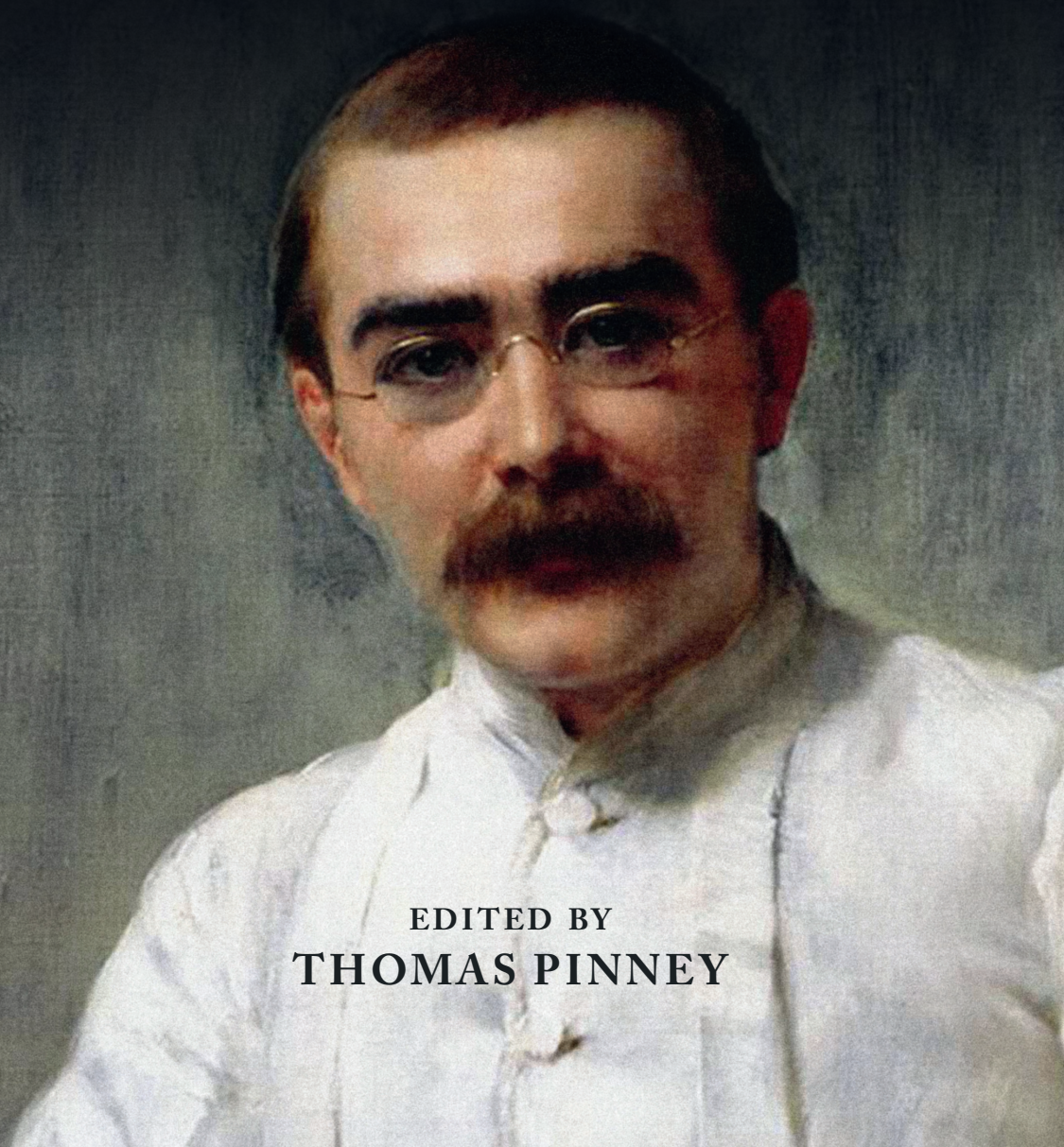


RUDYARD KIPLING



THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY  
AND OTHER STORIES

*Uncollected Prose Fictions*



EDITED BY  
THOMAS PINNEY



# The Cause of Humanity and Other Stories



Rudyard Kipling's (1865-1936) work is known and loved the world over by children and adults alike, it has been translated into many languages, and onto the cinema screen. This volume brings together for the first time some 86 uncollected short fictions. Almost all of them will be unfamiliar to readers; some are unrecorded in any bibliography; some are here published for the first time. Most of them come from Kipling's Indian years and show him experimenting with a great variety of forms and tones. We see the young Kipling enjoying the exercise of his craft; yet the voice that emerges throughout is always unmistakably his own, changing the scene every time the curtain is raised.

**Thomas Pinney** is professor of English, emeritus, at Pomona College, Claremont, California. He has edited for the Cambridge University Press Kipling's *Something of Myself* and the Cambridge Edition of the Poems of Rudyard Kipling as well as the Letters of Thomas Babington Macaulay. His *History of Wine in America*, 2 volumes, appeared in 1989 and 2005.



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## Editorial Practice



The note at the head of each story gives the date and place of publication, if any, the evidence for attributing the story to Kipling, the source of the text presented, and any notes that seem useful, including the record of reprinting, if any.

In the stories themselves I have aimed to use a light hand in annotating. I try to identify the following things: explicit quotations; individuals whose identity I assume is not common knowledge; allusions to unfamiliar events and things, especially in the stories about Indian affairs. More than that I have not attempted.

A glossary of Indian words appears at the end of the book.

## Abbreviations



The following abbreviations and titles are used in the headnotes, footnotes and endnotes.

|                        |   |
|------------------------|---|
| Chandler               | Lloyd H. Chandler, <i>A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling</i> (New York: Grolier Club, 1930)   |
| CK Diary               | Excerpts and summaries made by C. E. Carrington from the diaries kept by Mrs Kipling, 1892–1936; the diaries themselves are understood to have been destroyed. Copy, Special Collections, University of Sussex Library (see also Rees Extracts below) |
| CMG                    | <i>Civil and Military Gazette</i>   |
| Diary, 1885            | Rudyard Kipling's diary, 1885, Harvard University. Printed in Thomas Pinney, <i>Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings</i> (Cambridge University Press, 1990)  |
| Harbord                | Reginald Harbord, ed., <i>The Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work</i> , 8 vols. (Canterbury and Bournemouth, 1961–71; privately printed edition of 100)  |
| Hobson-Jobson          | Henry Yule and A. C. Burnell, <i>Hobson-Jobson: The Anglo-Indian Dictionary</i> (1886; reprinted Ware, 1996)  |
| JLK                    | John Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's father   |
| Kipling Papers         | Personal papers of Rudyard Kipling, now the property of the National Trust and held on deposit in the Special Collections archive, University of Sussex   |
| <i>Kipling's India</i> | <i>Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches, 1884–88</i> (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1986)  |
| <i>Letters</i>         | <i>The Letters of Rudyard Kipling</i> , ed. Thomas Pinney, 6 vols. (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1990–2004)  |

# LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

|                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| Livingston                            | Flora V. Livingston, <i>Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling</i> (New York: Edgar H. Wells & Company, 1927; with a <i>Supplement</i> , 1938)   |
| Martindell–<br>Ballard<br>pamphlets   | Unauthorised reprints in pamphlet form of uncollected items attributed to Kipling, privately printed by the collectors E. W. Martindell and Ellis Ames Ballard between 1923 and 1937, without place and date of publication    |
| <i>Poems</i>                          | <i>The Cambridge Edition of the Poems of Rudyard Kipling</i> , ed. Thomas Pinney, 3 vols. (Cambridge University Press, 2013)   |
| Rees extracts                         | Excerpts from and summaries of passages in Caroline Kipling's diaries, 1892–1936, made by Douglas Rees for Lord Birkenhead when the latter was at work on his life of Kipling. Copy, Special Collections, University of Sussex |
| Richards,<br><i>Bibliography</i>      | David Alan Richards, <i>Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliography</i> (New Castle, DE, and London: Oak Knoll Press and the British Library, 2010)  |
| RK                                    | Rudyard Kipling  |
| Rosenbaum,<br><i>Index</i>            | Barbara Rosenbaum, <i>Index of English Literary Manuscripts</i> , volume IV, 1800–1900 (London and New York: Mansell, 1990)  |
| Scrapbooks                            | Scrapbooks of cuttings of his work kept by Kipling, now in the Kipling Papers  |
| <i>Something of<br/>Myself</i>        | Rudyard Kipling, <i>Something of Myself, for My Friends Known and Unknown</i> (Kipling's unfinished memoir) (London: Macmillan, 1937)  |
| <i>Something of<br/>Myself</i> , 1990 | RK's memoir, edited by Thomas Pinney (Cambridge University Press, 1990) as <i>Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings</i>  |
| Stewart–Yeats,<br><i>Kipling</i>      | James McG. Stewart and A. W. Yeats, <i>Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue</i> (Toronto: Dalhousie University Press and University of Toronto Press, 1959)  |
| Watt, UNC                             | A. P. Watt Papers, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina  |



## Introduction



This edition gathers together for the first time some eighty-six uncollected<sup>1</sup> prose fictions by Rudyard Kipling, including four unpublished items, two of them only fragments; sixteen unreprinted items; twelve of them previously unrecorded in the bibliographies, and three items doubtfully attributed. The remaining items have all been reprinted at one time or another, some in accessible form, but even more in publications so obscure or inaccessible that they hardly provide publication: the *United Services College Chronicle*, for example, or *The Victorian* – the journal of Victoria College, St Helier, Jersey – or Reginald Harbord's *Readers' Guide to the Work of Rudyard Kipling* (8 volumes, privately printed in an edition of 100 copies, 1961–72). The stories are now all made available in accessible form.

By far the greater number of items – fifty-one out of the total of eighty-six – appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, the paper with which Kipling was most closely associated in his Indian years. Another seventeen were published in the *Pioneer*, the paper that Kipling joined in late 1887. Since most of the stories have an Indian origin, a brief account of Kipling's career as a journalist in India may be useful to the reader.

Kipling was not yet 17 years old when, on leaving school, he went to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, to join the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. The title of the paper refers to the two official communities of British India: one was either in the Army or in the Civil Service. A journalist was not part of the system, and that fact gave the young Kipling a special freedom of movement and understanding that certainly helped his creative work. The *CMG*, as it may be called, was issued from a large printing establishment that held government contracts and also did extensive job printing. But the entire editorial staff of the paper consisted only of Stephen Wheeler, the editor, and of the

<sup>1</sup> By 'uncollected' is meant a story that Kipling himself, for various reasons, never reprinted in any one of his authorised volumes. It does not mean 'unknown' or 'unreprinted' although there are a number of stories in this collection that are unknown (unrecorded in any bibliography) and unreprinted, as well as uncollected.

teenage Rudyard Kipling, the assistant editor. When one of them was ill or absent, then the other did all the editorial work, often, of course, in blazing hot weather, and always with a staff of compositors and proof-readers, most of whom knew no English.

The offices of the *CMG*, the one daily newspaper in the Punjab, saw a stream of visitors of all kinds; they provided Kipling with a striking education in the diversity of God's creatures. As he wrote in 'The Man Who Would Be King', 'a newspaper office seems to attract every conceivable sort of person', and the long list of examples following that statement no doubt reflected Kipling's own experience. The journals that it was his duty to scan for stories were also of 'every conceivable sort':

Some thirty papers go through my hands daily – Hindu papers, scurrilous and abusive beyond everything, local scandal weeklies, philosophical and literary journals written by Babus in the style of Addison. Native Mahommedan, sleepy little publications, all extracts, Indigo papers, tea and coffee journals and official Gazettes all have to be disemboweled if they are worth it.<sup>2</sup>

In Lahore, where his father was head of the local school of art and curator of the museum, Kipling lived with his parents; they were joined late in 1883 by his sister Alice, always called 'Trix', and the four of them formed a family square, as they called it, of bright individuals – all of them writers – devoted to books and to lively discussion of things in general. The arrangement lasted from Kipling's arrival in Lahore at the end of 1882 until his departure for Allahabad at the end of 1887.

Kipling was at first confined to routine labours on the *CMG* but gradually began to be trusted for more various work – a weekly column of local news, reports of official events in cities around the Punjab, and, sparingly at first but growing more frequent, special reports, poems, and stories. As the capital of the Punjab, Lahore society was thick with official dignitaries, starting with the lieutenant governor and his council. The lesser administrators and officials Kipling knew both through his work and through his membership of the Punjab Club, where, he wrote, 'I met none except picked men at their definite work – Civilians, Army, Education, Canals, Forestry, Engineering, Irrigation, Railways,

<sup>2</sup> To the Reverend George Willes, 17–[18] November 1882 (*Letters*, I, 24–5).



Doctors and Lawyers – samples of each branch and each talking his own shop.<sup>3</sup> The Army was also represented by the garrison at Fort Lahore and by the cantonment at Mian Mir, a few miles outside the city. These civil and military folk provided much of the substance of Kipling's daily reporting, and he got to know them as well, intimately enough to supply the stuff of his poems and stories of the English in India.

Then there was Simla. The supreme government, at that time resident in Calcutta, had adopted the practice of abandoning the city in the hot weather – effectively half the year – for the village of Simla, 7,000 feet up in the foothills of the Himalayas. Kipling was not allowed such generous time in Simla as the civil and military people enjoyed, but he was given a month or more there – the ‘hills’ of *Plain Tales from the Hills* – every year from 1883 to 1888, except for one leave spent at Dalhousie in 1884 – five visits in all. He already knew the Punjab set from his life in Lahore: now the superior people of the Calcutta establishment, including the viceroy himself, and others of high political or military rank, were added to that knowledge: Lord Roberts, Sir Auckland Colvin, Sir William Hunter, Sir James Lyall, Sir David Wallace, and many others great and small.

Simla was another new world. There the Hierarchy lived, and one saw and heard the machinery of administration stripped bare. There were the heads of the Viceregal and Military staffs and their Aides-de-Camp, and playing whist with Great Ones, who gave him special news, was the Correspondent of our big Sister Paper the *Pioneer*, then a power in the land.<sup>4</sup>

Simla is the setting for several stories in this collection (e.g., ‘The Hill of Illusion’, ‘An Unequal Match’) or it appears as a foil to other places (e.g., ‘From Olympus to Hades’). Many of the high officials visible to Kipling at Simla figure in the stories, very thinly disguised if at all. Their policies, their conflicts, their foibles all were fare for Kipling's newspaper treatments, most of them satires directed by the politics of the paper.

<sup>3</sup> *Something of Myself*, p. 43.

<sup>4</sup> *Something of Myself*, p. 57.

In his years at the *CMG* Kipling found Stephen Wheeler difficult to work for. Wheeler mistrusted 'creative' work, preferring that Kipling keep 'to the sober paths of précis and abstract writing wherein his [Wheeler's] soul delights'.<sup>5</sup> Wheeler resigned in March 1887, to be replaced by E. K. Robinson, who already knew Kipling's stories and poems, greatly admired them, and freely admitted them to the paper. The tally of Kipling's publication of original work zooms under Robinson's editorship.

In November 1887, Kipling was summoned away from the *CMG* to the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, a paper under the same ownership as the *CMG* but regarded as more powerful and influential. The move, in recognition of Kipling's growing reputation among the readers of English papers in India, had been long in prospect. The managers of the *Pioneer* made Kipling in effect a special correspondent, regularly assigned to travel and report on whatever he might find to write about in India, old and new. He was, as well, made editor of a new publication, a supplement to the *Pioneer* called the *Week's News*. This, Kipling said, was 'but a re-hash of news and views'. It was also the medium for an unlimited quantity of the fiction in Kipling's head, and this material, Kipling wrote, was 'infinitely more important' than a rehash of the week's news.<sup>6</sup>

Kipling never, at any time in his career, lacked for ideas to write about, but he was now prolific to an astonishing degree: 'Twas ask and have, Choose for more's ready,' as he said of this period in the language of his favourite Fra Lippo Lippi.<sup>7</sup> By my count he published 144 stories, articles, and poems in 1888 in the *Week's News*, the *Pioneer*, and the *CMG*, to which he continued to contribute. That is a rate of almost three items a week, some of them substantial and all of them showing some originality. This was in addition to his regular miscellaneous, anonymous journalism (though he did less of this while at the *Pioneer*) and a long series of 'Letters from Simla'.

Because they are fiction, the stories about Indian occasions in this collection can hardly be said to exhibit Kipling's settled ideas about India. Certain things recur, however. Lord Dufferin, the viceroy from

<sup>5</sup> To Edith Macdonald, 4-5 December 1886 (*Letters*, I, 141).

<sup>6</sup> *Something of Myself*, p. 71.

<sup>7</sup> *Something of Myself*, p. 71.

1884 to 1888, and personally known to Kipling and his family, was a favourite character in the stories here collected, appearing in at least ten of them, in which he is lovingly satirised for his elaborate courtesies and florid speech. Another repeated interest is in the language and style of the educated *babu*. In a politically correct age, Kipling's comic versions of this style will be disapproved, to put it mildly. So it is worth noting that the real object of his treatment is not the *babu* himself (though he is the immediate object) but the authorities who have grafted an alien system of education on to an utterly unrelated tradition with predictably incongruous results. The figure of The East in 'The Burden of Nineveh', dressed in foolish western externals to which she is quietly superior, enforces the idea even more strongly. As the Englishman says of 'Chuckerbutti' at the end of 'A Free Gift', 'What a product!' But the defects of the product are the fault of its designers.<sup>8</sup>

A more pressing subject is the organised political movement behind the then recent creation of the Indian National Congress (see 'In Wonderland'). It was too new for its critics to be sure of themselves, but it challenged most of the ideas that Kipling had formed about India. Those ideas were, in a word, conservative, and in no way differed from the received opinions among the generality of the British in India. Kipling and his father were at one in this matter. The British, they believed, brought peace and justice and prosperity to India; the Indians themselves were not yet ready to maintain these things, and so the official *raison d'être* of the British presence remained unaltered. Increased self-government – leading finally to independence – could only have destructive results. Such beliefs are not explicitly argued in these uncollected stories, but their latent presence may be frequently detected. At the same time, the more imaginative side of Kipling clearly understood that the British rule in India was an anomaly and could not endure (e.g., 'The Burden of Nineveh').

Other topics inevitably associated with stories of India are frequent among these stories: the hot weather and the boredom of the plains ('From Olympus to Hades'); fever ('De Profundis'); the behaviour of native servants ('The Tragedy of Crusoe'). But what must strike a

<sup>8</sup> RK explicitly recognised this: 'Babu English,' he wrote, was the product of 'a ludicrously inappropriate education'; Young India may write 'ill-assorted prose', but 'the fault lies with his teachers, and not with him' (untitled item, *CMG*, 29 January 1886).

reader going through the sequence is the unpredictable variety of subject and form: every time the curtain goes up the scene is different. It is as though the apprentice Kipling were testing his skill by trying every possible form and mode – narrative, anecdotal, farcical, tragic, historical, fantastic, confessional, parodic, dramatic. Some were dead ends, others full of possibility. What may especially surprise a reader is the prominence of the fantastic and the absurd: the Frenchified monologues of ‘The History of a Crime’ and its fellow pieces, for example, or the grotesque melodrama of ‘An Official Secret’, or the wild nonsense of ‘Susannah and the Elder’, a model, as well, of Kipling’s highly developed skill in parodic imitation. Lewis Carroll’s nonsense inventions are a strong influence in a number of the stories.

Only two of the stories in this collection are identified as juvenilia (a third, ‘Ibbetson Dun’, is placed among the incomplete stories). ‘The Tragedy of Crusoe’, the first item in this collection, was written when Kipling was only 18, but it is a perfectly assured performance, just the sort of literary mimicry that he loved to practice for the rest of his writing life.

After Kipling’s return to England at the end of 1889 the number of uncollected stories drops dramatically: only twelve of the eighty-six, including some unpublished manuscript fragments, come from the post-Indian years. The occasions of the later stories are various, and only one of them (‘The Cause of Humanity’) appears to have been seriously intended for publication.

Why did Kipling leave all of these stories uncollected? Many reasons can be guessed at. Perhaps most of the stories about Indian affairs – the decline of the rupee, the maintenance of the railways, the arguments about financial policies, and so on – are highly topical and remote from the general understanding and interest. Others, such as ‘The Inauthorised Corpses’, derive from situations long since settled and forgotten, or they may reflect anxieties that Kipling felt only briefly (‘The Comet of a Season’). Some of the stories are, it must be admitted, very slight and unimpressive, and so were not, in the writer’s judgement, good enough to preserve. But they can be interesting to us, who see them in the light of later achievement.

Kipling’s uncollected work has long attracted interest, an interest that has led to many hopeful attributions, many of them, in the absence of

any evidence, wrong. The result has been much confusion and uncertainty until rather recently, when new and reliable information has become available.

To take the confusion and uncertainty first. The problem arises from the fact that much of Kipling's early work, including what he wrote in seven years of journalism in India, is either anonymous or pseudonymous. During his lifetime Kipling himself could have helped the searchers, but this he steadfastly refused to do, holding, as he did, that it lay with the author to choose what he would acknowledge and what should remain unknown. He knew perfectly well that the work of other people was being ascribed to him, but he grimly accepted that annoyance as a condition of giving no help at all. As he wrote, 'I do not think it part of my work to correct or limit the fancies of bibliographers.'<sup>9</sup>

Since the author would not help, the collectors and bibliographers were forced to rely on a number of imperfect aids of various origin: the Crofts Collection (from a list supplied by the young Kipling), the Garth Album, the Denham Letter. Some of the pseudonyms that Kipling used were known, others were guessed at. And if an item exhibited anything Kiplingesque in subject or style, that might be added to the list of attributions.

Kipling himself provided, indirectly, a considerable list of previously unknown work at a time when he was still young and had not yet determined to reveal nothing of his early work. His sister-in-law, Josephine Balestier (afterwards Mrs Theodore Dunham), who had literary ambitions, undertook to compile a *Kipling Birthday Book* in the early 1890s. This was a then popular form, consisting of quotations from an author's work for every day in the year on pages provided with space for notes and comments on each day, including a record of birthdays. To help supply her with material, Kipling had evidently shown her much of his early work, some of which he never otherwise acknowledged.<sup>10</sup> So far as is known, this is the only time that he did such a thing.

<sup>9</sup> To A. S. Watt, 25 June 1928 (*Letters*, v, 439). I have a list of more than 300 items attributed to Kipling wrongly or without evidence. It is certainly not complete.

<sup>10</sup> A full list of the new attributions in the *Birthday Book* is in Richards, *Bibliography*, pp. 95-6.

Most of the guesses about Kipling's authorship, right and wrong, have been preserved in such lists as that in Rear Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler's *Summary of the Works of Rudyard Kipling* (New York, 1930) or by being reprinted in the long series of limited edition pamphlets privately printed by E. W. Martindell and Ellis Ames Ballard between 1923 and 1937, or by reprinting in R. H. Harbord's privately printed *Reader's Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work* (8 volumes, 1961-72). Each of these sources is unreliable, mixing as it does authentic with inauthentic attributions. The comprehensive bibliographies, those of Florence Livingston, J. M. Stewart and A. W. Yeats, and, most recently, David Alan Richards, are far more cautious about guessed-at attributions and deliberately err rather on the side of incompleteness. The Richards bibliography, by far the fullest record of Kipling's work, scrupulously avoids conjectural attributions.

In 1976, on the death of Mrs George Bambridge, Kipling's daughter Elsie, the collection of family papers and books in her possession passed to the National Trust and was deposited in the Department of Special Collections in the library at the University of Sussex. This collection, or archive, includes a number of items that have allowed the identification of Kipling's uncollected writings with a confidence not previously possible. They may be briefly enumerated:

1. Three verse notebooks containing ninety-two holograph poems, many uncollected.
2. Separate MS drafts and fair copies of about fifty-eight poems, some uncollected.
3. Eight scrapbooks kept by Kipling containing cuttings of his writings, mostly from newspapers. The first four volumes contain the work from Kipling's years as a journalist in India and are the main source for identifying his anonymous and pseudonymous work. They contain many hundreds of new attributions, from brief notes to long reports.
4. A copy of Rear Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler's *Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling* annotated by Kipling himself. Against many entries he has written such responses as 'not mine' or 'none of my work'. In a few cases he has denied authorship of items that are certainly his, but unless there is indisputable evidence for his authorship his denials in this list must be accepted.

5. A copy of an MS 'Index of 1st Lines of Kipling's Verse and Verses Quoted or Used by Him', by Admiral Chandler, including unsupported or mistaken attributions. This too has been annotated by Kipling.

Other sources of authentic information about uncollected work include a copy annotated by Kipling of Flora Livingston's *Bibliography*, now at Wimpole Hall in Cambridgeshire; a bound volume of the *United Services College Chronicle* with his contributions identified by Kipling, presented to Haileybury College by Mrs Kipling; the diary that Kipling kept in 1885, now at Harvard and reprinted in my edition of *Something of Myself*; and the six volumes of *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*. The collection at Sussex has attracted other family papers containing authentic information, among them the Baldwin papers and the Macdonald papers. The record of Kipling's uncollected work is now on reasonably solid ground. No doubt it remains incomplete, but it no longer need be contaminated by mistaken attributions.

In this collection I have included three doubtfully attributed items: 'Verbatim et Literatim', 'The Minstrel', and 'A Parable'. They have been set apart in an appendix and their status clearly indicated.





# The Tragedy of Crusoe, C.S.<sup>1</sup> (*From a Correspondent.*)



**Published:** *Civil and Military Gazette*, 13 September 1884.

**Attribution:** The article called ‘Music for the Middle-Aged’, *CMG*, 21 June 1884, included in the *Sussex Scrapbooks* (28/1, p. 1), is signed ‘Jacob Cavendish’, as is ‘The Tragedy of Crusoe’. RK later maintained that more than one writer used the same pseudonym on the *CMG*,<sup>2</sup> but since the only other Englishman on the editorial staff of the *CMG* was the editor, Stephen Wheeler, and since Wheeler is not known ever to have written anything in the way of fiction or verse, it seems safe to assume that a pseudonym known to have been used by RK was exclusively his, unless there is clear evidence to the contrary.

‘Crusoe’ is probably the item RK refers to in a letter of 17 September 1884 as a ‘specimen’ of ‘a set of weekly articles’ that he intends to begin in the *CMG* in order to liven up the paper (to Edith Macdonald: *Letters*, 1, 76).

**Text:** *Civil and Military Gazette*.

**Notes:** This is, so far as is known, the first piece of prose fiction that RK contributed to the *CMG*, which he had joined at the end of October or in early November, 1882. He had had opportunities to indulge his inventiveness in a few poems and in a handful of humorous articles (e.g., ‘Music for the Middle-Aged’ in June 1884), but the paper under Stephen Wheeler was not yet open to RK’s ‘creative’ work. In September 1884, however, Wheeler had gone off to the Hills on vacation and the *CMG* was for the time entirely in RK’s hands, which may explain the appearance of ‘The Tragedy of Crusoe, C.S.’ RK himself had been at Dalhousie, in the Hills, while Wheeler remained in Lahore. They had now switched places, and RK, like Crusoe, had just returned to ‘the island’. RK also thought at this time that his transfer from the *CMG* to its bigger, sister paper, the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, was imminent, so that any move of his that might offend Wheeler would not matter: he would, he supposed, soon be out of Wheeler’s reach.

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**Monday.**—Reacht the Island – I would say the station – this morn, Mrs. Crusoe being, at my own desire, left, it may be for a month or twain in the cooler air of the hills. Now, since we were first wed (and I shall not, even in my own diary, write down how long ago that was) I have never been a day parted from Mrs. Crusoe; which I take it is not altogether becoming to a man of my spirit. Howbeit, yesterday, when I hinted, very gently, at this much to Mrs. Crusoe – for though she is mine own dear wife, yet I dare not speak *all* of my mind to her – she seemed in no way offended, but only laughed a good deal; saying that “men’s insides were made so comical, God help them”,<sup>3</sup> and if I had *that* fancy in my brain I had best go to the island and there live as I might for two months, till she saw fit to join me. Though I was a little taken aback, and, to tell the truth not over well pleased, at her ready agreement in my plan, yet I made shift to look vastly content, and left the mountains in so great a haste, that both sherry flask and sandwiches were left behind. This, I hold, was the fault of my wife, who should have given them both to me.

When I reacht the ship – I should say of course my house – I found that it had leakt greatly fore and aft, through the late heavy rains, spoiling my wife’s new spinet, and, what is of far greater importance, many of my newly bound volumes that had but lately come out from England. I spent a dreary day soothing their swelled and blistered backs as well as might be, and thus forgot my tiffin. At dusk I went forth to explore the island, on mine old horse, whom I dare swear that the *sais* hath not exercised any time these two months. By him (the horse, not the *sais*) I was fought with for two miles, and runned away with for another two; the beast only stopping for want of breath. I find the island, as far as I can see, to be wholly uninhabited except by the natives. Nor am I altogether sorry for this, since I cut but an indifferent good figure, this even, laid, for the most part, astride of my horse’s head, and swearing, Lord help me, in a manner that I hoped I had long ago forgotten. Home, exceeding sore and disposed to be very wrath with all about me. I was made none the sweeter when my man Friday told me that there was no whisky in the house. Says I, “How then did Friday manage to get so beastly drunk?” Friday takes me up short at this, and says he is not more drunk than I, but he has been rejoicing at once more meeting his old friend At this he sits down very quick, and says that I am his Father

and Mother and goes fast asleep. I cannot find it in my heart to be very angry with Friday, but rather envy one who can be so merry – though it is true he has no library to be ruined by roof leakage. For form's sake I have admonished him with a new leathern punkah rope, its end; and so grimly to dinner at the Club.

Here I fell in with Jones (Cadwallader – He that I quarrelled with last July, because of a horse he sold me) and we dined together alone. He is the only inhabitant of the island; Mrs. Jones, like Mrs. Crusoe, being in the cooler hills. I see that I was a fool ever to fall out with thus pleasant a fellow, and withal one that can talk so well. Moreover, I will at once write to Mrs. Crusoe and tell her that she must call on Mrs. Jones. We two then smoked each other's cheroots in great friendship till close upon midnight, when I returned home; and finding no lights in my house but all in Friday's, I did again fall to with a punkah rope for five good minutes. To bed shortly after, where I lay awake till Friday had howled himself asleep.

**Tuesday.**—A woful day. This morning came Friday to me, smiling for all the world as though no words had passed between us overnight – whereat I suspected mischief but said nothing. Presently, while I was taking stock of my sodden library, he says:— "*Kerritch hogya*" but I made shift to escape into the garden and there examine the roses. Yet no man can avoid his fate, or, for the matter of that, Friday, when he is bent on being heard. So, at breakfast, I, being in a white-hot heat to get away betimes to work, my man bows himself double and says several times very loud:— "*Kerritch hogya*". Then I thought how Mrs. Crusoe, she that is now at the Hills, would have dealt with him at once, and that with no inconvenience to myself. For, though I can speak Thibetan, Nagri, Malay, and the Lord knows how many other tongues, the barbarous and hybrid speech wherein the affairs of a household are wont to be ordered is a great stumbling-block to me. Friday, methinks knows this, for which I hate him the more. I clutch my hair (what is left of it that is) three several times, and prayed inwardly that Friday might not see the great depths of my ignorance. Then says I, with my finest air:— "*Kitna che?*" "*Sahib,*" says he, "*Sarce che worshter, tael che, nia kunker estubble kiwasti, rye che, marubber che*"<sup>4</sup> – and if I had not taken him up short there, I believe he would have continued till now. As soon as I had stoppt him he goes off again, like a crazy clock, telling me that Mrs.

Crusoe had dismissed her dhobie ere she went hillward, and asked me to get another; that there were three kinds of meat, all good, in the bazar, and I was to choose what I liked best – that I was to say what I would have to eat not only for this week, day by day, but the next and the next. Also he asked whether I should retain the old cook, whose face I had never seen, or whether I should be fed by contract; and a thousand other things that till now I had fancied came in the course of nature – as do *tiffin* and dinner. I have sent him away for a while to fill me a pipe while I try to make ready against his return. Oh that my wife were here!

**11 of the clock.**— Even though I know that none will read this foolish diary save I, yet I dare not, for very shame, write down all that I have done and suffered within the two hours past. How Friday saw that I, Civil and Sessions Judge and a ruler among men, was helpless as a little babe when there was any talk of *degchies*, storerooms, and the like; how I floundered from one blunder to another (for I hold that housekeeping is in no way man's work) trying all the while to keep up my sorely shrunken dignity; how Friday led me on, little by little, as men coax an unwilling dog into the sea, until he had gauged the sum total of my ignorance; how I sweated and turned hot and cold under his words, as I have often seen prisoners sweat and change colour under mine. All this, I say, I dare not set down. Let it suffice for my humiliation that, at the end of my torment, Friday had roughly, and after his own fashion (which I take it was not of the best), shown how I was to manage my own house in the matter of jam, clean sheets, and two daily meals, and in the doing of it had so trampled on and crushed my spirit, that I could but sign all he wished (and the papers were not few) in hope of being released from his tyranny. But Lord! Lord! how many things be necessary to a man's sustenance whereof I have scarcely even heard the names till today – much less smelt and handled of them. Moreover, I see now what a strange and terrible car of Juggernaut it is that Mrs. Crusoe, my never enough to be valued spouse, controls. I, who have rashly taken its guidance into my hands, and laid spent and prostrate among the wheels whereon I have ridden so smoothly before. All day I have done nothing at all save wonder how Mrs. Crusoe can receive me with so smiling a face each evening, when she is on the island, if this be the kind of torture that falls to her lot. But it may be that she has some management to overcome it, for I have never, now I think, seen signs of

it in her face, and this day has gone far to age and sour me, who am still, thank Heaven, a young man for my years.

To the Club again in the evening where I met Cadwallader Jones, but for shame, lest he should laugh at me, durst not enquire how he fared when his wife was away. To bed at midnight, wondering which of all the dainties I had so plenteously provided in the morning would be given me for my next day's meal. Surely it is not too warm for Mrs. Crusoe to visit the island now.

**Wednesday.**—I am sorry that I ever smote Friday with a punkah rope, for I see that he is minded to poison me. This morn, in my big silver dish, set forth with many flowers and on a fair white cloth, came three sodden fragments of flesh which seemed as though they had been but newly torn from the inside of some dead beast. There was rice also, but I have never eaten small shot, so I put it all aside, and for two rupees of my own money Friday got me certain sardines in a tin, and a very little oil. With these I must stay my stomach as best I can. They taste wondrous fishy, and the tea is smokt and of a new flavour. Mrs. Crusoe never gave me anything like it.

I had naught in the middle of the day at my office – neither meat nor drink – and returned home through the mire in a conveyance hired from a native. (*Nota Bene.*—It was girded about with ropes, like Paul's ship,<sup>5</sup> and I held both doors shut with my own hands till I was mired to the elbow.) When I askt Friday what he means by sending neither tiffin nor carriage, he says that I gave no order, which was true enough, but I fancied that tiffin was eaten at least once every day by most men. I am very sick and tired and dare not abuse Friday as he deserves, or he will leave me altogether and I shall starve. Was too ill to go to the Club, so gave Friday two annas to get me a cup of tea. It tastes sadly of Friday his hookah. To bed wondering whether starving outright is better than being slowly poisoned, and also what became of the stores I had ordered yesterday. Dreamt that Friday had boiled sardines in tea for my breakfast, and that Mrs. Crusoe stood by with a basket of tripe and laught. A very terrible dream.

**Thursday.**—Friday hath a new turban with two broad gold stripes and a pink one in the middle, and walks not over steadily. He asks me at nine in the morning what I would eat. Said that I was too sick to attend to work, and desired a savoury omelette. At ten 'twas ready, but there was neither tea, milk, bread, or anything else, saving two forks that

were not of the same set, and a plate. Friday says I made no *bundobust*, and my head aches too sorely to reply. Made shift to eat the omelette which, methinks, was of bad eggs mainly; and lay down for the rest of the day, never a soul coming nigh me. In truth I am wrong here. Friday's children did harry an old turkey-cock in the verandah, which was close to my head, for two hours; and I thank Providence that made me a Civil and Sessions Judge and gave me Mrs. Crusoe, for the fever that rackt me till I could stir neither hand nor foot – else I should have assuredly killed them all. In the evening my distemper went from me a little, but am still too weak to eat. Friday hath gone to the bazar and hath forgotten to bring me iced water. To bed, where I dreamt that I smothered Friday and all his children under an omelette of turkey cock's eggs. I have never been wont to dream in this fashion before.

**Friday.**—The fever left me in the night. Found this morning that I had but one clean shirt, and that frayed and chafed at the wristbands. Now I know I had twelve when I left my wife, so askt of Friday – who walks as though ground was air under him – what had become of all my gear. At this he wept for ten minutes (over mine only towel) and prayed me to send him to prison since I had blackt his face thus far. At this I was very wrath and said that no one had called him thief, but that I wanted my shirts again. Thereat he wept more than before, till I kickt him out of the room and shut the door. When next I opened it after smoking a pipe to consider how I should do, I found seven of my shirts – three that had been worn and four that were new – lying in a heap on the threshold. They smelt terribly of cocoanut oil and bad tobacco, and were marked and stained with all manner of stuffs. But Friday knew nothing of them at all, save that I was his father and mother and had suspected him of robbery. He wept all day by fits and starts, and I gave him four annas to quiet him. But this did not amend the quality of my meals. Dined again at the Club where Cadwallader Jones (who, methinks still, cheated me in the matter of that horse) called me a “sick dove” and clapt me on the back with his hand. Mrs. Jones returns to the island shortly, I would I were Jones, or at least that Mrs. Crusoe was here. To bed thinking sorrowfully how I have done no work at all this week by reason of the pestilent Friday, who was more in my mind than anything else. Lord! Lord! and I had a thousand and one matters to finish and furbish up ere the Courts opened! Yet I will give him one day more of grace, and

then – it is surely cool enough for Mrs. Crusoe. Stoppt the punkah to see if this were so, and went off in a strong sweating till dawn.

**Saturday.**—Friday is again drunk nor was there any sign at all of breakfast. I eat sparingly of my sardines, with a cheese scoop, the rest of the table gear being all filthy with the remains of some feast. I found them in the pantry and judge that Friday hath been entertaining his friends. I have telegraphed for Mrs. Crusoe, and till she come must make shift to live on sardines.

Jacob Cavendish, M.A.

<sup>1</sup> 'Covenanted Servant', i.e., a holder of one of the higher posts in the Indian Civil Service. The rank was then exclusively British.

<sup>2</sup> His statement is reported in a letter from RK's bibliographer, Flora Livingston, to Mrs Kipling, 1 October 1936 (Kipling Papers, University of Sussex, KP 25/53). Since RK resented the intrusions of bibliographers and other searchers after his early work, it is more than likely that he meant his statement to create uncertainty.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs Poyser's remark, in George Eliot, *Adam Bede*.

<sup>4</sup> 'What?' 'Sahib,' says he, 'Worcestershire sauce, cooking oil, new gravel for the stable, mustard seeds, fruit preserves.'

<sup>5</sup> Acts 27:17: 'they used helps, undergirding the ship'.

## Twenty Years After, (Or What It May Come To.)



**Published:** *Civil and Military Gazette*, 9 January 1885.

**Attribution:** In Scrapbook 1 (28/1, p. 39).

**Text:** *Civil and Military Gazette*.

**Notes:** RK records this item in his diary for 1885, under date of 6 January 1885: 'Skit about Punjab police'. He also includes it in the summary list of his year's work at the end of the diary.

Reprinted in the Martindell-Ballard pamphlets and in Harbord, 1, 566-8.



At present it seems to be the popular idea that no one but the police is responsible for the protection of property, but this impression, I submit, is erroneous. If the European community would only secure their houses and property, or keep chowkidars, there would be much less rascality and robbery abroad than at present exists. As the country becomes more and more civilized, and natives cease to fear the conquering race, as they have hitherto done, we Europeans will find, to our sad experience, that we cannot live in the open, unprotected, with twenty or thirty open doors for robbers to enter and help themselves. Hence, in one way these Anarkali thefts are doing good: they are educating the Englishman in India, awakening him to the fact that, in this, as well as in all civilized countries, a robber is not a respecter of persons.

—*vide* Punjab Police Report, 1883-84.

*From Mr. Orion Golightly – to the Deputy Commissioner, Chorpur*

*Chorpur, April 1st, 1906.*

Dear Sir,

Last night a gang of dacoits, armed with repeating rifles and several pounds of dynamite, attacked my house and blew up the fourteen



armed chowkidars stationed in the front verandah. They then proceeded to loot the premises, and eventually decamped, after lashing the various members of the family to trees in the compound, and removing four valuable horses. My wife has succumbed to the shock; and I fear that there is but small hope of my eldest child's recovery from three bullet-wounds in the head and neck. My guard were only armed with Sniders, and the bomb-proof roofing of the house had been a good deal damaged by a previous attack from the same gang. Nevertheless, I submit, that this is a case for police interference.— I am, &c.

*From the Deputy Commissioner, Chorpur, — to Mr. Orion Golightly.*

*Simla, August 8th, 1906.*

Dear Sir,

In reply to your exceedingly temperate communication of the 1st April, I have the honour to refer you to my last Monthly Report (in four vols. octavo) on the "Incentives to Local Crime." At present it seems to be the popular idea that the police is responsible for the protection of property; but this impression, I may say, is utterly erroneous. If the European community would only employ Gatling guns, or keep a small park of Artillery in their compounds, there would be much less rascality and robbery than at present exists. Hence, in one way, I trust that the sudden death of Mrs. Golightly, and the moribund condition of your eldest child, will do you good. These incidents are educating the Englishman in India, and awakening him to the fact that, in this as well as in all civilized countries, a robber is not a respecter of persons.

I have, etc.,

Clive Hastings Macaulay Bulstrode<sup>t</sup>  
D.C. Chorpur

*From Mr. Heastey Dryver, — to the Deputy Commissioner, Chorpur.*

*December 15th, 1906.*

Dear Sir,

A fortnight ago, while driving through the Badzat Bazar, my horse was tripped up by a string which had been stretched from side to side

of the road by some young gentlemen anxious to ascertain the effects of suddenly retarded motion on a moving body. My horse has chipped both his knees, I myself have sustained a compound fracture of the clavicle, and the dog-cart had to be sold on the spot for firewood. My bullet-proof driving hood was up at the time, and I was, according to your last issued municipal regulations, not going more than seven miles an hour, for fear of wounding the feelings of those on foot. Could not the police be induced to take some notice of the matter? – I am, etc.

*From the Deputy Commissioner, Chorpur – to Mr. H. Dryver.*

*Simla, May 28th, 1907.*

Dear Sir,

It is astonishing, that in these days of general advancement and enlightenment, an idea should still exist that the police of this country need take notice of any thing at all. This impression is, I need scarcely say, utterly wrong.

As the country becomes more civilized, Young India ceases to despise the conquering race, and condescends as you yourself have very ably set forth, to make experiments on them. Europeans will find nowadays that they cannot expect to drive down an open street without exposing themselves to the enquiring mind of youth, as fit subjects for the illustrations of those great forces of gravity whereby the world is governed. If the European community would only affix a cowcatcher to their horses' collars, or send on their saices at a footpace to report upon the state of the road as they went along, such accidents as you have described would become comparatively rare. I have no doubt that your mishap will educate you, as an Englishman in India, to recognize that, in this as in other civilized countries, the indigenous *gamin* is no respecter of persons. – I have, etc.,

C. H. M. Bulstrode.

D.C. Chorpur.

Form B. 101-1553 *for general use. To Mr. Brown, Jones, or Robinson.*

190-D.C.'s Office, Chorpur

Dear Sir,

It seems to be the popular idea, that the police are responsible for the performance of their duties. This impression, I am directed to inform you, is erroneous. If the European community would only look after their house and property themselves, and catch any thieves that might intrude into the one, or remove the other, there would be no robbery or rascality at all. In the meantime, I trust that the case of \* \* \* \* \* just reported, will awaken you to the fact

\*Here insert murder,  
robbery with violence,  
dacoity &c.as reported

that, in this as in all other civilized  
countries, the robber is no respecter  
of persons. – I have, etc.

C. H. M. Bulstrode

<sup>1</sup> For the identification of Clive, Hastings, and Macaulay, see the headnote to 'Dis Aliter Visum', below.

## Dis Aliter Visum (Being the lamentable and veracious history of Job Charnock's *exeat*).



**Published:** *Pioneer*, 4 July 1885.

**Attribution:** In 'Summary of the Years Odd Work' at end of Diary, 1885. In Scrapbook 2 (28/2, p. 64).

**Text:** *Pioneer*.

**Notes:** This is the first item in this edition from the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, a paper owned by the proprietors of the *Civil and Military Gazette*.

The actors in this scene are leading figures from the past of British India. Job Charnock (1630?–93) was head of the East India Company's affairs in India. In 1691 he founded what became Calcutta, from 'three small villages on an inhospitable tract of riverbank' (*ODNB*). Robert, Lord Clive (1725–74) was the military commander in the service of the East India Company whose victories over French and native forces established the civil authority of the Company in India; he was afterwards Governor of Bengal. Warren Hastings (1732–1818), Governor-General of India (1773–85), preserved and extended Clive's conquests in India. Both Clive and Hastings are subjects of celebrated essays by Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–59), the historian, who served as the Legal Member of the Supreme Council of India (1834–8); in that office he wrote the Indian Penal Code and helped to establish Western learning in English as the basis for government-supported education in India.

The unstated subject of this fantasy is the annual migration of the Supreme Government from the damp heat of Calcutta (Kolkata) to the mountain air of Simla, high in the foothills of the Himalayas and far removed from Calcutta, the regular capital. The government of the Punjab also made Simla its hot-weather base. Those left behind in Calcutta or on the plains of the Punjab of course resented 'The Exodus', as it was called, and others thought it an indefensible indulgence on the part of the administrators. Simla was imagined as 'Capua', all luxury and no work.

'Dis Aliter Visum' was reprinted in the *United Services College Chronicle*, 15 December 1887, and in Harbord, I, 568–75. The title, which may be translated 'The Gods will otherwise', is from the *Aeneid*, II, 428.



..... "*such stuff*  
*As dreams are made of.*"<sup>1</sup>

It was a cosy nook in Purgatory – a ground-floor suite in one of the eligible mansions there, and handsomely furnished. To be sure, none of the doors would shut; and there was no good hookah tobacco. Clive, enervated by long residence in Madras, felt the draughts more than Hastings; but, on the other hand, Hastings resented the loss of his own particular conserved *guldari* very bitterly. If they had taken the trouble to inquire they would have found that old Job Charnock in the attics felt the deprivation most keenly of any. But the two ex-Governor-Generals did not inquire; they were very comfortable. Macaulay, whose doom it was to read his own remarks on Warren Hastings<sup>2</sup> into that somewhat short-tempered statesman's ear, had gone to *table d'hôte*. Hence the relief of the two worthies. Of course, they were quarrelling in a perfunctory sort of manner. Hastings, for the eleven hundred and nineteenth time, was vindicating his execution of Nuncomar.<sup>3</sup> This was part of Clive's punishment. Clive was interpolating contradictions and anecdotes regarding the Nawab of Murshidibad,<sup>4</sup> also for the eleven hundred and nineteenth time. This was part of Hastings' weird.<sup>5</sup> Matters had reached their usual five o'clock in the afternoon stage. That is to say Clive was wearily preparing to do duel with his inane pistol which never went off, and made Hastings protest that Clive had arranged it beforehand, when the door of the sitting-room was violently dashed open and old Job Charnock, his venerable pig-tail as stiff as the palm trees of his beloved Kalighat,<sup>6</sup> sank exhausted on a divan in the centre of the room. "Humph!" grunted Hastings. "Macaulay been at *you*, has he? Damme, Sir, if I've pistoled that insolent commentator once I've pistoled him two thousand times." "Not Macaulay," gasped Job, "something much worse my friends." "Haven't seen Job so excited," mused Clive, "since he heard John Company was dead, and that's a matter of thirty years ago."<sup>7</sup> (It may be mentioned *en parenthesis* that one of the irksome regulations of the Intermediate Institute (as its *habitués* styled it) was that every member must be, outwardly at least, the equal of every other member. Job Charnock was deferential in manner to a degree, but he was forced to use the word "friends" where he would of his own mention said "honourable gentlemen" at least. This, however, is a digression.)

There was a silence of some minutes, during which time Job had managed to hopelessly entangle himself in Clive's hookah-stem, and to swallow a gallon or two of such beverage as the Intermediate Institute provided for the delectation of its members. (It tasted like tepid port-wine negus would taste at eight o'clock on the morning after a dissipated night.) Finally he gurgled, "I've taken my *exeat*; and I assure you, gentlemen, I'm thankful, positively thankful, to be back in my present quarters." Now the roster in the Intermediate Institute for *exeats*, which varied between four and twenty hours and a week in duration, was a long one, and the turns came round about once in fifty-four years if a member behaved himself. Clive and Hastings declined theirs on principle, as being beneath the dignity of English gentlemen to shirk punishment. They gained little, however, for it was the custom, whether a gentleman took his *exeat* or not, for certain members of the Inferior Institute to come up and hold a house-warming in his rooms. This singed the chairs and sofas a good deal and left behind an intolerable odour of something like gunpowder. Clive, however, protested that he rather liked it; said it reminded him of old times on the bastions of Fort William. Both men, however, were pathetically anxious to hear whatever Job had to tell. Hastings slid the emerald-studded mouthpiece of his pet hookah into Job's hand, while Clive lit and blew a perfumed ball atop of the tobacco. "Sit down and tell us all about it, Job. Found everything a good deal changed, eh, since last time," said the former. "By the way when was your last *exeat*?" "1820. Me and the widow together.<sup>8</sup> We spent four days' honeymoon in the old cemetery. It was delightful. But now. Oh!" Job pulled at the hookah for consolation. Then, after a long pause, "But you won't believe me, I know?" Clive smiled grimly. "Well, Charney, you know they *say* you founded my Calcutta, and stocked it with enough lies to last all the inhabitants for all time. But I think we can credit you here." This was perfectly correct. The members of the Intermediate Institute could only lie within certain well-defined limits when their inventions would most ruffle and irritate their neighbours. The truth, and the whole truth was quite sufficient on this occasion. "Well, gentlemen, I went first of all to Calcutta." "Of course, you did," interpolated Hastings gruffly, "who wouldn't? Go on." "And the Supreme Government, the Governor-General and Councillors were not there." *Click, click, click*, went an arrangement something like a nickel-plated billiard marker, by

the side of the mantelpiece, and there slid into the polished frame a plain card marked "Extras;" underneath this heading appeared bracketed together the simple titles:—"Clive, Hastings, two days – profane oath." It is needless to repeat here what Charnock's listeners had uttered – the form was identical, but recondite and unfit for ears polite. "Where are they, then," chorussed the two together. "Twelve hundred miles away at a place in the mountains that I've never heard of, called Simla. They won't be back for another four months." "Twelve hundred miles away! Yes, it will take 'em fully that time to come back if they move with anything like my escort," said Hastings. Charnock was warming to his work. "They go backwards and forwards in three days, or four at the most." "Job, *dear* Job, (the late Governor-Generals were almost in tears), for pity's sake don't go on like that, Job. You'll make us say something in a minute and that infernal (*click, click*) 'ticker' will begin again." Job was nearly as much moved as his friends. "I protest, gentlemen, that I am, as I hope some day to escape from the Institute, only speaking the solemn sober truth as I have seen and heard it." "Very well, then. They are twelve hundred miles from Calcutta and they take four days to cover it. How is it done?" Hastings was evidently speaking under strong restraint. "They go by train." "By *train*! That must be some new breed of Madrassee cattle. I always said we never knew what those long legged Bellary<sup>9</sup> trotters could do if they were put to it. Where do they breed 'em, what are they like?" asked Clive. "They aren't cattle at all. They're a kind of palanquin on wheels; only the wheels run on strips of iron and the palanquins are pulled by a big brass and iron sort of cooking pot with a jury mast rigged where the handle ought to be." At this particularly lucid definition of the modern locomotive and its funnel, Clive and Hastings marvelled. "All right, Job, I dare say you are quite correct. We must certainly take our *exeats* next time, if only to see the cooking pots on iron strips. Go on." Charnock continued: "The strips run from Calcutta to a place called Umballa, somewhere beyond the Emperor of Delhi's territory, which they've annexed." "*They've* annexed! Egad!" Hastings interrupted. "Call 'em we, Sir, call 'em we. They are our descendants, I hope, and do us credit." Charnock shifted uneasily in his chair, and replied: "I don't think they are 'we' gentlemen." Clive leapt as if he had been shot. "Do you mean to say that those accursed French have come back then, after all I did too. Oh, Job! Job! You're trying me too hardly." The nickel-plated

ticker was silent, and the hasty expression passed unrecorded in the Intermediate Institute. "No it's not the Frogs, thank heaven!" said Charnock, "for these men speak English; but it does not seem to me that they in any way belong to us, for we weren't one little bit like them when we were we." "Humph, that's particularly easy to understand" said Hastings. "I suppose we're changed a good deal, but we'll understand you presently. Why aren't they doing their work in Calcutta like men, instead of leaving the whole boiling of writers to come to loggerheads in the buildings?" Charnock drew a preliminary pull at the hookah and nerved himself for his answer: – "Because there are no writers; because there aren't any writers' buildings; because they say Calcutta is too hot for 'em; and – oh Lord, Lord! – they are a hundred *koss* from anywhere, along a most unchristian *dāk* road, through a lot of hills, and there's an unbridged river behind 'em that can cut 'em off at any minute." The grizzled head was bowed with emotion, and the billiard marker clicked out a remission of four days for J. Charnock on account of "violent mental anguish not included in the rules of the Institute." But Charnock was far too overwhelmed with grief to take heed. "Say it again slowly, Job," cried Clive, "and give us time to think over it." Charnock did so, and silence reigned in the drawing-room for the space of five minutes. Hastings was the first to break it. "Charnock's right, Clive. It's they and not we." Clive was considering the situation from a military point of view. "One hundred *koss* of *dāk* road before they can get to the cooking pots on iron strips. That's five days' steady marching if they go quickly. I don't suppose they've altered the rains in these days. Rivers can fill up then in twenty-four hours. Supreme Government on one side, and the whole country ablaze on the other. Certainly Charnock *was* right." Hastings took up the tale: – "Calcutta too hot for 'em. Bless my soul, it was never more than pleasantly warm there" (the late Governor-General's mind was warped by his present situation). "Why, I remember we used to hold the big Company dinners at three o'clock on a July afternoon, and drink the King's health in hot punch afterwards. I should like to look at 'em. Do they die as much as we used to do?" "Not one-third," said Charnock; "but then they don't live as we did, or drink or gamble or enj –" (*click* went the warning "ticker" and Charnock recovered himself just in time) – "are themselves as much as we used to do. And they are going to live in this place Simla for always. Leastways they



have built two sets of Writers' Buildings, all of plaster and iron ramrods on the side of a hill." "Plaster and iron ramrods" What on earth are you driving at, Job?" asked Clive. "Well, I can't put it any clearer than I have. 'Tisn't my fault if I can't understand their new-fangled ways. *You* couldn't either." This was carrying the war into the enemy's country, and Clive – in his fear lest Charnock should take offence and stop his story – collapsed. The worthy founder of Calcutta then plunged into an animated account of social life in Simla from his own point of view, and at this juncture it would not be well to follow him too closely. It must be remembered that Job's language was that of a bygone century and his expressions coarse. "Hundreds and thousands of 'em," he concluded rapturously, "all white, and more of 'em than the men." "Clive, my boy!" "Hastings, oh!" The incessant rattle of the ticker here brought both offenders to their senses, but not before all three men had run up an appalling total of "extras" for improper aspirations. "Not so bad as I thought then," said Hastings, "but it would be lively there at times. Who's the best shot in this – this Simla?" Charnock's face grew sorrowful at once. "There's none of the old business now. They go to law instead, and it isn't often they do that!" An expression of unutterable scorn flitted across the listeners' faces. "Have they forgotten Francis and Me?"<sup>10</sup> "All but a very few. No one knows where you winged him, and no one cares." The voice of the ticker recalled Clive and Hastings as they murmured simultaneously:– "Such is fame! Go on, Charnock, you can't hurt us much more than you have."

Charnock began afresh on another tack – a safe and general one enough. "Kalighat's grown out of all knowledge, and they call it the City of Palaces!" "Could have told you that," said Hastings savagely. "And you can buy port for twenty rupees a dozen." "That might suit your stomach, Job, but it wouldn't suit ours." Charnock had succeeded in ruffling both his hearers' tempers finely, and was being suppressed at every turn. He was a tactful man in spite of his many failings, and proceeded to throw oil on the troubled waters. "I went to a meeting of the Council." "You did, did you? What was it like?" Peace was restored once more. "What did they do?" asked Hastings. "Well, they couldn't do much, you know. Everything is done by orders from England." "Hum. They used to try that in my time," murmured Hastings with a smile of blissful retrospection. "It did not come to much, though. Go on. How

many guns did they fire, and where do they get their elephants from?" "There's only one carronade in the whole place, and the roads would not bear an elephant. It was very wet when I went there." "Where?" "To the place where the Governor-General lives." "Call it Government House, then," rapped out Hastings: "and be careful how you speak of your betters." "I shall call it no such thing," retorted Charnock, thoroughly aroused. "It's a beggarly little wood-and-plaster hovel cut into the side of a hill." Then he resumed hastily, as if to prevent the others edging in a word:— "It was very wet and there were five or six little ponies standing in the porch, and five or six old men in black clothes with cloaks on, walking up and down a little verandah. Then they went into a dark dining-room and sat around a table and smiled. Then a little man in a velvet coat"<sup>11</sup> ("Ah,! That's something better," ejaculated Clive. "What were his ruffles and sword like? I used to — but never mind.") "You wouldn't have thought so if you'd seen him. 'Twasn't the sort of velvet coat you mean. He came in with a slip of blue paper and sat down. Then he mumbled something under his breath and the old men nodded. Then one of the old men read something under his breath from another blue slip, and they all nodded again. That was one law passed, or something of the sort. Then another old man read something else, and the little man in the velvet coat read something more. Then they played with a lot of papers and clean pens on the table, and this mumbling and paper shifting went on for ten minutes. Then they all got up and went out to their ponies in the wet and rode away. There were no *chobdars*, no palanquins, no *massalchies*, and no wines." Hastings contemplated the phenomenon in all its vastness for half a minute, then murmured with the intensest conviction: "They were all drunk beforehand. We used to do queer things at the Council now and then I remember when the new Madeira came in: but we never forgot what was due to our dignity. Say they were drunk, Job." Alas! Job could not say this. "They were all as sober as I am; and you know how *that* liquor — he pointed ruefully to the port-wine negus which never grew cold — "doesn't lead one to tell lies." "Then they must be mad. Did you catch what passed at that sitting?" "No; but I learnt what they have passed some months ago, and I think you must be right." Charnock summarised the leading features of a recent memorable bill<sup>12</sup> and returned to his hookah with the pride of a pyrotechnist in his latest display. But Job had not lit a squib merely.

It was a hand-grenade that he threw into the midst of his hearers. For a few minutes the "ticker" kept up its work gallantly, then fell hopelessly behind, and finally ceased altogether. When the outburst had subsided, Hastings was nervously fingering his bladeless sword-hilt, and Clive with his head on the table was weeping bitterly. "After all I did, too!" he sobbed. "After all I did for them. Good Heavens, Job, I built them the foundations of an empire that has no equal in all time; and they are throwing it away with both hands – with both hands, do you hear?" His voice rose almost to a scream, and his eyes wandered in deadly earnest this time, to the pistol that would never go off. But the futility of it all struck him in a moment, and with bowed head he sobbed more bitterly than before. Hastings, silent and chalk-white, was glaring at the door, when Macaulay entered book in hand. "What was it you said the other day, Mac," he asked, "the last time but one I put a bullet through you?" The great historian replied in a monotonous undertone, as of a wearied man reading from a book he knows all too well. "What the horn is to the buffalo."<sup>13</sup> "No! No" No! Not that, you idiot! The other thing! Something original I fancy. About monkeys!" "Visionaries from their closets and children with the mother's milk hardly dry upon their lips, ruling tigers and monkeys with the undigested theories of madmen and the wisdom of the nursery."<sup>14</sup> The sentence rolled *ore rotundo* from Macaulay's lips, and Clive, with his face hid in his hands, shuddered. Charnock could scarcely understand his emotion, for long residence in the Intermediate Institute had converted the living world, in Job's eyes, to an assemblage of unsubstantial shadows. Be it remembered that Clive and Hastings had never taken their *exeats*, and the world they had left was still strong in its influence upon them. Job was rather pleased than otherwise with the effect he had produced, for in his attic he met with slight consideration, as a rule, from the gentlemen on the ground floor. Macaulay repeated his sentence with the precision of a calculating machine, and would have recommenced a third time had not Hastings fiercely motioned him to be silent.

"Clive, my friend," whispered Hastings, laying a hand tenderly on the bowed figure. "It can't last long. Indeed it can't. Remember, they don't see as clearly as we do what it all means. There'll be time enough to put it all right some day; but it is hard, bitterly hard." The great Governor-General struggled with his emotions for a few seconds and broke down

as hopelessly as his comrade. Charnock turned his head from the one to the other in blind wonder and proceeded to pile on the agony. "There are plenty of people in England, and some in India, who say that my Khalighat and all the country that it stands in, from the big mountains in the north to Ceylon, is nothing but a burden and an expense, and the sooner it's got rid of the better. They are called the 'Perish India Party,' I think, and they speak and write a good deal." Charnock had accumulated a vast deal of knowledge in his week's *exeat*: but we must take into consideration the fact that he was a spirit and that his knowledge had been arranged for him like the lies he occasionally told within well-defined limits. For the next hour the founder of Calcutta, seeing that there was no one to interrupt him, poured out the wisdom he had gained in terse and not always grammatical sentences. Much may be said in an hour including a brief resumé of fifty years' political incident in India and in England as affecting India. Charnock, despite his dull, drawling undertone, spoke as neither man nor spirit has ever spoken before. He was free from party bias and forced in a great measure to speak the truth. And the bowed heads of two of the greatest men that the world has ever known bowed lower as they listened. From time to time Macaulay on the divan would get as far as "Visionaries from" – but Job went on ruthlessly. Evening was falling over the Intermediate Institute when he concluded with these words:– "And so they are educating them as fast as they can. Twenty years to a month. And they are swallowing it all like over-ripe bananas. But it can't last long, gentlemen. It can't last long."

Hastings sprang to his feet as the speaker ceased. "No, Job, it can't last long. Listen, Clive! Stand up and listen, man! What's that?"

Loud and clear above the innumerable murmurs of the imprisoned spirits of the Intermediate Institute reverberated the clang of a bell huger than any human foundries have ever cast. "*One.*"

Then, after an interval, another thunderous stroke drowned the rising confusion. Every soul in the Institute was alert and expectant, each hoping that the summons was for him. The Governor-General clasped hands. "It is for us, and the hour *has* come."

Then for the first time since the spirit of Machiavelli, shorn and clipped indeed of many of its splendid powers, passed away to become the abiding scourge of England for half a century and to rule her for her ruin – the "ticker" ran back on itself with the whirr of released clockwork;

and the room was empty of its occupants. Charnock removed the emerald studded hookahs to his own attic with a grunt of satisfaction, and Macaulay finished his often interrupted sentence alone.

Transmigration may or may not be a fiction.

At half-past seven that evening the wife of a struggling doctor in sleepy Arundel, infinite millions of leagues away, was cooing in her new found happiness over her first babe; and there was joy in far off Denver when it was made public that the "Jedge's" wife had presented him with as "fine a boy, Sir, as ever gummed a *coral*."

Yet the world spun no wit the less steadily on its axis because five decades hence the two great Anglo-Saxon nations should be welded together by the genius and statesmanship of Clive and Hastings into one vast empire, and that the united flag should wave from the Azores to the Golden Horn, and from Behring's Straits to Tasmania.

<sup>1</sup> *The Tempest*, IV.1.

<sup>2</sup> 'Warren Hastings', *Edinburgh Review*, October 1841.

<sup>3</sup> Nuncomar, a high Indian official and an enemy of Hastings, was hanged in 1775; Hastings was accused of having rigged the case against him but the accusation is no longer accepted.

<sup>4</sup> Moorshedeabad was the capital of Surajah Dowlah, Nawab of Bengal; he was defeated by Clive at the battle of Plassey. Before that, as part of a conspiracy against Surajah Dowlah, Clive had duped one of his untrustworthy agents, who threatened to betray the conspiracy. Clive deceived the agent by two treaties, one genuine, one false, including a forged signature.

<sup>5</sup> Weird: in the old sense of 'fate', 'destiny'.

<sup>6</sup> One of the villages from which Kolkata (Calcutta) grew.

<sup>7</sup> The rule of the East India Company came to an end in 1858 following the Mutiny of 1857.

<sup>8</sup> Charnock married a Hindu widow in 1664.

<sup>9</sup> A town in southern India.

<sup>10</sup> Hastings fought a duel in India with Sir Philip Francis, his opponent on the Supreme Council of India.

<sup>11</sup> Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy.

<sup>12</sup> Identified as the Ilbert Bill by RK in a cutting of the article that he lightly annotated and sent to W. C. Crofts, his classics master; the cutting is now at Syracuse University. The Ilbert Bill was a measure proposed in Lord Ripon's time as Viceroy allowing native judges to try British subjects. It provoked a fierce opposition and was passed only in a much diluted form.

<sup>13</sup> From Macaulay's essay on Hastings: 'What the horns are to the buffalo ... deceit is to the Bengalee'.

<sup>14</sup> I do not find this sentence in Macaulay, whose style is not so extravagant: RK's invention?

## De Profundis (A Study in a Sick Room.)



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**Notes:** Written in Simla, where RK spent three months in 1885, in good health. But he was soon to return to Lahore and to renewed bouts of fever.

Reprinted in *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches*.



A brisk canter in May on a pulling horse; violent perspiration, followed by twenty minutes' lounge at the public gardens, where the flooded tennis courts reek like so many witches' cauldrons and the Enemy is upon you. Neither Mrs. Lollipop's *banalities*, the maturer charms of the Colonel's wife, nor the fascinations of a gin and tonic at the peg table will keep him at bay. With the dreary foreknowledge, born of many previous experiences, you shall recognize that for the next twelve hours at least, you are "in for it;" and shall communicate the fact with a sickly smile to your friends. The instinct of the stricken wild beast for rest and retirement drives you to your bachelor quarters. Man's wisdom recommends quinine and an early retreat bedward. Your pony, finding that you sit much after the fashion of a sack of flour, and are to be dislodged at any moment, mercifully forbears putting his knowledge to practical use, and walks home in the twilight soberly. He is stepping, you can swear, on wool; the reins thickening and lengthening in the most marvellous manner throughout the journey. Finally four ponderous hawsers control a huge head twenty feet away, and there is no end to the white line of the mall. It runs straight as an arrow into the sunset, whence hot breezes, bearing on their wings the choking savour of a hundred brick kilns, fly out to meet and buffet you in the saddle. A grey backed, red bellied cloud closes the vista; and as you gaze, you are conscious of a feeling of irritation. Somehow or other it has got into your head and

lies like a red-hot bar just below your hat-brim. Decidedly tonight's experiences will be lively.

The stifling breezes have turned to marrow-freezing as the pony stops at your door. One last test remains – though you yourself know that it will only render your certainty more assured. If the gorge rises at a tea-ripened, vanilla-scented “super,” if the mind turn with loathing from a well-loved consolation, then indeed lie down and wait with what patience you may for the morning. Alas! nerveless fingers drop the match ere it is well alight. One half – nay one quarter puff, is sufficient to convert you, for the time being, to the views of King James of blessed memory.<sup>1</sup> “*Bearer, Sherry sharab quinine ke botal lao! Khana ne chahseay.*”<sup>2</sup> Kurim Buksh guessed as much from your face when you half tumbled, half slid off the pony three minutes ago, and has already communicated the joyful news to his familiars. The Sahib is *bokhar*, and there will be an evening party in the servants' quarters to-night. Meantime his countenance expresses nothing save dumb grief. He pours out the wineglassful of sherry, and departs with the decanter – to be seen no more. As you have not ordered the lamps, or given any express instructions about iced water being placed by your bedside, he has not thought fit to perform either of these offices himself. The fever has you bound hand and foot for the night; and your voice, even at its most powerful pitch, will be far too weak an hour hence to disturb the revellers in the *serai*. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good!

The great red cloud has faded out behind the *ferashes*, the moon looks down through the dusty heat haze, and the cicalas are hard at work outside. *Crick! crick! crick! crick!* in the silence of the evening; and some miserable ragamuffin returning from the bazaar joins his notes to theirs. Every howl, chuckle and quaver echoes and re-echoes in your head like whispers in the gallery of St. Paul's. Have patience, for, as you yourself well know, your torments are but beginning. When those thirty grains of quinine shall have effected a lodgment in the sick brain, and wrestle with the phantoms there, the play will be at its height. At present you are merely hot and cold by turns; the moods varying so rapidly that you dare not regulate the punkah by them. Scarcely has the *zor se kencho*<sup>3</sup> left your lips, than the burning wave has rolled by, and your teeth are chattering like castanets. If you told the coolie to *chor do* now, he would probably curl up to slumber, and be beyond your reach before the cold