middle of the fishpond with Rudyard Kipling. A gardener finally rescued them with a long rake.

It would be so nice to see the replica built and in use on the pond. I am sure that it would prove a great "draw" for Bateman's, and perhaps the National Trust would be able to lay on a supply of children to act as her engine room. As can clearly be seen from Kipling's letters, the pond was always a great visitor attraction.

Continued on page 22.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

NEW MEMBERS

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Members are reminded of the due date of their subscription on their address label when they receive the *Journal*. The date given as such 08/09 refers to August / 2009 for example.

If you are in doubt please contact me by the methods also given on the back cover.

John Lambert, Hon. Membership Secretary

INDEPENDENT FINANCIAL EXAMINER REQUIRED

Prof George Selim, the Society's Independent Financial Examiner for the last 20 years, has now retired from this position. We are all most grateful to him for all that he has done, but we now urgently need a replacement.

Our Financial Examiner could be a member of the Kipling Society not serving on the Council. This is a voluntary position and is open to anyone who feels competent to examine the Society's Account Books and underlying invoices and ensure that these agree. This should mean not more than 8-10 hours of work at their home, each year in the Spring. Although we do not pay our Examiner, anyone taking on this task would receive two complimentary tickets for the Annual Luncheon.

Please ring the Secretary, Jane Kesar for further information:
020 7286 0194

KIPLING AND THE ROYAL NAVY

By ALASTAIR WILSON

[Cdr A.J.W. Wilson was Chairman of Council in 2007-2009, and is also deeply involved in the work on the NRG. He has written the General Article on "Kipling and the Royal Navy", as well as annotating the Pycroft stories, most of the stories in *The Day's Work*, the articles in *Sea Warfare*, and virtually all of the stories with any nautical content. He is also very generous in helping others with maritime questions. As he explains, this article flows from his NRG work.

He gave this Address to members of the Society in London on 7 April 2010. – Ed.]

Rudyard Kipling, as we all know, made his name as the poet of, and recorder of the life of, the British Soldier: we don't so readily associate his name with the Royal Navy. But we only have to look at the photograph on the wall here [pointing to a photograph in the RO-SL Mountbatten Room] to remind ourselves of how the Navy also regarded him as one of their own. (Actually, the photograph is of H.M.S. *Kelly*, which was associated with Earl Mountbatten, but H.M.S. *Kipling* was of the same class, and looked exactly the same – and incidentally, it was H.M.S. *Kipling* which rescued Mountbatten when *Kelly* was sunk off Crete in 1941.) There have been very few literary names given to British warships: in fact, the only one that I can find is "Shakespeare", given to successively a destroyer and a submarine in the 20th century. (And yes, there have been others which might be attributed to literary figures – Byron, Keats and Scott are three examples – but in all the cases that I have been able to find they were named for someone other than the writer of that name: the three names quoted were all naval captains of distinction.)

So the Navy thought a great deal of Kipling – but I'm not going to enlarge on the life and times of H.M.S. *Kipling*, with which the Society had a short but fruitful relationship. Articles about her abound in the *Journal*, and if you "google" H.M.S. *Kipling* the top site which appears is an elegant little article by our member, Michael Smith.

Where, then, did Kipling's association with the Navy start? The answer seems to be in the 'House of Desolation', in Campbell Road, Southsea. The master of the house was Captain Holloway: he wasn't a Captain, Royal Navy, though he had served as a midshipman (the most junior of trainee officers) in Admiral Codrington's fleet at the battle of Navarino, in 1827. (And there's a nice story about that battle, too. A combined British, Russian and French squadron was formed to persuade the Turks to lay off the Greeks: the general idea was that the squadron's presence would be enough to overawe the Turks. Unfortunately some trigger-happy gunner fired his cannon and a general action ensued. In

the course of it, it has been alleged that the Russians deliberately fired on the French (a nineteenth century "blue-on-blue") as a revenge for the burning of Moscow in 1812 – but I digress). Whether Captain Holloway passed for Lieutenant is not recorded (he was invalidated out as a Midshipman, so it is unlikely that he did so before being invalidated), but, despite his apparent unfitness for the Navy, he went into the Merchant service, and earned the title of captain there (Andrew Lycett's book has a brief resume of his career). Subsequently he joined the Coast Guard – possibly his wife suggested that it was time he stopped disappearing off to foreign parts for months at a time – and we know that just before retiring to Southsea, he was rated as a Naval Chief Officer, seniority 7 December 1855, based at Sizewell (otherwise known as Gap, Aldborough). In those days the Coast Guard was run by the Royal Navy, and made up largely of naval reservists (and remained so until 1923), and so it was perfectly normal for Captain Holloway, after settling in Southsea, to collect his pension from the Cashier's Office in the Dockyard (where, incidentally, Charles Dickens' father had worked, and which young Charles used to visit – how's that for an irrelevant literary coincidence?)

The walk the old man took with the young boy would today be largely unrecognisable to the young boy's shade. For one thing, the old fortifications of Portsmouth were then still in existence, and they probably passed through the old Lion Gate to reach the Common Hard and the entrance to the Dockyard. And I've little doubt that either on the outward, or inward leg of their walk, they walked past the Sally port, whence Lord Nelson departed for the last time in 1805, and that young Rudyard was told of the meaning of Trafalgar. It was a long walk for a six-to-seven-year-old, about three-and-a-half miles all told: ample time for an old sea-dog to fill a young boy's head with strange sea-tales. After Pryse Holloway's death, Kipling seems still to have had freedom to wander around the town and probably the dockyard as well – there was then no "security" such as we have to endure today, and he would have seen sailors of all sorts, and no doubt talked to them. (I'm talking about another world, aren't I? Child of eight out alone, talking to strange men?) But Portsmouth, at that time, lived and breathed Navy. (And, as another aside, do you know what was the second most important industry in Portsmouth? We're before the nine o'clock watershed, so the answer may surprise you: it was the manufacture of ladies' underwear. There was a logic in this – Portsmouth had a large pool of female labour in the persons of naval wives and dependents, for whom the job was – no pun intended – tailor made.)

Just to round off the Holloway connection, Kipling recorded in *Something of Myself* the fact that he had seen, in company with the old

Captain, one or other of the two ships, *Alert* and *Discovery*, being prepared for a voyage of Arctic exploration under Captain George Nares. Although the timing is tight (the ships weren't in Portsmouth until three months before the captain's death), I see no reason to doubt Kipling's statement. As a former whaler in Arctic seas, Pryse Holloway would have been interested in their preparations, and no doubt filled the boy's head with tales of the ice: perhaps therein lay the roots of "Quiquern". (As another aside, my great-grandfather served in *Alert*, under Captain Nares, on the following surveying voyage round the world, when she went almost as far south in 1879 as she had been north in 1875.)

His next encounter with the Royal Navy was in 1891, when, worn out by his first outpouring of work in London, he took a sea voyage, the first leg of which was a trip to the Cape in the steamship *Mexican*. On board he found a congenial companion in Commander Edward Henry Bayly, Royal Navy, taking passage to Cape Town where he was to take over command of the sloop *Mohawk*. At that time, Britain maintained two main battle fleets: one, the Channel Squadron, in home waters; the other in the Mediterranean; both were there to keep an eye on the French. All round the rest of the world, North America and the West Indies, the South East Coast of America, the Pacific, China, Australia, the East Indies and finally the Cape of Good Hope and the West Coast of Africa, were other squadrons, varying in size: each consisted of a "ship of force" (a large cruiser or, in the case of the China station only, a battleship) and up to half a dozen other smaller vessels, still carrying their old Nelsonian classifications of corvette, sloop, etc. The *Mohawk* was one of the latter: the archetypal gunboat sent, when necessary, to persuade the locals that what Queen Victoria said, went.

Writing some seven years later, Captain Humphrey Hugh Smith described Edward Bayly thus: 'Chawbags Bayly was a hearty, burly, thoroughbred seaman of the old school, with square-faced whiskers, a fore-royal yard voice, and a vocabulary fully charged with poetical similes.' Quite how he got the nickname "chawbags" isn't recorded, but Kipling clearly had heard it, because, in *Something of Myself* he referred (old men's memories play tricks) to a lifelong friendship with Captain Bagley (or possibly the name got mis-transcribed, and without Kipling to do the final editing, the error was undetected). And lifelong wasn't very long, because Captain (as he had become) Bayly died in August 1904, six months after retiring. Clearly, he could spin a good yarn, because a direct result of their smoking-room conversations was the story "Judson and the Empire" – which may be loosely (very loosely) condensed as 'Resourceful and intrepid British Naval officer, with inadequate resources, outwits dastardly dagoes'. Judson does so by means of a suitably "Stalky"-like ploy.

Edward Bayly introduced him to the Naval Club at Simons Town, and once again he found himself among young men who were "do-ers" and 'hogged their bristles short', and he revelled in it. "Judson", then, was the first of eleven stories about the Royal Navy or Royal Naval men, written over forty years.

Moving on, he criss-crossed the Indian Ocean to New Zealand, back to Australia, Ceylon and India. He could have encountered the Navy briefly in Sydney, but evidently did not – a pity, that – we might have had a tale, as you might say, from the other side of "The Devil and the Deep Sea". There followed the rush back to London, marriage, and four years in Vermont.

Within two years of his return to England, he had become deeply involved with the Navy. First of all, while living at Torquay, he had been invited to dine on board the old training ship *Britannia*, still moored in the river Dart, ten miles or so away from Rock House. So far as I can judge, from looking at *Britannia's* list of officers, none had a connection with the Cape station five years earlier, so I presume it was an "on spec" invitation of a celebrity author whose work was generally popular among men of action. There followed his trip to sea in a destroyer undergoing trials in the Thames Estuary which resulted in an – ecstatic is not too strong a word – description in a letter to Doctor Conland, and which he later built on for "Their Lawful Occasions". Then, his old friend Chawbags Bayly, now a four-stripe Captain, had been given command of a small new cruiser, the *Pelorus*, attached to the Channel Squadron, and invited him to spend a fortnight on board, as his guest, during the annual manoeuvres: the same thing happened the next year, immediately after the Diamond Jubilee review of the Fleet. These experiences resulted in *A Fleet in Being*, as well as two sets of verses, "Cruisers", and "Destroyers". In fact, he had written a piece of verse about the Navy, before meeting Edward Bayly. "The Ballad of the 'Clampherdown'", a satirical skit, was published in 1890, before he set off for South Africa. The small introduction to the Ballad, in the *Definitive Edition*, explains how it came to be written, in response to a letter in the *St. James's Gazette* which seemed to suggest that sea battles would still be fought 'as it was in the days of old', and also remarks that it was taken seriously.

The Royal Navy at this time was a subject of immense national pride – and concern. It was, of course, the era of imperial expansionism, and jingoism, but the Great British Public took their Navy seriously – you never heard of Jack being slung out of a pub because "We want no blue-jackets 'ere". And the unsatisfactory material state of the Navy (highlighted by Kipling's later acquaintance Jacky Fisher, and the crusading journalist W.T. Stead, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) had

caused a political rumpus, which was still rumbling around in 1894, when the size of the Navy Estimates caused the downfall of Gladstone's last ministry. So Kipling's enthusiasm for matters Naval was a reflection, by and large, of public opinion. The Navy was changing rapidly (I sometimes think we forget that, in relative terms, Victorian technology was moving quite as fast as ours does today), and from the *Warrior* of 1860, with 4½" of iron armour outside 18" of teak, to the *Inflexible*, which the boy Rudyard probably saw in the Dockyard, with her double sandwich of one foot of iron, backed by one foot of teak, backed by one foot of iron, backed by one foot of teak, was as great a step as from the "Comet" air-liner to today's Airbus 380. And sometime in the mid-1880s, *Punch* had published a skit on the future of naval warfare, in which the admiral, down below in a room where everything was worked by electricity, was bedevilled by electrical and mechanical failures, so that his ship was unable to fight – a remarkably prescient piece which still resonates today.

The Navy which Kipling wrote about in *A Fleet in Being* was the burgeoning result of the expansion initiated by Fisher-Stead articles of 1884, which Gladstone had unsuccessfully tried to limit. So the Channel Squadron, for which Captain Bayly's *Pelorus* was a scout, consisted of eight battleships, all of very similar characteristics and capabilities. The Mediterranean Fleet was similar. The ships were crewed by men of Petty Officer Pyecroft's stamp, and for all that Angus Wilson has considered Pyecroft "an empty narrating device, compounded only of comic knowingness, cockney accent and of naval jargon", Naval officers of the period and immediately afterwards considered that Kipling got the Navy absolutely right. And although I can point out errors in Naval detail in the tales, I share my predecessors' view. One reason I do so, is because (and this is almost an aside, but I hope you will see why I introduce it) I was privileged to have serving under me as a Lieutenant Commander "Robbie" Robinson, who had joined the Navy as a Signal Boy before the War and who had been at the battle of the River Plate in 1939. He went on to become a diver, and in due course the 20th Century equivalent of a Torpedo Gunner, which Petty Officer Pyecroft might have become in due course, (it would have been his next step, had Kipling cared to develop the stories any further). Robbie Robinson left me four books of "dits" – Naval yarns – often one liners, which were pure Pyecroft: "Slim told me that in the course of his travels he had once been invited to state, on a form, his colour. His version was 'Off-white, verging on grubby'", and "The new First Lieutenant let it be known in the pantry that he expected a boiled egg, a three-and-a-half minute one, each morning for breakfast. We fixed it so that he had his bread cut into soldiers too, but we did it only once."

He made another trip to sea with the Navy in 1901, taking passage up the Channel in the not-so-new battleship, H.M.S. *Nile*, at the invitation of his neighbour in Rottingdean, Captain Henry Clarke. (H.M.S. *Nile* was probably in his mind when, in "Their Lawful Occasions", Pyecroft persuades the narrator not to see the manoeuvres on board H.M.S. *Pedantic*, 'Leader of the second line'.) Since they were trying to house-hunt at this time, and since her diary records that she was "down", at the time ("still more down in body; my mind doing a series of acts in a circus beyond words to depict in its horrors"), Carrie cannot have thought much of his gallivanting off on his own.

Of the six Pyecroft stories five were published in Britain in a comparatively short period – December 1902 to December 1904 – with the final story, "The Horse Marines", appearing in 1910. Only two really involve life at sea: "The Bonds of Discipline" and "Their Lawful Occasions", three of the others being, in Angus Wilson's words, "motoring larks on shore", while the other, "Mrs. Bathurst", is in a class of its own. My own view is that full comprehension of the latter requires the reader to treat it as a naval story, but this is not the time to discuss it – we'd probably be here until midnight.

However, Angus Wilson made a fair point, when he wrote "The truth is that Kipling did not know the life of the man he was describing and so he cast him in careful, arranged farce, often on shore." One may note that the two Pyecroft stories involving sea-going closely paralleled the major parts of his experiences at sea in the *Pelorus* and the *Nile* and his sea-trials in the destroyer. It was also true that his knowledge of the Army was acquired from the ordinary soldier, who told him ordinary soldier's affairs, in the canteen, in canteen language. He was just the young sub-editor of the local provincial rag, and of no great concern. By the time he came to go to sea with the Navy, he was an established author, the Captain's guest, and so to be treated with kid gloves. He was unlikely to talk to his Pyecrofts and Hinchcliffes as he did to Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd. Mind you, he did hit Hinchcliffe off to a "T" when he wrote of him

'He's what is called a first-class engine-room artificer. If you hand 'im a drum of oil an' leave 'im alone, he can coax a stolen bicycle to do typewritin'.'

I don't wish to labour the point, except to say that Angus Wilson made other valid criticisms, but many, if not most, are seen from the point of view of a 'Son of Mary', rather than a 'Son of Martha'. He says "Reading these naval stories ... so full of jargon ... one wonders who but naval men or engineers could stay with such stuff, however larky.

As artistic productions, they are among his worst." I would merely suggest that you do not have to have deep specialist knowledge to understand and appreciate a well-written story from the hand of a master-craftsman, even if it is written in the language of the specialism. It is the story and the telling which counts.

Once settled in Bateman's, he kept in touch with the Navy, if for no other reason than that he was the father of a potential naval officer (for no reason that I have ever seen written, John was intended for the Navy, until it became apparent that his eyesight would disqualify him for entry as either an Executive or Engineer officer – he might have become a Paymaster, but that was – in naval eyes anyway – tantamount to "being in Trade!"); he was friendly with Sir John Fisher, the First Sea Lord, and Sir John Durnford, who was C-in-C at the Cape when the Kiplings were spending their winters at the "Woolsack". As an aside, or something of an aside, Kipling fell out with Fisher round about 1908. Fisher foresaw the struggle with Germany, and recognised that the fleet must be concentrated in Home waters, at the expense of those small squadrons scattered round the fringes of the Empire. As a thorough-going believer in the Empire, Kipling disapproved of the weakening of the far-flung squadrons. However he attended the fleet review in July 1914 on board H.M.S. *Exmouth*, one of the older pre-dreadnought battleships, as the guest of her Torpedo officer, Henry Maxse, a relative of his neighbour, Lady Edward Cecil of Great Wigsell. During this period, he wrote one other 'motoring lark' and a play, which featured Pycroft. But his two best serious naval stories were yet to come. Both involved events in World War 1 and both were told from the officers' standpoint. And both were only published some ten years or more after the war.

It was widely expected, at the outbreak of war, there would be a major sea battle in the North Sea, which the Brits would win – of course (quite apart from the tradition of the Armada, Quiberon Bay, Trafalgar, etc., etc., our fleet was bigger than the Germans') – and the war would be over by Christmas. Navally, the war actually started quite well – there was an engagement in the Heligoland Bight less than a month after the outbreak of war – it didn't involve the battle-fleets, but the British came off better in ship count – the Germans lost three cruisers and a destroyer; the British, none. But the German battlefleet chose not to come out to be slaughtered – they kept their 'fleet in being', and tried to wear down the British battle fleet by attrition – the odd mine here, a submarine torpedo there. In the meantime, the Navy went on doing what it did best – wiping up the German colonies, throttling German trade, and ensuring that the Empire forces all reached their destinations safely.

Kipling, of course, had his eye on France – that is where John would be going: that is where Bobs Bahadur had gone – and died. But in mid-1915, with the first German submarine campaign against merchant shipping in full swing (the *Lusitania* was sunk in May 1915), he was asked, though it is not now clear precisely by whom, to undertake a journalistic task for the Admiralty. While the casualty lists ensured that every home in England (and the Empire) knew what was going on, on the Western Front, the silent service was being too silent for its public, which had paid for it and, as I suggested above, had taken a proprietorial interest in it. So in August and September, Kipling went to Dover, Harwich and Immingham, and reported on the Auxiliaries, Submarines, and Patrols. He got nearer to the ordinary seamen and stokers at this time than he had previously, talking to trawler deckhands, engineers, mates and skippers, as well as submariners of all shapes and sizes and destroyer men who, even if they were officers, tended, shall we say, to be a bit more rough and ready than their brethren in the big ships.

The result was *Sea Warfare*, published in 1916, a compendium of the ten articles published over the space of a year. [Just as a matter of interest, how many of you have a copy on your shelves?] Those of you who have read the NRG notes on *Sea Warfare*, in particular those on *Destroyers at Jutland*, may have seen the comparable reports written, by the participants themselves, which were later published as *The Fighting at Jutland*, and you will, I hope, agree that Kipling's reportage was very true.

Among the verses which preceded the various sections of *Sea Warfare* was the poem, "My Boy Jack". Various suggestions have been made as to its association with the loss of his son, John. All I would say is, that, observing that it appears at the head of the first of the articles entitled *Destroyers at Jutland*, there must be a close association with the content of that article. And while it would be idle to suggest that he did not have the loss of his son John in his mind when he wrote it, I am absolutely convinced in my own mind that it is a general song of mourning for all the 7,000 British sailors who died at Jutland. I regret to say that I doubt if he gave much thought to the German mothers mourning their 2,500 sons who died.

More importantly, the contacts he made at Dover, Harwich and Immingham brought forth fruit in due course. Soon after Jutland, he made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Commander Lyon of the destroyer *Nonsuch*, from whom he heard a more optimistic and realistic assessment of the battle than was available to the public at the time, and he met various other naval officers from the east coast destroyers – all these young men in their twenties – Lyons would have been

the oldest at about 32. They were all the types in whose acquaintance he had delighted for some 30 years; young men of action.

It was at this time that he wrote "Sea Constables", which has sometimes been described as one of his 'hate' stories. Personally, I think it's one of his best. Although not collected until 1926, it had been written in February-March 1915, according to Carrie's diary, before he had visited the Navy that summer. Nonetheless, he clearly must have had some contacts, because it is accurate to the nth degree in its detail. In fact, Carrington says that

"Sea Constables", like most of his sea-stories, is so technical as to be almost unintelligible to a landsman. Furthermore, its construction is so complex as to require the closest attention from the reader.

I wouldn't disagree with the latter remark, but that is one of the great joys of any good story-teller – you have to pay attention to what is being said, so as not to miss anything. ("Mrs. Bathurst" is another such tale.) I suppose if one wants to criticise Kipling, one might say that he is too good a story teller: you are carried along by the tale, but miss the finer nuances because you're already about three sentences further on. (It's interesting to compare reading techniques for Kipling and, say, that modern writer of popular fiction, Dick Francis. The pace is, as in Kipling's tales, "too good to enquire", but there's no subtlety – you don't have to stop and say to yourself, "But didn't he say . . . ?".) So, I suggest, that if you pay close attention to what is being said in "Sea Constables", it is perfectly comprehensible, and, actually, the meat of the tale is free of nautical jargon – indeed, because three of the four protagonists are amateur sailors, they don't 'talk Pyecroft': they just talk English as spoken by men of their upbringing.

I'll turn now, briefly, to another naval story, set in the war years, "A Sea Dog". This was first published in 1934 in *Collected Dog Stories*, where, frankly, it is out of place (one feels that the whole collection of dog stories was little more than a marketing ploy by Macmillan to persuade another section of the book-buying public to "buy Kipling" at a time when his popularity was waning). It's not more of a dog story than is "Garm—a Hostage", or "The Woman in his Life", and so might have been more appropriately included in the next collection which was never published, but for which there were already getting on for half-a-dozen tales (such as "Proofs of Holy Writ") waiting in the wings. It is, in fact, a tale of derring-do in destroyers in the North Sea in 1916-17: it is not based on any particular action, but clearly owes a great deal to the tales told to Kipling by the destroyer and submarine men he met at Harwich and elsewhere during the war. In particular, he met Lieutenant

Walter Beckett, nicknamed "Joe", a great character and later a friend of King George V, whose visit he described in a letter to Andrew Macphail, collected in Professor Tom Pinney's *Letters* vol.4,p.386:

. . . there blew in, in the afternoon an enormously fat Navy Lieutenant – a complete stranger so far as any man is a complete stranger these days – full of immortal tales all told in the amazing Naval Tongue. Had been blown up in the *Amphion* and had been in four or five naval actions, as well as having had to take a German trawler home with a mutinous Hun crew. He was all Marryatt translated into steam and petrol. He held us breathless or weak with laughter and then, after supper, disappeared on his roaring 7 h.p. Indian into the warm descending rain.

Beckett visited Bateman's again that year, and I like to think that it was his tales which formed the basis for "A Sea Dog" – he was later known as a raconteur, and had a chapter to himself in a book entitled *Fabulous Admirals*.

Kipling also corresponded with a number of other naval acquaintances, particularly in the submarine branch. Among them was Commander John Bowers, who published a number of short stories under the pseudonym "Klaxon" in such magazines as *Blackwood's*, and who wrote to Kipling for advice, which was freely given. Their correspondence is in the archives of the Royal Navy Submarine Museum at Gosport, and I believe that Professor Danny Karlin is going to write it up for us sometime, so I won't tread on his toes. Kipling also wrote in the *Maidstone Gazette* a home produced newspaper of the submarine squadron at Harwich, based on an elderly yacht of that name. And he made a number of suggestions regarding ship's crests and mottoes. There is one in the Gosport Archives addressed to Commander (later Captain) Brownlow Villiers Layard who had recently taken command of a new submarine, known merely as G.1 – in those days, submarines weren't given names, merely a class letter designator and a number. The letter was obviously in reply to one from Commander Layard, because it runs as follows:

I have been thinking over the motto for your new command and it seems to me that since she is G. 1: and since one G on the bugle means "Still!" in the Service, she ought to carry the single musical note on the music stave. Something like this

(There follows a very short section of the five lines of the treble clef with a single demi-semi-breve on the note G natural)

It is not clear if anything ever came of this: the G class submarines were short-lived, being scrapped shortly after the war, so very little detail about their, what one might call "accoutrements", has survived.

The years following the war saw Kipling's interests change: the writing of the history of *The Irish Guards in the Great War*, his work for the Imperial War Graves Commission, and his interest in the effects of the war on the men who had fought it, to say nothing of his increasing ill-health, all combined to take his mind off the army and navy. But he still wrote three naval stories, including "A Sea Dog" in the years before his death: the first, "A Flight of Fact" was more akin to the pre-war 'jolly japes' of Pyecroft & Co. than it was to "Sea Constables", although it was based on fact, which Kipling seems to have acquired from some other naval source, and had the story confirmed by a relative of the main protagonist. It was first published in magazine form in June 1918, before being collected in *Land and Sea Tales*. In that the tide had not yet turned in Flanders, though it was about to, and the submarine menace was only just about being contained, it was not exactly warlike – the tale actually reads as though it was written in the post-war era, just before it was collected in *Land and Sea Tales* in 1923. But for all its apparent levity, the purpose behind the mission on which the tale was based was a serious one. There might be a major war going on in Europe and the Middle East, but the rest of the Empire still had to be administered, and this the Navy was doing, but using more up to date methods than the time-honoured sending of a gun-boat.

The second story was a very lightweight one – "A Naval Mutiny" – conceived while Carrie was ill in hospital in Bermuda in 1930, and Kipling was moping around with little to do. As ever, although the tale may be slight, the detail is meticulous, and it is a masterly example of the story teller's art, because you're not quite sure if it is *too* far-fetched – you're carried along by the tale, until, at the end, you're given a strong hint that it has all been a leg-pull. And Kipling amplified the point in the verse "The Coiner" which went with the tale. It is Kipling's way of saying "old seamen may tell tall stories, but it takes a proper craftsman to turn them into something which can be offered to the public."

The third story is "A Sea Dog", as already mentioned. Once again, although the various critics and both the Old and New Readers' Guides have pointed out that Kipling could be a bit cavalier in the matter of verifying his references, his research into detail was thorough, and thanks to Andrew Lycett I have been able to make an educated guess at the name of the destroyer officer whom Kipling pumped at a lunch hosted by the Duke of Connaught.

The remainder of Kipling's naval *œuvre* consists of his play, produced in London for a short run at the Royalty in March/April 1913, two speeches, collected in *A Book of Words*, and his verse. The play is absolutely typical Pyecroft – once again he is ashore 'on leaf (in Kent, on the indications given), and we are re-introduced to Private Edward Glass, R.M.L.I., whom we previously encountered in "The Bonds of Discipline" and also an 'Agg', though whether this Agg was the carrier Agg of "Steam Tactics" or the Agg mentioned in "A Tour of Inspection" is never stated. The plot is, to say the least, hackneyed. The pure heroine's sailor love is threatened by the dastardly "vill-i-an" Agg, who is also threatening to foreclose on the heroine's aged and bed-ridden mother, whose only prop and stay she is, but he will refrain if she will marry him (he being 63 and she but 17) – Boo! Hiss! But thanks to the superior tactics of Emanuel Pyecroft, aided by Private Eduardo Glass, the great actor and banjoist, the villain is foiled, the lover returns to his ship to sail away to Australia for a two-year commission, promising to return to Our Heroine having earned promotion – tell that one to the Marines, but we believe him – and Agg's ill-gotten gold is redistributed to Our Heroine and her mother. Curtain falls, band strikes up "Rule Britannia", and the audience goes out for some nuts and a programme.

The first of his two speeches was on "The Spirit of the Navy" and was delivered in October 1908 to 'a Naval Club'. Two-thirds of Carrie's diary for that month has no entries (it was surmised that Carrie was ill), so we don't know what that club was: but his speech was mildly critical of the Fisher school which put its faith (or too much faith) in technology, at the expense of the age-old spirit of the Navy. In the event, when *der tag* came, the Navy was not found wanting.

Finally, there was his speech, entitled "The First Sailor", delivered to a group of young Naval officers at some time in 1918. I have not been able to find any references to where, nor to whom, nor under what circumstances he gave the speech, but it has the marks of a well-prepared after-dinner speech, when one's audience would probably be slightly lubricated, shall we say. It may be described as a 'Just-so Story' for adolescent naval officers, so it is light-hearted. Kipling explained it as being a "succinct but accurate history of late Able Seaman, Leading Hand *and* Commander, Clarke, founder of the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine". It has strong parallels to "How the First Letter was Written" and "How the Alphabet was Made".

I have deliberately not made mention of his Naval verse, because there is not a lot of it, and because of time constraints – I think I shall have to try to write something on the subject to submit to our Editor.

In the Carrington extracts of Carrie's diary there is a tantalising entry in 1934, in early June, "D. Prentice, RN, comes often." One can only

wonder why. James Douglas Prentice was a Lieutenant Commander, a salt-horse (that is he had not specialised in Gunnery, or Torpedo), who would have been aged about 37 at the time. And Kipling's final 'Naval Occasion' was to attend the Silver Jubilee Fleet review in the summer of 1935, as the guest of Sir Percy Bates, Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, on board the company's flagship, the *Berengaria*. All the naval great and good he had known in the first decade of the century were long retired or dead.

As regards his naval tales, most of the critics have been less than generous: but the fact is that his naval readership thought he had it right, as did his merchant navy and engineer readership. The best quote I have is from Captain Peter Bethell whose words are quoted in the Old Readers' Guide:

"In my view they" (the Pyecroft stories) "are easily the best stories woven round the Navy that have ever been written: and while I am airing my views I may as well add that I make Colonel Drury a good second, C.S. Forester third, and Captain Marryat fourth – "Taffrail" and "Bartimeus" also ran. The remarkable feature of the Pyecroft series has always seemed to me to be the absolute verisimilitude of the conversation, whose tiniest details are quite impeccable. Kipling's consciousness of this is engagingly shown by a remark he puts into the mouth of Pyecroft who says on one occasion, referring to Kipling, 'I know he's littery by the way he tries to talk Navy-talk'. It is fairly certain that no other author of that period would have dared to turn round and laugh in our faces like that, and it would be interesting to know how Kipling acquired this singular sureness of touch."

I would take Captain Bethell's words with a pinch of salt (his nephew, a friend and contemporary of mine, told me "We always used to look on him as a bit eccentric"), but his views were not uncommon. [As an aside, how many of you can lay claim to have read the also-rans listed there – Drury, "Bartimeus" and "Taffrail".]

There you have it; Kipling's association with the Royal Navy. What would he have thought of World War II? – He saw it coming before many others would accept that the inter-war period was merely a lull in the storm. There wouldn't have been an H.M.S. *Kipling* had he lived – the Navy doesn't name ships after living people – but we might have had more tales and incomparable verse.

The Society has been well served by those who have interpreted Kipling's naval tales for us. Those in the Old Readers' Guide were very

largely annotated by Rear-Admiral Patrick Willett Brock (more usually known as 'Bill') who would have been known to some of our more senior members, who died in 1988. He was a Canadian by birth, and joined the Royal Canadian Navy at the end of World War I. In closing this talk, I would like to pay tribute to those who have preceded us, and from whom I have learned an enormous amount.

Continued from page 7.

FLOODS AND LANDSLIDES IN THE NORTH OF THE INDIAN SUBCONTINENT

I am sure that members will not need any reminders of the climatological disasters that the north of the Indian subcontinent is suffering this year, nor of the relief efforts that are being mounted.

In August Dr Richard Haythornthwaite, a member who lives in Christchurch, New Zealand and spent 14 years in India as a child, wrote to me on this subject, at the same time drawing my attention of some of Kipling's stories which involved natural disasters of this kind. His first thought had been of "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" and the similarity to the Attabad landslide in January when the village was destroyed and a 32 mile long lake created in the Hunza River in Gilgit. He then recalled "The Bridge-Builders" in which the outcome was not a disaster for the main protagonists. He commented that it is remarkable just how many stories and poems have flooding in them; Kim nearly drowning in a flash flood, "The Bold 'Prentice", "Ford o' Kabul River", the dams bursting in '*Captains Courageous*', "My Son's Wife", and "Below the Mill Dam". There must be others, all showing different aspects and properties of flooding.

Little did we realise that just one month after sending me his email, Christchurch would be devastated by an earthquake. Fortunately he and his family are fine and their homes have only suffered minor damage. After describing the terror induced by the continuing aftershocks and the consequent lack of sleep, he closes by asking if Kipling had ever written about earthquakes, and suggesting that "A Matter of Fact" could be based on an undersea event of this nature.

THE KIPLINGS AND THE CHANCELLORS

By THE EDITOR

On 1 February 1929 the Kiplings sailed from England for Egypt to visit war graves there and also in Palestine, returning in April with a motor tour through France. As was usual throughout his journeys, Kipling wrote regularly to his daughter Elsie, and in a letter of 26-27 March 1929, he wrote from the Hotel Fast in Jerusalem that 'Tonight we dine with the High Commissioner (Challoner) who came back from Syria last night.' As Prof Pinney points out, the High Commissioner was not Challoner but Chancellor. [*Letters*, ed. Pinney, Vol.5, p.483].

The online ODNB describes Sir John Robert Chancellor, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., D.S.O. (1870-1952) as an army officer and a colonial governor who was born in Edinburgh. He was educated at Blair Lodge, Polmont, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, then in 1890 being commissioned in the Royal Engineers. He served in India and took part in the Dongola (1896) and Tirah (1897-8) expeditions. He showed such administrative ability that in 1911 he began what was effectively a second career as a colonial administrator, beginning as Governor of Mauritius, followed in steady succession by governorships of Trinidad and Tobago, then that of Southern Rhodesia. For 1928-1931 he was appointed to the difficult position of High Commissioner for Palestine and Trans-Jordan. Following on from this, he undertook a third career serving as Chairman or member of a number of governmental committees.

The two letters which I am able to publish here are due to the kindness of Robin Chancellor, the younger son of Sir John and Lady Chancellor who is the owner of the letters – I am most grateful to him for his permission. He is also the main subject of Kipling's letter to Sir John, and is referred to in the slightly later letter to Lady Chancellor. I am also grateful to A.P. Watt Ltd on behalf of The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty for their kind permission to print them in the *Journal*.

Both of these letters were typed by Kipling, as he warns at the top of each one, but the quality of the typing in the two letters is very different. That of 7 September 1929 shows many errors although he had been typing since about 1921 ("Kipling at Home" Part II, Dorothy Ponton, *Journal* July 1942, No.62, p.10). There are corrections and insertions made by Kipling in his usual black ink whereas the letter of 12 January 1930 is a well-typed document with very few proofing corrections. In the transcriptions, I have used italics to indicate Kipling's handwritten insertions, but have silently corrected mis-types and spelling mistakes.

These two letters demonstrate once again Kipling's understanding of, and sympathy with, children. Not only does he notice when they listen to him, but more unusually for an adult, shows that he listens with care to them, and makes all due allowance for their difficulties. They also show Kipling's continuing interest in things mechanical and nautical – the Bateman's Navy will be the subject of a separate article.

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TO SIR JOHN CHANCELLOR, 7 September 1929

E. & O. E.

(own typing)

Bateman's Sep 7/29

Dear Sir John,

Your Excellency,

I have the honour to report that your lady wife and Robin¹ have been down to Bateman's. I have a fairly wide acquaintance with the Young, but I don't think I have ever met a person of more quiet personality and *unusual* information (when he chose to let himself go) than Robin. Luckily I have a bit of a pond in the garden, twenty inches deep, and a small but interesting Navy. He knew all about clockwork steamers—had *none*² of his own, he said, and so was quite at ease with my Blue Bird,³ which he approved of. Yesterday morn, we went out together to see a pond that was being dug out, both dogs in attendance. He wanted to know the reasons for most of the things that were being done in the landscape and—unlike people of his age—listened to what was said in reply to his questions. On our return, I went to work at my job, and he at his own beside the pond with the boat, quite competently and *evidently* with a programme *thought out ahead*. But he had been shown a model destroyer with a bad reputation and a broken steam-gauge. You can see for yourself that that simply had to be set going. But before that, there was a steam-propelled gadget of Hun manufacture⁴ which spat hot air out of her stern—(so different from most politicians!) We got that going too, but I think her obvious safety and deliberateness showed him she wasn't going to be exciting. He said, "And I suppose she will run about *like that* till the methylated spirits is all burnt up." and *dismissed it*. He had the root of the matter in him, you see. We kept D.34, the destroyer, till after his rest, and he was assistant mechanician handing me all the odds and ends I needed, with a curious promptness and knowledge. (He couldn't have seen 'em before.) She went, in the long run, (and she did not blow up,) till she had used all her spirits. What interested me was the way he took and accepted my explanation why I did not put on part of her superstructure,

because it would foul a fuel-supply rod. He had one look at the smelly affair (*the fuel reservoir*) which he had been holding and said, "I see." *and he really did.* I gathered that from a later remark on the same matter. After that we two went off together across the field in the wake of his mother and my wife. *He wanted to know about the millpond and how it fed the electric light turbine.*⁵ He was anxious to know about the localities, in Puck of Pook's Hill, as far as he had read it, and, since the places were, naturally, all on the farm, I was able to give him information. But the word "Valhalla" out of the book, had stuck in his mind,⁶ What did I know about Valhalla? So the talk switched off to the Norse Gods—Thor and such like. I told him some yarns which he amplified a bit out of Wagner! He assumed I knew Wagner—which I do not and he half-mused aloud over the names of the Gods. Thence the talk went on to Grimm (*he summarized a tale or two*), the Coloured Fairy books,⁷ and Magic at large (he had a cousin, I think, aged twelve, who is rather an expert in Magic but I was to understand *that* it was "make up" and not "true". Then he returned to Wagner again, and I can't find out yet where the deuce he got it from. And so to bed. Oh, I forgot to say that he breakfasted alone with us *both mornings*, and, of all those of his age who have eaten at Bateman's he had the most finished manner and self-possession. He evidently conceived it his business not to talk at meals, so he did not utter a dozen words. *Literally!* After that—this morn—we went *again* to the pond that is being cleaned, and he opened up, having tested, I presume, my worthiness, on the subject of Fairies and their whole hierarchy and administration. *His system is over-staffed. I told him so.* He is just on the edge of not quite believing altogether in 'em. He was enormously interesting, both in manner and matter *It's his funny deliberation and precision that I like.* (Here I forgot again that there was an interval down at the brook *yesterday afternoon* when I had hoped he might fire a wee .410,⁸ with my help. He sat up behind me and watched me fire, and I got him to load and unload in blank⁹, which he did all right. But he did not want the noise. So I forebore to press *him* in any way; for it is a sensitive soul. *And this morn he went off in the car to Ferring¹⁰; we going with him as far as Brighton. Cars don't suit the young as a rule and unless I'm mistook, ours was chucking him about too much. (I've had 'em deadly sick,¹¹ en route before now.) He wasn't comfy, I could see that, but he fought it down and nothing happened. It must have been sheer self control. So I'm very grateful to you for letting him come down. He made me two happy days—a selfish way of looking at it. I hope to live to get him down again when he's been to his prep-school. He'll be interesting to watch over.* R.K.

NOTES

1. Robin Chancellor was about 10 years old at the time of this visit.
2. Kipling had typed this as 'one' but inserted an 'n' to convert it to read 'none'. The sentence seems to make more sense with the 'n' left out.
3. Although "Blue Bird" was used by Sir Malcolm Campbell as a generic name for his racing cars from 1912, and later boats, his first racing boat was not developed until 1935. This is thought to be a reference to a blue clockwork model hydroplane that Kipling owned. (Note 3 to a letter to Frances Stanley of 8 June 1928, *Letters* Vol.5, ed T. Pinney, p.435.)
4. There were several German toymakers working at that time, with J. Fleischmann of Nuremburg being particularly well-known for the model boats that it produced in the 1920s and 30s. Another possibility is the Ernst Planck company.
5. The turbine was installed in 1902. (*Something of Myself*, Chap.VII, pp. 179-182, Macmillan 1937).
6. See "Weland's Sword", *Puck of Pook's Hill*, p.20, Macmillan, 1940.
7. A series of 12 books, each with a different coloured cover, of fairy tales from around the world, edited by Andrew Lang. The first was published in 1889 and the last in 1910.
8. A .410 is a smooth bored shotgun with a barrel diameter of 0.410 inches.
9. Blank, i.e. a cartridge that has not had lead shot included.
10. Ferring is a village on the West Sussex coast between Worthing and Littlehampton, about 14 miles west of Brighton.
11. See letter of 24 May 1928 to his daughter re Ursula Stanley and the difficulties of cleaning the interior of a car. *Letters* Vol.5, ed. T. Pinney, p.431.

TO LADY CHANCELLOR, 12 January 1930

Please overlook my typing
Bateman's Jan 12/30

Dear Lady Chancellor,

Thank you so much for your kind little Christmas note. We spent our Christmas with our daughter and her husband at Torquay, and, on the way, ran into regular South African floods. There was one place where I would have been glad of a few yoke of oxen.

You must be having a rather ghastly time among your Commissions' and Zionist' correspondents and your Bolshies' at Telaviv. It's the buckle of the belt that holds things together for us in the East and that is why Russia is all out there now. But Governments are like servants, They will believe what their own class tell them—not what their "betters" say; but I think that they are being told by people of their own class, and today that they are beginning to realize a little what things are like. At bottom, the Jews do not want any Power which is less of a fool than England to take them in hand. My acutest sympathies are with your husband, but I have not the least doubt that he is abreast of the situation. But just now, Egypt is child's play to what he has on his hands.

Tell Robin that four children turned up here the other day. The dogs went nearly wild with joy and I put them all into a little paddle boat⁴ that you work with your hands (she has real paddle-boxes) and they banged about round the pond. Luckily they could not upset her. I wish he had been along.

We go off in a little while for the West Indies⁵ and come back via Bermuda, so we shall get a lot of open sea in a few weeks. Things are not what you might call cheerful at present, but I have a hope that the "Government" are beginning to get the wind up. And the "fear of consequences is the beginning of Wisdom",⁶ isn't it?

Our best greetings to you all and every good wish for the new Year.

Most sincerely
Rudyard Kipling

NOTES

1. Following the disturbances and riots in Palestine and the 'Wailing Wall' dispute of August 1929, the Council of the League of Nations, set up a Commission in January 1930 to assist the Mandatory (the UK Government) in its task of maintaining order.
2. Supporters of the Jewish desire for their own Nation from what was part of Palestine at the time.
3. A slang term for the Bolsheviks who acquired power in Russia after the 1917 Revolution. The term came to be applied to all Communists and to any group who caused trouble for the authorities.
4. This is the paddle boat described by Kipling in a letter to Ursula Stanley of 28 December 1929 (Pinney, Vol.5, p.518):

~~I have got a small boat that you can sit in and work with a little paddle-wheel~~
with your hands. Only it can not be upset. It is painted green and yellow. It is six feet long, and four feet wide.

5. Mr & Mrs Kipling sailed from Avonmouth on the S.S. *Coronado* on 6 February for Jamaica. While they were in Kingston, Mrs Kipling fell seriously ill.
6. A slight adaptation of *Proverbs*, 9:10 which reads:

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of Wisdom

DEATH AND REBIRTH IN *PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS*

By QING XIE

[Ms Xie is currently an M.A. research student at the University of Kent, focusing on Kipling Studies. She obtained her B.A. and LL.M. in American Studies at the Nanjing International Studies Institute, and her M.A. in Kipling Studies at the Shanghai International Studies University. She is the translator of the Chinese version of Kipling's two *Jungle Books*, published in 2009. – Ed.]

Death and rebirth as a motif occurs both for the colonizers and the colonized in Kipling's works. In his first collection, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, there are, of course, some stories dealing with death, but the whole collection shows us a vivid world of the Anglo-Indian colonist. Compared to the vast native population in the sub-continent, the white minority had to understand and deal with the myriad details of strange peoples, customs, diseases, and weather in a vast, hard land, in order to shoulder the heavy tasks of British Empire. Yet they had 'no expectation of any reward beyond a bare livelihood.'¹

Under the petticoat of fiction, this selection of short stories demonstrates the most genuine reality. Real life involves death.

From Kipling's autobiography, published posthumously, we can see that death was part of his early life:

The dead of all times were about us . . . and at every point were tombs of the dead. . .²

In "The Daughter of the Regiment" (PTH,³ p.206), Kipling, speaking through Mulvaney, tells how it was so easy to be born and so easy to die in Britain's Indian colony. However, in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, the death motif can be classified into different types – a real death of the fleshly body, meaning the end of the whole story for an individual; or a sort of spiritual death accompanied by a sort of rebirth. Both types can, and do, happen both for the colonizer and the colonized.

The first story clearly associated with death in the collection is "Thrown Away". It tells how an English boy takes life and his responsibilities too seriously in the Colonial Service, and ends with his suicide. The irony in the story lies in two aspects. First, we suspect that if anyone took India too seriously, the ending must be in tragedy. Kipling has, in more than one of his works, as in "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" in *The Second Jungle Book*, and more extensively in *Kim*,

warned his readers that India is a place with many religions or beliefs, where people accept a huge variety of standards or behaviours:

. . . but India is the one place in the world where a man can do as he pleases and nobody asks why; . . .⁴

In "Thrown Away", the warning is especially to the colonizers:

Now India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously—the midday sun always excepted. Too much work and too much energy kill a man just as effectively as too much assorted vice or too much drink. Flirtation does not matter because every one is being transferred, and either you or she leave the Station and never return. Good work does not matter, because a man is judged by his worst output, and another man takes all the credit of his best as a rule. Bad work does not matter, because other men do worse, and incompetents hang on longer in India than anywhere else. Amusements do not matter, because you must repeat them as soon as you have accomplished them once, and most amusements only mean trying to win another person's money. Sickness does not matter, because it's all in the day's work, and if you die, another man takes over your place and your office in the eight hours between death and burial. Nothing matters except Home-furlough and acting allowances, and these only because they are scarce. It is a slack country, where all men work with imperfect instruments; and the wisest thing is to escape as soon as ever you can to some place where amusement is amusement and a reputation worth the having. (PTH, pp. 16-17)

However, the poor boy raised at Home did not realize that. Perhaps he could never truly understand it. His death was inevitable.

The second irony in this story is that the death has to be explained away. His superior and the narrator feel that they have to use lies to cover the truth. A similar situation also happened in Joseph Conrad's *The Heart of Darkness*. There, if we believe, as Fanon says, that the whole business of colonization is a lie, then the disguise is, though pathetic, wholly necessary to the colonizers.

When Edward Said, in his introduction to *Kim*, pictures the Orient as a female image in the Occidental view, he may not have considered that the true life of the colonizers in an oriental colony was largely hidden from the eyes of the people at Home. Kipling certainly was aware of this problem as a young journalist in India. It was clear that people at home neither knew the true hardship of life in a colony nor even

cared to know that. In another story from the collection, "In the Pride of his Youth", Kipling gives us another example of this attitude. In this story, no matter how hard a youth works in India, in the hope of retaining his love at Home, he is abandoned at the end. When facing such a situation, a person has to turn himself into a severely practical and even relaxed individual, whether facing the daily tasks of Empire or the complications of relationships between men and women in this unreal atmosphere. The meaning of "Thrown Away" is clear. The colonies had always been a place to throw people away. Australia was an extreme case, and so, in fact, was India. Of course, neither Kipling nor Conrad could ever suggest that the whole Imperial tradition was a lie as they both were sincere supporters of colonialism. However, one thing is certain that they were realistic about the hard alien place and tough life, together with the fact that the people in the mother country never knew or understood the sufferings of those sent to run the Dominions.

Against this, "In the Pride of his Youth" and in "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin", Kipling demonstrates rebirth through two young men, as they both 'die' as naive youths, but are reborn as realists.

However, there are occasions when rebirth is impossible. In the last story: "To be Filed For Reference", a well-educated man, presumably a successful Barrister or scholar from Oxford 'goes native' by converting to Islam, dressing in native clothes, following native ways, marrying a native wife, and finally going the all-too-common way by taking to drink. Inevitably, he dies tragically. This should certainly be compared with another story, " 'Yoked with an Unbeliever'" in which a good-for-nothing white man abandons his British fiancée and marries a native girl who transforms him into a decent man. From these two contrasting tales we can see that the young Kipling held a negative attitude toward the assimilation of the Englishman into a native culture.

We can deduce that, in his early Indian writing, he appreciated those who understood native Indians without ever becoming one of them. In *Kim* we see this clearly in the character of Strickland who, at root, is always a Sahib. This tendency in Kipling's mentality continued in his later writing, though not as emphatically as in *Plain Tales*. For example, Kim is an India-born boy, but still a boy in the making, always puzzled by his identity (which we may recognize as Kipling's own puzzlement), yet Kim never lacks people to remind him that he is a Sahib.

Turning to death and rebirth among the natives, in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, it seems that the death motif among Indian characters is more subtle and complicated than among colonists. Some of the tales concern human identity, but some look at the death of Eastern culture and customs. Among these might be listed "Lispeth", "The Story of

Muhammad Din", "Beyond the Pale", "In the House of Suddhoo" and "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows".

"Lispeth" is the first story of the collection. It concerns a failure of love between a Sahib and a native girl. Beyond the pure narrative, it can be seen as an exemplary failure of assimilation of the colonized. The blame, interestingly, lies both on the colonized, as well as the colonists. Lispeth, who was raised and educated by white people finally goes back to her own culture. It seems outwardly that she leaves in fury because of a cheating love. Deeper than that, the reason lies in her own roots. She does not leave in a rush because she can never forget her parents and her real background. When the thing finally becomes clear, she says,

'I am going back to my own people. You have killed Lispeth. **There is only left old Jadéh's daughter—the daughter of a pahari and the servant of Tarka Devi.** [my emphasis] You are all liars, you English.' (PTH, p.7)

In addition, even the colonials who brought her up have never hoped to accept her as one of them. Her foster-parents tell her that

'it was wrong and improper of Lispeth to think of marriage with an Englishman, who was of a superior clay, besides being promised in marriage to a girl of his own people.' (PTH, p.6)

Therefore, there should be no wonder when Lispeth runs away from them, and they conclude the whole thing quite predictably:

'There is no law whereby you can account for the vagaries of the heathen,' said the Chaplain's wife, 'and I believe that Lispeth was always at heart an infidel.' (PTH, p.7)

Lispeth dies with her fake identity, but is reborn as the person who she really was. When Kipling wrote this story, he sorrowed for Lispeth's choice, and gave her a pathetic end, marrying a bad husband, becoming drunk and ugly. However, it is clear that later, Kipling has changed his mind. In *Kim*, Lispeth reappears as a powerful woman in the Hills, still 'not unlovely' and dressed richly. This Lispeth shows no sign of being beaten by her husband. On the contrary, she is in command of her husbands, ordering them to do service to Kim and the Lama. This is a giant step for Kipling in his understanding of Eastern culture, though the true comprehension is still confined by his own upbringing. The old Lispeth mourned for her lost love subconsciously in *The Plain Tales from the Hills*, while, in *Kim*, Lispeth with a new look is still attracted

by a young Sahib. Considering Kipling's own identity, we should not expect more than that of him.

Some of the other stories with a death motif are studies in socio-cultural colour. The most touching among these is "The Story of Muhammad Din". The little hero in the story must be very, very young, because he is still at an age of childish mispronunciation, as he salutes the narrator – 'Talaam Tahib'. This lonely but creative child dies very young, like so many at that hard time. It is important that, though critics hold very different opinions on Kipling and his works, they have got a common understanding that he loved children. Indeed, if we carefully review some of his views on Eastern customs, we find that he also had a keen insight into, and some acid views of the Eastern education system. "The Story of Muhammad Din" can be linked to Little Toomai in "Toomai of the Elephants" (from *The Jungle Book*). Both of these children are characterized as brave, curious and wise. Both of them fail to get acknowledgement and encouragement from the adults, including their parents. Whenever they do something new, or creative, the remarks from the adults are only 'budmash' or 'go to prison'.

'Never praise children to their face' seems to have left such a deep impression on Kipling's mind that he even uses it on animals, such as in "Mowgli's Brothers". In another story, "The Return of Imray" (from *Life's Handicap*), he tells us of a murder case. Judged from a Western viewpoint, the motive of the murderer seemed quite unbelievable. The cause of Imray's death is simply due to his ignorance of an Indian custom. He praises his native servant's son to his face. A few days later, the child dies of fever, but his father believes that his son was bewitched by Imray. Therefore, he kills the sahib for revenge. It is highly likely that this story comes from some true story Kipling had heard. A dominant part of Eastern culture is denial and self-denial to show personal humility, in order to avoid bad fortune. This custom can go to such an extreme as to separate the outlook totally from its inner meaning.

So the relationships between parents and their children, in its real separation, can be incredible to people raised in another culture. For example, traditionally a Chinese father always uses a euphemistic title – 'dog son' – to introduce his son to the guests, with the connotation that his son is as humble as a dog. That way of thinking must affect their behaviour. Little Din is a gallant architect, even when his work is unintentionally destroyed by the narrator. The boy does not lose heart at his father's cruel remarks and rebuilds. His father approaches him with the worry that he is offending his Sahib, whereas, of course, the Sahib thinks differently. He appreciates little Din's work.

Unfortunately, and perhaps inevitably, the boy dies, and his creativity dies with him. The shroud and his little body in his father's arms

are like a metaphor to state that in the cover of so tiny and unnoticeable a shape, there should have been great power hidden in a younger Eastern culture.

Hence we have a question: how is the hidden power in the Eastern world to be revived? Compared with Muhammad Din, Little Toomai had a much brighter fate. Clever and courageous in the same way that little Din was, Toomai also faced a similar situation. Luckily, there was Petersen Sahib's encouragement. If we remember how happy Little Toomai was when Petersen acknowledged his potential, it is not difficult to imagine how little Din felt when he knew his 'Tahib' liked his little piece of architecture. At the last, Little Toomai accomplishes a great deed by finding the elephants' dancing place and becomes a hero.

In other stories, we can also find the trace that native ingenuity can only be inspired by the colonists, as in "The Bridge-Builders". Even in the story he used to salute Eastern wisdom, "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat", the hero is pro-British. In *Kim*, it is Kim himself who gives the old and fragile lama new vitality. Kipling's point here is quite clear. The rebirth of Eastern wisdom needs Western help.

Another two typical "death" stories are "In the House of Suddhoo" and "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows". Kipling uses the two stories to show us an epitome of Indian society, particularly in the former tale. The whole structure in Suddhoo's house is a symbol for complex Indian society, and what happens there is immersed in its alien culture. When facing such a difficult situation, how to rule was really a serious question to the relatively few Sahibs in colonial India. "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" provides us with a dark picture of an opium den where people live like zombies. It is also, perhaps, a sketch of the Eastern world, fatigue and dying, with filthy habits. The addicts in that den are all Easterners, except one vaguely mentioned white man called 'MacSomebody', and except the shadowy fate of 'MacSomebody', they all die, one by one. The dark picture must reflect the negative image of the East left in young Kipling's mind. Since the decaying people were incurable, there must be some new blood in the old continent. Kipling does not state clearly what the end for that vague 'MacSomebody' was. It is a suspension he deliberately leaves to his readers. Just considering why Kipling makes Mulvaney stay in India, the answer may not be so vague as the final fate of that 'MacSomebody'.

Plain Tales from the Hills is the first collection of Kipling's Indian writing, occupying a very significant place in his whole writing career. It is not only a personal summary of young Kipling's Indian life, but also lays the foundation for his later writing. The stories with a death motif in the collection show the young Kipling's deep insight into a real colonial world, in which, on the one hand, there is a feeling of

powerlessness before cruel reality for a petty colonialist, while, on the other hand, we see a complex valuation of an ancient continent and its people. But, in the end, it is a work written in Kipling's youth. In his later works, he clearly changes some of his views. Just as he gives a new life to LISPETH in *Kim*, his thoughts also experienced a rebirth in his later writings. In the light of that, India could be reborn within Kipling's colonial vision, though the hope might still lie in the white breed and those natives who had been inspired by the white breed.

NOTES

1. Charles Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work*, (London, Macmillan, 1955), p.83.
2. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself*, (Jiangsu Education Publishing House, 2006), p.52.
3. Rudyard Kipling, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, (London, Macmillan, 1900).
4. Rudyard Kipling, *The Second Jungle Book*, (London, Macmillan, 1920), p.38.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

LOCKWOOD KIPLING PLATES AT WIMPOLE HALL

From: Mr Charles Allen, Longbarn, Pixford, Combe Florey, Somerset TA4 3HS

Dear Sir,

I am delighted to see that the mystery of the 'circular' pen and ink illustrations by Lockwood Kipling which are in the University of Sussex Collection is now partly solved. I see from the September article [*Journal* No.338, pp.41-48] that Wimpole Hall has 10 such plates but I seem to remember at least 20 such drawings, several of which Lockwood Kipling used in *Man and Beast in India*, and 12 of which I selected for use as endpapers in my *Kipling Sahib*. From this it would appear that he was given a major commission by persons unknown in 1879.

I've read all his letters from this time in the Sussex archive and there is certainly no mention of any such commission. My guess is that it would have to have been someone pretty wealthy and my first suspicions would fall on the Rivett-Carnacs. I wonder if anyone has any further information?

Yours,
CHARLES ALLEN

FIVE EARLY MILITARY GRAVES (c.1853-1888) AT THE OLD CHRISTIAN (ANGLICAN) CEMETERY, ABBOTTABAD, PAKISTAN

By OMER TARIN and SARKEES NAJMUDDIN

[Members will definitely remember the article by Omer Tarin on "My Quest for Mahbub Ali" (*Journal* No.327, June 2008). He is a former university lecturer and now Acting Director of the Sophia Institute in Pakistan, which promotes cultural and literary studies and specializes in their colonial experience. Having been brought up in Abbottabad he once again brings personal knowledge to this article.

Sarkees Najmuddin is Head Administrator of the old and famous Joan McDonald School System (est. 1933), which has branches in Lahore and Islamabad/Rawalpindi, Pakistan. He belongs to an old and respected Christian family of Pakistan, who have made valuable contributions to the country's service in education, law enforcement, the civil and military services. In addition to his interest in all matters appertaining to the colonial history of the country, he is also one of the main military historical medal collectors in South Asia, with a very significant collection of British military medals c.1840s to 1940s.

According to local reports, there is a possibility that Lockwood Kipling visited Abbottabad during his sketching tours in the 1870s, and a suggestion that Rudyard did so also, possibly in 1885. Omer Tarin plans to investigate the truth of these reports and will be very grateful for any help from members, sent via the Editor.

I am most grateful to Cliff Parrett, Editor of *Durbar*, the journal of the Indian Military Historical Society, for permission to reprint this article. – Ed.]

Abbottabad is a famous cantonment and garrison town in the hills of the Hazara district of the North-West Frontier Province (NWFP) of what is now Pakistan. It was 'founded' in January 1853 by James Abbott,¹ the first Deputy Commissioner, whose name it still bears. It is situated at approximately 4,150 feet above sea level, and even today retains, more than any other similar town founded by the British, something of the old 'colonial' aura.

Abbottabad is the headquarters of the civil administration of the Hazara region, and has been thus since 1853. The Hazara itself is the only one of the administrative districts of the NWFP located Cis-Indus. In days gone by, it was originally a part of the Durrani (Afghan) kingdom, attached to its Kashmir *subah* (governorship). Between 1820-1849 it came under the Lahore Sikh *durbar*, and these few decades were indeed turbulent times, as the Hazara natives, predominantly Muslim, refused to accept Sikh suzerainty, and refused to pay any revenues to Lahore. In response, the Sikhs brought about an extremely harsh regime to bear on the people and a very chaotic, lawless situation ensued.²

In March 1846, a peace was concluded between the Sikh *durbar* of Lahore and the British, following the First Sikh War. According to the

terms of the Treaty of Lahore, Henry Lawrence was appointed British Resident at Lahore³; and some areas of the Sikh kingdom, primarily the Vale of Kashmir and its dependencies and adjacent areas, were ceded to Raja Gulab Singh, Dogra, including the Hazara. In May 1846, Gulab Singh sent Diwan Hari Chand there, as his factor, to try to collect the considerable arrears in revenue, due to the disturbed state of the country. However, over the next few months, Hari Chand failed to do so and the situation in Hazara remained chaotic and lawless.

Meanwhile, in November 1846, Sheikh Imam-ud-Din, the Sikh-appointed governor at Srinagar (Kashmir), finally ceded to Gulab Singh's authority, on coercion by the presence of a British troop under Van Agnews and H. Lumsden⁴, assistants to the Lahore Resident; and indeed, Henry Lawrence himself went up a little later, accompanying Gulab Singh, and marching from Srinagar via Muzaffarabad to Upper Hazara (Kaghan Valley), to 'establish their writ'⁵. After some ineffectual resistance, in January 1847 the people submitted to Gulab Singh. However, by this time, he had decided against keeping this troublesome charge and in the same month, exchanged the Hazara for Jammu, returning the former to the Lahore *darbar*. According to the earliest Hazara District Gazetteer 'the basis of this exchange was that [there was a need for] an equitable assessment [which] should first be made in Hazara [including] the release of *jagirs* and other rent-free holdings...'⁶. Sardar Chatar Singh was nominated by Lahore to be *nazim* (administrator/governor) for Hazara, and (then) Captain James Abbott, another of Lawrence's assistants, deputed to go along to make an honest revenue assessment and restore order, as much as possible.

Abbott did so, very successfully indeed, between January/February 1847 and February/March 1848, in the process winning the hearts and minds of the majority of the Hazara chiefs and notables, as well as the common folk.⁷ This benevolent governance was briefly interrupted by the Second Sikh War of 1848-49 and it is to Abbott's credit that the people of Hazara by and large stood with the British, against the Sikhs, at this time.

On the conclusion of this Second War, the Sikh kingdom ended and the Punjab was formally annexed on 29th March 1849. Hazara was now part of British rule, on what used to be 'the Punjab Frontier' and in 1901 finally became the NWFP. Major James Abbott was made first Deputy Commissioner of this district, where he continued his reforms from 1849 to 1853. Abbott's seat of government/administration remained Haripur town, as during Sikh times, but he was already assessing the possibilities of relocating the headquarters up into the hills, for various strategic and climatic reasons. In 1852, he secured the

site of what is now Abbottabad, and the bulk of the British military garrison in Hazara was stationed up there in a tented village and, later, *pukkah* barracks, with a small number of civilian contractors (mostly *Bohra* Muslim merchants from India⁹) to cater to their various needs. Abbott also built himself a bungalow in these hills, to escape the heat of the plains during summer and, gradually, more and more British officers were attracted to the place and to the nearby *Galiyat* hills, which extended all the way to what was to become the hill-resort of Murree.⁹

In late 1852, Abbott decided to shift his civilian headquarters to this (yet unnamed) locale and in January 1853, he set about doing so. But time was against him and he was ordered away by the Government of India, leaving his beloved hills and new-found town in April 1853, to be replaced in May of that year by Herbert Edwardes as the second Deputy Commissioner of the district. It was Edwardes who formally named the town 'Abbottabad' after its founder and who continued in earnest with its planning and establishment. By the time his tenure here was up, in September 1853, Abbottabad was well on its way as a peaceful and prosperous little community and as a military cantonment/garrison of some importance. The town continues, today, in contemporary Pakistan, to maintain its military importance. It is home to the Frontier Force Regiment and Baluch Regiment as well as the Pakistan Army Medical Corps, the famed Army School of Music, the PT and Mountaineering School and the Pakistan Military Academy, in nearby Kakul neighborhood; and also remains the district administrative headquarters for civilian affairs¹⁰. The town is considered as an important strategic location on the Kara Koram Highway (KKH) which leads to China via the Gilgit Agency of Northern Pakistan; and is also important as a military depot and 'connection' to *Azad* (Pakistani) Kashmir. Its continued importance as a military cantonment and base is further attested to by the fact that it is the main 'forward base' in the present military operations against the Taliban in the Trans-Indus territories of Swat, Buner and Dir (Malakand division).

Due to its strategic military location and continued importance as a cantonment and garrison town since 1853, Abbottabad has a number of historically important locations, associated with the British Indian Army, in days of yore. Some of these, such as the 'PIFFERS' mess and museum/archives, are better known to overseas visitors – but very few people get to visit the Old Christian (later Anglican) Cemetery on Hill Road, in the old cantonment area. Yet, this cemetery has a fascinating number and variety of military graves, dating from c.1853 to the 1940s, almost all of them 'connected', one way or the other, to frontier campaigns and/or regimental life and service here. In this paper, we have

tried to introduce some of the oldest graves in the Old Christian Cemetery (OCC), Abbottabad" to readers, focusing on the five oldest physically verifiable graves in the cemetery, by trying not only to record them for posterity but also to provide what information we have been able to glean about their occupants. Due to various limitations of time and space, this present paper has not been expanded to include many other, later graves, which we hope to document in later articles perhaps.¹²

The OCC Abbottabad, probably established as early as 1853 as a main common burial ground for the Christian community in the Hazara¹³, came under the effective jurisdiction of the Anglican Church around/after 1864, when St. Luke's Church was completed and formally consecrated.¹⁴ However, until the Roman Catholic congregation and the American Presbyterian Mission became active in these parts (c. late 1890s-1900), some other non-Anglican Christians continued to be buried in the OCC, and hence it was also known, for quite some time, as the 'European Cemetery' – the few native Christians (including local converts) being buried in a smaller tract elsewhere in town¹⁵, although it was never very commonly used and most people still refer to it as (purely) the *Purana Angrezi Qabristan* (the Old English/Anglican Cemetery).

The OCC is located on Hill Road, in the Old Cantonment centre, Abbottabad, within walking distance of the Baluch and Frontier Force regimental centers and very near to St. Luke's Church, opposite the main Cantonment Bazaar and the central GPO. It is situated in the foothills of Mount Shimla¹⁶, on rather sloping, uneven ground, about an acre and a half, enclosed by a strong stone wall¹⁷ with a small gate-way leading inside. Although a family of caretakers lives inside¹⁸, in a small hut, the general condition of the OCC is rather dilapidated as far as care of the older graves is concerned; although the lush grounds contain a wide variety of fine trees and flowering bushes and the overall aura is one of peace and quiet.¹⁹

As we are only focusing on older graves, we could physically verify around 65 graves, dating from c.1945 or earlier; and there are an additional 12-15 graves which seem old but cannot be identified properly at all, due to their condition. All of these graves are of Europeans. Out of these, the vast majority are graves of either (a) military personnel or (b) family of military personnel, with very few exceptions.

A record of early British memorials of historical interest in the Punjab, the North-West Frontier Provinces, Kashmir and Afghanistan was compiled one hundred years ago by Miles Irving and George de Rhé-Philipe.²⁰ OCC Abbottabad was not overlooked in this exercise which records a total of seven military graves dating from 1853 to

1903, and, in addition to this, ten memorial tablets in St. Luke's Church. We have concentrated our attention on five graves that remain in an identifiable state – one of which was not recorded by Messrs Irving & de Rhé-Philipe.²¹ This leaves three previously recorded military graves that are now no longer recognizable.²²

1. Captain William Wheatley Repton, born 1822, died 1853.

The India Office Records retain details of his marriage to Charlotte Arabella Crawford, on 15th April 1846 at Agra, when he was a Lieutenant in the 56th Bengal Native Infantry [N.I.].²³ He died in September 1853 at Abbottabad and is buried in the OCC. This is the *oldest* physically verifiable grave in this cemetery and, as can be seen in the photograph, it is in rather a bad way.



MEMORIAL OF CAPTAIN REPTON

Sacred to the Memory of Captain W.W. Repton, 56th Regt N.I.
Who departed this life of 5th September 1853: aged 31
May his soul be forever blessed
through the merits of our saviour Jesus Christ.
This Monument is erected in his memory by his Brother Officers
as a mark of their regard

Most of the writing on the memorial has been obliterated by the effect of weather and neglect, although the new vicar is attempting his best to improve maintenance and record/preserve some of the inscriptions for posterity, with little support from the Diocese which lacks adequate funds for historical preservation purposes. Fortunately the details of Repton's memorial were recorded by Irving and de Rhé-Philipe.²⁴

Nothing has been found on the circumstances of Captain Repton's demise, and the regimental records are not helpful. He had arrived at Abbottabad in January 1853 with his regiment, the 3rd Sikh Local Infantry, Punjab Irregular Force, to which he had been appointed Commandant two months previously. It was not an easy time for the new incumbent.

On 11th January [the Regiment] moved up to Abbottabad for the purpose of forming a cantonment at that station. In July an insubordinate and mutinous spirit having shown itself in the Regiment, in consequence of the men being called on to build their own lines, a Special Court of Inquiry, composed of experienced Officers, was assembled to investigate the subject. On the 5th September the Commandant, Captain W.W. Repton, died.²⁵

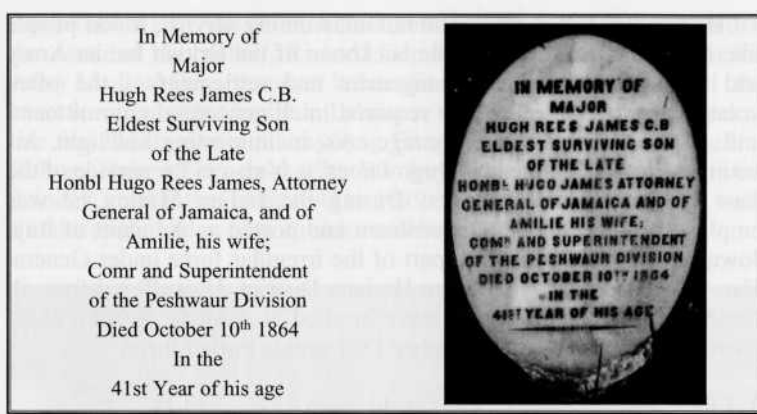
It is likely, as conjecture, that his death at the early age of 31 was due to illness or disease, maybe when his morale was low. India was often quite hard on early British settlers, including officers and their families. Many graves of women and children in the OCC, Abbottabad, testify to this.

2. Major Hugh Rees James, born 1823-24, died 1864.

There is a record of his services in Irving and de Rhé-Philipe's biographical notices, although as usual this source does not include personal details. In regard to the latter, aside from the date of his birth and death, it is noted that he was the son of a former Attorney-General of Jamaica, in the West Indies.²⁶ It is known that he married Lavinia Berkeley on 7th December 1843 at Bareilly.²⁷

Major Rees James was with the 4th Bengal Native Infantry during his early career. Later he was appointed to the Bengal Staff Corps and served as Commissioner and Superintendent of the Peshawar Division. A tablet on his memorial in the OCC at Abbottabad gives some more information about him.

Major James held an important position on what was the old 'Punjab Frontier' (later the North-West Frontier Province from 1901 onwards). After several years of regimental service, during which he received the medal for the Punjab campaign of 1848-49 with one clasp



MEMORIAL PLAQUE WITHIN ST LUKE'S CHURCH, ABBOTTABAD

for Mooltan [Multan], his services were placed at the disposal of the Resident at Lahore. There followed an active career in political employment, culminating with the important position of Commissioner and Superintendent of the Peshawar Division, of which Abbottabad (and the whole of the Hazara district) was part. But we have not come across any significant published records of his military and/or civilian administrative career, whereas the lives and careers of many younger officers on the Frontier are well-documented, in particular those of Henry Lawrence's 'Paladins of the Punjab' – men such as James Abbott, Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson and others. Yet Hugh Rees James was a competent and highly regarded officer, even if he never achieved the 'legendary status' that Victorian Britain accorded to the likes mentioned above. One may take it that his competence was well known to the Government of India, and no lesser personage than the Secretary of State for India remarked on his achievements during the proceeding and the aftermath of the particularly sanguinous Frontier conflict generally known as the Umbeyla Expedition between November and January 1863-64.

The excellent judgment displayed by Major James in his negotiation with the tribes, and especially the manner in which he converted the Bunerwals into serviceable allies, and employed them in the destruction of the fanatics at Malka, indicated in a still higher degree those qualities which have already earned for him the confidence of the Government of India.²⁸

He lived and died after solid but unassuming service. It was people like Major James who were the backbone of the British Indian Army and Civil Services. The management and settlement of the often volatile, troublesome Frontier required intelligence and commitment, and no small measure of courage. As an interesting sidelight, his younger brother, Lieutenant Hugo James, was also in the service of the East India Company's forces. During the Indian Mutiny he was employed by the Punjab Government and posted as Adjutant of Raja Jowahir Singh's Contingent, part of the irregular force under General Van Courtland operating in the Hariana District. He suffered from ill health, and en route for sick leave he died in Ambala, in the Punjab (now Indian Punjab) in November 1858 and is buried there.²⁹

3. Lieut. Robert Gerald Fitzgerald: born 1846, died 1872.³⁰

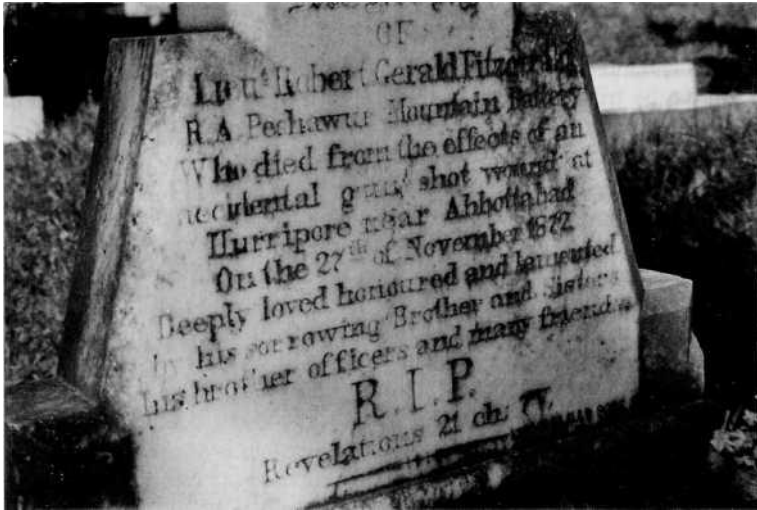
Lieutenant Fitzgerald, was a Royal Artillery officer attached to the Peshawar Mountain Battery, Punjab Frontier Force. One or other of the four batteries of artillery of the Punjab Frontier Force was generally always at hand in the Abbottabad central garrison,³¹ and they were brought into use a number of times during the several Black Mountain campaigns in Hazara (1850s to 1920s) as well as in other punitive expeditions and minor border skirmishes. This young officer, whose life was tragically cut short by a gun accident, had returned to Abbottabad in June 1872 following service with his battery in the Lushai campaign on the Eastern Frontier of India.

Fortunately the inscription on the headstone of Robert Fitzgerald's memorial in the OCC Abbottabad remains in relatively good condition. It states:

Sacred to the Memory of Lieut[enant] Robert Gerald Fitzgerald R.A.
Peshawur [sic] Mountain Battery
Who died from the effects of an accidental gunshot wound
at Hurripore[sic] near Abbottabad
On the 27th of November 1872
Deeply loved, honoured and lamented
[by] his sorrowing Brother
and Sisters and his brother officers and many friends
R.I.P
Revelations 21, Ch ...V

From what we could ascertain, like many young officers then serving in the Hazara, Lieutenant Fitzgerald was on 'shooting leave' in Haripur when his accidental death apparently occurred.³² Nothing more is

known about him. However, within the India Office Records is recorded the death of his brother, Richard Gerald Fitzgerald, a surgeon in the Army Medical Department, at Lahore Fort on 30th September 1874 (the exact location of his burial in Lahore is unknown).³³ One might speculate that the tragically fated young Fitzgerald brothers were related to Colonel Robert Fitzgerald, 12th Bombay N.I., first commandant of the Scinde Camel Corps from 1843 to 1849.³⁴ We have been unable to trace a connection, and maybe a reader will be able to clarify this.



INSCRIPTION ON THE MEMORIAL OF LIEUTENANT FITZGERALD

4. **Major Leigh Richmond Battye:** born 29th June 1845, died June 1888.³⁵

Major Leigh Battye was the son of George Wynard and Marian Martha Battye.³⁶ His biography in Irving & de Rhé-Philipe is accompanied by that of his eldest son Richmond Moffat Battye, killed in action in the Tirah on 1st December 1897, and three of his brothers (Frederick Drummond, Quintin Henry, and Wigram) – all of whom were also killed in action. Leigh Richmond Battye was with the 5th Gurkha Regiment, Punjab Frontier Force, when he also was killed in June 1888, during the Black Mountain Campaign (Hazara), in an action in the Agror Valley; and was buried in the same month in the OCC Abbottabad.

The circumstances of Major Leigh Battye's death in 1888 are recorded in several sources – the most detailed account being in the 5th

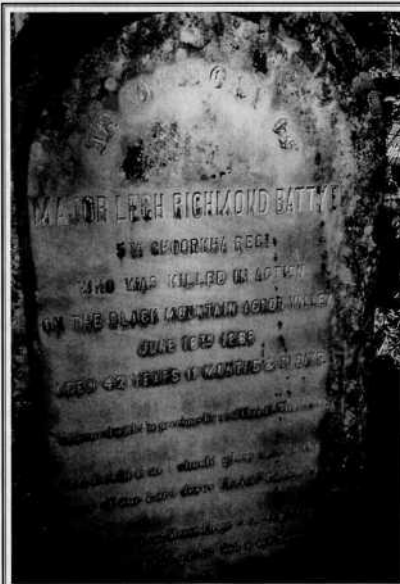
Gurkhas' history.³⁷ The Hazara outpost of Oghi, in the Agror Valley, close by the Black Mountain area, was generally manned by a detachment provided by two Punjab Frontier Force units, on this occasion the 5th Gurkhas and the 6th Punjab Regiment, depending on which units were available for such duty in Abbottabad at a given time. Thus, on 18th June 1888, a 'mixed party' some eighty strong left the Oghi Fort (Agror Valley) early in the morning for reconnaissance purposes. The party was commanded by Major Leigh Battye, 5th Gurkhas, accompanied by Captain H.B. Urmston of the 6th Punjab Regiment. While they were still in British (settled) territory, the party was ambushed and fired upon and the fire became heavier and the numbers of Black Mountain tribesmen and/or their local allies larger, as they advanced further towards the tribal border. At this point, the party was ordered to fall back as some men were hit and wounded and there was apprehension that the small party might be overrun. A havildar in the rearguard was wounded badly and fell, and the two British officers, accompanied by Subedar Kishanbir Nagarkoti of the 5th Gurkha Regiment and five other ranks, went back to get him out. As they were putting the wounded man on a stretcher, they were charged by the enemy and in the subsequent hand-to-hand conflict, Battye was felled by a sword cut and then shot through the neck. Urmston was first struck by a hatchet and then killed soon afterwards. In the meanwhile the main body went on in retreat, unaware of what had occurred. However Subedar Kishanbir Nagarkoti, who had managed to reach the main body, then led them back and recovered the bodies of the two officers and others who fell. For his outstanding gallantry on this occasion, Subedar Kishanbir Nagarkoti was awarded the unique gold fourth award clasp to his 1st Class Indian Order of Merit. This tragic border *fracas* led to the outbreak of the punitive Black Mountain campaign that lasted from September to December 1888, after which the local tribesmen came in and made terms.³⁸

The Battyes were a very well-known family indeed, in India generally and on the Frontier in particular. You can find mention of them almost everywhere, in old archives and government records of all sorts.³⁹ They were mostly missionaries but also produced a remarkably large number of soldiers who were conspicuous for their gallantry at various times, as well as some civilian officers in several branches/departments. In the Hazara district/area they are especially famous, as the small but well-known hill station of Thandiani (about one hour's drive from Abbottabad town) was originally leased out as a special 'grant' to a member of this family, who subsequently donated it to the Church as a missionaries' resort.⁴⁰

There are two graves together in the small 'family plot' in the OCC Abbottabad, enclosed by a wrought-iron grill. One is Major Battye's,

and the other is that of his little son George Percival Battye who died earlier in 1872 aged only 10 months. We have found no record of the child's tragic demise and there is merely a simple entry in the register at St. Luke's Church.

Major Battye was the ninth son. He came immediately after his famous brother, Major Wigram Battye 'of the Guides', who died leading a dashing cavalry charge at the Battle of Futtahabad in Afghanistan on the 2nd April 1879. Major Leigh Richmond Battye's headstone reads:



IN MEMORIAM
Major Leigh Richmond Battye
5th Goorkha Regt
Who was killed in action on the Black
Mountain, Agror Valley
June 18th 1888
Aged 42 years 11 months 21 days
(followed by a long Biblical text)

5. Lieut. Trevor Farquhar: born 1865, died October 1888

This last is a very interesting case. He is not mentioned in Irving and de Rhé-Philipe's compendium, and at first we could find no information about him elsewhere.⁴¹ Due to the exceptionally bad condition of the grave we could not take a proper photo. The inscription on the headstone in the OCC Abbottabad is barely legible, and his name is incorrectly spelled 'Farouqahar' thereon.

... Lieut. Trevor Farouqahar [sic] ... Seaforth Highlanders ...
son of H. Farouqahar [sic] of Gilminscroft, Ayrshire
Died in action in the Black Mountain Campaign, 1888 October
(date of burial is given as 22nd October 1888)

The young Lieut. Farquhar, of the 2nd Bn, The Seaforth Highlanders,⁴² died in the campaign generally referred to as the 'Black Mountain Expedition of 1888' that began with the murder of Major Battye, whose details are given above. Farquhar was actually buried in this plot on the 22nd October although he probably died some days earlier. His plain, simple grave, in a forgotten corner of the OCC, suggests a rather forlorn presence. Since the Seaforth Highlanders was not an Indian Army regiment, and as Lieut. Farquhar had no connections in these parts, his grave suffered considerable neglect over the years.

While searching for details about him, we began on a rather tenuous line of research. His father's name is given as 'H. Farouqahar [sic] of Gilminscroft, Ayrshire', so we presumed he must have been a relatively unknown minor squire or 'laird' as the family name is common enough in the Scottish Lowlands.⁴³ In this mistaken assumption, we began to scour available records here and in the British Library, as well as available records in Scotland, through the agency of various local historians and specialists, but came up with no additional information whatsoever. It was not until June 2009 that we made a startling discovery.⁴⁴ We were advised to look up a website <www.peerage.com>, a genealogical record of British peers and nobility compiled by a gentleman in Wellington N.Z., and on searching this site we 'came up trumps'!

Lieut. Trevor Fauquhar was the eldest son of Sir Henry Thomas Farquhar, 4th Baronet Farquhar (1838-1916), who married the Hon'ble Alice Brand, daughter of the 1st Viscount Hampden of Glynde, in 1862. They had four children: a daughter, Gertrude Farquhar (1863-1914); another daughter Katherine Farquhar (1865-1933); their elder son, our Lieut. Trevor Farquhar (born 27th December 1865);⁴⁵ and another son, Colonel Francis Douglas Farquhar (1874-1915), who died in action during World War I.⁴⁶ This is a substantial jump in what we previously had on Lieutenant Farquhar and his antecedents and background. One wonders if any members of his family still survive and if they have ever visited his grave in Abbottabad? Or if they are even aware that he lies buried there?

CONCLUSION

Our chief objectives in carrying out and putting down this research in this form, were: [a] given the paucity of funds with the Church of Pakistan, especially St. Luke's, Abbottabad, for the effective maintenance of the older graves in the OCC, to document as much as we could some of the still existent records for posterity; [b] to highlight the presence of these graves, in Abbottabad, Pakistan, of people who lived and died here and are very much part of our past historical 'narrative', one

way or the other, despite years of terrible neglect by Pakistani historians and governmental authorities, who choose, even today, to adopt a rather ostrich-like attitude in accepting that we had, in fact, a 'colonial' history, which is worthy of study at various levels; [c] to make a small contribution towards rectifying this sorry neglect, for the sake of future generations, which, removed by several decades from the trauma(s) of Independence/Partition, might ask what all these old remains and monuments are and what role they played in our past. We seriously apprehend that a great many of these sites will probably have ceased to exist in some years' time, which will be a real shame indeed.

The research that we have carried out and set down here is far from being adequate, we know; but we hope this will also help people to understand the sheer difficulties confronting serious researchers here in Pakistan, without access to proper, detailed records and resources for research and with little help or assistance from various quarters. However, it is a small beginning we hope, which might encourage others to follow. It is indeed strange that even in our top public and private sector universities in Pakistan, with large history departments/faculties, hundreds of students and several millions of rupees in annual funding, there is almost no work being undertaken on our colonial history, especially the fascinating military history of that time. Indeed, almost 70% of all historical research being carried out here seems to focus entirely on: [i] the 'Freedom Movement' leading to the creation of Pakistan (c. 1920s to 1947); [ii] famous personalities associated with this struggle/movement; [iii] some aspects of regional/provincial history/histories, again with a focus on Pakistan and its creation; [iv] some aspects of Mughal or early Muslim rule in these parts.

A small amount of work has been done, in the past, on the ancient civilizations of Gandhara and the Indus Valley but nothing new or original has been said or written now for the last twenty years or so. There seems to be a major hiatus in our history, between the late 18th century and 1857. This situation prevails at a time when, since the 1990s onwards, the military history of South Asia is experiencing a 'renaissance' of sorts in other parts of the world – with historians looking at 'multiple interconnections' between military-colonial history and a range of other fields/areas: socio-cultural, political, economic and so-on.⁴⁷

It is sincerely hoped that this article will be useful in making a very small contribution towards filling this hiatus, or vacuum.

[This article was first published in two parts in *Durbar*, journal of the Indian Military Historical Society, Vol. 26, No. 3 Autumn 2009, and No.4 Winter 2009. Further information on the IMHS can be obtained

from the Membership Secretary: Tony McClenaghan, 33 High St., Tilbrook, Huntingdon, Cambs PE28 OJP, U.K. (imhs@mcclenaghan.waitrose.com) – Ed.}

**Related correspondence published in *Durbar*: Vol. 26, No.4,
Winter 2009**

(From Dr. Saiqa Khan)

"I was recently given an article to read on 'Five Early Military Graves at the Old Christian Cemetery, Abbottabad (Part I)' published in the Autumn 2009 edition of *Durbar*. The authors mention that there were no native Christian graves in this European cemetery prior to 1947. I suppose that early church records were not always accurate, but those of us who remember a little of that time, knew there used to be five such graves. These were:

1. *Edward Sohun Lall*: died in the 1920s. He served for many, many years as the Postmaster of the Abbottabad GPO, and was something of an institution in himself, according to stories.
2. *Mangat Rai*: died in the late 1930s. Rai Bahadur Mangat Rai, B.A., was a distinguished member of the Abbottabad community. He originally belonged to a famous Christian family of the Punjab and first came to the Hazara as a junior revenue officer, and remained Settlement Naib-Tehsildar in Abbottabad for long years. He later retired as the first native Assistant Commissioner for Excise and Taxation in the region (c. 1931-32) and settled permanently in Abbottabad.
3. *Mrs Mangat Rai (Mrs)*: died in the late 1930s. Wife of the above.
4. '*Suzanna*.' There was a grave of a young girl, probably of an Anglo-Indian Christian family. Nothing else was known about her.
5. Another grave, c. 1930s. This belonged to a prominent local Muslim convert whose name I forget. He was active in Church social/philanthropic activities.

I trust this information will help to set the record straight. Congratulations on publishing this otherwise fine article."

(From Omer Tarin and Sarkees Najmuddin)

With reference to our article on the OCC Abbottabad (*Durbar*, Autumn and Winter 2009), we have some more information regarding an early grave listed by Irving and de Rhé-Philipe. and subsequently 'lost'. In a recent visit, we located a headstone hidden under a clump of grass and

rather weathered. Parts of the headstone are still legible and we could decipher: 'A____W. Cruikshank C.B. Aged 47 years ... Pioneers ... Oct 1888.' Colonel A.C.W. Crookshank [*sic*] commanded the 34th Pioneers and died at Haripur of wounds received in the 1888 Black Mountain campaign.

On another occasion we took up a team of *mazdoors* (day labourers) to clear the undergrowth and discovered a 'mystery monument' close to Crookshank's memorial. Hidden in a clump of rough grass was a short stone obelisk with this partly indecipherable inscription:

M . . . memory of
Pvt Barnel [Parnel?], Pvt Bird, Pvt J Bodycot, Pvt Jamesson,
Pvt W Barrett, Pvt – Bodycot, Pvt Davie
of the . . . Batt . . . SV . . . died in 18 . . . were buried near this spot.

Can anyone identify these British soldiers and their regiment? Replies to the Editor please.

Further correspondence arising from the OCC Abbottabad will be appearing in the Spring 2010 edition of *Durbar*. Unfortunately, at the time of writing, no response has been received regarding the unidentified British soldiers.

NOTES

1. Major (later Gen) Sir James Abbott, 1807-1896.
2. Dr. S.B. Panni, *Tarikh I Hazara* [in Urdu: *A History of the Hazara*], N.P., Peshawar 1964; pp. 12-27.
3. Harold Lee, *Brothers in the Raj: The Lives of John and Henry Lawrence*, Oxford UP, Karachi 2002; p.242.
4. Panni, *op. cit.*; p.69.
5. Lee, *op. cit.*; p.263.
6. *The Hazara District Gazetteer, 1883-84*, Government of the Punjab, Lahore 1884 (reprint, Sang-i-Meel, Lahore 1990); p.33.
7. Panni, *op. cit.*; p.91.
8. Their descendants still live in Abbottabad and Rawalpindi cantonments and are prosperous, highly respected businessmen.
9. This, too, was first 'discovered' by Abbott.
10. *Hazara Development Report 1994-1995*, Government of the NWFP, Pakistan, Peshawar 1995; pp. 15-26.
11. An important note: we owe a special debt of gratitude to the Rev. Riaz, Vicar, St.Luke's Church, Abbottabad, for helping us during September-October 2008, by providing access to church records and also accompanying us for physical verification to the OCC.

12. For further information about the OCC, especially the early development of the Anglican church in Abbottabad and the role of its traditional caretakers (one Muslim family for over hundred years), please see Omer Tarin's article "St.Luke's, Abbottabad" in *The Weekly Pulse*, Islamabad, Pakistan, 4-11th September 1998, pp. 10-11; and also his unpublished Interview & Report "Tending to the Dead Sahibs", read as a Paper at an Ethnological Seminar at the South Asian Studies Institute (SASI), University of the Punjab, Lahore, November 2006.
13. Although there are also some small graveyards and/or individual graves in other parts, including Haripur, Mansehra and the *Galiyat* hill tracts, this was the central cemetery.
14. St. Luke's, Abbottabad, Records, 1863-1865 (the earliest registers available today). The church was consecrated by the Bishop of Calcutta, the senior Anglican prelate in India. See Account/Report of Mr. J.H. Pratt, Archdeacon, during his visitation to Abbottabad, 1864-65. There is also an earlier record of a visitation by Archdeacon Pratt of 8th October 1863, in which he refers to the earliest establishment of 'Church boundaries' and the maintenance of Registers etc. So the church had its presence before, too, but 1864 probably marked a formal benchmark of sorts.
15. It was around 1947 (at the time of Partition/Independence) that the first native/local Christians found burial space here. Some of these families still live in Abbottabad and members are still buried here, despite the extreme lack of space in the OCC. There is however another larger plot available for burials, today, for members of the Church of Pakistan; whereas the Catholic Church and Presbyterians have their own spaces.
16. Part of the Sherwan Range, not to be confused with Simla, the Indian hill station. In the local Hindko-Punjabi dialect, *Shimla* or *Shumla* signifies the crest of a *pugree*, or turban, and the Mount could be seen as the 'crest' of this range, tapering down to Abbottabad town.
17. Abbottabad, sadly, like much of Pakistan today, is a victim to the notorious 'land mafia', a group or groups of criminals who attempt to seize and take over any land they can lay their hands on. As recently as the 1990s, this wall only used to run for a bit along the road but not around the whole perimeter. The Church of Pakistan was forced to extend it to protect the OCC land from these people. The OCC is now not accessible to the general public, unless one first gets written permission from the Vicarage.
18. See previous footnote 12.
19. The authors' latest on-site physical verification was made in September-October 2008. According to the Rev. Riaz, Vicar of St. Luke's, this was the only such exercise carried out for some time and we were also able to help him update and correct some of his own records. According to the Rev, the British Council in Pakistan has some sort of record/s of this and other similar old cemeteries in the country but this isn't accessible to scholars/researchers, for some reason, unfortunately.
20. Miles Irving I.C.S. and George William de Rhé-Philipe, *Inscriptions on Christian Tombs or Monuments in the Punjab, the North-West Frontier Province, Kashmir and Afghanistan*, Punjab Government Press, Lahore; Part I 1910, Part II 1912. This most useful publication has been reprinted twice with the new title *Soldiers of the Raj*, by London Stamp Exchange in 1989, and by Naval & Military Press in 2009.
21. The main source of relevant material remains the valuable compilation by Irving & de Rhé-Philipe (previous footnote). To this we have added our physical verification and site inspection, and referral to local records. We have tried to provide as much

- information as we could find out about these, from various other sources too; chiefly, the British Library, London and its various resources from the India Office Records, relating to births, careers, marriages and baptisms and deaths (files and registers, numbers/references of which are cited).
22. Capt. C.H.H. Beley, 25th Punjab Infy (killed in action 1888); Col. A.C.W. Crookshank, 34th Pioneers (killed in action 1888); Lt. Col. J.A. Brown, 37th Dogras (died 1903).
 23. British Library, *India Office Records*, shelf mark N/1/69 f.154.
 24. Irving & de Rhé-Philipe, Part I p.145, Part II p.287.
 25. Anon, *The Historical Records of the 3rd Sikh Infantry, Punjab Frontier Force*, no details of publisher or printer in original volume, circa 1903 (but most likely the Punjab Government Press in Lahore); p.6.
 26. Irving & de Rhé-Philipe, *op. cit.*, Pt.II, p.183.
 27. *East India Register*, 1844, 2nd ed. (Bengal, List of Births, Marriages & Deaths).
 28. Irving & de Rhé-Philipe, *op. cit.*, Part II p.184. Previous to this, in May 1860, in recognition of his eminent political services on the North-West Frontier of India, he had been appointed a Companion of the Civil Division of the Order of the Bath (C.B.).
 29. *ibid.*
 30. *ibid.*; Part I p. 167, Part II, p.l 10. Fitzgerald's name and date of demise appear on a memorial tablet in St. Augustine's Church, Kohat, commemorating officers of the Punjab Frontier Force who died on the Frontier. His grave at Abbottabad is not recorded.
 31. *Hazara Gazetteer*, 1883-84, pp.172-73. It is also to be noted that, apart from the garrison at Abbottabad, two smaller military outposts existed: at Haripur in the plains, and at Oghi Fort in the Agror Valley, bordering the Black Mountain area.
 32. *Hazara Gazetteer*, *op. cit.*, pp.16-18. Haripur was, and still is, home to several fine government *rukhs* (preserves) which were popular among British officers as venues for partridge hunting during the official 'season' (Nov. to February). Gun accidents occurred occasionally. Nowadays most *rukhs* are reserved for V.I.P. *Shikar* (hunting) for visiting dignitaries. In St. Luke's Register for 1872-75 is a brief entry on the circumstances of Fitzgerald's accidental death. An inquest must have taken place, but we have seen no record of it.
 33. This information derives from an unspecified source.
 34. Anon, *Regimental History of the 6th Royal Battalion (Scinde) 13th Frontier Force Rifles, 1843-1934*, Gale & Polden, Aldershot; pp.1-6. The 6th Royal Battalion was first raised in Karachi in 1843 as the Scinde Camel Corps.
 35. Irving & de Rhé-Philipe, *op. cit.*, Part II, pp.22-21.
 36. British Library, India Office Records, shelf mark N/1/68 f. 188.
 37. Anon, *History of the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles (Frontier Force) 1858-1928*, Aldershot (undated); pp.84-87.
 38. The local tribesmen of the *Kala Dhaka*, or Black Mountain, bordering the Hazara District of British India, had in this instance been primed to attack the British forces at Oghi by the machinations of the locally influential Khan of Agror, Ali Gohar Khan (b.1857) who had an ongoing rivalry with his near neighbour the Chief or Nawab of Amb (Feudal Tanawal) and who, despite the confirmation and increase of his *jagir* grants by the British, imagined he had been slighted by them in favour of the Amb

- chief. Since he did not want to be involved directly in any confrontation with the British he found it expedient to work up some of the Black Mountain clans to do his dirty work for him. In 1888-89, he was arrested from Oghi and sent off as a prisoner to Lahore, and the campaign thereafter closed, with the tribal chiefs suing for peace. During the period of Ali Gohar Khan's detention, his estate was placed under the wardenship of the court and his minor son, Badi-ul-Zaman Khan (born 1886) expected to succeed to the Agror chieftainship in due course, on attaining his majority.
39. Evelyn Desiree Battye, *The Fighting Ten*, British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia, London 1984. This book, which has not been available to the writers of this article, tells the tale of ten gallant Battye soldiers, including the five referred to here.
 40. Records of the former Hazara Hill Tract Improvement Trust, now incorporated into the *Galiyat* Development Authority (GDA), Abbottabad. File 1969/01/HHIT/101-133, re: "Early Leases in the Hazara Hill Tracts granted during British Rule." The Church of Pakistan's Peshawar Diocese still owns considerable land there, as well as a small church building and outhouses etc, mostly in use during the summer months when a considerable number of missionaries and church officials move up there. Some property is also owned privately by a few Christian families.
 41. It is understood that details of Farquhar's death can be found in the India Office Records (unspecified source).
 42. H.M. Chichester and G. Burges-Short, *The Records & Badges of Every Regiment & Corps in the British Army*, Gale & Polden, Aldershot 1900; pp.742-756. The Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, The Duke of Albany's) was created via the amalgamation of the 72nd (The Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders) Regt of Foot and the 78th (Highlanders) (Ross-shire Buffs) Regt of Foot, as part of Childers' Reform of the British Army, 1881. The 2nd Battalion (the old 78th) arrived in India in 1879 where it remained for eighteen years. It served *inter alia*, on the North-West Frontier, including the Black Mountain Expedition, and in Afghanistan.
 43. As a small historical 'aside', it is worth noting that in 1788 the great Scottish poet Robert Burns (1759-1796) was famously married to his beloved Jean Armour by a 'Farquhar of Gilminscroft' in Ayrshire—probably a local J.P. or Magistrate. Was he any relation to our poor young lieutenant? The connection certainly invites speculation. We are indebted for this snippet of information to Ms Mubeshra Jamil of the Department of Mass Communication, Kinnaird College for Women, Lahore, Pakistan, who has considerable 'out of the way' literary knowledge stored up.
 44. Thanks to Mr. Asad Khwaja of Basingstoke, England, for setting us on the right track.
 45. His date of demise is wrongly given as 23rd October 1888. The note states that he 'died in action in the Black Mountain Expedition'. As already stated, he was buried in the OCC, Abbottabad, on 22nd October and probably died some days earlier (www.peerage.com).
 46. *ibid*. The biographical note also informs us that Colonel Farquhar had served with the Coldstream Guards and received a D.S.O.; but at the time of his demise he was commanding the Canadian Light Infantry. He was married and had issue, however.
 47. C. Dewey, *'The New Military History of South Asia'*, International Institute of Asian Studies, 1996, 9:21.

THE REPRESENTATION OF MASCULINITY IN *THE LIGHT THAT FAILED*

By ZAINAB AYOUB

[From a tender age, Zainab Ayoub has had a passion for writing. From writing poetry, personal vignettes to writing letters to H.M. The Queen asking her for 'cooler uniforms' in school, (this I should add was when she was seven). Zainab went on to read English at the University of Reading and after graduation, went on to successfully complete a master's degree in Victorian literature. She is currently pursuing a Ph.D. despite the distractions of a husband and a babbling six-month old son. – *Ed.*]

If art is said to imitate life, then this is the case in Kipling's novel, *The Light that Failed*. Key themes such as childhood, love interest and blindness contribute to a melange of conflict and contradiction in the way masculinity is represented. The treatment of masculinity is confusing as it is inconsistent, almost mirroring Dick Helder's / Kipling's anxious state of mind at not having a maternal figure in their childhood. Kipling's fears reflect the general mood of the time in which he was writing this text. 1891 saw the emergence of an independent and sexually empowered woman in the form of the New Woman. The presence of the New Woman shook the Victorian foundations upon which the concept of gender was formed. John Ruskin's ideology depicts women as the repositories of innocence and order, who require protection from the male gender as the male gender is nobler and stronger. Man, claims Ruskin is:

Active, progressive, defensive. . . Eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. . . Woman is enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise . . . not for self development, but for self-renunciation.¹

Kipling's characterization of Maisie follows that of his contemporaries' works. Such examples are: Bram Stoker's *Dracula* and Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. The men in these novels do not fulfil the Victorian gender roles subscribed to men. In *Jude the Obscure*, Jude does not have a formal occupation, thus failing his role as strong male provider to Sue and their children. In Stoker's *Dracula*, Lucy Westenra embodies aspects of the New Woman, who rejects conventional female modes and demands sexual and social autonomy like Sue Bridehead and Maisie. Female vampires symbolize a refusal to be maternal figures in their preference not for feeding but rather feeding on their victims. These citations demonstrate that it was not Kipling who was

pre-occupied with socially inept men in the face of the New Woman, but it was a general unease at the time. Thus, the depiction of masculinity in Kipling's novel is not a straightforward portrayal of a heroic noble strong man. Instead, the reader is presented with a more complex man, struggling to deal with the challenges posed by Maisie and Dick's inability to cope with these changes.

It was said in the introduction that the presentation of masculinity in the novel is a contrast between effeminate and masculine traits. Dick's masculinity is pertinent in relation to his job. Dick is a war correspondent artist. The fact that he is on the war front serves two functions: firstly, that his profession is masculine in that it is a job that women, however liberated, would not have the opportunity to undertake because they are women and not fit to see the grotesque horrors of war. Secondly, being exposed to the Sudan campaign and war in general suggests that Dick is exposed to aspects of life that Maisie cannot comprehend – it is this very reason why her art struggles. Dick possesses knowledge about what the public want and do not want, which is a trait he teaches Maisie when he agrees to take her under his artistic wing:

'Good work has nothing to do with—doesn't belong to— the person who does it. It's put into him or her from outside.'²

Kipling's vivid description in chapter two of the Sudan, the Nile and the tribulations that Dick and Torpenhow face during the war campaign, is juxtaposed with the mundane and bleak life that Maisie lived under in the residence of Mrs. Jennett:

The tide ran out nearly two miles on that coast, and the many-coloured mud-banks, touched by the sun, sent up a lamentable smell of dead weed.³

The 'lamentable smell of dead weed' on the coast at Southsea contrasts with the 'indescribable scent of Nile mud in the air'. The effect this has is that it reinforces the idea that Dick is able to experience the Nile's exotic milieu simply because he is a man. Whether or not Dick's personality is weak has no effect whatsoever – his job requires him to see war before his eyes. Kipling delves into the detail of the experiences that Dick and Torpenhow share as a result of their jobs, hence re-emphasizing that it is men, not women who are able to see more of the world because of their gender:

They had been penned into a square side by side, in deadly fear of being shot by over-excited soldiers; they had fought with

baggage-camels in the chill dawn; they had jogged along in silence under blinding sun on indefatigable little Egyptian horses; and they had floundered on the shallows of the Nile ...⁴

Kipling's sketch of 'deadly fear' felt by the two men 'of being shot by over-excited soldiers' is seen side by side with the pistol-playing game with which Dick and Maisie entertain themselves, and which nearly injures Dick:

Maisie could not explain how it had happened, but a veil of reeking smoke separated her from Dick, and she was quite certain that the pistol had gone off in his face.⁵

The relationship between these two extracts is important because it illustrates gender difference in the context of war. Kipling is inferring that women are protected from the outside world as there are social restrictions on what women can and cannot see and feel. The closest that Maisie will ever experience to war is the mere playing with a pistol, which she fails to shoot successfully. This is juxtaposed with Dick and Torpenhow who could potentially lose their lives on foreign land. This concept of gender difference is stressed later in the novel where Dick shares with Maisie the sights and sounds of the places he has visited:

What do you think of a big, red, dead city built of red sandstone, with raw green aloes growing between the stones, lying out neglected on honey-coloured sands? There are forty dead kings there, Maisie, each in a gorgeous tomb finer than all the others. . . I have been there and seen.⁶

Dick's masculine position as protector comes into play when he tells Maisie to 'come with me and see what the world is really like'. Dick continues: '[i]t's very lovely, and it's very horrible—but I won't let you see anything horrid'. Dick's statement that he won't let Maisie see 'anything horrid', reinforces the point that women are restricted in what they are exposed to. The only way that Maisie can see these exotic places that Dick has seen is to be with Dick. Maisie's art suffers as a direct result of not seeing what Dick has seen of the world: 'I had no success, though I worked so hard'.⁷ Maisie does not seem to understand that her failure as an artist has nothing to do with how hard she works, but everything to do with the content of it. Maisie's art does not appeal to the public because it is woman's art. Her work does not contain the same flair of colour and theme that entices the public to be interested in it, unlike that of Dick's art, which sells:

I don't even know what sort of work she does yet,—and I shall have to talk about Art,—Woman's Art! Therefore, particularly and perpetually, damn all varieties of Art.⁸

Dick's arrogance and ignorance towards Maisie's work makes him a narrow minded character. It is hard to comprehend how a learned man who has travelled and seen different cultures can make such a banal comment. It is hard to sympathise with Dick because he expects Maisie to offer him the love that he feels he deserves and yet he cannot offer the respect that she deserves as a woman.

Dick's attitude to women in this novel is demeaning and lacking in respect. In chapter one, Dick refers to Maisie as a 'gray-eyed little atom'. Dick's description implies that there is nothing human about Maisie, and that she is an object floating about: 'the atom understood as clearly as Dick what this meant'. Later on in the chapter, the narrator comments that 'Dick learned to know her as Maisie'. The use of the word 'learned' makes the sentence comical. It is almost as if the narrator is saying that it is new for Dick to refer to Maisie by her Christian name instead of 'atom'. This idea goes back to the point made earlier that Dick does not offer respect to women. Dick adopts a superior and critical outlook on female characters. Maisie's friend who resides in the same lodgings, is known throughout the novel as the 'red-haired girl'. Not once in the novel does the reader know her name. Phillip Mallett discusses this issue in his book *Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Life*:

The red-haired impressionist with whom Maisie shares a flat is not allowed the dignity of a name . . . Her portrait of Dick, hungry with longing for Maisie, is powerful enough for him to recognise its truth and be humiliated by it; that she loves as well as despises him suggests a complexity for the most part missing in the presentation of the female characters.⁹

Mallett picks up on something which is highly relevant about the text and that is the reader does not have access to the thoughts and feelings of any female character. Kipling dwells on Dick's emotions for Maisie and his blindness, but we are not granted that privilege when it comes to Maisie, Bessie and the red-haired girl. This brings out Dick's/Kipling's misogynistic attitude that women's feelings are dismissed and this is clearly the case in this novel. Dick's harsh criticism of Bessie when she first enters Dick and Torpenhow's lodgings is cruel: 'Look at that face! There isn't an ounce of immorality in it. Only folly,—slack, fatuous, feeble, futile folly'.¹⁰ The repetition of the 'f' sounding words 'fatuous, feeble, futile folly' emphasizes Dick's harsh outlook on Bessie. Furthermore, when

the Nilghai asks Dick of his trip to the sea, Dick's response speaks as if the sea has betrayed him: 'She's an enduring old hag, and I'm sorry I ever met her'.¹¹ Dick's critique on anything that is female or feminine is worrying because the perception of these female characters is controlled only by what Dick says of them. The reader is not granted any access to their personalities. Dick's outrageous comment that his physical interlude with a 'Negroid-Jewess-Cuban; with morals to match' is outrightly misogynistic. If this woman's morals are low by his standards, then who in society questions Dick's morals?

On the one hand, Dick's misogynistic outbursts are countered by his childish pursuit of Maisie and it is this conflict that raises questions over his masculinity. From the very first chapter, we are introduced to Dick playing with Maisie. There is no mention of Dick's mother or father at any point in the text. It is evident that Dick's childhood has an effect on his emotional desire to be loved by Maisie, as Kipling implies very early on in the novel that Mrs Jennett offers neither love nor nurturing:

... the guardian who was incorrectly supposed to stand in the place of a mother to these two orphans. . . Where he had looked for love, she gave him first aversion and then hate. Where he growing older had sought a little sympathy, she gave him ridicule.¹²

It is significant that Kipling shares this information about Dick as it pre-empts two things: firstly, Dick's distaste of women as discussed in the examples and secondly, his immature pleading for Maisie to be with him. In other words, what Kipling is trying to convey from this very quotation is that here is a man who has an emotional void that needs to be filled. The introduction to *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself* edited by Thomas Pinney focuses on Kipling's separation from his mother in 1871 when he was sent to England with his sister Alice. Pinney comments that

no one besides Kipling's wife and his sister knew that the sufferings of Dick Helder [...] were drawn from personal experience of their creator.¹³

In his autobiography, Kipling recounts his unhappy ordeal in the 'House of Desolation':

Then the old Captain died, and I was sorry, for he was the only person in that house as far as I can remember who ever threw me a kind word.¹⁴

The argument that one can make from reading this novel is that Dick cannot be the Victorian notion of what masculine ought to be because he has emotional tendencies that need to be satisfied by a woman. It is Maisie's refusal to be the nurturing woman that highlights Dick's weakness as a man:

—'Maisie darling, say you care too, please.'

'I do; indeed I do; but it won't be any use.'

'Why?'

'Because I am going away.'

'Yes, but if you promise before you go'.¹⁵

One cannot help but feel empathy for Dick. His persistent begging that Maisie promises she cares for him illustrates a very insecure man. The tone in which Dick states 'yes, but if you promise before you go', verges almost on the hysterical side. This is inferred as the conversation progresses. Dick repeatedly asks Maisie to 'promise that you care' and even when Maisie tells Dick that 'I promise', Dick asks her again 'And you do care?' Evidently, Dick's behaviour does not reflect the mind of a collected man. It is Maisie that comes across as logical and emotionally sensible, unable to make sense of Dick's emotional outbursts:

She wished so much that he would be sensible and cease to worry her with over-sea emotion that she both could and could not understand.¹⁶

Maisie's headstrong and opinionated persona contrasts sharply with Dick's self absorbed melancholy: 'He [Dick] was exceedingly sorry for himself, and the completeness of his tender grief soothed him'.¹⁷ Dick assumes the role of the illogical, emotional and at times pathetic man who comes across as weak and unstable, unable to cope with his feelings. Maisie however deals with situations the way a Victorian man would be expected to behave. This is exemplified when Maisie is said to 'began unwomanly to weigh the evidence' in the extract cited:

There was a boy, and he had said he loved her. And he kissed her—kissed her on the cheek— by a yellow sea-poppay that nodded its head exactly like the maddening dry rose in the garden.¹⁸

The language used to describe her 'evidence' is emotionally detached. Maisie does not refer to Dick or herself in the first person; instead she chooses the words 'boy' and 'her', which re-emphasizes how calm and

collected Maisie is. Unlike Dick, she does not have any sentimental outbursts. If anything, she is portrayed as a cold, mechanical woman, void of any feelings. This is clear when she visits Dick when he is blind. Rather than offer sympathy, she offers her hand as if she were a robot: 'She put out a hand mechanically to ward him off or to draw him to herself.'¹⁹ This quotation is important as Kipling is illustrating that there are two dichotomies to the Victorian Woman. Maisie has the choice to be the cold unsympathetic woman in the way that she 'wards him off or loving and maternal in the way that she can 'draw him to herself. It is Maisie not Dick or society that chooses to be the career obsessed woman who wants to attain artistic fame. Maisie is the dominant figure in their relationship as she determines the outcome of their relationship. Maisie cannot offer the marital stability that Dick yearns for; her priorities are centred on her art:

'I've got my work to do, and I must do it. . . It's my work,—mine,—mine,—mine!' ²⁰

Maisie's exclamation that her work must be 'mine,—mine,—mine' affirms her independence and ownership of what belongs to her. Whereas Dick constantly wants to be with Maisie, but she demands personal and professional autonomy:

It was an absurd thought, for Maisie would not even allow him to put one ring on one finger, and she would laugh at golden trappings. It would be better to sit with her quietly in the dusk, his arm round her neck and her face on his shoulder, as befitted husband and wife.²¹

The 'golden trappings' that Dick wants to shower Maisie with is a metaphor of the social trappings that Maisie wants to resist. The image that Dick has in his head typifies the Victorian man in pursuit of his love interest. However this image of husband and wife is negated by the image the narrator presents the reader when Dick is blind:

Torpenhow's arms were round him, and Torpenhow's chin was on his shoulder.²²

This quotation is significant as it illustrates two points: firstly, that it is Torpenhow not Maisie who offers support to Dick. Secondly, it is Torpenhow's 'arms' that are round Dick's shoulders, not Dick's arms round Maisie which shows Dick adopting a feminine role. The diction used by the narrator in this episode, reinforces this idea of gender

inversion in the text. Dick is described as 'obediently' listening to Torpenhow which denotes an image of a mother comforting her son:

Torpenhow thrust out a large and hairy paw from the long chair. Dick clutched it tightly, and in half an hour had fallen asleep. Torpenhow withdrew his hand, and, stooping over Dick, kissed him lightly on the forehead, as men do sometimes kiss a wounded comrade in the hour of death, to ease his departure.²³

The mother/child imagery is prominent in this extract. The way that Dick 'clutched' Torpenhow's hand and Torpenhow 'stooping over Dick' kissing him on the forehead shows not only the closeness between these two men but that friendships between men are more emotionally fulfilling and nurturing, whereas the relationship between men and women in the text is destructive to men. One only has to read the poignant ending of the novel to see how Kipling reinforces this notion that it is men who provide support for men, not women. Furthermore, the ending of the novel re-iterates the mother/child theme in the text:

Torpenhow knelt under the lee of the camel, with Dick's body in his arms.²⁴

In his hour of need, it is Torpenhow who offers Dick attention, whereas Maisie shuns Dick's predicament and walks out of his life. If Maisie destroys Dick emotionally, then Bessie destroys Dick artistically in her destruction of the Melancolia:

Bessie faithfully tidied up the studio, set the door ajar for flight, emptied half a bottle of turpentine on a duster, and began to scrub the face of the Melancolia viciously.²⁵

Dick is perceived to be effeminate and weak simply because there are instances in the novel whereby he has no control over events that Maisie and Bessie put before him. His reaction to what Maisie does and says, the reaction to his blindness amongst other things, suggest his emotional instability as inferred from his mood swings, aggressive manner of speaking and wallowing over the loss of Maisie.

The debate over masculinity and femininity in any age of literature is never as straightforward as one would like it to be. The Victorian period, with all its social morals and prudish behaviour produces a troubled identity of men and women confined to gender expectations which are later challenged by the New Woman and homosexuality. The

discussion of masculinity in Kipling's novel affirms the complexity with regard to gender as there is no single answer as to how masculinity is represented in the text. The first part of the essay focused on Dick's masculinity in relation to his job as a war correspondent artist. On quite a few levels, Dick's job makes him masculine as he is exposed to the war front, something which Maisie would not be permitted to see. The fact that Dick is exposed to the war makes his artistic work more successful than that of a woman such as Maisie, because the public wants to see bloody pictures of soldiers. This is something that Maisie fails to produce because she does not have access to these sights. Dick's arrogance that he 'knows what the public wants' when Maisie and he are in Oxford Street alongside his debasing attitude towards 'woman's art' typifies society's attitude at that time towards women and their 'work'. Dick's inability to take Maisie's work seriously or see it as credible reflects his superficial persona as a man. Dick merely wants Maisie as his wife, he expects her to be sympathetic to his circumstances, yet he fails to do the reverse. Dick's interaction with Maisie offers a double-sided image of his masculinity. Dick is subordinate to what Maisie says and his insistence that Maisie be with him portrays a weak and emotional man entangled in this futile love twist. Dick's arrogance is no longer present when Maisie makes it perfectly clear that there is no future for them together. Instead, he is passive and spends his time sulking, afraid that she 'may belong to another'. If Dick does not see Maisie's art as credible then Victorian society would not accept Dick's credibility as a man because of his emotional outbursts. Dick's emotional side is complex as Kipling presents us with a character who has no mother, no wife, no sight, and no support (with the exception of Torpenhow). These factors contribute to Dick's whirlwind behaviour throughout the text which makes writing about him complicated as he is full of binary oppositions: intelligent/banal, calm/hysterical, famous/lonely and manly/effeminate. This discussion has focused on these areas regarding Dick's character, and it is evident that the more one analyses Dick the more one sees the complexities of his creator.

NOTES

1. John Ruskin (1819-1900), British art critic, author, "Sesame and Lilies", Lecture 1, 1865
2. Rudyard Kipling, *The Light that Failed*, 1891, Macmillan, p.101.
3. *ibid.*, p.6.
4. *ibid.*, p.27.
5. *ibid.*, p.8.
6. *ibid.*, pp.120, 121.
7. *ibid.*, p.80.

8. *ibid.*, p.69.
9. Phillip Mallet, *Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Life*, Palgrave Macmillan, 2003, p.57.
10. Rudyard Kipling, *The Light that Failed*, 1891, Macmillan, p.183.
11. *ibid.*, p.163.
12. *ibid.*, pp.2,3.
13. *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself and other Autobiographical Writings*, Edited T. Pinney, Cambridge University Press 1990, p.ix.
14. *ibid.*, p.6.
15. Rudyard Kipling, *The Light that Failed*, 1891, Macmillan, p.12.
16. *ibid.*, p.123.
17. *ibid.*, p.234.
18. *ibid.*, p.245.
19. *ibid.*, p.254.
20. *ibid.*, p.81.
21. *ibid.*, pp.86, 87.
22. *ibid.*, p.219.
23. *ibid.*, p.220.
24. *ibid.*, p.339.
25. *ibid.*, p.216.



TORPENHOW (AUBREY SMITH) AND DICK HELDAR (FORBES ROBERTSON)

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED adapted for the stage by "George Fleming".

Opened at the Lyric Theatre, 7 February 1903; removed to the New Theatre, on 20 April.

[See also *Kipling Journal* No.267, pp.25-32.]

[Source: *The Play-Pictorial*, Volume Two, 1903.]

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