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

The opinions expressed by contributors are their own, and do not necessarily correspond to those of the Editor or the Council of the Kipling Society.

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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Wednesday 8 April 2020, 12. 30 for 1 pm in the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall. Annual Luncheon: Guest of Honour: **Professor Harish Trivedi, University of Delhi,** speaking on 'Kipling, the Raj and Indian Rajahs'.

Wednesday 22 April 2020, 5.30 for 6 pm in the Rutland Room, **Royal Over-Seas League: Stamers-Smith Lecture** by **Professor Harry Ricketts, Victoria University, Wellington,** NZ: 'Kipling and Trauma'.

Wednesday 1st July 2020, 4.30 for 5 pm, in the Rutland Room, Royal Over-Seas League: Annual General Meeting. 5.30 for 6 pm: **Adrian Munsey** and **Vance Goodwin**, on their TV documentary 'Rudyard Kipling: A Secret Life' (illustrated with clips)

Wednesday 23 September 2020, 5.30 for 6 pm in the Rutland Room**,** Royal Over-Seas League: **Madeleine Horton, Oxford University**, on 'Rethinking Rudyard Kipling : Genre, Value and Reputation'

Wednesday 11 November 2020, 5.30 for 6 pm in the Wrench Room**,** Royal Over-Seas League: **Professor Jan Montefiore, Editor of the *Kipling Journal***, speaking on 'War Graves, the Mayo assassination and Kipling's last Raj story *The Debt*'

March 2020

Alex Bubb
(Meetings Secretary)

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EDITORIAL AND NEWS

The focus in this issue of the Kipling Journal is double: on Kipling's sister Trix (Alice Fleming) and her own writing, and on the events that triggered Kipling's departure from India in 1889.We begin with Part 2 of Alice Fleming's memoir (1939) of their shared youth, edited and annotated by Janice Lingley. Part 1, published in *Kipling Journal* 380, dealt with the experience of the 'House of Desolation' in Southsea and their happy time afterward on an Essex farm. Here, Trix describes their experiences in London, their pleasure in city life (and in feeding stray cats), and their delight in the treasures of the South Kensington Museum, later the V & A. In 'Sister of the More Famous Rud', Harry Ricketts addresses Trix as a writer: her brilliance as a parodist, her ability as a writer of fiction, how far she drew, both consciously and unconsciously, on her own experiences, and her automatic writing. He concludes that the constraints of her life did indeed limit her achievements.

Ruddy the loyal and loving brother is barely recognizable in the harrumphing journalist of Richard Maidment's historical essay 'The Man Who Would Horsewhip Kipling.' Maidment relates how after the Indian National Congress at Allahabad in 1888, Kipling's hostile report 'A Study of Congress' so infuriated one of the participants, Captain Andrew Hearsey, that he physically attacked the editor of the *Pioneer*. This incident, and the lawsuits which ensued, prompted Kipling's departure from his job as a reporter in India, to become a full-time writer. The life and character of Andrew Hearsey, and the constraints he faced as an Anglo-Indian in our modern sense, are fascinatingly described by Richard Maidment, whose article is followed by Kipling's own 'Study of Congress'. Readers may judge for themselves how far this lively article is genuinely offensive.

There are also two obituaries of notable members of the Kipling society, and three reviews: one of the TV documentary *Rudyard Kipling: A Secret Life,* (whose directors will be addressing us after the A.G.M. in July), and two of books on or connected with Kipling.

'KIPLING IN THE NEWS' CONFERENCE 17–18 APRIL 2020

A reminder of the conference at City University 'Kipling in the News: journalism, empire and decolonisation', April 17–18, with keynotes from Harry Ricketts, Chandrika Kaul, Elleke Boehme and myself, and a rich variety of panel papers.

OBITUARIES

JOHN HAROLD MCGIVERING

9 February 1930 – 19 October 2019

By **GILLIAN SHEEHAN** and **JOHN RADCLIFFE**

John McGivering believed that his forebears came from Newcastle, Co. Down, where *SS Great Britain* was grounded in 1846. He was born in Essex, the son of a Midland Bank manager. An elder sister had died of diabetes before he was born. There were no other children. The family moved house several times during his childhood. From Essex they went to Cheshire. Then to London, then Solihull and after that to Oxford where he was a boarder at Magdalen College School. Apart from schoolwork he was a keen oarsman. The War broke out while he was still at school.

Taking after his father in the Great War, he enlisted in the Royal Navy and was sent to West Africa where he spent eighteen months. He was then sent to Ceylon where he adopted a bull-dog called 'Fraser'. He told me that he had enjoyed the 2 years he spent there. After the War he returned to live with his parents who were now based at Addlestone near Weybridge. He worked for an estate agent for some time. For several years the Walton & Weybridge Operatic Society kept him busy in his spare time, helping to make props behind the scenes; although he did appear on the stage a few times.

He later worked for the Rates Department of the Inland Revenue. In his spare time he was an active member of the Royal Naval Reserve.

In the mid-1980s he took early retirement and went to live in Brighton, where he immediately sold his car. He was a long-time member of the rowing section of the Brighton Cruising Club. When the Club disbanded he was adopted by the local fishermen and helped to mend nets, make lobster pots and produce frequent mugs of tea. He also helped out at the Fishing Museum. On his daily walks to and from the Front he always had a few dog biscuits in his pocket to give to any friendly dog along the way. In 2017 he was awarded the Reserve Decoration "for long and zealous service in the Royal Naval Reserve".

He had always been fond of Kipling's works and in 1958 he joined the Kipling Society. His parents had also been interested in Kipling's works and John told me that his mother and Elsie Bambridge were of an age and got on well together. For the next 61 years he worked tirelessly for the Society, and at various times served as Librarian, Meetings Secretary, Council Member, and later, as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. In 1967 his great work *A Kipling Dictionary* was published, the first concordance since W. Arthur Young's *Kipling*

Dictionary (1911). John tried unsuccessfully to trace W. Arthur Young, and included Young's name with his own as one of the authors. In his *Dictionary*, John updated Young's work and added considerably to it. He noted the names of the books, stories and poems that were readily available to the general reader, and also characters, places, and first lines of verse. This was an invaluable reference guide for Kipling enthusiasts and researchers before the Computer Age. He also contributed to Reginald Harbord's *Readers' Guide to the Works of Kipling*, published in the 1960s.

In his retirement he quickly mastered computer skills and became an invaluable and tireless annotator for the *New Readers' Guide*. He offered to edit some of the old entries and bring them up to date, and from the beginning he proved to be a tower of strength, with his deep knowledge of the works. Over the years that followed he sent in a steady stream of pithy well-informed and invaluable notes. His communications often had a naval flavor: 'Thank you for your signal' he would say, and from time to time there were useful lunch-time *New Readers' Guide* sessions in the Basket Makers' Arms, across the road from his Brighton cottage. His notes are there on the internet for all to see, and are a lasting monument to his devotion to Kipling.

He eventually had to move into a nursing home, where he made a point of learning a few words in the native languages of the many young people working there. His i-pad kept him in touch with the Society and the outside world. Although unable to leave his room he kept up to date with world and 'Kipling'affairs and frequently answered questions posed on JISCmail.

John has left us. He was one in a million and we shall all miss him. In Kipling's words:

"….on him be the Peace and the Blessing; for he was great-hearted!"

R.I.P.

DR JEFFERY DAVID LEWINS
30 November 1930 – 23 August 2019

By **SHARAD KESKAR**

Dr Jeffery David Lewins, Kipling Fellow, Magdalene College Cambridge and a prominent member of our Society, died on 23rd August 2019. Born in Harrow, educated in Sussex, Jeffrey trained at Sandhurst and won the gold medal for coming top of his term in 1952. After further training at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, he joined the Royal Engineers Common Wealth Division, in Korea, where, during the Korean War in support of the infantry, they had the dangerous task of clearing minefields. A year later Jeffery, as a suitably qualified officer, studied in Cambridge and stayed on after release from the Army, and his academic career began in earnest. After Cambridge the Army sent him to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to do a doctorate in nuclear engineering. Returning from America, Jeffery was a soldier again in England and Germany.

In 1968 Jeffery took early retirement from the Army and led an academic life in London as the first warden of the newly built student's residence, Hughes Parry Hall, which housed nearly 300 men and women students from all colleges of the university. He lectured in mathematics, computing and engineering, and gained another doctorate before moving on to the Institution of Nuclear Engineers. There, as a Fellow, he served at their council and was President from 1977 to 1979. Then as Fellow of the American Nuclear Society, he was a visiting professor at three American universities and did lecture tours in several other countries.

In 1980 he returned to Cambridge as lecturer in the Department of Engineering and taught Nuclear Reactor Engineering and was pleased to be elected a Fellow of Magdalene College in 1985. Jeffery greatly enjoyed direct contact with students and was quoted as "brilliant, generous and hugely devoted to them". Having been appointed college Praelector in 1987, one of his tasks was to lead the graduates to the Senate House graduation ceremonies. In 1998 he retired but maintained contact with students, involving himself in many of their activities at the University Amateur Dramatic Club.

As member and Council member of the Kipling Society, Jeffery regularly contributed to the Kipling Journal. In 2001, as Meetings Secretary, he will be remembered for the brilliant way in which he organised, arranged and conducted the Centenary Conference of the publication of *Kim,* at Winstanley Hall, Trinity College. This unforgettable occasion was marked by the many papers, world-wide, which

were presented by Kipling Scholars over three days. He will also be remembered for his discovery of a "lost" Stalky & Co story, "Scylla and Charybdis", which he and Lisa Lewis presented at an extraordinary meeting in April 2004.

An extremely intelligent but sensitive man, Jeffery expressed a rare impatience when sadly misunderstood, which was compensated for by his generous and warm-hearted nature. He had a deep love for Kipling's poems. He knew many by heart and declaimed at the drop of a hat.

In his last years, because of his failing eyesight, Jeffery found it impossible to attend some of our Society Meetings but continued where possible his interest and contribution to the Society. His eccentric sense of dry humour was as unpredictable as the English weather. In1985 he wrote "That Lovely Time of Year". The closing lines of his poem read:

> "Though drab my dark December days,
> Let me recall my magic Mays."

MORE CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF RUDYARD KIPLING

BY **HIS SISTER (MRS. A. M. FLEMING)**[1]
EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY **JANICE LINGLEY**

[Janice Lingley's article, 'Motoring Magic and Autobiography in 'They'', appeared in *Kipling Journal*, Vol. 92, March 2018, No. 372, *Ed.*]

This article first appeared in Chambers's Journal *in July 1939, pp. 506–511, and is here reprinted for the first time since its original publication. The article sequels 'Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling', which was published in* Chambers's Journal *in March 1939, and reprinted in the December 2019 edition of the* Kipling Journal.[2] *Trix Fleming's first article details the trials and tribulations of their foster-home in Southsea, where the children were domiciled for six years from the ages of 5 and 3, and then goes on to describe an idyllic six-months' holiday with their mother, Alice Kipling, at Goldings Farm, Loughton, near Epping Forest. This second article tells of the holiday's happy aftermath, a period spent in London, very near to what was then the South Kensington Museum, now the V&A. The text has been keyed from a photocopy of the original, obtained from the British Library.*

Let the grown-up people slide,
We'll go back to ten and twelve:
Fighting fiercely, but allied
In our need, like axe and helve![3]
Hoarded gain, or secret told,
Both were safe within your hold.
A.M.F.[4]

I

As the years go on, and the old learning is styled the outgrown folly, it is pleasant to note that a few scientists seem inclined to confirm ghost stories, or rather, in their own clear, simple language, 'individual or collective hallucinations, if of a sufficiently objective nature,' to the extent of recognising that it may be possible 'under certain conditions, as yet imperfectly tabulated, for a percipient or percipients to become conscious, in varying degrees (if possessed of the requisite receptive sensibility, or sensitivity), of the aura, or even the simulacrum, of a departed personality'[5] – or, in plain words, to see a ghost.[6] When we consider for how many hundreds of years the belief in ghosts has been a matter of faith to multitudes, the scientists are to be congratulated

on their new outlook, width of vision, and pioneer spirit. But it seems uncertain if the apparition of a house, however memory-steeped, can be summoned up. Some houses, however, have so strong an influence, or aura, that I think they are able to resist the demolisher, and be manifested to eyes that knew them.

More than thirty years ago, when I was in Southsea for the first time since childhood, I set out bravely to see if the 'House of Desolation,'[7] where my brother and I had spent six unhappy years, was still standing.[8] Although he used to tell me I had 'no more bump of locality[9] than a newborn calf,' I found my way, undirected and unerringly, to the familiar church,[10] in whose porch I had once read with horror a bulletin relating to the Vicar's wife, 'Mrs A. is sinking fast,' and demanded with all the passion of my six years that she should be pulled out at once. 'Uncle[11] says there are no real quicksands on the beach here, so she will be all right, if they only make haste.'

I knew I was only a few minutes away from the little house, but my heart failed me, and I hurried back to the shops, and the sea, and my hotel. I dared not face it. The next time I met my brother he told me he that he had had much the same experience;[12] I think we both dreaded a kind of spiritual imprisonment that would affect our dreams. Less than four years ago I asked him whether he knew if the house still stood.[13]

'I don't know, but if so I should like to burn it down and plough the place with salt.'[14]

II

But the happy houses are bound to have their auras too, and I never walk along Brompton Road, or go into Harrod's, without wondering which glittering department rears its many storeys over the site of little Number 227.[15] We came to it from our beloved Golding's Farm,[16] prepared to hate it, and all London, but within a week it had bewitched us. It was rented by an ex-butler and his wife, both young and amiable, with a charming baby, in very long-tailed white robes; and it was quite unlike any other house I have been privileged to live in. It was as though a little country cottage had been picked up and set down in a London street. The window of our square sitting-room, which had deep, dark, brown cupboards built in on either side of the fireplace, and a very old unused penny stamp, of fabulous value, we were certain, stuck on the ceiling, was flat upon the street, without any railing or area. Passing hansoms splashed the panes on muddy days, and after dark our ever cheerful landlord would slip out in old coat and cap, 'disguised as a window-cleaner, to put that glass right, incognate like,'[17] as he would explain to us. We were glad he was so particular about window-cleaning, for in bad weather we spent the long wasteful hours

of children absorbed in watching people pass – people who did not guess that sharp young eyes, safe behind a muslin blind, soon learned to read the very words their lips were muttering as they walked alone. It surprised me to find how many talked to themselves, but Ruddy said he had always known it.

It was undoubtedly the window's fault that we often played the naughty child's trick of making up attractive-looking little packets and dropping them on the pavement. We departed from tradition by not tying strings to the parcels; it was more amusing to see what people did with them, and detection was less likely. We were best pleased when well-dressed grown-up people tore open the parcels eagerly, and looked disgusted when they found a bit of coal, or a scrap of wood: and this often happened. One generous day we put in a farthing, and its middle-aged finder tucked it carefully into his waistcoat pocket, unbuttoning his overcoat to do so: I hope it brought him luck. Our best packet of all, a real jeweller's box, sealed, and addressed, in my brother's finest flourishes, to an imaginary J. Pettleworth, Esq., 5 Myrtle Street, Peckham Rye,[18] was picked up furtively by a very respectable-looking old gentleman in a silk 'topper.' He looked nervously round, then slipped it into his pocket and hurried on. How we wished we could have seen him open it and take out the walnut shell that was inside!

The back of the house was even more fascinating than the front. Our long narrow bedrooms upstairs had beams in their low ceilings, were papered with a pre-Victorian striped pattern of shaded ivy-leaves, very faded but still curiously elegant, and the windows gave on a beautiful expanse of roofs and leads. 'I'm glad to see a parapidge, in case of fire, and lots of roofs and chimley pots to walk on,'[19] we both naturally quoted in the same breath, a frequent habit of ours and one that we never outgrew. Unluckily, the same idea struck our mother, and she instantly put the roofs out of bounds. We knew that she must be obeyed, for she never said 'Don't' for the pleasure of it, like some grown-ups of our acquaintance. We missed our country tree-climbing,[20] and would fain have kept in practice on steep slated roofs, but still, even though our wings were clipped, there were wonderful things to see. For instance, we could look into a small bakery, and though it was some distance away we were confident that we knew when they were making beef-steak pies, and when it was apple or cherry tarts. Certainly, at that time our noses were as keen as those of hound puppies, and every room or building we entered had its own distinctive smell.

When I first told my mother which of her visitors had five or six smells, and which seven, she thought I was exaggerating, but the following list convinced her:

Smells of that Fat Lady, who knew you when you were a girl –

1. Smell of a sealskin coat, very bad.
2. Ditto camphor in the coat.
3. Ditto violet powder when she kissed me, only not nice like babies.
4. Ditto hair-oil or something on her hair.
5. Lavender on her hanky, and it must have been awfully strong for it nearly drowned her only nice smell, which was
6. A Russian-leather bag.
7. A very sniffy smelling-bottle, like a chemist's shop; and she left the stopper out, and then you wondered why I sneezed.

End of List, as I s'pose it wouldn't be fair to count her black kids, for though gloves always smell it was mixed up with lavender and Russia.

We took pains to identify our bakery in a maze of little back streets, and cajoled Mother into buying a beefsteak pie; but the crust was disappointing and it had very little gravy.

'In fact,' said Ruddy, 'it is another lost illusion.'

As soon as we were alone I asked him if the illusion had ever been in the pie; if so, had it been lost in the baking; and, finally, what was it? He was so sorry for my ignorance that instead of being scornful he explained the nature of an illusion, and how it was quite apart from meat and pastry. I wish I could remember his exact words, for as usual they let a flood of light in on my stupidity.

III

If there could be a school where very young children were taught by children only a few years older, how quickly both teachers and pupils would learn, for they would not have lost touch with each other's minds. Honestly, I think I was a fairly intelligent child; I could read fluently when I was five, had good eyesight and a very retentive memory; but I found it impossible to learn to tell the time. Perhaps Auntie's phrase 'reading the clock' confused me. The Roman figures of the dial could not have been my difficulty, because I knew them up to a hundred from my prayer-book; perhaps Harry's teasing made trouble, but I could not learn. I think I was forbidden to be a baby and ask Ruddy, but my heart sinks now when I remember how my music mistress, a very short-tempered young woman, would try to teach me the clock by a series of arithmetical questions.

'Now, what is five times twelve? Yes, you see you do know, so it's no use pretending; each of these white spaces is five, and when the long hand is here it's three times five, even you know what that is, so now it's fifteen past twelve, and of course that is a quarter.' But there was never

a clue to the meaning of the sixty, and I no more associated the quarters of the clock with time than I did the quarters of an orange.

I was nearly ten, and was spending a holiday at Wilden,[21] while Ruddy was in Paris with Father, as his *Souvenirs of France*[22] relate, when one afternoon our cousin Stanley Baldwin, who was up a tree making a tent for our Island game, sent me to the house for more string, and 'look at the clock as you come back.'

I found the string, but there was no one about to tell me the time; Aunt Louie and Mother were driving, and no maids were to be seen. Hitherto I had managed to keep the guilty secret of my ignorance from Stanley, but there seemed no help for it now. I crawled back, making much of my collection of string, but the dreaded question came: 'What time was it?'

'It was three, and the other hand was like that.'

'Good night! Do you mean to say you can't tell the time? That won't do. You come along.'

There was a flying leap from the tree, and three minutes of steady plain instruction before the hall clock taught me all I had so long needed to know about time-telling. His only reproof was to say, 'But I thought you were intelligent – you've read more Shakespeare than I have,' and I was eternally grateful to him for never telling either Ruddy or Mother.

IV

To return to our delightful roofs, their real charm lay in the cats that coursed, and rambled, and fought, and courted, and sunned themselves there. Surely there were more cats in large towns before the fashion of cheap fur coats and ties set in? I remember large, splendid tabby chieftains, like young pumas, with magnificent pelts and square, sullen heads.

At first we tried to make friends by dangling a cork or a shuttlecock at the end of a ball of string, but only the very young cared to play. Then we met the Cats'-Meat Man, who cried his wares along Brompton Road every weekday morning, and were rejoiced to find how much cats'-meat could be bought for one penny. Two large skewersful,[23] and you might pick out your own if you liked. Enough to cheer the blind man's dog at the corner, comfort the thin cat that always followed the barrow mewing ('The Decoy Cat,' Ruddy called it), and then have a delightful cat-fishing party on the roofs. As we fished without hooks, and the meat was loosely tied on the long string, the cats had not long to wait for it, but their elaborate stalking, frenzied chases, and wild leaps when the meat mysteriously rose in the air, were always charming. More than twenty years after, when that parable of Empire, *Below the Mill Dam*,[24] appeared, this utterance of the cultured Cat, who fraternises with the

Black Rats in the Mill, which she was kept to frighten away, took me straight back to Number 227.

'Yes, Life,' said the Cat, 'with its dim delicious half-tones, its surprisals, escapes, encounters, and dizzying leaps, its full-throated choruses in honour of the morning star, and its melting reveries beneath the sun-warmed wall.'[25]

In the summer of 1936, letters in one of the Sunday papers – quite a good paper, too, or, at least, one that ought to have known better – proclaimed the discovery that 'Kipling had always hated cats to the verge of cruelty and beyond it.'[26] Another proof, if one were now needed, that he had no real pretensions to being considered a great writer, such as Swinburne, Baudelaire, or Poe.[27]

This sweeping statement was founded on one of the Stalky stories, where Beetle's two companions, while he is absent talking to builders, kill a cat with a catapult,[28] and on the parable that I have just quoted, and appears to be based on the primitive belief that everything printed *must be true*. How else can a serious allegation of cruelty be founded on the 'callous brutality' shown in this story, which was a parable or a fairy-tale, according to the age of the reader? The Miller in *Below the Mill Dam,* who represents John Bull, finds the Cat fraternising with the Black Rat, calls her 'a smooth-skinned, rough-tongued cheat,' and bids her 'take a swim, and earn her vittles honest when she comes out.'[29]

The friendly Waters hail her as Mewsalina when she lands 'unannounced in the centre of the tail-race,' and show her the quickest way out, and when the parable ends she has returned to her place, dry, complacent, and 'impenitent as ever.'

For two or three weeks my brother's newly revealed and hideous habit of kicking helpless cats into mill-ponds evoked horrified letters, and interested comments on a hitherto unsuspected 'cruelty complex.' Perhaps the term 'moral leprosy' was not actually used, but it was implied, and though I knew he would only have laughed and invited me to admire the lovely minds of the writers, I could not help feeling angry. Of course, it is impossible to slander the dead, and apparently it is equally hard to defend them, for my letter, giving my relationship to him, my full name and address, and also stating facts, and wondering how many of these self-acclaimed cat-lovers had repeatedly spent a whole week's pocket-money in childhood to feed stray cats, was never published or acknowledged in any way. But in this manner history is written, and, as a forgotten poet once wrote:

Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.[30]

If it were possible to find, in a Zoo or out of it, any animal or bird that Rudyard hated, I would undertake to kill it with my bare hands and eat it raw! He, like his father before him, loved all living things, and neither of them ever owned a gun.[31]

V

The very word 'pocket-money' holds a fragrant memory for me, and this is the reason. In Southsea we had never had more than a penny a week each: those were the days when many desirable things could be bought for a penny, or even a halfpenny. I doubt if the multiple stores have such treasures now. Could I find there a whole sheet of scenes and characters – Robin Hood, or the Miller and his Men[32] – to colour for a toy theatre, or a large wooden Dutch doll, big enough to make a satisfactory patient for an amputation, or two small china ones? Or a grey-and-pink tin pistol that fired 'real caps'; or a wooden pill-box full of 'Pharaoh's Serpents'?[33] Or a doll's 'silver' tea-urn swinging on a stand, or two doll's flat-irons with stands, or a Monster Packet of Scraps? I only see scraps now on expensive crackers, and even there they have lost their shining embossed beauty. Or a Giant Book of Transfers – the list could go on and on. And bags of sweets were so big then, and a penny would buy a prize pig in thick white sugar with red ears and eyes, or two lovely mice, white, pink, or brown, with long string tails. No wonder it was hard to save.

I had seen so few shops that, soon after we came to London, Mother took me to the Lowther Arcade, which was then a paradise of toys. I was not much impressed, for large dolls with curly wigs and gaudy frocks never appealed to me, and as I had no girl playmates I preferred what I called 'sensible toys.' There was a window headed 'Lorberg's' in the Brompton Road which was unaccountably fascinating: all steel and iron treasures, knives, scissors, some of them gold-chased and shaped like storks, chains, padlocks, revolvers, tools of every kind, and many of them small and glittering. It was better than any toy-shop, for everything was real.

My brother was not clever with his hands, unless they held a pen or a pencil, and my mother used to say I had inherited her incapacity for drawing; and though we both admired the cardboard models our cousin Ambrose Poynter[34] made, we never tried to copy them. He gave me a railway station, complete with rolling-stock, which was worthy of being put in a glass case.

Ruddy was to go to school in January, and one great day Mother told him that from now on his pocket-money was to be threepence a week. His answer was characteristic.

'Oh, fine! Does Trixie get that too?'

'No, she's not old enough yet. Wait till she writes her age in two figures.'

'But we've always had the same. Couldn't you give us both twopence?'

'No, I want you to have threepence for yourself.'

'Good, but can I spend it as I like?'

'Yes, but don't waste it.'

Every week after that, on pay-day, which was Saturday, he faithfully gave me one of his pennies, so we each had twopence (my first experience of riches), and though, of course, my mother knew the 'secret,' she never commented on it at the time. Hers was the perfect wisdom that always sustains but never interferes.

It was never better shown than when she gave us season tickets, then called 'students' tickets,' for the old South Kensington Museum,[35] which was housed in a series of shabby-looking sheds a little way across the road. Personally, I disliked going on student days, for it meant signing one's full name, rather a serious undertaking at nine years old. The policemen, however, were always charming to 'our youngest lady and gentleman student,' as they called us, and I gratefully remember our own special policeman, who would help me in a sympathetic murmur to spell my middle name, Macdonald,[36] while he held back my long untidy hair from smearing the big book or going into the ink-stand. We cared very little for the pictures, although we loved those in Uncle Ned Burne-Jones's studio,[37] but there were countless beautiful things. Ruddy liked weapons and models and Chinese ivories, and could hardly understand my pleasure in statuary and old carving and architectural models; but we both adored jewels and jewellery.[38] There was a historical watch, in the shape of a skull, ivory, white enamel, and jewels, terrible and fascinating, which I always saw in the dark, if I was overtired. I did not mind it so long as it remained watch-size, but sometimes it grew and grew, and that was frightening. Funnily enough, a real skull, which I purposely made myself familiar with, did not affect me at all. Ruddy must have guessed my trouble, which I would have died rather than confess, and told Mother of it, for a friendly night-light appeared in my room and drove all terror away.

A few months later, when Father came home on a year's leave, he asked me to show him the picture I liked best in the Museum, and I instantly led him to the great plaster cast of Michael Angelo's 'David.' He asked me if I did not like colour, and I replied, in my most priggish voice, that to me it was coloured. With admirable gravity he asked which I thought the next most beautiful thing, and this was a life-size statue, in black and white marble, of a huge Newfoundland dog, whose red marble cushion stood on a basalt base embellished by groups of fruit in

semi-precious stones.[39] A bunch of agate grapes, with malachite leaves, two cornelian pears, some jasper cherries, and lapis-lazuli plums still give me pleasure to remember. An inscription recorded that this masterpiece of Art, which immortalised the great affection a kind master had evinced for his devoted dog, had taken three years to complete, at a cost of over one thousand pounds sterling.

I have often looked for this masterpiece since in the magnificent Victoria and Albert Museum, which still happily keeps the 'proper Museum smell' of the old South Kensington; but I have not found it.[40] Perhaps it is hidden away in the great vaults, where so many treasures were safely stored during the war years, when, legend tells, a prison camp of high-born Generals and Colonels was installed in the Museum courts and garden, and its occupants told by a strangely communicative Commandant exactly where they were, and how he regretted he could not show them the Raphael Cartoons,[41] the chief pride of the collection. Their letters were said to be curiously uncensored, and it is a fact that during the air-raids the V. and A. was unmenaced. I hope it is true that only two high officials knew where the priceless cartoons had been put for safety, and they never told.

Bashaw, 'the Faithful Friend of Man'

VI

One Museum landmark still remains, and I long to burn a joss-stick before it every time I see it; the great bronze Daibutsu, or big Buddha, with his inscrutable, all-understanding, all-ignoring smile.[42] He has a little door in his back, which Ruddy rapidly explained to Mother as 'where the priests used to go in to work the miracles,' and we had a beautiful plan of robbing the Jewel Gallery by hiding inside him: the little door was only fastened by a twisted wire, and the loosely joined bronze plates would let in quite enough air.

Ruddy had a wide winning smile and a way of asking intelligent questions that no grown-up, save Auntie,[43] could resist, and he soon knew when the night-shifts were changed in the Museum. Strangely enough, in spite of the rule that each gallery must be patrolled every twenty minutes all through the night, we found that for two nights weekly there was a hiatus, when in the small hours no one passed through the Jewel Gallery for nearly forty minutes.

Our plan was very simple: on one of these nights, shortly before closing-time, I was to hide in the big Buddha, supplied with a dark-lantern,[44] a box of matches, and a glazier's diamond, while Ruddy beguiled the policeman in charge with intelligent converse. We often stayed till the end, as we liked to hear the 'ALL out now, please, all out' sounding through the galleries, and we knew which shadowed nooks were most often examined. The gas lighting threw more shadows than electric light does now. We noticed that now and again they looked to see if the wire fastening on Buddha's back door was well and truly fastened; that was why I was to be neatly shut in there, while Ruddy at the last minute took cover in a high carved wooden pulpit half the gallery length away.[45] We planned, after Ruddy had let me out, to hide in a big, rather shabby sedan-chair on the same floor as the Jewels, and keep watch by turns, till the hour came. Our knowledge of hide-and-seek made us plan to bring sand-shoes, and wear dark clothes and caps; my hair was to be plaited and screwed up, to leave no clues, and we had a dark silk handkerchief to keep Ruddy's gigs[46] from catching the light. After we had stolen our jewels – we knew exactly which ones we meant to take – we were going back to the Buddha, after, perhaps, hiding some of our spoil in hidey-holes, which we were sure we had discovered. There was a fine one in connection with the heating apparatus.

The Bronze Buddha, Trix's hiding-place

The minbar where Ruddy was to hide

We knew how early the cleaners came, and I was to slip out, disguised by wearing Ruddy's cap hind-side before, and with an untidy parcel wrapped in a duster (that was Ruddy's suggestion) under my arm, run home, and go straight to bed. The bold bad Ruddy was in favour of staying on till the cloak-rooms opened, having a wash and brush-up, and returning to breakfast at his leisure. I forgot to say that the swag (we loved that word) was to be hidden up the chimney. We should have liked to have Stanley as a confederate, but he lived in Worcestershire, and we had an uneasy feeling that he might take a grown-up view of it, and be too 'respectable.'

Of course, it was necessary that Mother should be away from us that night, and we had various benevolent plans for her; a forged telegram from Aunt Louie, begging her to come to Wilden at once, is the only one that I can remember. The moral side of it did not strike us at all; we only wanted to play with the beloved jewels for a little ('passion has one cry, one only, "Oh, to touch thee, my Beloved!" ')[47] and then restore them in some dramatic way.

'You see, even the Sergeant himself had no business to tell us the time they go their rounds, and for the sake of the Museum we ought to give them a lesson.'

But when I read the all too frequent accounts of young house-breakers' exploits, in spite of their sordidness I feel a certain uneasy sympathy. We can never foretell in what disguise Romance will come.

NOTES

1 'Mrs. A. M. Fleming': Alice Macdonald Fleming, née Kipling (1868–1948), nicknamed 'Trix'. She married Colonel John Fleming in 1889. For a summary review of Trix's life, see the article by Barbara Fisher titled 'Trix – the Other Kipling', in *Kipling Journal*, Vol. 88, September 2014, No. 357, pp. 44–57. For Trix's writings, see the online Lehigh University archive, 'The Kiplings and India: A Collection of Writings from British India, 1870–1900' by Amardeep Singh at https://scalar.lehigh/edu.

2 Mrs. A. M. Fleming, 'Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling', in *Kipling Journal,* Vol. 93, December 2019, No. 380, pp. 25–40, hereafter abbreviated as AMF-cj1.

3 'axe and helve': 'Helve: the handle of a weapon or tool' (*O.E.D.*)The simile is rigorous in tone: 'Although Ruddy and I were always devoted comrades there was never any Charles-and-Mary-Lamb or Dorothy-and-William-Wordsworth nonsense about us.'; 'My Brother Rudyard Kipling', in *Kipling Journal*, Vol. 14, December 1947, No. 84, pp. 3–5. It is clear from another memoir by Trix, 'Through Judy's Eyes (1874–1877)', that brother and sister were kindred spirits in their perception of, and resistance to, oppression'; Lorna Lee, *Trix, Kipling's Forgotten Sister* (Otford: Pond View, an imprint of Hawthorn Publications, 2003, edited by Roger Wickham, pp. 349–50.)

4 'Let the grown-up people slide': This appears to be an adaptation by Trix of some verse by Rudyard forming the epigraph to 'Some Reminiscences of My Brother', a report of a talk given to the Society by Trix on 27 October 1937, which appeared in the *Kipling Journal*, December 1937, No. 44, pp. 116–121:

> Let the grown-up people slide,
> Let's go back to half-past-three,
> Finding star-fish by a tide
> Always new for you and me.
> Whispering, as you lean more near,
> 'Does you like it, Sister dear?' (p.116)

5 'individual or collective hallucinations […] departed personality': The source of this quotation has so far eluded identification.

6 'to see a ghost': Trix Fleming believed that she herself possessed what she referred to as 'the clairvoyant faculty'. She records in a letter: 'I do sometimes see, hear, feel, or otherwise become conscious of beings and influences that are not patent to all.'; Lee, *Trix, Kipling's Forgotten Sister*, *op. cit.,* p. 31; also the memoirs of the Macdonald family, *ibid.,* pp. 111–118.

7 'the "House of Desolation"': Lorne Lodge, 4 Campbell Road, Havelock Park, Southsea, where the children were left in the charge of Mrs. Sarah Holloway and her husband, Agar Pryse Holloway, formerly a midshipman in the merchant marine; the couple were known to the children as 'Auntie' and 'Uncle'. For details of the Holloways, see the article by Mike Kipling titled, 'The Provost of Oriel and Other Puzzles of the Holloways', *Kipling Journal*, Vol. 91, March 2017, No. 367, pp. 8–24. Kipling refers to Lorne Lodge as the 'House of Desolation' in his autobiography, *Something of Myself, For My Friends Known and Unknown* (1937), and recalls: 'It was an establishment run with the full vigour of the Evangelical as revealed to the Woman. I had never heard of hell, so I was introduced to it in all its terrors […]'; *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings*, edited by Thomas Pinney (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), pp. 6 and 7; hereafter abbreviated as Pinney-SM.

8 'was still standing': The original text is asterisked here, and at the end of the page is the footnote: 'See *Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling*, by Mrs Fleming, in *Chambers's Journal* for March 1939.'.

9 'bump of locality': An allusion to the Victorian 'science' of phrenology: 'a prominence on the skull held to indicate a particular mental faculty or tendency'; *OED* 'bump', n.[2], sense I.1.b, now historical.

10 'the familiar church': St. Bartholomew's Church, Southsea, sited at the junction of Outram Road and Campbell Road, which continued in use until 1958; see also note 12.

11 'Uncle': Agar Pryse Holloway; see note 7.

12 'he had had much the same experience': Kipling revisited the 'House of Desolation' with his wife Carrie in 1920; her diary records: 'Rud takes me to see Lorne Lodge near St Bartholomew's Church and near Outram Road, where he was so misused and forlorn and desperately unhappy as a child'; *Kipling Papers* 1/8, held at Sussex University, cited in Harry Ricketts, *The Unforgiving Minute: A Life of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1999), p. 346.

13 'if the house still stood': Lorne Lodge still exists; the Kipling children's erstwhile foster-home is commemorated by a Blue Plaque.

14 'plough the place with salt': A purifying ritual associated with the legend of the destruction of Carthage; see R. T. Ridley, 'To be Taken with a Pinch of Salt: The Destruction of Carthage,' *Classical Philolo*gy, Vol. 81, April 1986, No.2, pp. 140–146.

15 Brompton Road and No. 227: The Brompton Road, not officially named as such until 1863, and originally a turnpike road, runs south-westward from Knightsbridge, in London. Brompton was the name of a heathland village, which in the sixteenth century became fruit gardens, interspersed with occasional cottages and, more frequently, hostelries. It was not until about 1800 that the area between Hyde Park and the Brompton Road began to be developed into a series of small streets and squares. In his autobiography, Kipling describes the location at the time of their stay as 'semi-rural'; Pinney-SM, p. 13. Harrods department store was founded as a small grocery shop on the present site in 1849; the store's modern-day premises date from 1884; sources, the websites, British History Online and Hidden London.

16 'our beloved Golding's Farm': Goldings Farm, Clays Lane, Loughton, Essex, where Alice Kipling took the children for a six-months' holiday after removing them from Lorne Lodge; AMF-cj1, §§V-VII.

17 'incognate like': The idiomatic 'incognate' is not listed in the *OED*; the sense of the phrase is 'incognito'.

18 'J. Pettleworth, Myrtle Street, Peckham Rye': Though 'Pettle' is recorded in Patrick Hanks, Richard Coates and Peter McClure's *Oxford Dictionary of Family Names in Britain and Ireland* (2016), 'Pettleworth', does not appear as a variant. It may be a coinage, based on the regional word, 'pettle', recorded in the *OED* with the meaning, 'to spend time on unimportant trifling matters, to trifle'. Peckham Rye is a large common in south-east London, and famously the location of a vision of a tree filled with angels, beheld by a young William Blake (1757–1827).

19 'roofs and chimley pots to walk on': A quotation from *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit* (1844) by Charles Dickens (1812–1870), Ch. 25, 'The Bull's Patient'; the speaker is Mrs. Gamp, an alcoholic nurse.

20 'our country tree-climbing': A reference to the children's farm holiday in Loughton, Essex; AMF-cj1, §V.

21 'Wilden': Wilden House, in the hamlet of Wilden, near Stourport-on-Severn, Worcestershire, was the home in childhood of Stanley Baldwin (1867–1947), First Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, the son of Alfred Baldwin (1841–1908), a wealthy industrialist, and Louisa Baldwin (1824–1925), the Kipling children's 'Aunt Louie'.

22 '*Souvenirs of France'*: Kipling's memoir, consisting of two parts, was published in Paris in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on 1 and 15 March 1933, translated from the original English into French. A prefatory note by the editor of the *Revue* stated that the articles told 'of the various events of the writer's life which have brought him into close intimacy with France and the French people, so making him 'a most sincere and warm friend.'' The articles sold well as a booklet. In England, the memoir first appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, on the consecutive days, 13–22 March 1933, with the exception of the 18th and 19th. A *Pocket Edition* was published by Macmillan in 1933. See *The New Readers' Guide to the Works of Rudyard Kipling* at www.kiplingsociety.co.uk.

23 'skewersful': According to the *OED*, this would be more correctly expressed as 'skewers-full'.

24 Kipling's short story 'Below the Mill Dam' was first published in the *Monthly Review* on 1 September 1902, and collected in *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904).

25 "Yes, Life,' said the Cat […]', etc. : The quotation is not wholly accurate. The text reads: 'its dim delicious half-tones and veiled indeterminate distances. Its surprisals, escapes, encounters, and dizzying leaps – its full-throated choruses […]', etc.; 'Below the Mill Dam', in *Traffics and Discoveries* (London: Macmillan, 1904), p. 387.

26 'Kipling had always hated cats': Kipling preferred dogs, but was by no means unsympathetic towards cats; see the article by Lisa A. F. Lewis, 'The Cat That Walked with the Daemon', *Kipling Journal,* Vol. 81, March 2007, No. 321, pp. 16–28.

27 'Swinburne, Baudelaire or Poe': Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909), English poet, playwright, novelist and critic; Charles Pierre Baudelaire (1821–1867), French poet, essayist and art critic; Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849), American poet, short story writer, and literary critic.

28 'kill a cat with a catapult': a reference to *Stalky & Co* (1899), Ch. 4, 'An Unsavoury Interlude'. Trix's recall of this narrative is not quite accurate: the cat is killed by a bullet, presumably from one of the 'saloon-pistols' with which Stalky and M'Turk are equipped when, in Beetle's absence, they go rabbiting.

29 'take a swim, and earn her vittles honest': This quotation, apparently an attempt at reported speech, rather than the direct speech of the original, is not quite exact. The text reads, 'Go take a swim and larn to find your own vittles honest when you come out, Pussy.'; 'Below the Mill Dam', in *Traffics and Discoveries*, p. 392.

30 'but made ignoble talk': A quotation from *Idylls of the King* (1859–1885) by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892); the verse narrative titled 'Lancelot and Elaine' (1859), lines 1080–1081.

31 'neither of them ever owned a gun': Trix's statement that her brother did not possess a gun is rather at odds with the gun on display in Kipling's study at Bateman's, his East Sussex home from 1902 until his death in 1936.

32 'the Miller and his Men': A toy-theatre play created and published by John Kilby Green in 1834. It was based on a romantic melodrama by the English dramatist Isaac Pocock (1782–1835), first performed at Covent Garden in 1813.

33 'Pharoah's Serpents': A type of indoor firework.

34 'Ambrose Poynter': Sir Ambrose Macdonald Poynter (1867–1923), British architect, artist and calligrapher, the eldest son of Sir Edward John Poynter (1836–1919); his mother, Agnes, née Macdonald (1843–1906), was Rudyard and Trix's maternal aunt.

35 'the old South Kensington Museum': Accommodated in Somerset House, the V&A began life in 1852 as the Museum of Manufacture, renamed, in 1853, the Museum of Ornamental Art. It became the South Kensington Museum following re-location to a new building on its present site in 1857. Designed by a firm of engineers and roofed in corrugated iron, the museum's three galleries became known as 'the Brompton Boilers' – hence Trix's 'shabby-looking sheds'. The Museum was renamed the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1899.

Julius Bryant comments: 'As an educational and didactic institution, the South Kensington Museum with its comparative collections of material from all areas of the applied arts had a decisive impact on numerous museum foundations in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. More than thirty museums all over the

world were modelled on this prototype […]'; *Art and Design for All, The Victoria and Albert Museum* (London: V&A Publishing, 2011), p. 11.

It is understandable that the Kipling children should have taken so readily to the kind of learning environment the Museum provided. In 1875, their father, John Lockwood Kipling (1837–1911), was appointed Principal of the Mayo School of Arts, in Lahore, and also became curator of the Lahore Museum. Before his marriage to Alice Macdonald in 1865, he had worked as an architectural sculptor on the decoration of the South Kensington Museum. Furthermore, the Museum's Green Dining Room (1866) was designed by the firm Morris & Co, founded by William Morris (1834–1896), the close friend and collaborator of their maternal uncle, Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), and known to Rudyard and Trix as 'Uncle Topsy'.

36 'my middle name, Macdonald': It seems rather surprising that at the age of 9, Trix, a highly intelligent child, could not spell her own name. Perhaps this needs to be viewed in the light of Trix's testimony concerning the inadequacies of her education while at Southsea: 'I was heavily handicapped by having no teacher but Mrs Harrison, except for dancing, for six long years […] Small wonder that my first school report described me as being 'absolutely ungrounded, curiously ignorant, but singularly well-read.''; AMF-cj1, §IV.

Kipling refers to the children's 'own special policeman' at the old South Kensington Museum in his autobiography: 'Very shortly we two, on account of our regular attendance (for the weather had turned wet) owned that place and one policeman in special. When we came with any grown-ups he saluted us magnificently': Pinney-SM, p. 13.

37 'Uncle Ned Burne-Jones': Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), Rudyard and Trix's maternal uncle. Kipling's recollections of 'Uncle Ned' from his childhood visits to The Grange, in North End Road, Kensington, feature in his autobiography. He recalls, for example, that it was delightful to be 'allowed to blow the big organ in the studio while the Uncle worked, or "Uncle Topsy" came in full of some business of picture-frames or stained glass […]'; Pinney-SM, pp. 9–11.

38 'we both adored jewels and jewellery': Kipling gives a more detailed catalogue of the artefacts that fascinated him in his autobiography; Pinney-SM, pp. 13–14.

39 'a huge Newfoundland dog': This artefact is formed of coloured marbles and hardstones; eyes of topaz, sardonyx and black lava; the snake, of bronze, with ruby eyes; the cushion mounts, of gilt bronze. This life-size sculpture of a Newfoundland dog was commissioned by John William Ward, First Earl of Dudley, to commemorate his favourite dog. The sculptor, Matthew Coles Wyatt (1777–1862), must have been on familiar terms with Bashaw, because the dog was sent from Lord Dudley's country seat, Himley Hall, Staffordshire, to London, to sit for him, no less than fifty times. Bashaw was exhibited at the Great Exhibition in 1851 with the title, 'The Faithful Friend of Man Trampling Underfoot his Most Insidious Enemy'. The statue is currently held in storage. [Based on information supplied by the V&A]

40 'the proper Museum smell': A reference to Kipling's autobiography: 'These experiences were a soaking in colour and design, with above all, the proper Museum smell; and it stayed with me.'; Pinney-SM, p. 13.

41 'Raphael Cartoons': Seven religious designs for tapestries by the High Renaissance painter and architect Raffaello Sanzio da Urbina, or, as he is usually known, Raphael (1483–1520); part of the British Royal Collection, but since 1865 on loan

to the V&A. According to information given on the V&A website, the Museum remained open during the Second World War, and the Raphael Cartoons were some of the larger of the treasures which remained *in situ*. Trix refers to the First World War, during which the V & A stayed open. See the online article 'The V&A at War 1939–45', www.vam.ac.uk.

42 'the great bronze Daibutsu': The Buddha, in the lotus position used for meditation, represents Siddhartha Gautama, an Indian monk, religious teacher, and philosopher, also the founder of Buddhism, believed to have lived in the sixth to fourth centuries BCE. The bronze statue that interested the Kipling children is part of the V&A's East India Collection; it is currently on display at a Buddhist temple in the West Midlands. [Based on information provided by the V&A]

43 'Auntie': Mrs. Sara Holloway, of Southsea, who, from the first, apparently took a dislike to the small boy entrusted to her care; AMF-cj1, §II.

44 'dark-lantern': A candle lantern with a sliding shutter, so that the light may be hidden without extinguishing the candle.

45 'carved wooden pulpit': The minbar, of carved wood, inlaid with ivory, was made in Cairo and dates from the late fifteenth century; it would have furnished a major mosque. Several woodworking techniques were used to decorate the structure; most striking are the panels assembled from hundreds of small, carefully shaped pieces of wood, set with carved ivory elements, which highlight the complex geometric designs. The decoration of such pulpits often included carved inscriptions. On this particular minbar, is recorded the name of a sultan who ruled Egypt and Syria from 1468 to 1496. [Based on information provided by the V&A]

46 'gigs': A colloquially abbreviated reference to Kipling's spectacles; his vision problems developed while at Southsea. In *Stalky & Co*. (1899), the spectacles worn by the schoolboy nicknamed 'Beetle' are referred to as 'gig-lamps'. 'Beetle' is partly an autobiographical portrait of Kipling at the United Services College, Westward Ho!. In reality, Kipling was nicknamed 'Gigger' as a schoolboy.

47 'passion has one cry': A slightly inexact quotation from a novel by Olive Schreiner (1855–1920) titled *The Story of an African Farm* (1883), Part II, Ch. XII: the text reads 'For passion has one cry, *one* only – 'Oh, to touch thee, Beloved!'".

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Corrigenda to Part 1

Note 6 'the meaning of captivity': Brian Harris and Philip Holberton have kindly identified this as Trix's adaptation of the refrain of Kipling's 'Half Ballade of Waterval': 'I 'ave learned at Waterval/ The meanin' of captivity.'

Note 34 The maiden name of Martha (or 'Patty' as she was known to the Kipling children) was in fact Meadus, a common name in the Christchurch area.

SISTER OF THE MORE FAMOUS RUD: WHAT HAPPENED TO TRIX KIPLING[1]

By **HARRY RICKETTS**

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For an intensely literary woman to have an equally literary older brother may be considered a significant disadvantage. To have an older brother who quickly becomes one of the most famous writers in the world may be considered a life's handicap. And so it was for Alice Macdonald Kipling, known as Trix.[2] From her teens, she, like her brother, Rudyard, showed precocious literary talent and went on to publish parodies/pastiches, poems, short stories, prose sketches, autobiographical pieces and two novels. Yet, despite some recent attention (notably Mary Hamer's excellent novel and Barbara Fisher's fine essay, 'Trix – the Other Kipling', in the September 2014 issue of the *Kipling Journal*), she remains largely unknown except as an intermittent figure in the story of her famous brother.[3] The main questions I want to open up here are: Why did Trix not develop a significant literary career of her own, and what role for her did automatic writing come to play?

Trix was born in London on 11 June 1868 during a family trip to England from India.[4] In 1871, she and her six-year-old brother were taken back to England by their parents and left to lodge for over five years with the Holloway family in Southsea.[5] There seems no doubt that, particularly following the death of 'Captain' Holloway in 1874, both brother and sister were religiously, psychologically and emotionally abused by Mrs Holloway, abetted by her son Harry. This is the experience harrowingly fictionalised by Kipling in his 1888 story 'Baa Baa Black Sheep', with his stand-in tellingly called Punch and that of his sister, Judy. Trix's version, 'Through Judy's Eyes', as its title suggests, mirrors and complements her brother's account, emphasising their shared sense of parental abandonment and the harshness of their treatment. Trix's main addition is her early appropriation by Mrs Holloway as a surrogate daughter, an annexation which, then and later, brought its own emotional burdens and complications, In 1877, the children's mother, finally alerted, returned from India and took them away (though there were, surprisingly, subsequent visits to Southsea). From 1878–1883,

Trix mostly lived in London with elderly family friends, Miss Winnard and Misses Mary and Georgiana Craik, and attended Notting Hill High School for Girls.

At 15, in 1884, Trix rejoined the rest of the family in Lahore (then still part of India) where by then her father was Principal of the Mayo School of Arts and her 18-year-old brother the sub-editor on the *Civil & Military Gazette*. Initially, according to Trix, her brother often 'babysat' her while their parents went to balls and dinners, and the teenage siblings' idea of an enjoyable evening was to play literary games.[6] One game was only to speak in Shakespearean quotations, another to make up parodies and pastiches of their favourite poets from Wordsworth and the Brownings to Tennyson and Christina and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. These were published in *Echoes* later in 1884, with Trix probably contributing eight of the 39 parodies and pastiches, including 'Jane Smith', a brilliant spoof of Wordsworth's lyrical ballad 'Alice Fell' (though it is also possible this piece was a combined effort):[7]

I journeyed, on a winter's day,
    Across the lonely wold;
No bird did sing upon the spray,
    And it was very cold.

I had a coach with horses four,
    Three white (though one was black),
And on they went the common o'er,
    Nor swiftness did they lack.

A little girl ran by the side,
    And she was pinched and thin:
'Oh please, sir! *do* give me a ride,
    'I'm fetching mother's gin.'

'Enter my coach, sweet child,' said I;
    'For you shall ride with me,
And I will get you your supply
    'Of mother's eau-de-vie.'

The publican was stern and cold,
    And said: 'Her mother's score
'Is writ, as you shall soon behold,
    'Behind the bar-room door!'

I blotted out the score with tears,
And paid the money down,
And took the maid of thirteen years
Back to her mother's town;

And though the past with surges wild
Fond memories may sever,
The vision of that happy child
Will leave my spirit never[.][8]

The lines neatly send up the more absurd elements of Wordsworth's ballads: their conscientiously flat language ('And it was very cold'); their egregious exactitudes ('Three white (though one was black)'); and the line-fillers ('Nor swiftness did they lack'). The child's task of 'fetching mother's gin' jauntily contrasts with the aura of wise innocence Wordsworth often endows the children in his poems. In a witty *coup de grâce*, the final quatrain mimics and mocks the self-congratulatory note on which the *Lyrical Ballads* often conclude, the speaker confiding to the reader the depth of his own moral feelings. The double-take on the quintessentially Wordsworthian term 'spirit' is especially adroit.

After *Echoes*, Trix's next known work was the short story 'The Haunted Cabin'. This was part of the family miscellany *Quartette* (1885), which appeared alongside fiction and poems by her brother and their parents, as a Christmas supplement to the *Civil & Military Gazette*. Trix's story describes a mother and her three-year son returning by ship to India after a short trip to England. The two keep seeing in their cabin and on deck a 'blue-eyed, yellow-haired, round-faced child who seemed to be about four years old', although she is invisible to the other passengers. One day, the mother sees the girl sitting on the sill of the cabin's porthole; the girl loses her balance: 'I leant out only in time to see the blue waters closing over the golden head, and to hear a short stifled cry which was more like a sob than a shriek'. The narrator's screams bring the stewardess who explains that she has seen the ghost of 'little May Rodney', who 'fell out of this very port six years ago, poor darling; and again and again I've heard people in this cabin say they have seen her'.[9] The story, like many tales of haunting, is susceptible of different readings, but one is that it offers a transposed version of Trix's sense of her 'cancelled' childhood, just as (comparably) two of her brother's pieces in *Quartette* (the poem 'The Second Wooing' and the story 'The Phantom 'Rickshaw') offer transposed, 'haunted' versions of the extinction of his relationship with Flo Gerrard.[10]

The following year, the series 'Plain Tales from the Hills' started to appear regularly and anonymously in the *Civil & Military Gazette*. This,

too, may have begun as a family venture, like *Quartette*, since some early stories are clearly not by Kipling. One, at least, 'A Pinchbeck Goddess' (17 December 1886), of which more in a moment, was certainly by Trix.[11] In 1889, on her twenty-first birthday, Trix, after much indecision, married Jack Fleming, an officer in the King's Own Scottish Borderers seconded to the Survey of India. He was 10 years older than her, unliterary and very buttoned-up, 'an unresponsive sort of animal' in Trix's brother's resonant phrase.[12] The long, childless marriage was not at all a happy one, but continued until Fleming's death in 1942.

Trix's first novel, *The Heart of a Maid*, was published in 1890 in India, under the pseudonym 'Beatrice Grange', and in an American edition under the name 'Beatrice Kipling'.[13] The novel, fluent, unflinching and clearly heavily autobiographical, is set in Simla, the social and administrative heart of British India. It adroitly interweaves a number of courtship and marriage stories, the main narrative being that of May and Percy.[14] From the moment in the first chapter when May accepts the 'some ten years older' Percy, she and the reader can guess where her story is heading, an impression reinforced in chapter three:

> When a girl is really in love, it seems to her that none have ever felt as she feels: she finds a new path into Paradise, untrodden by other feet; but it appeared to May that she was entering a dungeon, worn by the steps of those who had passed before.[15]

Trix was then 23 and had been married for two years.

In 1895, *Pall Mall Magazine* published her short story, 'A Woman of Seasons' under the name 'Alice Macdonald Fleming'.[16] This is probably her most achieved piece of fiction. The narrator, an Anglo-Indian woman back in London to see her eleven-year-old son and nine-year-old daughter (the ages are telling), meets and is befriended by the handsome, wealthy Miss Ellersley-Bollach. It is summer, the 'season', and Miss Ellersley-Bollach dresses and behaves according to the height of fashion. In autumn, however, the puzzled narrator notices the society belle has now transformed herself into a dowdy charity do-gooder. And the following spring has, yet again, transformed herself into an arty, cigarette-smoking vamp. The narrative voice shows how witty Trix could be (in a vein very different from that of her brother): 'There must always be one that speaks and one that lends an ear; Miss Ellersley-Bollach had ears – she wore diamond solitaires in them – but none for lending.' And, of the spring Miss Ellersley-Bollach's dress: 'I knew it was not only the tea-gown of fiction, it was that ideal garment worn by the beautiful bad women of fiction.'[17] Taken as a whole, the story offers

acute snapshots of the narrow range of roles available to unmarried middle-to-upper-class English women of the time. Also, perhaps, and more uncomfortably, a transposed sense of lacking a secure identity.

In February 1897, Trix's second novel, *A Pinchbeck Goddess* by 'Mrs. J. M. Fleming (Alice M. Kipling)' appeared in both English and American editions and made enough impression to be reprinted the following month. The novel was an expansion of her earlier 'Plain Tales' short story of the same title. The setting is again Simla, the set-up again various intersecting courtships and marriages. The main difference is that, whereas *The Heart of a Maid* is predominantly domestic tragedy leavened by romantic comedy, *A Pinchbeck Goddess* is, resolutely, social comedy. Here all the relationships seem to end happily, even the one obviously based on Trix's own marriage. (Her surrogate Lilian is allowed to have a baby and keep it, whereas May's baby in *The Heart of A Maid* dies.)The central plotline, reprising and greatly expanding that of the original short story, tells how plain Winifred Norton takes revenge on Simla society for her earlier ostracisation by masquerading as the pretty, popular, flirty widow Mrs. Edwards, the 'pinchbeck goddess' of the title. In both instances, Mrs. Edwards eventually falls for an older man, who is not at all put off when she finally reveals that she is not the woman she appeared to be. Again, as in 'A Woman of Seasons', there is the preoccupation with fluid identity, though here the idea is treated almost entirely comically. One apparently small but revealing change between short story and novel involves the absent young daughter Mrs. Edwards invents as an adjunct to her disguise. In the later, novel version, the invented daughter is called Daisy and is still alive; in the original, short story version, she (as in 'The Haunted Cabin') is called May and (again) died at the age of four. The novel is lively enough in places (Trix had a good ear for dialogue), but the relatively thin disguise-revenge-happy-outcome premise works more effectively as a short story, ironically bearing out the 'Plain Tales' Mrs. Edwards's comment: 'I'm only acting a novel instead of writing it.'[18]

*Hand in Hand: Verses by a Mother and Daughter***,** a joint collection of lyric poems and sonnets by Trix (sixty-three poems) and her mother (thirty-one)**,** was published in 1902, and reprinted in 1903. Apart from a sequence of unrhymed 'Echoes from Roumanian Folk Song', Trix's contributions tend to confirm the poignant question in 'An Invocation': 'Cannot one floating song be willed / To breathe its tune to me?'[19] Then there was a long silence until Trix's brother's death in 1936, though she certainly continued writing. One notable poem written after her brother's death is 'A Biography', each verse briefly recalling a stage of his life in a form that closely imitates that of his own 1910 poem about Napoleon, 'A St Helena Lullaby'. 'A Biography' concludes:

How far is Poets Corner from a happy spirit freed?
Further than mind of man conceives, astronomers are dumb.
Your works will live behind you, but you are off at speed.
(To learn how solar systems work, – until The Kingdom come.)[20]

There are also some late and very touching reminiscences of their shared childhood, including 'Through Judy's Eyes'. [See also pages 25–40 of KJ No. 380, and pp. 10–26 of this issue. *Ed*]. Trix died, aged 80, in 1948.

This brief résumé contains two significant omissions. The first is that in 1898, Trix had the first of several protracted breakdowns and psychotic episodes which continued until the 1920s when, in her fifties, things seem to have righted themselves. (The most serious 'episode', understandably, followed her parents' deaths in late 1910 and early 1911 respectively, and lasted for several years.) The evidence, such as it is (and I offer this very tentatively), suggests that her problems were at least in part hormonally based, though almost certainly exacerbated, if not triggered, by her traumatic childhood years at Southsea, and by her husband's coldness and remoteness. (Aspects of Trix's story have similarities to that of the high-strung, literary Vivien Haigh-Wood, T.S. Eliot's first wife, though when Jack Fleming wanted to have Trix put in an asylum in late 1914, her brother, unlike Vivien's, opposed it.)[21] Reports of her later in life suggest that, settled in Edinburgh, she regained some contentment and remained a stimulating companion.

The other major omission is that, in 1893, Trix started to experiment with automatic writing. Initially, as she later recalled, the results were 'only short sentences of an uninteresting kind', but subsequent attempts produced 'verses [which], though often childishly simple in wording and jingling in rhyme, are rarely trivial in subject'. Her own account of these early forays comes from the correspondence she began in 1903 with the zoologist Alice Johnson, the editor of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*. In her first letter on 14 September, Trix included a specimen 'automatic' poem (dated 1896) of four nine-line stanzas, 'exactly as it came to me, not "polished" or altered in the least'. The opening stanza reads:

I whom he loved, am a ghost,
    Wandering weary and lost.
I dare not dawn on his sight,
(Windblown weary and white)
He would shudder in helpless fright,
    He who loved me the best,

I shun the paths he will go,
Because I should frighten him so.
(Weary and lacking rest).

This, it is worth noting, is once more about a haunting, and would not have looked at all out of place in *Hand in Hand*. Another eight-line poem (dated 1901) included in the same letter to Johnson describes a dead child with 'Baby hair that is flaxen fair' buried under an orange tree.[22]

It would take too long here to give anything like an adequate account of Trix's subsequent involvement, under the pseudonym 'Mrs. Holland', with the Society for Psychical Research. However, here in brief are two notable instances of the various telepathic, cross-correspondence and 'psychometric' experiments in which she took part. The first concerns an attempt through automatic writing to provide objective proof that the late Frederic Myers, author of *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death* (1903), and his late friend Edmund Gurney, were trying to demonstrate to selected 'sensitives' their enduring 'existence' from beyond the grave. (Volume XXI, parts LIV-LV, 1908–9 of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* (1909) gives Johnson's full and not unfascinating account of this experiment, whose results she found promising but admitted remained inconclusive.)

Another instance is Trix's more peripheral role in the once-famous 'Palm Sunday Case'. This involved spirit-messages believed to be received from Mary Catherine Lyttleton, who had died from typhus on Palm Sunday in 1875. The messages were thought to be addressed to the prominent Tory politician and prime minister Arthur Balfour, who had been in love with Mary Lyttleton. Four automatists, as they were known – Mrs Winifred Coombe-Tennant (Mrs Willett), Margaret Verrall and her daughter Helen, and Trix (Mrs Holland) – received these messages as automatic writings, cross-correspondences and trance-pronouncements between 1901 and 1930. None of the four claimed to know of the Lyttleton-Balfour romance until 1911. Seemingly, only tenuous links ever existed between the four automatists or (at least initially) existed between them and the Balfour family.

What seems particularly pertinent in the present context is that a number of the spirit-messages Trix received in 1903 were about writing itself: 'You should not be discouraged if what is written appears to you futile' [19 September, 1903]; 'Don't feel that criticism need act in the least as a fetter – don't let it hinder you at all' [21 September, 1903]; 'Morning is the best time to try for writing while the brain is fresh and new as it were' [12 November 1903]; and so on. Alice Johnson took these and similar statements to be tetchy injunctions from the late

Myers and Gurney exhorting Trix to stick at her task of transcribing their 'discarnate' messages. If, however, one reads these instructions as reflections of a kind of internal, half-involuntary dialogue Trix is conducting with herself about her own (non-automatic) writing, they take on quite a different (and considerably sadder) connotation: she wants to write but feels disheartened, adversely judged, and needs to keep urging herself to do at it. Why might this be so?

The outline of one answer might go like this.[23] From the start, an obvious aspect of Trix's literary output is how intertwined it is with that of her brother. There are the shared, imitative literary games: the talking exclusively in quotations (her novels are absolutely crammed with quotations and epigraphs from a wide range of literary sources), and the making up of the parodies that led to *Echoes*. The presence of the short story version of 'A Pinchbeck Goddess' in the initial newspaper series of 'Plain Tales from the Hills' (and quite likely other Trix contributions) suggests the possibility that the idea of the series itself may also have been envisaged, at first, as a further collaborative effort.[24] Certainly, the Simla matchmaking world of Trix's novels (which she, too, would have known well at first hand) is very close to the Simla world that features prominently in many of her brother's early stories. The conniving merry widow Mrs. Edwards bears a marked family resemblance to her brother's conniving merry widow Mrs. Hauksbee, a favourite among his early readers (though herself now more than a little 'pinchbecked'). A more detailed discussion, as Fisher moots, might show that Rudyard learnt, even borrowed things, from Trix, as well as the other way round. Clearly, both were drawing on some of the same cultural capital, on similar literary and social wellsprings.

Further, one might argue that, in the mid-to-late 1880s, before Rudyard became famous, being his sister was not so much a disadvantage: that it was, if anything, a spur, an incentive, an encouragement to her own literary talent and ambition. This is not to forget the fact that, from the start, he was much more prolific than she was. By the time, he left India for London in 1889 at the age of 23, he had already written and/or co-written no less than ten books of stories and poems. Within two years, by 1891, when Trix published the American edition of *The Heart of a Maid*, her brother was already world famous, having (as it were) invented India as a literary subject for the English-speaking and English-reading world. Throughout the 1890s, her brother's fame grew exponentially so that by the time he almost died of pneumonia in early 1899, he was arguably the most famous writer in the world. This constituted an insurmountable drawback for his literary sister. There was simply no way that she could compete with such recognition, and (so

the argument might go) this inevitably placed great pressure on Trix's own creative ambitions.

Evidence of this pressure can be detected in Trix's decision to publish *A Pinchbeck Goddess* in 1897 as by 'Mrs. J. M. Fleming (Alice M. Kipling)' and specifically dedicate the novel 'To My Brother'. This shows that, understandably enough, she was not beyond trying to hitch her own literary waggon to her brother's careering chariot. And the epigraph under the dedication, a Ben Jonson epigram, adds several extra twists to the dedication:

> Rudyard, as lesser dames to great ones use,
> My lighter comes to kiss thy learnèd muse;
> Whose better studies while she emulates,
> She learns to know long difference of their states.
> Yet is the office not to be despised,
> If only love should make the action prized.[25]

These extra twists include: a genuflection to her brother's literary standing; a plea for his continuing love and attention; and a playful reminder that she is still as fast on the literary draw as he is. In addition, it seems no coincidence that although Trix undoubtedly kept trying to further her own literary career during the 1890s, the decade of her brother's meteoric rise, this was the very time that she first started to become drawn to and increasingly involved in spiritualism and automatic writing.

Of course, in the period between roughly 1880 and 1930, many in the West were powerfully attracted to the psychic, the magical and the paranormal, and a large literature now exists debating the reasons for this sometimes fatal attraction. In Trix's case, there were particular benefits/compensations (as well as an obvious drawback) in involving herself in automatic writing and indeed later becoming a medium. Firstly, automatic writing allowed her not to have to compete with her brother. If the writing was automatic (in other words, not really coming from her), then she was not really the author of it. Interestingly, perhaps ironically, her brother's theories of authorship were also close to the idea of automatic writing (that some power beyond you is writing through you). He believed, for instance, that he had a personal literary daemon who particularly took charge during the writing of the *Jungle Books*, the two 'Puck' books and *Kim*.[26] In a more technological version of this, he once told Rider Haggard: 'We [that is writers] are only telephone wires.'[27] A number of his later, complex stories turn on the supernatural and the psychic, notably '"They"' and 'The Dog Hervey' and 'A Madonna of the Trenches'.[28]

Secondly, automatic writing gave Trix a certain sanction for writing. It was involuntary, so therefore beyond her control. She was thus not 'responsible' for what she produced and was thus, so to speak, beyond judgement. This might well be helpful if one standard of judgement of your work is with that it is inevitably going to be judged against that of your world famous brother (even if this is only a fear in your own mind).

Thirdly, eventually, after she had been in touch with Alice Johnson and the Society for Psychical Research, automatic writing gained Trix a ready-made, if limited, audience. It also definitely provided her with a standing in particular circles and even a kind of other 'career' as a medium. (Being a medium was a career option for a gifted woman at the time, especially for a gifted single woman or one, like Trix, married without children.) And as 'Mrs Holland', she was clearly a medium of some repute in her day. This would suggests that Trix both wanted a readership for her automatic writing and that she gained one.

The drawback to automatic writing as a response to the problems of literary ambition and competition is obvious enough. It is a drawback which also presents itself as one of automatic writing's benefits/compensations: the 'automatist' disavows the authorship of their own material. By embracing automatic writing and relinquishing authorial control, Trix simultaneously abandoned any chance of gaining for herself literary power and more conventional literary fame. Her chief literary status now, if she has any, is ironically as the author of some evocative memoir pieces about her famous brother.

In *A Room of One's Own*, Virginia Woolf ponders what might have happened had Shakespeare had a literary sister and grimly speculates about what her story would almost certainly have been. The story of Trix Kipling in the late nineteenth- and early twentieth-centuries is in its own way just as saddening and fascinating, and it really happened.

NOTES

1 An earlier, much shorter version of this article was delivered as a paper at the *Women and Nineteenth-Century Literature Conference*, 23 January, 2015. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand.

2 She was christened Alice after her mother, but soon known by Lockwood's nickname for her, Trix. Weighing eleven pounds, she was born with a black eye and broken arm, and looked, according to Georgiana Burne-Jones, 'like a Blake baby so big and white" ('Notes by Mrs Fleming on Flo Garrard', Kipling Papers held at Sussex University Library, 32/32.)

3 Mary Hamer's *Kipling and Trix* (Twickenham: Aurora Metro Books, 2012) gives a spirited and sympathetic account of Trix's life and trials. So does Barbara Fisher's excellent survey-article 'Trix – the Other Kipling', *Kipling Journal*, 357, September

2014, pp. 44–57. Fisher covers some of the same ground as my essay, but from a much less literary perspective. Nor am I forgetting Lorna Lee's *Trix: Kipling's Forgotten Sister* (Peterborough: Pond View, 2003), which contains an invaluable collage of extracts from letters, previously unpublished sketches and stories and the text of 'Through Judy's Eyes'. (Hereafter *Kipling's Forgotten Sister*.) It should also be said that Trix does now, belatedly, have a certain presence on the internet.

4 The trip seems to have been undertaken at least in part so that Trix could be born in England in case her birth proved as difficult as her brother's. She was born at The Grange, the home of her uncle and aunt Edward and Georgiana Burne-Jones. It is no coincidence that the pen name she adopted for her first novel, *The Heart of a Maid* (1890), should have been 'Beatrice Grange'.

5 Kipling also wrote about the experience in his autobiography *Something of Myself* (1937) and in lightly fictionalised form in the opening chapter of *The Light That Failed* (1891). Much has naturally been written in biographies of Kipling about this unhappy period of the children's lives and in particular about its impact on him. As regards the Holloways themselves, the most authoritative account of their background and situation is that given by Mike Kipling in his recent article 'The Provost of Oriel and other Puzzles of the Holloway Family', *Kipling Journal* 367, March 2017, pp. 8–24**.**

6 Mrs J. Fleming (Alice Macdonald Fleming), 'Some Reminiscences of my Brother', *Kipling Journal,* 44, December 1937, pp. 118–121.

7 In support of Rudyard's authorship is his inclusion of 'Jane Smith' in the Sussex Edition and other editions of his work. However, Thomas Pinney left it out of his comprehensive three-volume *Cambridge Edition of the Poems of Rudyard Kipling* (2013), and, in a recent email, cited two copies of *Echoes* which assign the poem to Trix. Professor Pinney concluded: 'The attribution is still undecided.' Andrew Rutherford, who discusses Trix's claims to authorship in the introduction to his *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling 1879–1889* (Oxford: Oxford University Press 1986), pp. 29–30, suggests the possibility of a joint-effort. Whoever wrote it, the piece should be in any collection of literary parodies.

8 '*Echoes*' *by Two Writers* (Lahore: The 'Civil and Military Gazette' Press, 1884), pp. 30–31.

9 *Quartette*: *The Christmas Annual of the Civil and Limitary Gazette* by Four Anglo-Indian Writers (Lahore: The 'Civil and Military Gazette' Press, 1885), pp. 42, 47.

10 See my biography, *The Unforgiving Minute: A Life of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1999), pp. 80–82, for a more detailed account of how ghost poem and ghost story radically recast Kipling's dismissal by Flo Gerrard.

11 A putative case can be made for ''Love-In-A-Mist'', 'Love: A 'Miss'', 'How It Happened' and 'A Little Learning' as Trix's work (though perhaps the parents are also candidates). The narrative voice is certainly very different from that of the clipped, cocky narrator characteristic of 'Plain Tales' as a whole.

12 Letter to Rudyard's and Trix's cousin Margaret Mackail, 11–14 February, 1889, Thomas Pinney (ed), *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*: *1872–89, Volume 1*, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), p. 289. Trix and Fleming first became engaged in 1887 and, according to Kipling, the engagement was broken off more than once 'on the ground of incompatibility of temper', *Letters*, *I*, p. 150.

13 The different pseudonyms are suggestive. The one for India, 'Beatrice Grange', avoids immediate associations with Trix's by now famous brother and with her

husband, while evoking a private family link and place of origin (see footnote 4). The American pseudonym, by contrast, invites a direct connection with her brother.

14 It is probably not coincidental that Trix's surrogate character in the story shares the first name of the girl who dies in 'The Haunted Cabin'.

15 Beatrice Kipling, *The Heart of a Maid* (New York: John W. Lovell, 1891), pp. 14, 32. Later, the narrator comments of Percy, after the latter has attempted to rub out May's pencil markings in her copy of Robert Browning's *Dramatic Lyrics* : 'He was naturally self-contained and undemonstrative. May would have liked him to be passionate' (p. 105).

16 Other published stories that can be confidently attributed to Trix are 'At a Christmas Ball' (*Black and White*, Christmas 1892); 'A Journey in the Jungle' (21 February 1897, *Allahabad Pioneer*); and 'Her Brother's Keeper' (*Longman's Magazine*, May 1902). Of these, 'At a Christmas Ball', in which a dead young subaltern keeps his promised tryst at the Simla Christmas Ball, is the most interesting. The revenant premise links the story to her brother's earlier 'The Phantom 'Rickshaw' and 'By Word of Mouth' and, much later, 'A Madonna of the Trenches'.

17 *The Pall Mall Magazine*, volume 5, no 23, 23 March 1895, pp. 401, 408.

18 *Civil & Military Gazette*, 17 December 1886, p. 3.

19 *Hand in Hand: Verses by a Mother and Daughter* (London: Elkin Mathews, 1903), p. 41.

20 *Kipling's Forgotten Sister*, p. 161.

21 Rudyard Kipling to Jack Fleming, 11 November and 3 December 1914, quoted in *Kipling's Forgotten Sister*, pp. 36–7.

22 'On the Automatic Writing of Mrs. Holland' by Alice Johnson, Volume XXI, parts LIV-LV, 1908–9 of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* (1909), pp. 171–3.

23 What follows owes a debt to conversations I had twenty years ago with my friend Dr Hugh Roberts.

24 See footnote 11.

25 Mrs. J.M. Fleming (Alice. M. Kipling), *A Pinchbeck Goddess* (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1897), p. iii.

26 Thomas Pinney (ed), *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990**),** pp. 121–123. (Hereafter *Something of Myself*.)

27 Morton Cohen (ed), *Rudyard Kipling & Rider Haggard: Record of a Friendship* (London: Hutchinson, 1965), p. 100.

28 As others have pointed out, Kipling protested too much in the last chapter of his autobiography about not himself being 'psychic'. He even cites one instance of his personal 'déjà vu', but then says he made no use of it '[f]or the sake of the 'weaker brethren – and sisters', *Something of Myself*, p. 126. It is said that after the death of his son John at Loos, Trix offered to put him in touch with John. (Attempts to contact the dead by psychic means were not at all uncommon during WWI.) Kipling's poem 'En-dor' spells out the dangers of such attempts, but cannot help hinting at their appeal.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

March 2020

NEW MEMBERS

It is my great pleasure to publicly welcome and introduce the following members who have joined the Kipling Society in recent months:

Mrs. Lucy Betteridge-Dyson *(East Sussex, UK)*
Mrs. Sheila Baker *(Leicestershire, UK)*
Mr. Neil Beaumont *(Essex, UK)*
Mr. David Bafumo *(North Carolina, USA)*
Major Almyr Bump *(New Hampshire, USA)*
Mr. Chris Partis *(East Riding of Yorkshire, UK)*
Mr. Colin Waters *(West Sussex, UK)*

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If we have not already received your subscription, a reminder will be printed in red ink on the address label accompanying your copy of the Kipling Journal immediately preceding your renewal date.

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If you pay your subscription by cheque, please note that it may not be lodged immediately to the Society's account, but may be retained for a short while in order to be lodged with a number of other cheques, thereby reducing bank charges.

CONTACT DETAILS

I would be most grateful if you could advise me as soon as possible of any changes to your contact details (mailing address, email or telephone number) or if, for whatever reason, you decide to discontinue your membership of the Kipling Society.

Fiona Renshaw
Membership Secretary

THE MAN WHO WOULD HORSEWHIP KIPLING: ANDREW HEARSEY AND THE 1888 NATIONAL CONGRESS

By **RICHARD MAIDMENT**

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The fourth annual conference of the Indian National Congress took place at Allahabad from the 26th to the 30th of December, 1888. Four days before it started, a poem by Kipling called "The Law of Libel" appeared in the *Pioneer*, telling the story of Babu Bunkum Bandar Bose, a newspaper editor in a princely state who, primed with subsidies from the Rajah's minister, the "silky-soft Dewan", made sure that every edition lavished praise on the Rajah's enlightened rule and odium on British India. When after a decline in readership the Dewan cut the subsidy, Bunkum Bandar Bose printed a scandalous story about the Rajah's love-life before setting out at speed for British territory. The princely bodyguard caught up with him half a mile from the border, leaving him in need of considerable assistance from a *Kobiraj* (doctor)[1] involving quantities of mustard oil and lint. Kipling ends with a rather ambiguous moral, contrasting the Rajah's muscular approach to the freedom of the press with the elaborate libel laws which journalists were subject to 'under British flags and guns."[2] Ironically enough, a week later, following an article by Kipling himself, a similar scene was acted out in the editorial office of the *Pioneer* and the subsequent libel trials were to entangle the newspaper for over a year.

Both the men involved were sons of distinguished generals in the Indian Army. The editor, George Maclagan Chesney, was one of the *Pioneer* proprietor George Allen's youthful protégés, recruited in his second year at Cambridge, undoubtedly through the influence of his father, General Sir George Tomkyns Chesney, the Military Member of the Viceroy's council,[3] who said that India came to the aid of the middle classes "by drawing off a portion of that supply of English youth which seems to be always exceeding the demand for it."[4] The younger Chesney

was intense and reserved – a keen sportsman described by Kipling as "a bead-eyed, fair-haired boy" and "strong as a horse".[5]

The horsewhipping itself had overtones of farce. Andrew William Hearsey, a 50 year-old former army officer, sent in his card before entering the office and placing a copy of the *Pioneer* in front of the editor, saying "I have been insulted. I have been called a half-caste", before hitting him with a horsewhip. They grappled against a bookcase and when staff rushed in Hearsey was bundled out, shouting "Cowards! Four onto one! Hit me if you dare!"[6]

A photograph from 1864 shows a younger Hearsey as a rather Byronic lieutenant in the 107th Foot, smartly uniformed and wearing the Indian Mutiny medal with clasps.

Lt. A.Hearsey, from a group photograph. Courtesy of West Sussex Record Office[7]

A relative recalled that he was known in the family as "Cracky Andrew" adding "Whatever it was that really happened it obviously had (to use an overworked word) a traumatic effect on the Hearsey . . dynasty, which I reckon included twenty-four in the armies or Indian Marine of that country." [8] That dynasty was of both European and Indian ancestry, 'Anglo-Indians' in the modern sense, though in his history "Poor Relations", Christopher Hawes generally uses the term 'Eurasians' on the grounds that many were descendants of other European communities in India.[9] The East India Company came to see their expanding numbers as a potential threat to its rule and in 1795 decreed that Eurasians were to be restricted to subsidiary roles in its civil and military service.[10] There were notable individuals who achieved distinction in business, education and the military, but many did indeed become "poor relations" in social and economic terms. Where they appear in *Plain Tales from the Hills* they are shown as trapped in a lower status, their "otherness" emphasised by non-English names, such as Virginie Saulez Castries, the beautiful girl with whom Peythroppe, the young English civil servant in "Kidnapped", falls in love. This

relationship is considered "impossible", so Mrs Hauksbee arranges for Peythroppe's friends to kidnap him before the wedding, leaving him able to marry "a sweet pink-and-white maiden, on the Government House List, with a little money and some influential connections, as every wise man should." The tale is a clear vignette of racial exclusion within the Victorian Raj.[11]

The first of the Hearseys arrived in India a century before the Kiplings, when there would have been little objection from his fellow-Englishmen to Peythroppe's marrying Miss Castries; in fact they would probably have envied him. Fifteen year-old ensign Andrew Willson Hearsey of the East India Company's Bengal infantry arrived in 1765 and over 20 years he fathered at least nine Eurasian boys and girls, before returning to England where he married and had a further son and three daughters. One of his Eurasian sons, Hyder Young Hearsey, became a Taluqdar or hereditary landholder in the far north of India, of estates which stayed in the family until Indian independence.

Hyder's English step-brother, John Bennet Hearsey, came out to India as a fourteen year-old cadet and rose to be Lieutenant-General Sir John Hearsey, the senior divisional commander at Barrackpore near Calcutta. In 1832 he married Harriet, an Eurasian, and Andrew was born in 1838 at the garrison town of Bareilly, the second son in a family of seven, like Kipling, born in India and brought up in England. When their mother died in 1847, John Hearsey, then a brigadier, left his children in the care of his widowed sister Mrs Sophia Hall of Chertsey, with the ambition that his sons should enter the East India Company's army.[12]

When Andrew was sent to an army "crammer" in Wimbledon to prepare for a commission, Mr John Wiseman, his previous headmaster at Bridge House School, Chertsey, reported that his behaviour had been "respectful and his moral character unreproachable" In theory the bar on Anglo-Indians entering the higher ranks of the company's service had been abolished in 1833; in reality it was just as strong as ever but Brigadier Hearsey's connections and determination allowed him to gain his sons the necessary nomination by a company director and in April 1855 Andrew received a posting as ensign in the 57th Bengal Native Infantry.[13]

His military career can be divided into two phases – active service, where his (sometimes reckless) bravery won him plaudits and decorations, and peacetime soldiering, where his increasingly volatile temperament led him into constant trouble with his superiors, much exacerbated by a general prejudice against Eurasian officers in the new Indian Army. In May 1857, he volunteered as a cavalry trooper in Sir Henry Havelock's column marching to the relief of the besieged cities

of Lucknow and Cawnpore and was later appointed, through his father's influence, adjutant of the Shekawattee Battalion at Sumbulpore. He was twice decorated, mentioned in general orders, awarded a pension for a serious arm wound and a year's enhancement of service; but there were already signs that his enthusiasm for military life was waning.[14]

After the Mutiny was suppressed, a great reorganisation of the disbanded Company's armies took place,[15] and in 1860 Hearsey returned to Barrackpore to prepare for officer's examinations in the new service. He was now 22 and his relationship with his father uneasy. The general wrote: "He has no perseverance – Bowls, Cricket, Billiards and suchlike amusements are more to his taste – I have not seen him today and he was not at dinner yesterday – where he goes to I know not".[16] During the next three years all three of his brothers died through accident or illness, and when his father died in 1865, an obituary stated that Andrew alone remained--"a gallant young soldier … with whom, we may be sure, the honour of a good name is in safe keeping".[17] In fact, he was increasingly isolated. A decision had been made to disband the all-Eurasian units established during the Mutiny,[18] and his own standing as a Eurasian officer in a newly-formed English regiment was probably not helped by his marriage in 1862 to his Anglo-Indian cousin Harriet. He was close to the 12 years' service which would qualify him as captain but his commanding officer in the 107th Foot, Lt-Colonel Robert Patton, found him socially unacceptable, of defective education and insubordinate, and wanted him out.[19] He struggled to pay his bills and was arrested repeatedly for infractions of routine. In 1865, after being threatened that he would be gazetted out of the army and his annuity withdrawn, he sent a letter of resignation. Two days before it was accepted, a captain of the regiment died, meaning that for two days Hearsey, as senior lieutenant, was in theory eligible for promotion. In the event the captaincy went to the next in line, Lieutenant Charles Patton Chambers, who Hearsey claimed was the colonel's nephew.[20]

He travelled to London to put his case to the military authorities, but although his wound pension was confirmed, he was told repeatedly that reinstatement as a captain could not be considered. His pretence to be "Captain Hearsey" appears for the first time on a visit to Chertsey in May 1866, probably arising from his reluctance to tell the embarrassing truth to his old schoolfriends and his Aunt Sophy, Mrs Colonel Hall.[21] After his return to India he always called himself Captain Hearsey and that was how he was usually addressed, eventually even by the authorities who had denied him promotion in the first place. He was taken on by his father-in-law, the holder of the Hearsey estates, and for fifteen years was listed as his agent.[22] This period saw his first political campaign – a memorial to Queen Victoria on behalf of three Sikh state prisoners,

whom he claimed to have seen when on fort duty at Allahabad in 1865. He petitioned for their release on grounds of humanity, saying later that, even as a child, his mind had always been open to tales of injustice and oppression.[23]

The Viceroy, Sir John Lawrence, replied that the Sikhs had conspired to overthrow "the order of things established" by the annexation of the Punjab in 1847 "and put an end to British influence at Lahore." He found the presumption of the petitioner infuriating. "Although removed from Her Majesty's 107th Foot by the Home Government, he still does draw a wound pension, and is therefore under obligations to that Government whose acts he has laid himself out to subvert."[24] Later, Hearsey started a letter-writing campaign in support of Maharajah Duleep Singh, the deposed ruler of the Sikh Empire, who had announced his intention to return home to reclaim his lost lands, possibly with Russian support. He wrote, "There are numerous young gentlemen in India, Anglo-Indians and Eurasians, to whom the Government will give no employment whatsoever, and who would therefore willingly join the Russian army and carve out their fortunes with their swords as their fathers did before." One civil servant suggested that he should be prosecuted for "exciting disaffection".[25]

Confrontational and volatile, Hearsey appeared regularly in court, charged with assault and public order offences. In 1885 the magistrate in his home town of Mussoorie, Mr George Laidman, sued him for criminal libel after he had outspokenly criticised the treatment of three local farmers in a compensation case. The trial took place before Sir William Comer Petheram, the Chief Justice of North West Provinces recently appointed from England. Petheram was publicly critical of legal standards in the Indian provinces and, to the embarrassment of the authorities, he took a hostile view of Laidman's case, saying that his behaviour had been "in the highest degree indecorous and objectionable and that its direct tendency was to bring justice into ridicule and contempt." After he had described Hearsey as "a generous-hearted man", two of whose convictions in Laidman's court had been against the most basic rules of procedure, the jury quickly found him not guilty. The provincial governor, Sir Alfred Lyall, then circulated all magistrates in his jurisdiction with a confidential memorandum denouncing the Chief Justice as "inexperienced in Indian affairs", and the acquitted defendant as "a man of no means and no character, who is very anxious to make capital out of this or any other business."[26] Hearsey's later claim that justice in the North West Provinces was rigged against him was probably based on this episode. The case was covered in detail by the *Civil and Military Gazette,* where Kipling was still assistant editor prior to his move to Allahabad.[27] Petheram's interest in Indian

customary laws and practices[28] probably inspired Kipling's "A Rather More Fishy Case" (1887), a story published in the *CMG* about a farcical trial concerning four horses stolen by "native gentlemen in pursuance of the immemorial custom set out in the ancient Sanskrit proverb which says – 'Finding's keeping, losing's seeking'". "Sir Homer Botheram" decides this was perfectly legal, thus overruling the local magistrate and causing great embarrassment to the provincial governor.[29] In January 1888, Petheram was again lampooned in Kipling's satirical sketch "New Year's Gifts" as "Sir C – r P – m", to be presented with a one-way ticket home to Gravesend "with Cook's *chota hazri* coupons only".[30] In fact, he stayed in India until 1896, became Chief Justice of Bengal and was to play a role in the libel prosecutions.

In December 1888, Hearsey became a delegate to the National Congress. At this time, the movement was keen to demonstrate its loyalty to the Crown, but its rapid growth and demands for greater equality had begun to cause unease in government circles. The *Pioneer*, where Kipling was now assistant editor, was vociferously critical from the start, and when the Congress organisers tried to secure a venue for their Allahabad meeting, its columns denounced the movement as "incendiary" and "seditious", peddling "an idiotic dream" and "chimerical visions of prosperity" based on "popular ignorance and fanaticism."[31] Local officials rejected three sites "on sanitary grounds," until finally a wealthy supporter acquired a lease on a spacious park and a large tented complex was prepared. A special area was set out for distinguished guests, among whom on the opening day, rather surprisingly, were George Allen and George Chesney, proprietor and editor of the *Pioneer*! The Congress was probably hoping for more sympathetic treatment from one of India's leading newspapers, while Allen may have seen a business opportunity, as the Pioneer Press was contracted to produce the official Hansard-style report for the meeting. At the opening session, he was accompanied by his wife and they entertained two leading Congress supporters, W.C.Bonnerjee and the Madras lawyer Eardley Norton at their home on several occasions during the week.[32]

The Allens' apparent open-mindedness was unlikely to reflect the views of the readership of their newspaper, for whom Kipling produced his anonymous behind-the-scenes feature "A Study of the Congress".[33] [This report is printed in full after this article. *Ed*.] He describes the delegates as men of dubious honesty whose enthusiasm for greater democracy and social justice is naïve and even feckless. Everything is seen as disorganised and second-rate; the hall is "ricketty" and its decorations "pitiful, tawdry and inept". Although the speeches of the English supporters are described as "moderately logical", the debate

by the Indian speakers is "a chaos of words, a stumbling confusion of undigested speech, pitiful to listen to." This racial distinction is constantly repeated; it is only the authority of the Englishmen who lead the Congress that gives any sense of order and unity to the meeting. For all their ability to control, however, these Englishmen are renegades – "a few pure white …and a few half-caste persons". Mr George Yule, the businessman who was president for the year, was "a nervous parrot, armed with a gong and striker".

Kipling characterised the congress as "a *putli-nautch*" (puppet show), only held together by the manipulations of "second-rate" Europeans and Eurasians and he noted "the sharp ring of command which the unregenerate *Sahib* employs when in earnest …One brown Captain rose up to explain that he had shed his blood in defence of his country and would do it again, but such a thing as the Mutiny might occur again, and on the whole he thought perhaps it would be better not to allow natives to carry arms indiscriminately." Kipling feels "a certain compassion for the whitey-brown men who believe they can control agitations once started." The "brown captain" was Andrew Hearsey, who later seconded a motion for the suppression of semi-official army brothels for the use of British soldiers, saying that they kept two thousand young Indian women "in a state of moral slavery" to a group of men whom they did not understand and whose conduct they found repugnant.[34] The *Pioneer* described the motion as "the sublimity of impudence", while Kipling considered it as advocating "the free propagation of contagious diseases".[35]

In the previous summer, Kipling had produced the satirical poem "To the Address of W.W.H." in response to a series of pro-Congress articles by the retired Indian administrator Sir William Wilson Hunter, who replied that "it is to be regretted that you devote to clever trifles of this sort talents which are capable of much better things. They practically fix your standard at that of the gymkhana and the mess-room."[36] "A Study of the Congress" was probably intended for just such an audience and it compares illuminatingly with a later and more considered piece on the Congress movement written by Kipling with the assistance of his father, "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P."(1890)

Roger Ayers has argued convincingly that the original of Pagett, the naïve globetrotting liberal, was William Sproston Caine, a former Civil Lord of the Admiralty and M.P. for Barrow-in-Furness.[37] Caine was a guest at the Allahabad congress and his report on it was printed in six English newspapers, including the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Birmingham Daily Post*. His view is very different to Kipling's: the "ricketty tent" becomes Caine's "great Durbar Hall" and the "shrieking" delegates are "men with an earnest, serious purpose." Where Kipling

mocks the Indian speakers for incoherence and poor grammar, Caine speaks of "pure classical English… close reasoning and argument." Kipling's vision of anarchy is Caine's "marvellous spectacle" and the Europeans in his report are honoured guests, not second-rate puppet-masters.[38] In the Kiplings' conservative fable of the following year, Pagett M.P. will be made to see the folly of such liberal views of India.[39]

One of Kipling's jibes against educated Indians was that the "native press" was not capable of reporting the Congress debates and that the *Pioneer* had to do it for them. In fact, there was widespread publicity in a number of Indian publication, one of which contains a direct response to his article. It came in a series of "Congress Sketches" by "B", printed in the Calcutta weekly *Reis and Rayyet.* The text clearly shows "B" to have been one of the Congress leaders and I think it may have been W.C.Bonnerjee, a leading Anglophile barrister who practised in both Calcutta and London and who presided over the 1st Annual Congress in 1885. "B" is no revolutionary. He sees the Congress as representing "one of the best, if not the best, phases of British rule in India." Even so, he provides a knowledgeable and often witty insider's view of proceedings, including a spirited response to "A Study of the Congress": "[the Congress]", he says " was such a success that even 'fools who came to scoff remained to pray'. For proof of this I would point out to you the columns of the eagle-eyed *Pioneer.* Finding nothing in the programme of the Congress, nor in its methods and measures, objectionable, it took to reviling individual delegates, rummaging their private lives to see if it could find out something to the tastes of its readers … To call one 'a nervous parrot', to find fault with one's hat because there was nothing faulty in his arguments, to call another 'a half-caste and a brown Captain' … to be forced to avow that although we spend the whole year in preaching sedition, once a year at least we conduct ourselves loyally! –are these not damaging confessions, in all conscience, for the *Pioneer* to make?" Though Kipling certainly came to scoff I doubt that he remained to pray but, even so, the lawyerly "B" ingeniously turns his argument on its head.[40]

The response from "the brown captain" was less sophisticated; he duly presented himself at the offices of the *Pioneer* with his horsewhip. He appeared in court three weeks later, and Kipling wrote to Mrs Hill: "The Native Press are pointing out that I, and not Mr Chesney, should have been whacked by Hearsey."[41] When Hearsey started to read a statement claiming that he had been provoked he was cut short by the magistrate who said that, as Mr Chesney had not written the article, the plea was irrelevant. Prosecuting counsel described the assault as premeditated and reprehensible ; they "did not want American violence and American

methods to be introduced into India." The magistrate did not consider that a fine would be sufficient; Hearsey was bound over for a year and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. The *Pioneer* then published an approving editorial, denouncing him as not really a captain but a former lieutenant who had been compelled to leave the army and had previous convictions for assault, adding: "It may be hoped, on public grounds, that Mr Hearsey's ruffianly propensities will be effectually discouraged by the salutary action of the Cantonment Magistrate."[42]

"B" commented drily, "It is a pity that he who advised us to adopt 'perfectly loyal and constitutional methods' should, within little more than a month, be vegetating within a prison cell for conduct contrary to his advice."[43] Kipling wrote to : "The same gentleman is now in Naini [jail] maturing plans that shall sweep the *Pi* off the face of the earth . . from the time he gets up until 4 p.m. he is supplied with a Bible and left to his own base devices. After 4 p.m. is supposed to be a period of recreation and then his mind seeks refreshment in a novel. Rather a queer way of putting in time, isn't it?"[44]

Naini was, and is, the main prison in Allahabad and an inspection report during Hearsey's stay there was critical of drainage problems and bug infestations but noted a difference in Block 1, where fourteen European prisoners were found to be in cells arranged with bathrooms and punkahs.[45] This must have been where the superintendent Dr Hall found him on February 3rd, reading a novel in bed at 10 in the morning. Hall confiscated his book and a letter to his wife and next day had him put into an insect-ridden day cell where he was later discovered reading with his feet on the windowsill and studiously ignoring the superintendent's arrival, claiming when challenged that he thought he was a jail servant. Tempers flared and Hearsey reported that when Hall used the expression "a half-caste" he replied, "I will have my proper people treated with proper respect, and called by their proper name, that is Anglo-Indian."[46]

Charles Carrington has described Kipling's deteriorating relationship with his superiors at the *Pioneer* in late 1888, brought about in part by "A Study of the Congress."[47] Lord Birkenhead added that a tradition in the *Pioneer* office held that George Allen had proposed that Kipling should take some leave and see the world, as it would be undesirable for him to be involved in any ensuing court case.[48] For whatever reason, Kipling left India with six months' salary in lieu of notice,[49] and when Hearsey took action for criminal libel he sued George Chesney on the basis of the editorial denouncing him after sentence. The details in it – carefully selected – were all true, but that was not in itself a defence against a suit for criminal libel in India, where the Penal Code was protective of individual privacy and made a clear distinction between what was public and private. Causing deliberate damage to the

reputation of a private individual could constitute an offence, for which the sanction was imprisonment for up to two years, or a fine, or both.[50]

Andrew Lycett has described the progress of Hearsey's court actions as "judicial gerrymandering."[51] Hearsey's sister drew a sketch of "Justice in India" standing unsteadily on a plinth with her sword lying on one pan of her scales, heavily outweighed by a pile of cash on the other[52]. The Calcutta courts repeatedly frustrated his attempts to sue Chesney – at the first preliminary hearing, the magistrate denied jurisdiction and, when overturned on appeal, allowed the *Pioneer'*s counsel two days for a cross-examination which left Hearsey's reputation in tatters even before his case came to the high court, where it was dismissed on a technicality a few weeks later.[53] It was reported that General Chesney celebrated with "an afternoon tea-party at his office in Simla at which he received the congratulations of the highest ladies and gentlemen and rulers in the land."[54]

As an editor, Dr Sambhu Mookerjee of *Reis and Rayyet* expressed some sympathy with the *Pioneer*'s support for the freedom of the press but he did not feel the paper's stance had been completely straightforward. He claimed that the Indian government of which General Chesney was a leading member had violated its own strict rules by inspecting confidential records over many years to assist his son's defence, and pointed out that Mr Kipling, "one of the few men of genius discovered of late in India" and "sure of an honourable career as a man of letters" was "the author of all this bad blood" who had slipped out of the country and was unlikely to return to face Captain Hearsey or the laws of British India.[55]

Although the Chesney case was dismissed, it emerged in court that George Allen had telegraphed from England admitting responsibility for the offending editorial.[56] When Hearsey took action against him, official attitudes had changed. The Government refused Allen's petition to get the case transferred to Allahabad;[57] and, to add to his problems, it came to trial before Sir William Comer Petheram, the judge who had previously summed up in Hearsey's favour in the Laidman case and been mocked by Kipling as "Sir Homer Botheram".

The hearing took place at the Calcutta High Court on February 17th, 1890 and was widely reported in the Indian press. George Allen had three barristers to help him plead guilty but his counsel's plea in mitigation was cut short by the judge, who fined him 3,000 rupees, stating that "the law did not warrant in any sense whatever … the attack upon this person's private life." Dr Mookerjee congratulated him for finally putting an end to "judicial farce and mockery" and confronting "the tyranny of the powerful", noting that "the fine was paid soon after".[58] I imagine, with gritted teeth.

It was a Pyrrhic victory at best. The press reports of the horsewhipping and subsequent trials had damaged Hearsey's reputation very publicly; *Reis and Rayyet* noted how swiftly he was dropped by the Congress leaders and some members of his family.[59] Over the next four years he continued campaigning against what he considered (not always accurately) to be government maladministration, but the flow of letters and pamphlets gradually came to an end as his health began to fail. He died on July 19th 1896, aged 58, at Ranchi, then a small hill-station and health resort in Bihar,[60] leaving his wife and children in some financial difficulty. In a book commissioned by the Hearsey dynasty after his death to help restore the family image, Colonel Hugh Pearse devotes 410 pages to the exploits of five generations of dashing Anglo-Indian soldiers and explorers but mentions Andrew Hearsey only briefly on the penultimate page, saying elliptically: "It is for his conspicuous courage and … his generous sympathy for the poor and oppressed that his friends will remember him."[61]

Andrew Lycett describes him, quite accurately, as "the maverick son of a distinguished general"[62] but there was more to him than that. For all his volatility and manifest flaws of character, Andrew Hearsey was in his way more farsighted about the political future of India than Kipling, George Chesney or Sir George Allen. So here he is in December 1888, in what must have been a rare and exhilarating moment, not sending petitions to ungrateful superiors or complaints to hostile bureaucrats but quoting Byron on liberty to a cheering crowd of delegates in the peroration to his final speech at the Indian National Congress:

> "I have, in concluding, to point out that it is only by acting on the perfectly legal and constitutional lines which we are at present following that any reforms can be effected. The process is slow but sure and, believe me, that the voice of this great Council of the Indian nation, this National Congress, must eventually find an echo in the hearts of the people of England and gain an impartial hearing from our fellow-subjects, the natives of the British Isles, of our great colonies, of the whole British Empire. The well-known distich applies to India in its present phase:--
>
> For freedom's battle once begun
> Tho' baffled oft is ever won.
>
> Then to this goal, I say, distant though it yet may seem, advance old Hindustan! Close well your ranks. Union masters everything. God save the Queen!"

(Loud and continuous cheering).[63]

A month later he was in jail.

SOURCES

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NOTES

1 The word Kipling uses is *Kobiraj*: a herbal doctor often consulted by Indians [*Ed.*].
2 RK 'The Law of Libel' *Early Verse* pp 438 – 442.
3 "Mr G.M.Chesney". Obituaries; *Hampshire Chronicle*, June 12th 1926 and *The Times,* June 14th 1926.
4 Chesney: *Nineteenth Century* February 1878.
5 RK *Letters*, p.215. and p.241.
6 "An Assault Case". *The Pioneer,* January 26th, 1889.
7 This photograph of Lt A.W. Hearsey, is taken from a group photograph of the officers of the 107th Foot at Fort Allahabad, July 1864. Courtesy of West Sussex Record Office (Ref AM 723/1/3/2).
8 Letter to the author from Mr John E. N. Hearsey, June 23rd 1983.
9 Hawes, ix –xi.
10 See Dalrymple, p. 50.
11 RK *Plain Tales,* p. 135. See also Havholm, p. 66.
12 Pearse, pp. 53 – 53, 94, 123, 405 – 9 and *passim.* Also letter in note 6.
13 *Cadet Papers 1854 – 55,* BL / IOR/L/MIL/9/234/488 – 95.
14 *Hart's Army List,* p. 390
15 Stanley, pp. 106 – 18.
16 NAM Hearsey Papers, 8604–95–11.
17 *Homeward Mail,* November 6th, 1865.
18 BL /IOR/L/MIL/5/673.
19 *Confidential Letterbook of the 107th Foot 1865 – 1875* (WSRO.: SR/MSS/2/7).

20 NA. L/MIL/2/1633/2884.
21 *Surrey Advertiser,* May 26th and October 6th 1866.
22 *Thacker's Bengal Directory,* 1867 – 1880.
23 BL. *Memorial*, IOR/L/PS/6/557 Coll 100. and *Reis and Rayyet* ("Release of the Seikh Prisoners"), August 31st 1889).
24 BL / IOR/L/PS/6/557 Coll 100 Letter no. 45 of Gov.-Gen. of India in Council , March 23rd, 1868.
25 Quoted by Campbell, pp 256 –7.
26 BL. Details in *Revenue, Statistics and Commerce Department Papers 1887,* IOR/L/E/147. There is a discussion of the case from Laidman's standpoint in Gilmour, pp 144 – 6.
27 *CMG,* Dec 11th, 1885.
28 Between 1897 and 1900, Petheram contributed a series of papers to the *Law Quarterly Review* (London) on "English Judges and Hindu Law" and "The Mahomedan Law of Wakf". As a barrister in England he had written a legal text-book on pre-trial procedures.
29 RK, "A Rather More Fishy Case'" (*CMG* 26 July 1887, reprinted in *The Cause of Humanity* pp.109–112.)
30 RK, "New Year's Gifts" (*Pioneer* 2 January 1888, reprinted in *The Cause of Humanity,* pp.177–82; quotation from p. 181.) *Hobson-Jobson* defines *chota hazri* as "little breakfast" or "early tea".
31 United Indian Patriotic Association p..79.
32 *Reis and Rayyet,* January 19th, 1889.
33 RK, "A Study of the Congress. By an Eye-witness", *Pioneer,* January 1st, 1889. Unless otherwise stated, all of Kipling's comments on the Congress are taken from this article.
34 INC *Report* p. 110.
35 Editorial, *Pioneer,* December 31st, 1888 and RK "A Study of the Congress".
36 RK, *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling,* 404 – 408
37 Ayers, pp.26–8
38 Caine, pp, 19 – 23.
39 'The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P.' first appeared in the *Pioneer,* 11 & 12 September 1890, and in the *Contemporary Review*, September 1890. It was not included in any of Kipling's story collections, but was reprinted in the Sussex and Burwash editions of his work (Vol. 5 in each). See John McGivering's entry for this story in the online *NRG.*
40 "B" *Congress Sketches*, pp. 8 –9.)
41 RK, *Letters.* p.281. .
42 *Pioneer,* January 26th1889.
43 "B" *Congress Sketches,* p. 51.
44 RK to Edmonia Hill, *Letters,* p.281.
45 BL / IOR/L/PJ/3/328. (pages 1055 – 1061). Prison inspection on 7th and 9th March 1889.
46 *Pioneer Mail,* September 8th 1889, and September 25th 1889..
47 Carrington, p. 114.
48 Birkenhead , p. 90.
49 RK, *Something of Myself,* p. 45.
50 "Defamation", *Indian Penal Code 1860,* Chapter XXI, sections 499 – 502.

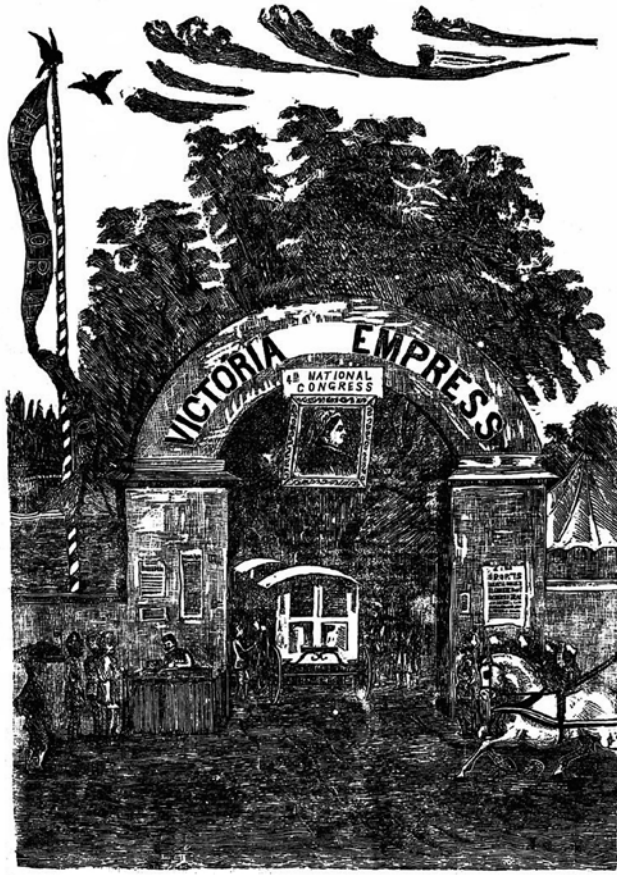
51 Lycett, p. 169.
52 NAM, *Sketchbook of Amelia Charlotte Hearsey,*1986–04–95. Also letter in note 6.
53 *Pioneer Mail,* July 28th, 1889..
54 *Reis and Rayyet,* November 9th 1889.
55 *Reis and Rayyet,* July 6th 1889.
56 Confirmed in a statement in court by the *Pioneer'*s counsel and reported in the *Pioneer Mail* February 19th, 1890.
57 Yalland, pp. 328 – 330. .
58 Report in *Pioneer Mail,* February 19th 1890 and *Reis and Rayye*t February 22nd 1890.
59 *Reis and Rayyet,* February 22nd, 1890.
60 Taken from the burial records of *Ranchi, Bihar India* (BACSA. London 1987) p. 3. The cause of death given--"Hypertrophic Cirrhosis"-- can result from a number of illnesses, such as hepatitis, as well as alcohol misuse.
61 Pearse, p. 409. Mr John E.N.Hearsey (see note 6) described *The Hearseys* as "The Authorised Version", saying that it contained some "deliberate disinformation" on aspects of the family's origins but nearly all of the Indian military history is carefully based on the Hearsey archive now at the NAM.
62 Lycett, p. 168.
63 INC *Report ,* p. 110. Hearsey's quotation from Byron's poem 'Freedom: Fallen Greece' (The Giaour) omitted one line. Lines 21–3 are: 'For Freedom's battle once begun,/ Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,/ Though baffled oft, is ever won.'

FOURTH

Indian National Congress.

HELD AT ALLAHABAD ON THE 26th, 27th, 28th, AND 29th DECEMBER, 1888.

Full account of the Proceedings, Speeches and the Portraits of the Principal Speakers.



ENTRANCE TO LOWTHER CASTLE GROUNDS.

From the *Morning Post* [of India], published by F.T.Atkins, Allahabad Railway Press.
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A STUDY OF THE CONGRESS

BY AN EYE-WITNESS
[RUDYARD KIPLING]

Edited By **RICHARD MAIDMENT**

The Pioneer, January 1st, 1889

"Where is your tent, sar? I will come over and speak. I am much enjoying this meeting." It was a Delegate from the North, a representative from a city that had never heard of him, and he fell into my arms as I wandered through the grounds of Lowther Castle in search of enlightenment. There were many roads to travel. I might turn to my left and examine the bazaar where small traders from Bombay were chaffering with the cloth merchants of Allahabad; I might turn to my right and get hopelessly entangled among tent-ropes and conservancy-carts, or I might keep straight on and enter the Hall of Assembly where the delegates would presently confer. If I stayed in the middle of the road I should infallibly be run over by the stream of carriages which were bearing Delegates abroad for an airing.

My mission being to bless the Congress if possible, I hunted for a familiar face, and caught the Delegate aforesaid. He rejoiced in a black velvet coat ornamented with sprigs of gold, and wore the small turban-cap of the money-lender and the cloth merchant. He was standing under a large *shamiana*[1] turning over old copies of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, the *Bengalee*, and papers of similar kidney, and he appeared to be lonely. Who had come down from the North with him? Such an one and such another he replied, naming a landlord, who in ancient days always put cheap iron bolts upon the doors of his tenants' houses when brass ones were required – a gentleman who owned a bill-collecting agency of sorts, and was looked upon with small respect by the large trading-houses of the city. There was also an eminent *vakil*[2] who, by virtue of being born in Bengal, naturally represented the North. All this was excellent. Personally, and for the sake of the reputation of the city, I should have expected men of more substance, and perhaps a little more learning; but the North is in a sadly backward condition, and I made much of my Delegate. "When do you begin to talk?" I said. "I? I shall not speak," said he, "but when the Subject Committee have decided the subject to be discussed upon we shall begin work."

"Discussed upon" is not perhaps the best English, but that was a small matter. My Delegate was immensely pleased with things in

general and walked me up and down the road opposite Lowther Castle to tell me that it was "glorious."

"We have done all this, you see" – he pointed to the patched tents, the picturesquely arranged conservancy carts, and the charpoys lying in the open – "on spite of the opposition of the o-*fee*-cials – kindly o-*fee*-cials I may say. We are now quite established, though they would not allow us to meet in the Khusru Bagh."

The man who prevented the grass and flowers of that pleasant little place being ruined for the next season deserves a vote of thanks.

"And now what are you really going to do?" I said.

"The Subject Committee will decide, but first of all we will expand the Legislative Council." Modest man! And in his own place he could not on all his available assets raise a thousand-rupee note.

"Ah! That is very nice. Would you expand them very much?" I asked.

"Oh yes! They must represent everybody, and especially the cultivator, who is the backbone of the country."

"Of course they must. By the way, how much does this Congress represent?"

"What do you say?"

"I mean, what does the Congress represent?"

"It represents the men who are now attending the Congress, and the men who discuss upon the measures."

"Exactly–that's quite true; but after that what interests does it represent? Does it represent the cultivator?"

"Of course–if the cultivators have sent delegates to the Congress, then it represents them."

"Oh, ah, yes. But, look here, why do the cultivators want to expand the Legislative Councils?"

"In order that they may have a voice in their own affairs and also prevent those cruelties in Assam."

"What cruelties?"

"To the coolies in the tea-gardens. You have heard. We shall enter the Legislative Council to demand abrogation of those laws."

"What laws?"

"The laws regarding the coolies."

"Do you know anything about those laws? Do you know to what extent the tea-planter is bound to feed and doctor the coolie? Did you ever read the Acts bearing on the business?

"No, I did not but *therefore* I desire that we should enter the Legislative Councils in order that we should know the laws."

And he smiled triumphantly, having completely overborne my opposition. I saw then that it was an excellent and desirable thing that blank

Ignorance should be allowed to enter the highest seats in the synagogue that it might, while it administered, also learn the Law.

But I do my friend injustice when I call him ignorant. He was by comparison a most intelligent person – much more clever than my friend the iron-bolt landlord – and capable of speaking English. I left him with every expression of goodwill and started upon a quest for an imaginary delegate, buttonholing each man that seemed to me in the least like a saviour of his country. One gentleman confided that he was one of thirty-four delegates from Aligarh and that all delegates were nominated by "holding meetings." Another was lofty and said that "these things ought to have been arranged" whence I gathered that he objected to mere "white trash" charging about among the tents. But many men, that is to say one dozen, said that they could not speak English; which was a grievous thing, because before a delegate undertakes to advise an Empire he should at least know something of that Empire's tongue. Now if one dozen gentlemen picked at random out of twelve hundred do not speak English, is it unfair to assume that perhaps one hundred of the crowd are equally ignorant? And ought not a large, wealthy and intelligent land at the outset of its little experiments arrange that all its representatives shall at least be able to say "boh" in English to an English goose?"

I wandered into a huge square tent where chairs and sofas had been stacked regardless of any arrangement and where men sat talking in little groups. But they were nearly always the same men and the composition of each group ran almost always thus:–A grey helmet, an embroidered *choga*[3] and a down-country turban, and five or six black velvet coachman's caps. The little black caps were everywhere; and so were the long hybrid coats of Bengal. They stalked in and out among the Madras turbans, and the horned headdresses of Bombay; they glided into Lowther Castle; they shivered in the sunlight of the open, and they talked eternally. The Congress may exhibit specimens from all the Provinces of India, but one man out of three is a Bengali – a Bengali with a rainbow-hued comforter round his neck, or a Bengali with an enormous stomach and a bulging forehead, or a lean Bengali with a cloth round his head and neck – such men as the public offices disgorge at the close of the day – neither better nor worse.

And I settled myself by the light of the little knowledge that was in me to study the faces of the men around.

Half an hour was enough. It was the *vakil raj*[4] that swamped all, from the tables in the open reading-room where the Bengali papers lay, to the ricketty hall of assembly where blue and yellow paper roses fought with staring green and red curtains, and a glaring chromo of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress stared at the show. Because the Congress "represented"

the artisan and the skilled workman its decorations were pitiful, tawdry and inept; because it "represented" the culture of the country, it labelled its dispensary "dispensery," and because it represented India, and India only, its more public manifestations were engineered by second-class Englishmen: and subsequent events showed that it was well that Englishmen had taken the matter in hand – but of that hereafter.

I went to the place of assembly, which has been described as "a large and commodious pavillion." There was a huge crowd round it – twelve hundred delegates at least – and some two or three thousand of the general public, all waiting for the doors to be opened, while the native hawkers cried *pan* and sweetmeats and cheap cigars.

Surely, I thought, the end will be more impressive than the beginning: and yet what could one hope for? The thirty years of peace wherein England had striven to breathe into the hearts of men some power that should enable them to stand alone had not bred one engineer, artist, mechanician, novelist, poet or historian; of all the disabilities under which the land lay, not one had been lifted by its own endeavours: the small single reform of thirty years in regard to the matter of marriage expenses had been carried out by a race that were not represented at the Congress – by the backward Princes of Rajputana. Of the twelve hundred men who, later, would claim what one of their most eloquent speakers called "the Freedom," not twenty had looked upon the civilisation whose rights they demanded, whose duties they would not discharge; not fifty would suffer their wives to "see the corn grow"; not a hundred would wait for their maidens to wait for girlhood ere they were wedded; and not one had, with hand or head, struck out an original thought for the betterment of his fellows.

Their right to consideration was the fidelity with which they hunted old trails; the accuracy of the phonograph in repeating what has been breathed into its mouth, the right of unbalanced fluency of diction; and the polyglot facility of the Levantine Dragoman.

They had come to clamour for equality because their own record betrayed their inferiority; and for further privileges because they had made no use of privileges bestowed in the past. And then they talked politics! Certain green-painted bamboo gates were opened and the delegates and the common public swarmed into the place of gathering. A green baize-covered table in the centre accommodated a few pure white, many native and a few half-caste persons. In the middle of the table, sitting on a gilt chair, was the President, a white-haired man, very like a nervous parrot, armed with a gong and striker, to which, by the way, the speakers paid not much attention. Let one instance suffice. A native was speaking about the necessity of expanding the Legislative councils. By right he should have spoken for only five minutes. The

gong tinkled. "Yes," said he, "I shall loyally obey the warning, but first let me read you an extract, " &c., &c., and so continued for five minutes.

Mr Yule, who, possibly because he has not been asked to be Chairman of the St. Andrew's Dinner at Calcutta and had been largely flattered by the promoters of the present *tamasha*,[5] was the President of the assembly, had delivered his inaugural address on the previous day, and the great show of faces fell immediately to the wisdom of allowing "us" to enter the Legislative Council. There may have been men of substance in that place – it is said that there were important zemindars[6] who had thrown in their lot with the Congress, but the overwhelming bulk of the show were *khattris, kyasts, mahajuns* and *vakils*.[7] And in the language which they could not handle wrestled with principles beyond their comprehension.

But let this be said: the Englishman, or practically Englishmen, who led the music, spoke fairly well. They were fighting for notoriety, and they fought with energy. They inhabited the chairs by the green baize table and by their direction the assembly applauded or was dumb. "Hear, hear," from the table provoked a ripple of clapping. The orderliness of the show was due only to the repressive influence of the Englishmen who headed it. Their speeches were moderately logical and moderately sensible, because they were spoken in order to be reported. When they ceased came a chaos of words, a stumbling confusion of undigested speech, pitiful to listen to. "We want," clamoured a representative of the Punjab. "We want Legislative councils for the Punjab," and he wandered off into an aimless yarn as to how a Lieutenant-Governor had told a Municipality to go to the devil. "We want the Freedom" shrieked another speaker, whose immunity from sack and seizen was only secured by the power that he wished to assist in governing the land. There was not limit to what they did not want–these men who had nothing to offer in exchange should their little *bouleversements* not prove successful. A thousand of the twelve hundred – one need only look on their faces – might have been put out of this life without the slightest effect on any interest in the land. They were the backwash of the Educational Department, and twenty sentences of their limping speeches were enough to show the knowledge they possessed of the elementary principles of rule. Such on one had been insulted by some official or other. He stated his case, and his readers gobbled "Shame;" such another felt that there was really no hope for the teeming millions of India unless he or his likes sat to adjudicate their destinies. No-one asked why, no-one demanded what guarantee they could give for the decent performance of their duties who had never crossed the sea; the chairs applauded and the speakers were encouraged to further flights of oratory thereby. There was some sense of logic, some attempt at

argument in the English speakers' addresses – you will find it all in the *Pioneer* – but all beyond that was a wild and hopeless tangle that, unless I am much mistaken, the sorely-tried reporters did not essay to reproduce. Men worked their arms like pump-handles and told the mob that all would be well in the land if they could discuss the Budget – they who had not a lakh invested in any of the railways of the land, who represented a people still ignorant of the free circulation of bank notes. And the product of the Educational Department held up its hands in sign of assent, and the President declared that the first resolution had been passed. The bland foolish faces of the globe-trotters who could not distinguish a *mehter* from a Mahratta[8] looked down upon the farce, and doubtless thought it a vastly impressive show.

Always in the name of the people, the meeting discussed how it should reorganise the Civil Service – the recent revelations on the Bombay Side might have served as its guide – and in what manner men might be so examined for that Service as to save the ignominy of being outcasted if they crossed the black-water. It must never be forgotten for a moment that these people claim all the privileges without any of the penalties of the lot of the white man; and even while they were arranging plans of governance it was only the influence of the white, or whitey-brown men who led, that kept them from splitting into a hundred congeries and cliques.

About this time I left, consoled by the thought that the *Pioneer* was printing itself black in the face to keep abreast with the antics of this *putli nautch*.[9] Twenty women of indifferent reputation, a *pirwaun* from the Collector for a *mela*,[10] a native band and a well-arranged *bazaar*, would have drawn twenty-thousand people quite as well worth hearing and infinitely less inflated than the assembly that yawped round the speakers of the National Congress.

Later on I came again, hoping that they would have floundered into sense – hoping also that the meeting would grow upon me as I took it in. But it didn't. I looked down the lines of faces and back again, at the table where the whitey-brown men sat and regulated the applause, at the stewards with their tinsel scarves and wooden wands; and for the life of me, I could not see what earthly right these men had to speak above their breath except that they could pour forth words.

They were pretending to argue over the Resolution in favour of the general arming of India, because they wished to go into Council as enlightened citizens. The debate was instructive in one respect. The half-castes and Englishmen at the table had done their best to get the Resolution shelved – it *is* a fine crusted notion when you come to think of it – and again made another appeal to the reason of the gathering. Yet if one tithe of what these men had said were true, a peaceful and virtuous

India might wear arms till the crack of doom without consequences. It was funny to see the Englishmen shy off the proposal, and funnier still to catch, through all the flummery about "gentlemen," "august assembly," and the like, the sharp ring of command which the unregenerate *Sahib* employs when he is in earnest. One brown Captain rose up to explain that he had shed his blood in defence of his country and would do it again, but – here the assembly howled "No" – such a thing as the Mutiny might occur again, and on the whole he thought perhaps it would be better not to allow natives to carry arms indiscriminately; all of which was quaint in the extreme and gave much information. Then – oh! bitter irony – the man Surendra Nath rose up and shrieked. Not for him was it to pull down the "towering pedestal of sentiment" on which the question was based. The India of today was "New India" – wild yells from Bengal – an enlightened India – that was why it wanted arms! "In the name of the dumb, voiceless millions of India" he appealed to this assembly to affirm the Resolution, and, overborne by logic as lucid as the above, the man howled anew. I was among a knot of small pleaders, and they bent themselves nearly double with delight. They shouted, and they whooped, they even tried to hurrah when the Resolution was passed. In all probability he was vastly contented with himself, but none the less I felt a large pity for Mr. Yule in that hour and a certain compassion for the whitey-brown men who believe that they can control agitations once started.

Again I departed and returned again in the hope of hearing someone disown the pamphlets that exhort the Aryan "not to murder the poor European." But the head of A. O. Hume was visible above the council board, and no man cared or dared to do this thing. The great aim of the affair was to pose decently before the reporters, to appear well in the newspapers, and every effort was devoted to it. But even then there were significant little slips, outbursts of disorder, and spurts of ill-considered oratory. Good speakers were very few, though many wanted to speak. They reviled, and men say justly, the one department of the administration wherein their friends and relatives have power – the Police, to wit – and they did not see what damning evidence they were tendering against themselves. They raced through Resolutions that should take the popular fancy at home, for that was part of their programme, and they were kept to it by the *Sahib-log*[11] who controlled them. They resembled nothing so much as a flock of sheep ready to break away in any direction, but hemmed in and forced to present a close front by half-a-dozen black-and-tan collies. When out of the fulness of their experience they advocated the free propagation of contagious diseases they had exhausted their splendid programme: and pretended to hold a Social Congress, which [I] believe was attended by quite one-third of their number. That again was for the benefit of the home audiences.

Behold the conclusion of the matter. Their speeches were reported for them by the *Pioneer* because their own papers were incapable of doing the work; the "nationalism" was carefully directed by aliens; their programme was studiously cut down to an exaggerated moderation for fear of awakening extended inquiry. They will now disperse to their homes and tell the *bazars* that some great thing will doubtless happen; they will continue to disseminate their pamphlets unchecked, and as my friend the Delegate from the North proved, they will explain their actions in the future by saying:–"We are so loyal that we can afford to do these things."

This report has been transcribed by Richard Maidment from the *Pioneer* microfiche in the British Library, with a glossary by the Editor. A reproduction of Kipling's article can also be found in R. Harbord's *Reader's Guide*, Vol. 5 , pp. 2368ff.

GLOSSARY

1 *Shamiana* marquee (Hindi)
2 *Vakil* lawyer or agent (Urdu)
3 *Choga* long-sleeved cloak for men (Urdu)
4 *Vakil raj* lawyers' rule
5 *Tamasha* commotion (Urdu)
6 *Zemindars:* farmers
7 *Khattris, kyasts, mahajuns* and *vakils*: *khattri*: member of Punjabi ruling class (Punjabi); *kyass*: member of Bengali writer caste (Hindi, now kayastha); *mahajun*: banker, usurer (Hindi). For *vakil,* see note 2
8 *Mehter* … Mahratta; *mehter* (*mehtar)*: sweeper of the lowest caste (Hindi); Mahratta (Maratha): member of the princely caste of the Hindu kingdom of Maharashtra
9 *Putli nautch:* puppet show
10 'a *pirwaun* … for a *mela'* : *pirwaun* (*parwana*) permission (Hindi); *mela*: festival (Hindi)
11 *Sahib-log*: English people

REVIEWS

RUDYARD KIPLING: A SECRET LIFE directed by Adrian Munsey and Vance Goodwin

On 9 October 2019, Sky Arts broadcast an hour-long programme on TV with the above slightly misleading (I'll explain in a minute) title. The presenter was Nicholas Farrell, and the three participants ('talking heads') were Professor Jan Montefiore, Professor Harry Ricketts and Andrew Lycett, biographer. Our Hon. Editor has given me the privilege of writing a review, so here goes.

In one word, Superb!

Many years ago, when your reviewer was a young staff officer, one was taught to eschew comparatives and superlatives. But be blowed to that, this programme was more than excellent, it was, in Kipling's own words from the tale 'A Little Prep' (*Stalky and Co.*), "epic, immense". Music (composed by Adrian Munsey), was absolutely right, as were the sound levels, and some of the photography can only be described as beautiful. The title was slightly misleading, in that it implied there was some previously unknown facet of Kipling's life which was going to be revealed. In fact, the theme of the film was how Kipling revealed his inner feelings about the loss of his children, Josephine and John, in the tales and poems he wrote. The tales discussed were '"They"', 'Mary Postgate' and 'The Gardener', and the poems were 'Merrow Down', and some of the 'Epitaphs of the War'. At the end of 'Merrow Down' there were tears in Jan Montefiore's eyes, as there were in mine.

The programme also discussed and illustrated Kipling's ability as a 'hater', engendered by 'Aunty Rosa', the Evangelical foster-mother of Lorne Lodge, the "House of Desolation". Harry Ricketts says he was a "nasty hater"; Jan Montefiore merely says he was a "powerful hater". Andrew Lycett speaks of Kipling identifying the German Empire as a potential enemy in 1897, but argues that his hate for Germany came from something earlier. This reviewer would suggest that it may have dated from 1879, when Kipling had the freedom of Paris, as a 13-year old, while his Father prepared the Indian pavilion for the great 'Exposition' of that year. The Franco-Prussian war was only eight years away, and many Parisians would have had fresh memories of the humiliation which the newly-declared Kaiser had imposed on France and the City of Paris after Sedan. There was little love for the 'sale Boche' in the France of the *belle époque* and the decades before 1914.

The film was written, produced and directed by Adrian Munsey and Vance Goodwin (who also have similarly given us an hour on 'The War Poets', another splendid programme). I have already mentioned the music, but the whole programme was, in my view, flawless, and

credit should be given to the additional readings by Katherine Manners. In short, everyone involved, from the original commissioning editor down, deserves the highest unqualified praise.

Alastair Wilson

IF: The Untold Story of Kipling's American Years by Christopher Benfey, Penguin Press, NY, 2019 ISBN 9780735221437 (hardback). $14.99 (hardback)

I welcome this well-written and accessible introduction to Kipling in America, where Rudyard Kipling's writings are too often dismissed unread as the work of an imperialist. As with Charles Allen's *Kipling Sahib*, Professor Benfey's approach is biographical; he focuses on Kipling's travels, his happy Brattleboro years ended by the disastrous public quarrel with his brother-in-law, and his friendships with Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt and lesser-known cronies, showing how Kipling wrote or began his greatest and best-loved works, including the *Jungle Books* and *Kim*, while living with his young family in Naulakha House, Brattleboro, from 1892 to 1896. Kipling's American wife Carrie gets briefer treatment than her brother Wolcott Balestier's close friendship with her husband; Benfey's Kipling is very much a man's man, for whom Kipling's paean to the shared delights of footloose travel 'The Long Trail' is 'a yearning love poem dedicated to Wolcott' (87). A skilful critic, he cites Hannah Arendt's analysis of *Kim* to excellent effect, and his reading of *Captains Courageous* is particularly illuminating. So is Benfey's chapter 'War Fever', dealing with Kipling's response to the 1896 dispute about Venezuela between the USA and Britain, and the USA's annexation of the Philippines which occasioned 'The White Man's Burden'. Paralleling Theodore Roosevelt's dismissal of Filipinos as 'pirates and head-hunters' with Kipling's notorious 'half devil and half child,' Benfey doesn't shirk the challenging topic of US and British racisms and their roots in slavery and conquest, although he doesn't pursue these matters in depth. He is excellent on Kipling's delight in the landscape, animals and plants of New England, his boyish warmth towards 'Red Indians', and his American friendships. A key theme is the influence on Kipling of American writers, especially Emerson, the creative relationship between *Kim* and *Huckleberry Finn* (not a new argument, but it's done well here), and the importance of Kipling visiting Longfellow's grave for 'The Finest Story in the World.'

There are some gaps. Kipling's friendship with Henry James is mentioned, but not his deep admiration for the older writer or his 1909 thank-you letter to Henry Canby whose book on the short story had singled out Kipling as the best contemporary writer of fiction,

telling Canby that he should have paid more attention to Henry James, 'head and shoulders the biggest of them all'. Beginning his narrative in 1891, Benfey also leaves out Kipling's youthful engagement with American writing: the parodies of Emerson, Longfellow and Joaquin Miller in the brother-sister collaboration *Echoes* (1884), and Kipling's interest from schooldays on in American dialect writers, especially Joel Chandler Harris' 'Uncle Remus' stories (see 'The United Idolaters', not mentioned here) – though Harris, Bret Harte and Twain are all important for Kipling's own development of English demotic voices in *Barrack Room Ballads* and the soldier stories. There are also some slips in interpretation. It is careless to invoke Disney's *Jungle Book* characters 'Baloo the kindly bear… the more severe panther, Bagheera the panther, and [Mowgli's] ambiguous relations with the deadly snake Kaa' as 'part of our mythology' (107) without mentioning the great difference between Disney's cartoon and Kipling's own animal characters. Equally irksome is the summary of *Kim,* which has the mother who married Kimball O'Hara (*Kim* p. 2) becoming 'the unmarried nursemaid whom [O'Hara] seduces' (Benfey 160), and describes the final scene as a drugged trance: 'As in *The Bridge Builders*, opium is the magic elixir that opens the doors of perception." (164 – though Benfey then interprets Kim's visionary moment, much more satisfyingly, through Emerson's 'Nature' and 'Experience'). Penguin's editors have missed some scrambled names; the Acknowledgements thank me as 'Professor Montefiori' and Professor Pinney as 'Thomas Penny' (221–2), an endnote cites 'the story "Mrs Bathgate"'(232), and the account of John Kipling's death wrongly refers to him as 'Jack' though he was always called John (197–8), and repeats the common error that 'My Boy Jack' was Kipling's elegy for his lost son. In fact 'Jack Tar' can mean any sailor, (though Kipling's poem may also mourn his neighbour's son Jack Cornwell, who drowned at the Battle of Jutland.)

None of these cavils will trouble the targeted audience. Professor Benfey and his publishers have clearly aimed this book, with its low hardback price, lively biographical writing and narrative summaries, and referencing kept down to a few pages at the end, at an American general reader who doesn't know much about Kipling but may be persuaded to learn. Hence, presumably, his appropriation of Kipling's best-known poem for the book's title, claiming that 'If –' was written 'to illustrate a story about George Washington' (3). It wasn't; but admitting that it was inspired by the now obscure figure Dr Jameson might have complicated the argument that 'Kipling became the writer we know, in large part, because of his deep involvement with the United States' (8). As a Kipling scholar, I read the book with mixed feelings. I am grateful for its sympathetic, readable and sometimes brilliant introduction to

Kipling for American readers, but moved by its errors to say like the character in Kipling's *The Dog Hervey*, 'You ought always to verify your quotations.'

Janet Montefiore

India, Empire, and First World War Culture: Writing, Images, Songs by Santanu Das: Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2018, ISBN 9781107081581, 466pp, £19.99

Until recently, it always seemed that collective memory of the First World War focussed exclusively on the Western front, rather than on other theatres of the conflict. Memory also centred on the experience of European soldiers or those from settler colonies, in particular Australia and New Zealand. That left out the large numbers mobilised both to fight and give support from other parts of the British Empire – the French similarly relied on colonial troops and labour – including over a million Indian combatants and non-combatants serving outside British India, between fifty and seventy thousand of whom died in the conflict (11–12). It is not possible to access the experience of the Indians pulled into the war effort – the subject of Santanu Das's deeply researched and considered study – through the poetry and fiction as we might Europeans. Certainly that is the case if we limit ourselves to western forms like the novel and require Indian writing to be written in English. The major example of such writing is Mulk Raj Anand's novel *Across the Black Waters* (1940) which draws on memories of his father's friends. Though important, it is more an historical novel than a text that arises from first-hand experience. As Das points out, *Across the Black Waters* utilises the precedents of writing about the war in European languages, post-dating the so-called 'war books' boom' by a decade. For his study Das has had to develop a largely new corpus and modes of reading. He ranges across different languages and registers, drawing in encounters with artefacts, images and music, including recordings of group singing by Indian soldiers in Wundsdorf POW camp (232–5), and a Punjabi sergeant's 2000 line verse narrative *Vaddâ Jung Europa* or 'Great European War' (335–42). Attentiveness to how the experience of war impacted on mind and body make the book particularly moving. The achievement lies in describing the encounters with these materials whilst keeping a careful, evaluative tone; as a result they seem able to communicate wartime experience anew.

For those specifically interested in Kipling, *India, Empire, and First World War Culture* provides the wider context for the newspaper pieces that first appeared in the United States in 1917 and were collected in *The Eyes of Asia* the following year. (There is a 2018 edition currently

in print, edited by Charles Allen.) Though Kipling is mentioned briefly elsewhere, this six-page discussion is the main section addressing Kipling in Das's book. For propaganda purposes, Kipling was lent a bundle of letters from Indian soldiers, acquired during the censorship process, which he used to help him represent Indian men writing back home in wartime. The relationship between Kipling's prose and the letters is at times very close; we can now compare his text with the originals to see what he changed and adapted. Das finds few signs of the imaginative sympathy that Kipling exhibited less than twenty years earlier when writing *Kim*. His judgement is that the Indian men are represented as 'naive, semi-educated and wholly beholden to empire, with little of the poignancy, poetry and emotional intelligence that mark the censored letters'(189). However, for Das *The Eyes of Asia* is also a strangely mixed text. He notes that it keeps returning to mother-son relationships in ways that bring to mind two of Kipling's own bereavements: the emotional damage of leaving India as a child to stay in the House of Desolation and the loss of his soldier son, John, who went missing at Loos in 1915. Das argues that this does not 'excuse the imperialistic elements in the text or his patronising, if affectionate attitude towards the sepoys'. However, *The Eyes of Asia* 'is deeply revealing of the complex emotional history of the writer himself: the grief of the father and the desolation of the child from the dislocations of war and colonialism' (193). Not for the first time in his life, then – and as so often in complex, troubling ways – Kipling's experience came close to that of many Indians.

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The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details and membership forms are available on the Society's web-site, or from the **Membership Secretary Fiona Renshaw, Keylands, Burwash, East Sussex, TN197HP, email ksmemsec@outlook.com.** The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more. The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

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