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## KIPLING IN INDIA.

REMINISCENCES BY THE EDITOR OF THE NEWSPAPER ON WHICH  
KIPLING SERVED AT LAHORE.

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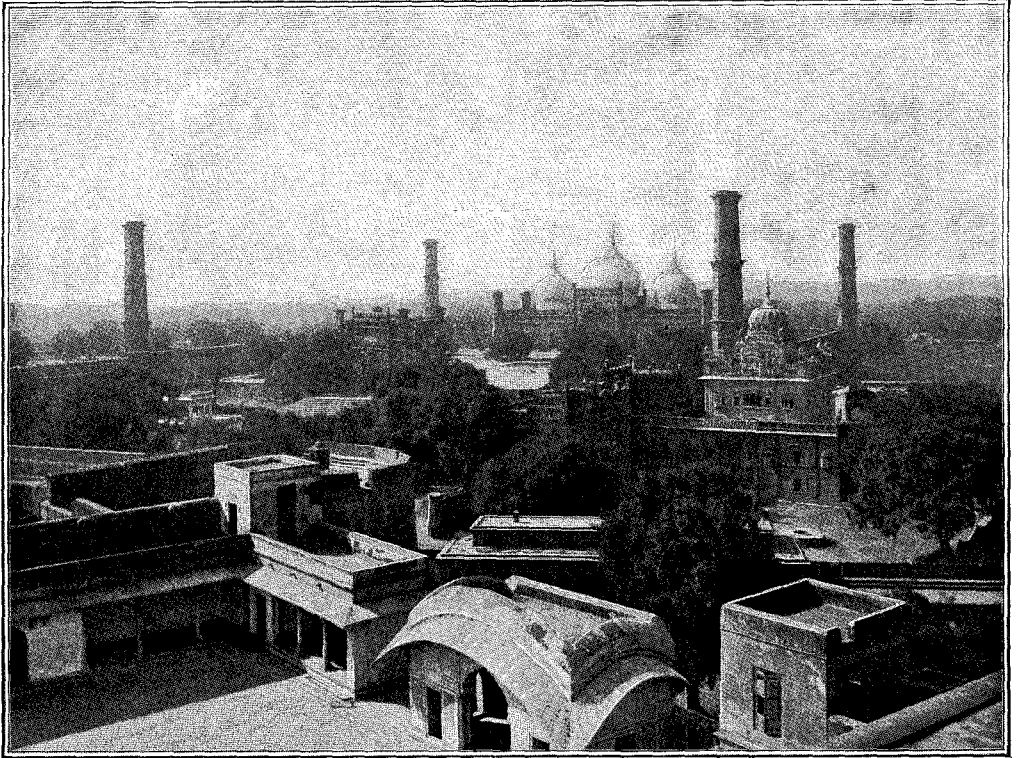
ALTHOUGH my official relations with Kipling did not commence till the autumn of 1886, our acquaintance on paper opened almost immediately after my arrival in India in January, 1885. I had written some dog-Latin verses in the "Pioneer" of Allahabad, to which paper I had gone out as assistant editor, and signed them with my initials "K. R.," being unaware that Kipling, who was assistant editor of the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore, was in the habit of sending verses to the "Pioneer," signed "R. K."

I was unaware, indeed, of Kipling's existence, until I received a courteous letter from him, saying that he had been undeservedly complimented (!) upon the Latin verses, which, owing to the similarity of our initials, were being attributed to him. I looked up the files of the paper for some of his work, and after reading it appreciated the honor done to my verses in the mistake.

The next incident which brought us into correspondence might also have annoyed a writer without Kipling's modesty and good temper. He had been commissioned to

write a Christmas poem for the "Pioneer," and he sent a copy of verses. They were harmonious, but instead of reflecting the traditional spirit of Yule-tide, they satirized the incongruity of Christmas festivity in India, in the midst of an alien, heathen, and poverty-stricken people. The poem was altogether so "unchristmassy" that it would have been rejected had it not passed through my hands in the "Pioneer" office. I wrote a parody of it, verse by verse, taking the same dolorous view of Christmas in London as Kipling had taken of Christmas in India; and, whereas he had suggested that only our brethren in England, with their holly and mistletoe, could really enjoy Christmas, I implied that India, with its blue skies and bright sunshine, was the place where the festive season might actually be worth enjoying. The two poems were published side by side as "Dyspeptic Views of Christmas," signed respectively "R. K." and "K. R." Instead of being irritated by this perversion of the sentiment he had intended seriously, Kipling wrote me a letter of thanks.

Shortly afterwards I obtained a month's leave, and visited, among other places, Lahore, where I made the acquaintance of the Kipling family. A more charming circle it would be hard to find. John Lockwood Kipling, the father, a rare, genial soul, with happy artistic instincts, a polished literary style, and a generous, cynical sense of humor, was, without exception, the most delightful companion I had ever met. Mrs. Kipling, the mother, preserved all the graces of youth, and had



A VIEW OF LAHORE FROM THE PALACE IN THE FORT.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

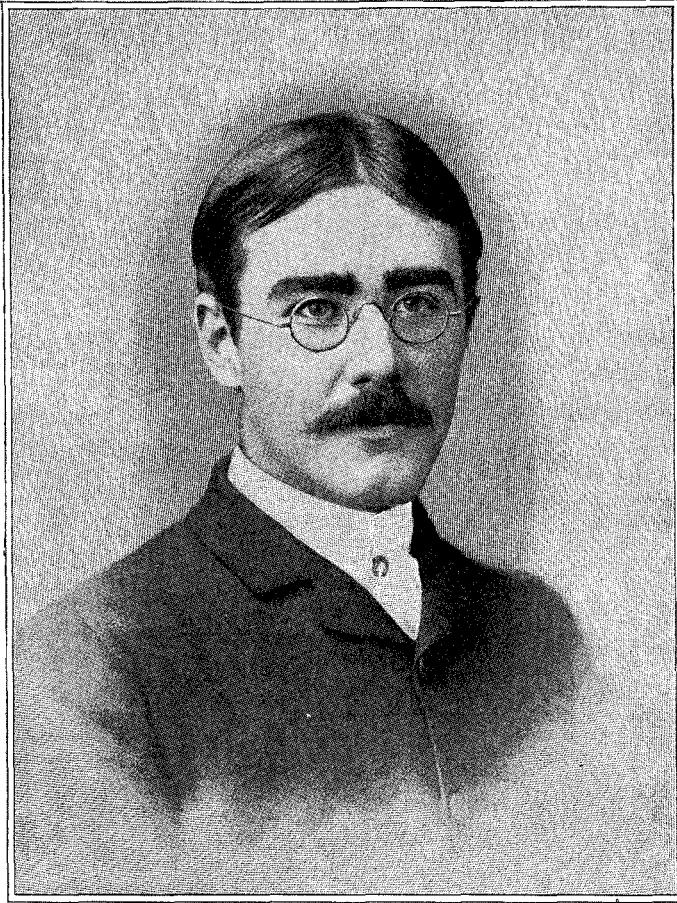
a sprightly, if occasionally caustic wit, which made her society always desirable. Miss Kipling, the sister, now Mrs. Fleming, inherits all her mother's vivacity and possesses a rare literary memory. I believe that there is not a single line in any play of Shakespeare's which she cannot quote. She has a statuesque beauty, and in repose her face is marvellously like that of Mary Anderson. With Kipling himself, I was disappointed at first. At the time of which I am writing, early in 1886, his face had not acquired the character of manhood, and contrasted somewhat unpleasantly with his stoop (acquired through much bending over an office table), his heavy eyebrows, his spectacles, and his sallow Anglo-Indian complexion; while his jerky speech and abrupt movements added to the unfavorable impression. But his conversation was brilliant, and his sterling character gleamed through the humorous light which shone behind his spectacles, and in ten minutes he fell into his natural place as the most striking member of a remarkably clever and charming family. It was a domestic quartette. They had combined, by the way, in the previous year, to produce "The Quartette," a Christmas publication of unusual ability;

and each of the four had individually attained to almost as much literary fame as can be won in India.

It was inevitable that such a family, placed in such surroundings, should yield an atmosphere of domestic approval warm enough to be liable to encourage eccentric growth in Kipling's budding genius. He was compelled, however, to work daily in a newspaper office, under a man who appreciated his talent very little, and kept him employed on work for the most part utterly uncongenial; and this may have acted as a salutary antidote. Nevertheless, it is almost pathetic to look through the "Civil and Military Gazette" of that time and note where Kipling's bright humor only flashed out in the introductory lines to summaries of government reports, dry semi-political notes, and the side-headings of scissors-and-paste paragraphs. This, however, was the maximum of literary display usually allowed to him; and it seemed such waste of genius that I strongly urged him to go to England, where he would win real fame, and possibly wealth, instead of the few hundred depreciated rupees per month which are the guerdon of Anglo-Indian journalism. To all such suggestions he always returned the

answer that when he *knew* he could do good work, it would be time for him to strive for a place in the English world of letters, and that, in any case, the proprietors of the "Civil and Military Gazette" had taken him on trust, a boy fresh from school, and he would serve them loyally, like Jacob in the Bible, for his full seven years. Whether he gained or lost thereby in the long run I do not know; but that I personally gained

dressed to the other doubtless seems curious. But, as I have said above, Kipling had been discouraged from "sparkling." My predecessor in the editorship of the "Civil and Military Gazette" had done his best to make a sound second-rate journalist out of the youngster by keeping his nose at the grindstone of proof-reading, scissors-and-paste work, and the boiling down of government Blue Books into summaries for publica-



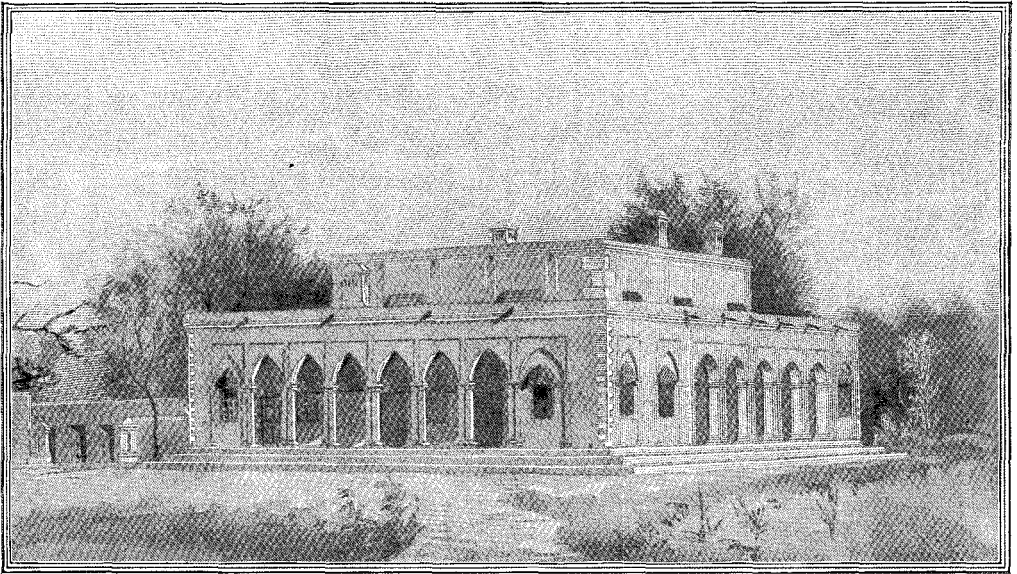
RUDYARD KIPLING AT ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

From an unpublished photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, Simla. Owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's father.

is certain, for to Kipling's refusal to leave India was due the fact that when I subsequently arrived at Lahore to take over the editorship of the "Civil and Military Gazette" I found him still there as assistant.

I also found a letter awaiting me from the chief proprietor, in which he expressed the hope that I would be able to "put some sparkle into the paper." When the staff of a journal consists of two men only, one of whom is Kipling, such an exhortation ad-

tion. But Kipling had the buoyancy of a cork, and, after his long office work, had still found spare energy to write those charming sketches and poems which in "Soldiers Three" and the "Departmental Ditties" gave him such fame as can be won in the narrow world of Anglo-India. The privilege which he most valued at this time was the permission to send such things as his editor refused for the "Civil and Military Gazette" to other papers for publica-



THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE KIPLINGS AT LAHORE.

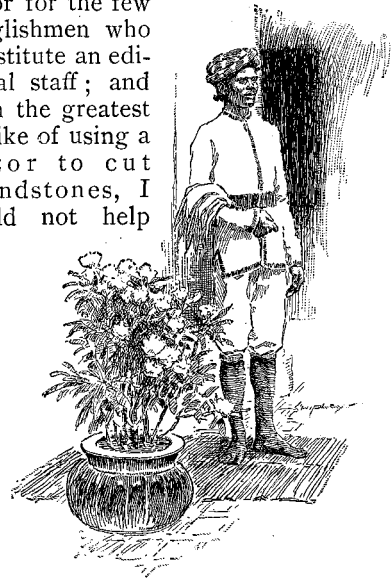
From a drawing by Baga Ram. Owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling.

tion. These papers used to publish and pay for them gladly, and the compliments and encouragement with which more sympathetic critics treated his work, partly consoled him for the efforts made in his own office to curtail his exuberant literature.

Whatever may have been the reason for the repression to which Kipling had been subjected before my arrival at Lahore, the fact explains why I, instead of he, should have been asked to put some "sparkle" into the paper. I read the letter to him, and we agreed that champagne had more of the desired quality than anything else we could think of; and as the "Sind and Punjab Hotel" happened to be opposite our office, I sent over for a bottle, and we inaugurated our first day's work together by drinking to the successful sparkle of "the rag" under its new management. Among many cherished scraps of paper lost in a despatch box which was stolen from me in Italy, that land of thieves, on my way back from India, was a drawing in red ink, perpetrated partly by Kipling and partly by myself, of this initiatory symposium. I knew that Kipling was predestined to fame, and I kept this sketch as the first result of our collaboration. It represented our two selves seated at the office table, with champagne bottle and glasses, and was headed "Putting Some Sparkle Into It." There were several fox-terriers (of sorts) in the picture—Kipling's "Vic," "Joe," my property, and "Buz," a delightful performing terrier, belonging to somebody else, that

had attached itself to us and our dogs, and used to come to office every morning, after gnawing through the rope with which its master's dog-keeper endeavored to prevent its straying. Kipling was absurdly devoted to "Vic," and she appears and reappears, often under her own name, in many of his stories. She was a dog with many human points, and an entertaining companion. Her breed too was reputed excellent, but she looked wonderfully like a nice clean suckling pig.

Journalism in India is uncommonly hard labor for the few Englishmen who constitute an editorial staff; and with the greatest dislike of using a razor to cut grindstones, I could not help



AN INDIAN FOOTMAN.

burdening Kipling with a good deal of daily drudgery. My experience of him as a newspaper hack suggests, however, that if you want to find a man who will cheerfully do the office work of three men, you should catch a young genius. Like a blood horse between the shafts of a coal wagon, he may go near to bursting his heart in the effort, but he'll drag that wagon along as it ought to go. The amount of "stuff" that Kipling got through in the day was indeed wonderful; and though I had more or less satisfactory assistants after he left, and the staff grew with the paper's prosperity, I am

times in the morning I had to shout to him to "stand off;" otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a *full* pen in his hand—flying over me. Driving or sometimes walking home to breakfast in his light attire plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object. This was in the hot weather, when Lahore lay blistering month after month under the sun,



A ROOM IN THE KIPLING HOUSE AT LAHORE.

From a photograph owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling.

sure that more solid work was done in that office when Kipling and I worked together than ever before or after.

There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention; namely, the amount of ink he used to throw about. In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly. When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen

and every white woman and half of the white men had fled to cooler altitudes in the Himalayas, and only those men were left who, like Kipling and myself, *had* to stay. So it mattered little in what costume we went to and from the office. In the winter, when "society" had returned to Lahore, Kipling was rather scrupulous in the matter of dress, but his lavishness in the matter of ink changed not with the seasons.

He was always the best of good company, bubbling over with delightful humor, which found vent in every detail of our day's work together; and the chance visitor to the editor's office must often have carried away very erroneous notions of the amount of

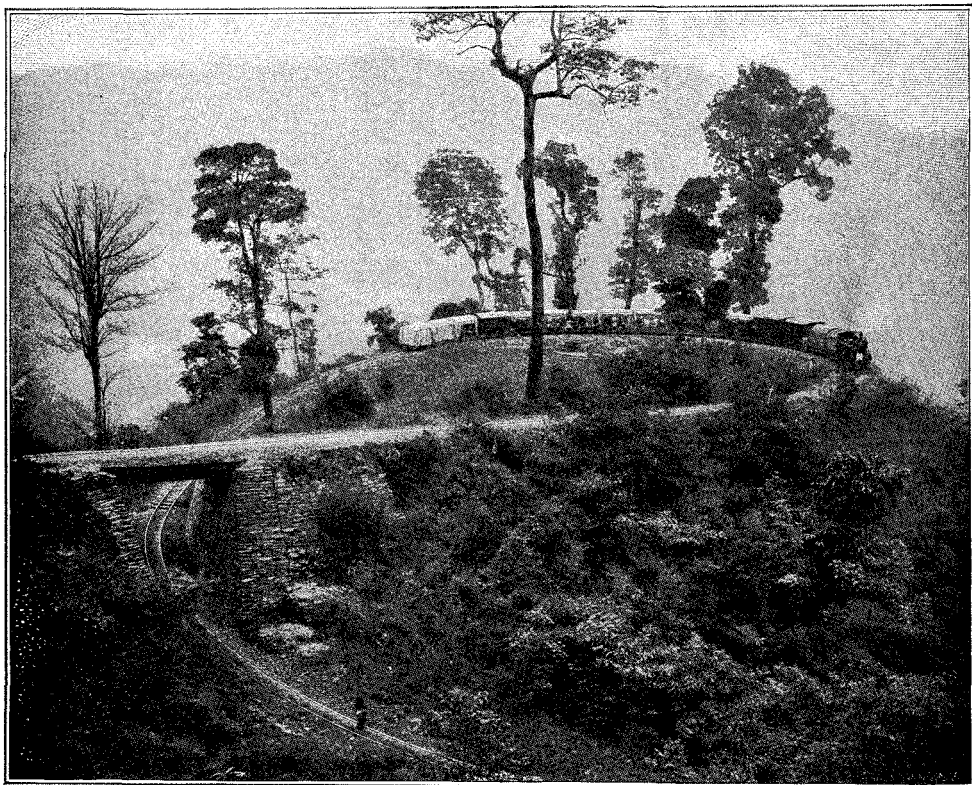
work which was being done when he found us in the fits of laughter that usually accompanied our consultations about the make-up of the paper. This is my chief recollection of Kipling as assistant and companion. And I would place sensitiveness as his second characteristic. Although a master of repartee, for instance, he dreaded dining at the club, where there was one resident member who disliked him and was always endeavoring to snub him. Kipling's retorts invariably turned the tables on his assailant and set us all in a roar; and, beside this, Kipling was popular in the club, while the other was not. Under such circumstances, an ordinary man would have courted the combat and enjoyed provoking his clumsy opponent. But the man's animosity hurt Kipling, and I knew that he often, to avoid the ordeal, dined in solitude at home when he would infinitely have preferred dining with me at the club.

For a mind thus highly strung the plains of India in the hot weather make a bad abiding-place; and many of Kipling's occasional verses and passages in the Indian stories tell us how deep he drank at times of the bitterness of the dry cup that rises to the lips of the Englishman in India in the scorching heat of the sleepless Indian night. In the dregs of that cup lies madness; and the keener the intellect, and the more tense the sensibilities, the greater the danger. I suffered little in the hot weather, day or night; and yet Kipling, who suffered much at times, willingly went through trials in pursuit of his art which nothing would have induced me to undergo. His "City of Dreadful Night" was no fancy sketch, but a picture burned into his brain during the suffocating night-hours that he spent exploring the reeking dens of opium and vice in the worst quarters of the native city of Lahore; while his "City of Two Creeds" was another picture of Lahore from the life—and the death—when he watched Muslim and Hindu spending the midnight hours in mutual butchery.

While possessing a marvellous faculty for assimilating local color without apparent effort, Kipling neglected no chance and spared no labor in acquiring experience that might serve a literary purpose. Of the various races of India, whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details respecting habits, language, and distinctive ways of thought. I remember well one long-limbed Pathan, indescribably filthy, but with magnificent mien and features—Mahbub Ali, I think, was his name—who regarded

Kipling as a man apart from all other "Sahibs." After each of his wanderings across the unexplored fringes of Afghanistan, where his restless spirit of adventure led him, Mahbub Ali always used to turn up travel-stained, dirtier and more majestic than ever, for confidential colloquy with "Kuppeleen Sahib," his "friend;" and I more than fancy that to Mahbub Ali, Kipling owed the wonderful local color which he was able to put into the story of "The Man who Would be King."

And Mahbub Ali, peace to his ashes, was only one link in the strange chain of associations that Kipling riveted round himself in India. No half-note in the wide gamut of native ideas and custom was unfamiliar to him: just as he had left no phase of white life in India unexplored. He knew the undercurrent of the soldiers' thoughts, in the whitewashed barracks on the sun-burnt plain of Mian Mir, better than sergeant or chaplain. No father confessor penetrated more deeply into the thoughts of fair but frail humanity than Kipling, when the frivolous society of Anglo-India formed the object of his inquiries. The "railway folk," that queer colony of white, half white and three-quarters black, which remains an uncared-for and discreditable excrescence upon British rule in India, seemed to have unburdened their souls to Kipling of all their grievances, their poor pride, and their hopes. Some of the best of Kipling's work is drawn from the lives of these people; although to the ordinary Anglo-Indian, whose social caste restrictions are almost more inexorable than those of the Hindu whom he affects to despise on that account, they are as a sealed book. Sometimes, taking a higher flight, Kipling has made Vice-roys and Commanders-in-Chief, Members of Council and Secretaries to Government his theme, and the flashes of light that he has thrown upon the inner workings of the machinery of government in India have been recognized as too truly colored to be intuitive or aught but the light of knowledge reflected from the actual facts. No writer, for instance, could have excited, as Kipling did, Lord Dufferin's curiosity as to how the inmost councils of the State had thus been photographed, without having somehow or other caught a glimpse of things as they were for at least one moment. It is this which is the strongest attribute of Kipling's mind: that it photographs, as it were, every detail of passing scenes that can have any future utility for literary reference or allusion. He was able, however he might be engaged, to make mental excursions of



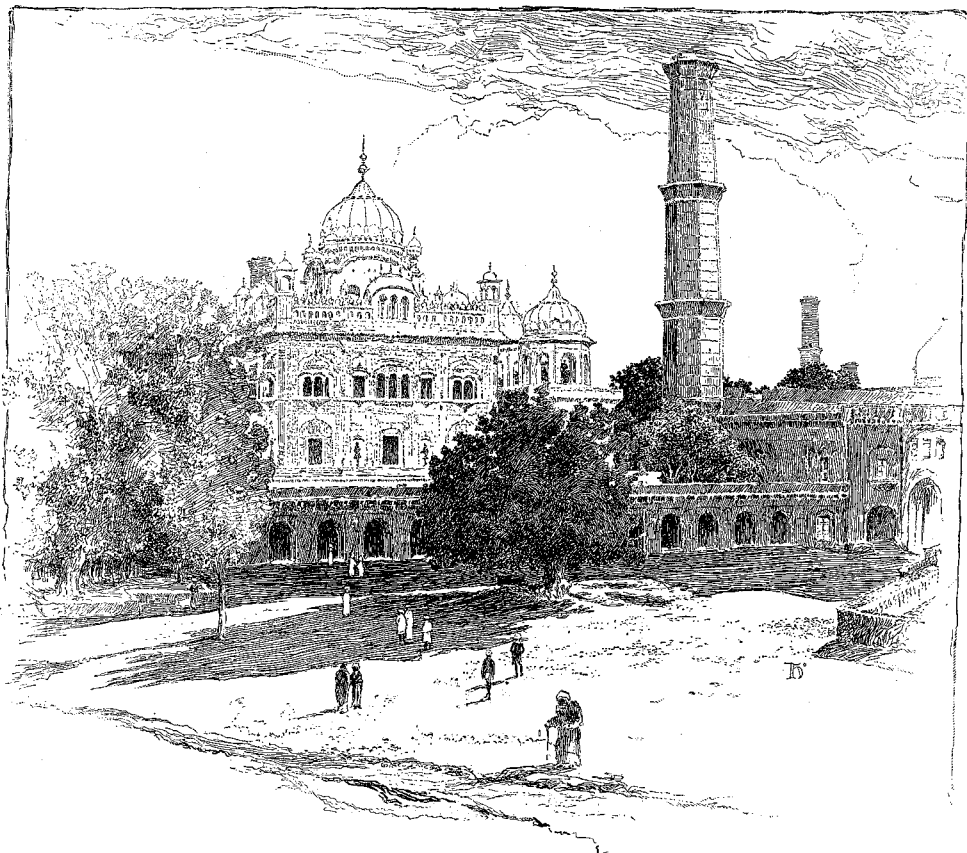
A LOOP IN THE DARJEELING RAILWAY, IN THE HIMALAYAS.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

various kinds while still pursuing the even tenor of the business in hand.

In sporting matters, for instance, I suppose nothing is more difficult than for a man who is no "sportsman"—in the exclusive sense of the men who carry the scent of the stables and the sawdust of the ring with them wherever they go—to speak to these in their own language, along their own lines of thought. Of a novelist who writes a good sporting story, it is considered praise to say that "none but a real sportsman could have written it." But Kipling was no sportsman and an indifferent horseman; yet his sporting verses always took the sporting world in India (where sport takes precedence of almost every other form of human activity) by storm. I recollect in particular one case, in which a British cavalry regiment, once famous in the annals of sport and quartered at Umballa, formerly renowned as the headquarters of military steeple-chasing in India, published an advertisement of their steeple-chases and, to attract number rather than quality of entries, stated that the fences were "well sloped" and "littered on the landing side," or something to that effect.

Now, if Kipling had ridden a steeple-chase then, I imagine the odds would have been against his and the horse's arriving at the winning post together. In India he could only have seen a few second-class steeple-chases in the way that the ordinary spectator sees them. But he wrote a poem upon this advertisement, reminding the regiment of what they had been, and of what Umballa had once been, in sport, and filled with such technicalities of racing and stable jargon that old steeple-chasers went humming it all over every station in upper India and swearing that it was the best thing ever written in English. It was a bitter satire on the degeneracy in sport of the cavalry officers who "sloped" and "littered" their fences to make the course easy and safe. To the non-sporting reader the technical words gave good local color, and might or might not have been rightly used. But what impressed me was that a sporting "Vet," who had lived in the pigskin almost all his life, should have gone wandering about the Lahore Club asking people, "Where does the youngster pick it all up?" As for the bitterness of the satire, it is enough to say that, many years after, an officer of the regiment,



LAHORE: TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, SIKH RULER OF THE COUNTRY, WITH THE GREAT MOSQUE, ERECTED BY THE MOGUL EMPEROR AURUNGZEBE, IN THE BACKGROUND.

Drawn from a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

finding the verses in the scrap-book of a friend in whose house he was staying, apologized for the necessity of tearing the page out and burning it.

It was to Kipling's powers of satire, indeed, that his early fame in India was mainly due. The poems that made up his "Departmental Ditties" were personal and topical in their origin, and gained tenfold in force for readers who could supply the names and places. There have been Davids and Uriahs in all ages and countries; and the poem "Jack Barrett Went to Quetta" may be taken as applicable to all. But those who had known the real "Jack Barrett," good fellow that he was, and the vile superior and faithless wife who sent him "on duty" to his death, felt the heat of the spirit which inspired Kipling's verse in a way that gave those few lines an imperishable force. "Jack Barrett" was the type of Kipling's most successful earlier verse. His short stories of frivolous Anglo-Indian society are equally true to life. The light-hearted, or rather heartless, *amours* of Simla

must have been witnessed at close range if one would thoroughly appreciate Kipling's picturesque travesties of the wiles and the wooings of Mrs. Hauksbee and the rest. Every one in Northern India knew who these ladies were; and the knowledge gave a particular interest to the "Plain Tales from the Hills." As an instance of Simla "local color," I might note the one phrase of "black-and-yellow wasps." All wasps are black and yellow—at least all English wasps are—but those who knew Simla when Kipling wrote of it would recollect that *the* social "wasp" of Simla society, the original "Mrs. Hauksbee," in fact, used to be conspicuous at the dances at Viceregal Lodge for the magnificent costumes of black and yellow with which she draped her slim-waisted figure.

Kipling took life as it came, generally with merriment; and every evening during the "season," dressed as to gloves etc. with rather scrupulous care for India, where considerable latitude in social costume prevails, he might have been seen, mounted on a



swish-tailed chestnut Arab—with which he never established fully confidential relations—trotting along the “Mall,” as the chief road in up-country Indian stations is called, to the “Hall,” where “society” gathered.

One day when we were dressing in the morning, I heard Kipling shouting and went into his room. His face was pale with horror, and he was tightly clasping one leg above the knee. “There’s a snake,” he gasped, “inside my trousers, and I think I’ve got him by the head. Put your hand up from below and drag him out.” I observed that Kipling only “thought” he had it by the head, and that its head might really be at the other end, in which case—but, before I had finished, I saw the horror in his face relax and give place to a puzzled look, succeeded by fits of laughter. Endeavoring to ascertain by the sense of touch whether it was the head he was grasping, he discovered that it did not really feel like any part of a snake at all. In fact it had a buckle; and he realized that his braces had been dangling inside the garment when he put it on! But the danger

of snakes in Lahore was real enough, and the place was rich in scorpions. I had been stung by a scorpion in bed one morning, and Kipling aided me in the afternoon in a scorpion hunt. We found twenty-six under the matting in the veranda outside my bedroom door, besides a few centipedes; and we put the lot into a large tumbler and filled it up with whiskey. Wasps may also be almost classed among the dangers of Anglo-Indian life in the Punjab. Fatal results occasionally result from their stings, and they swarm everywhere; so Kipling and I waged war upon the wasps which studded the “farash” trees outside the house with their untidy nests. Other of our researches into natural history concerned “Obadiah,” a tame crow which we had picked up in a crippled condition in the road. He became our “Office Crow,” and we had just determined to open a column in the paper for “Caws by the Office Crow,” upon politics and things in general, when Kipling was translated from Lahore to Allahabad, and left me to become assistant editor of the “Pioneer.”

For the latter paper he undertook a tour



THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.



THE NATIVE FORTRESS OF JHANSI, CENTRAL INDIA, WITH A TROOP OF BRITISH ARTILLERY DRILLING BEFORE IT.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

of the native states of India, and wrote a series of humorous letters under the heading "Letters of Marque," republished (without Kipling's consent) in volume form. Several incidents in his travels in some of the native states showed that he possessed considerable resource and physical courage: a fact which was not new to me, for in the course of his duties as assistant editor at Lahore, he once had to engage in bodily combat with an irate and inebriated photographer who invaded the office, and, in spite of the superior bulk of his enemy, Kipling emerged from the struggle triumphant. On another occasion I recollect a convivial party of about a dozen men about to separate in the small hours of the morning, when some one suggested "drawing" Kipling, whose house was close by. They proceeded thither, and stealthily entered Kipling's sleeping-room. As a rule, when a man is thus favored by a surprise visit from a party of his friends in the dead of night, he is at first alarmed, and afterwards effusively friendly. But Kipling was out of his bed in an instant, and before the foremost of the intruders had mastered the geography of the room in the dark, he felt the cold barrel of a revolver at his temple. This led

to explanations, and as the party filed out of the house again, it did not seem as if the laugh had been on their side.

Having, to my own great delight, "discovered" Kipling (though his name was already a household word throughout India) in 1886, I thought that the literary world at home should share my pleasure. He was just then publishing his first little book in India; but the "Departmental Ditties" were good enough, as I thought at the time, and as afterwards turned out, to give him a place among English writers of the day. So I obtained eight copies, and distributed them, with recommendatory letters, among the editors of English journals of light and leading. So far as I could ascertain, not a single one of those papers condescended to say a word about the unpretentious little volume. It had not come, I suppose, through "the proper channel," *i.e.*, from the advertising publisher.

Some years later Kipling launched himself in England with several volumes, including a new edition of "Departmental Ditties," ready for the advertising publisher. Then the advertising publisher discovered his value, and sent his books to the literary journals; the literary journals dis-

covered his merit, and recommended him to the British public, and the British public hastened to buy his works. Out of sight of the English press, Kipling had worked like a grub of genius, in a remote corner of the Indian Empire, spinning a golden web out of which only stray strands floated ownerless now and then into the side-columns of English papers. Without in any way destroying their English copyright value, he had been able in India to publish and revise and republish his work with the aid of the criticism of the most cultured audience to which an English writer can appeal. In Anglo-India there are no uneducated readers, for ninety-nine per cent. of the men out there have passed difficult competitive examinations to get there. When he left India I often offered to bet with men out there who dissented from my estimate of his power, any amount they liked to name within my means, that before a year had passed he would be one of the most famous writers in England. None of them dissented to the extent of taking my bet, and the result justified their caution.

When I knew Kipling in India he was bubbling over with poetry, which his hard day's office work gave him no time to write. The efforts of the native police-band in the public gardens at Lahore to discourse English music to a sparse gathering of native nurses and infants would awaken, as we passed, some rhythm with accompanying words in his mind, and he would be obviously ill at ease because he could not get within reach of pen and ink. Whether Kipling would ever have been much of a musician, I cannot say; but I know that all the poems he wrote during the years we worked together—many of the "Departmental Ditties," for instance—were written not only *to* music, but *as* music. I have before me now one of Kipling's poems of the "Departmental Ditty" order which was never published. One of India's "little wars" was in progress, and our special correspondent had telegraphed that, on account of our newspaper's comments on the composition of the General's staff, he had been boycotted by the General's orders. "Here," said I, handing the telegram to Kipling, "is a subject for a nice little set of verses."

Kipling read the telegram, thought a moment; then said: "I have it. How would this do—'Rum tididy um ti tum ti tum, Tra la la ti tum ti tum'?" (or words to that effect) hummed in notes that suggested a solo on the bugle. I was quite accustomed to having verses in their inception stage submitted in this shape for editorial

approval; so I said that the poem sounded excellent, and returned to my work. In twenty minutes Kipling came to me with the verses, which commenced:

"General Sir Arthur Victorius Jones,  
Great is vermilion splashed with gold."

They were pointed and scathing; but, as I have said, were never published, subsequent telegrams showing that our correspondent had been mistaken. Kipling always conceived his verses in that way—as a tune, often a remarkably musical and, to me, novel tune. He will always do so, I fancy; because, only the other day in Vermont, I heard him read, or rather intone, some of his unpublished Barrack-room Ballads to original tunes, which were infinitely preferable to the commonplace melodies to which his published ballads have been unworthily set—with the exception, perhaps, of "Mandalay." When he had got a tune into his head, the words and rhyme came as readily as when a singer vamps his own banjo accompaniment.

On the principle that scarcity enhances the value of every commodity, and that men value most what they cannot get, almost all Englishmen in India, where English ladies are comparatively few, become what are called "ladies' men," and Kipling was never without friends of the other sex. Intellectual women, who are proportionately numerous in India, were especially fond of his society; and the witty wife of a gallant colonel still frequently boasts at Simla that the dedication of Kipling's first work, "To the Wittiest Woman in India," applies to her. General opinion, however, holds that Kipling intended the phrase for his mother, and, indeed, it might have been worse applied. Another charming woman friend of Kipling's, who is now dead, but while living was especially proud of the confidence implied in the occasional submission of his manuscript for her approval, was the wife of an Anglo-Indian novelist and verse writer, now coming into English repute. And much of his keen insight into the working of the feminine mind was due to the acquaintance of these and other ladies, as well as to his home influence.

When Kipling first left India he kept up some sort of connection with me and the "Civil and Military Gazette" by writing occasional sketches for us. The pay he got for these was so small in proportion to the money he could make in England that I accepted them as tokens of friendship, which indeed they were, for me and "the rag."



LONGFELLOW IN 1832. AGE 25.  
From a miniature. Redrawn by Francis Day.

## PO\*TRAITS OF LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882. He disclosed a passion for books in his earliest boyhood, and composed verses at thirteen. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, and in 1829 became professor of modern languages there, having spent most of the interval in Europe. He paid a second visit to Europe in 1835 and 1836, and on his return assumed a professorship in Harvard College, which he held until 1854. He published his first book in 1835. It was

“*Outre Mer*,” a collection of travel sketches previously published in the “*New England Magazine*.” He wrote largely all the time for the periodicals, but he did not publish another book until 1839, when his prose romance “*Hyperion*” appeared. A little later in the same year he issued his first book of poems, “*Voices of the Night*.” Other volumes followed at intervals of one or two years until his death. “*Evangeline*” was published in 1847; “*Hiawatha*” in 1855; “*The Courtship of Miles Standish*” in 1858; “*Tales of a Wayside Inn*,” in 1863; the translation of Dante in 1867–1870; and “*New England Tragedies*” in 1868.