

recent terms such as *toxic masculinity* and *carnophallogocentrism*ⁱ remind us that for many the death drive's male gender can be simply taken for granted, perhaps explained in terms of the amounts of testosterone and oxytocin in the blood (Leonard). For example, Adler, who advanced the idea of the death instinct before Freud, focuses on the child's penis imagined in play as a weapon symbolized by spears, arrows, bullets, etc. When the child is grown, this aggression is used to force the female into intercourse but also becomes his '*masculine protest*' against feelings of inferiority, driving sibling rivalry and attention-getting behavior in the family.

Yet *toxic masculinity* is clearly a gross oversimplification. Male vs. female is another binary that, like man vs. animal, helps us ignore everything between exclusively male and exclusively female and fail to recognize the interdependency of each pole on the other, the simultaneous presence of both, and/or a whole that is greater than both.

Females score almost as high as males on the "Sadistic Impulse Scale" now used in research on abuse of animalsⁱⁱ, and various studies show that from 25% to 36% of abusers are femaleⁱⁱⁱ]. Admittedly, "Women are much less likely to abuse animals than men are. When they do, it's most likely to happen through neglect than physical violence. However, when females *do* deliberately hurt animals, they can be just as cruel and as calculating as men...female animal abusers scored significantly higher on several measures of criminal thinking, were found to be more likely to bully, and exhibited lower scores on measures of perspective taking and empathy compared to female controls"^{iv} In fact Research on individuals who begin hurting animals in their youth and then "graduate" to violence against humans found that "the correlational element might possess greater validity among females than males"^v and that compared to men females tended to be more deviant than their nonviolent peers"^{vi} The internet provides many examples of criminal prosecution of females for cruelty to animals. In any case "neither gender is innately predisposed to violence – social environment is key Under the patriarchal circumstances that currently prevail world-wide, this abnormality emerges in men to a much greater degree than in women.However, since there is no conclusive evidence that women are inherently less violent than men, empowering women without changing the widespread acceptance of violence in society" is not enough. We must "work towards a world in which violence is seen as an abnormality – an abnormality from which both men and women can be equally immune"^{vii}

ALICE THE CONQUEROR: MASCULINIZED FEMALE? [Rough draft]

Eight-year-old Carroll asked his father to buy something for him in Leeds; in a letter archdeacon Dodgson replies: “if the items are not “brought directly, in forty seconds, I will leave nothing but one small cat alive in the whole town of Leeds... Then what a bawling and tearing of hair there will be”ⁱ Part of the drive behind such “humorous” manifestations of toxic masculinity, no doubt, is the stereotypical rivalry between male and female, evident in Carroll’s parents and in the embryonic tradition of children’s literature to which he responded. The literature of benevolence toward animals was associated with women. One of the most famous was Sarah Trimmer, a pioneering female author whose *History of the Robins* became a classic of eighteenth-century children’s literature, partly because it fulfilled its promise of a “friendly chat” with birds. As an early reviewer of children’s literature, Trimmer helped define the genre, suggesting exclusion of death, sexuality, madness, and anything else too frightening for children. On these grounds she rejected the violence and irrationality of fairy tales, a position that made her a target of many critics in the nineteenth-century.

Inspired no doubt by the tradition epitomized by Trimmer, Carroll’s mother had a “taste for instructive,” often religious literature and a “compassion for all creatures”ⁱⁱ which she shared with her son, who was homeschooled for many years. “She was as remarkable in her own way as her husband, remaining cheerful and loving, taking on all her duties and burdens without complaint. One observer remembered her as ‘one of the sweetest and gentlest women who ever lived, whom to know was to love. The earnestness of her simple faith and love shone in all she did and said ... it has been said by her children that they never in all their lives remember to have heard an impatient or harsh word from her lips.’”ⁱⁱⁱ Charles, her favorite, “sensed her angelic qualities and worshipped her above all others. Many years later, when his sister Mary gave birth to her first child, Charles wrote her: ‘May you be to him what your own dear mother was to *her* eldest son. I can hardly utter for your boy a better wish than that!’”^{iv} One biographer stated that the world of Carroll’s “family was ruled by the certainty that God is Love.”^v

The rigidly exclusive gender binaries at the height of their influence during the Victorian era are obvious in Lewis Carroll’s *Sylvie and Bruno* (1889). The tiny fairy Bruno’s treatment of plants and animals embodies the toxic masculinity that powered a version of imperialism rarely discussed in those terms: the conquest of the animal kingdom. He destroys his older sister’s flowers (“Spoiling Sylvie’s garden”).^{vi} Next we see him wrestling “a great snail, nearly breaking [its] poor little back” (). Before and after these episodes we encounter him using a dead mouse as a measuring stick, a chair, and a bed.

Sylvie’s encounter with a dead animal couldn’t be more different. Finding a hare hunted to death (by men presumably), her eyes “brimming over with tears,” she insists that “All children [and] all ladies love” hares. Reminded that “even ladies” hunt them, Sylvie asks, “Does GOD love hares?” The narrator says, “I’m sure He does! He loves every living thing. Even sinful men. How much more the animals, that cannot sin!” Sylvie then acts out what some would identify as her stereotypical idealized femininity: “then, all in a moment, her self-command gave way. [She] flung herself down at [the hare’s] side in such an agony of grief as I could hardly have believed possible in so young a child. ‘Oh, my darling, my darling!’ she moaned, over and over again. ‘And God meant your life to be so beautiful!’ The narrator “thought it best to let her weep away the first sharp agony of grief” ().

When Carroll recalled Alice in 1887 he seemed to be describing Sylvie: “What were thou, dream-Alice, in thy foster-father’s eyes? How shall he picture thee? Loving, first, loving

and gentle; loving as a dog (forgive the prosaic simile, but I know of no earthly love so pure and perfect), and gentle as a fawn!" (1887).^{vii}

This, rather striking idealization, even to those who have only encountered the Disney Alice, was the result of a long process, beginning with Carroll's need to make Alice physically look like the gender ideal represented by Sylvie. As we see in the photograph of the original Alice at the end of *Alice Underground*, the version he sent to Alice Liddell, she was in fact a brunette, and Carroll's drawings of his Alice do not necessarily dispel that image.^{viii}



However, the face and hair style in Carroll's drawing suggest that he already shifted away from Alice Liddell to the model that Tenniel used for his illustrations^{ix} which, even in black and white, present a sharp contrast, as in this Swahili translation:

The blond stereotype fully emerges in in the first colored illustration, *The Nursery Alice* (1887).



This fictional Alice represents another stereotype: she was “very fond of pretending to be two people.”^x This image of the Divided Self dominated the collective consciousness of the Victorians.^{xi} If the most famous fictional example of opposites at war within the individual was *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the most notorious living exemplar was Carroll himself: “even in official life, he became more and more two men, Lewis Carroll and Charles Dodgson, sometimes with an imperative need to keep them apart.”^{xii} If one of the two original Alices was like the standard gender stereotype, Sylvie, who was the other? As *Alice in Wonderland* begins with two allusions to William the Conqueror,^{xiii} let's call the other Alice the Conqueror.

The Norman Conquest was the model for a challenge to gender stereotyping at the end of the Victorian era. According to Carrie Kipling, her husband's story, “William the Conqueror,” was about the “new woman” emerging at end of the century.^{xiv} A brief account of Kipling's short story sets the stage for discussion of gender dynamics in Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* (1865).

“William,” Kipling's eponymous protagonist, is in biological terms, a female, but is represented as a very adventuresome, daring, and erotically unattractive protagonist who maintains his/her rejection of traditional female behavior until the end of the story. Of course there were many precedents for women acting like men but Gayatri Spivak's assertion that Kipling “makes her almost a man” may be an understatement.^{xv} Kipling writes that “above, immeasurably above, all men of all grades, there was William in the thick of the fight” (). This “female” William emerges from the fight as almost the paradigm of the Anglo-Saxon masculinity that the Brits believed enabled them to throw off the Norman yoke and become conquerors themselves of the most extensive empire the world had ever seen. William's is a more “benevolent” (more stereotypically feminine?) version of imperialism than the usual domination by force or capitalism, but, admittedly, it retains the basic men-in-charge model still inextricably bound up with the ideology of a superior race, culture, morality, and way of life.

The response to this story of a masculinized female as conqueror at the end of the century provides a way to measure the level of resistance there would have been to an interpretation of Carroll's Alice as a "Conqueror" gendered like Kipling's in 1865. Kipling's first reviewers simply ignored both the title and the female protagonist, focusing on the male lead, whose name, "Scott," invoked the Anglo-Saxon masculinity of *Ivanhoe*.^{xvi} Others said the title of the story was "inappropriate," or assumed that "William" was a nickname (perhaps for Willhemina), or simply confessed their bafflement.^{xvii} Eventually critics learned that Carrie Kipling had written in her diary that her husband "has got the hang of quite a new sort of woman and she is turning out stunningly."^{xviii} Then they focused on the ending stress the heterosexual connection between William and Scott.^{xix} Even Spivak concludes that in the end, "Kipling shows that a woman's a woman for all that, and she conquers, as women will, through love" (). Yet the text does not support a reading that William sets out to "conquer" Scott. Rather, at the end, eros abruptly appears and conquers both William and the "Christlike," feminized Scott. Until then, "William" epitomizes not heterosexual erotic love but a more transpersonal loving-kindness for the victims of the famine. It is only when the famine ends that Kipling tacks on the conventional ending, giving in to reader expectations perhaps, as Charlotte Bronte did at the end of *Jane Eyre*, and as Dickens did in the second ending of *Great Expectations*. The primary focus of the short story remains on the loving-kindness that conquers all: the late turn of Kipling's Anglo-Saxon masculinity toward "service not dominion [because] conquest and annexation were no longer part of his imperial scheme."^{xx}

The Alice books, because men are no longer in charge, present in some ways the world of a "new woman" more radical than Kipling's, one that, presented in nonhumorous nonfictional prose, apparently would have been immediately rejected. Boundaries between gendered dualisms blur and sometimes disappear altogether in the Alice books, suggesting that at mid-century biology did not necessarily determine gender. Even now, in the twenty-first century, the Alice books reveal the complexity of terms such as Derrida's "carnophallogocentrism," the domination of the carnivorous, male human over other animals.^{xxi} Alice's imperial domination of animal "others" at times borders on sadism, suggesting the need not only for a new Derridean term that acknowledges carnivorous, female domination of animals but invites more discussion of the relation between imperialism and the animal kingdom.

The Alice books are particularly important in this context because the seminal essay in the humanities in the current international, interdisciplinary research project on the man/animal binary is Derrida's "*L'Animal que donc je suis (ti suivre)*" (1997). During his ten-hour lecture on this subject, Derrida stated, "although time prevents it, I would of course have liked to inscribe my whole talk within a reading of Lewis Carroll."^{xxii} Why? First of all, Carroll's preface leads us to expect a "friendly chat with bird and beast" (7).^{xxiii} This is an important ethical goal because, as Kant put it, "we can judge the heart of a man by his treatment of animals" (1775-81, 241).^{xxiv} The Alice books illustrate very well the zoophobia that sabotages that goal. Secondly, the Alice books in their own right can advance our understanding of the tensions in many binaries: love/fear, and group /individual, for example, as well as male/female and man/animal.

But the most important reason to focus on gender dynamics and treatment of animals in the Alice books is their enormous global impact.^{xxv} *Alice in Wonderland* is the most translated English "novel" in history, with the possible exception of *Pilgrims' Progress*.^{xxvi} It has been illustrated by hundreds of artists^{xxvii} and the movie versions epitomize the success of capitalist cultural imperialism. Disney's obsession with them (fifty-seven film versions of the Alice books

before 1927) culminated in his iconic *Alice* (1951), and dozens of movies have followed, most recently those directed by Tim Burton and James Bobin.

Linda Woolverton, who wrote Burton's screenplay, made interesting changes in the representation of animals and of the gender dynamics of his *Alice*. Her *Alice*, who is nineteen-years old, is fleeing from a marriage proposal when she follows the white rabbit into the Underground. When she emerges there is no more talk of marriage and family. Rather, she takes up a traditionally male occupation, taking charge of a trading ship to Hong Kong. In the sequel, also written by Woolverton, *Alice* returns after three years successfully recreating her father's trading career. She finds her mother is about to sign over *Alice's* ship to her former suitor but *Alice* persuades her very traditional Victorian mother to support her daughter instead. The ship is saved and daughter and mother create their own shipping firm and set off for parts unknown.

But in some ways those changes pale in comparison with Carroll's original presentation of *Alice*. One of the reasons, no doubt, is that while the basic model of men in charge was still followed in Victorian England, there was one female who could challenge it and she was closely associated with the *Alice* books. In one national ritual after another, the Queen, not the Prime Minister, was clearly the leader of the British. The face on the postage stamps of all the colonies of the biggest empire in the history of the world was that of one of "the world's haughtiest Imperial Highnesses."^{xxviii} She was not always as passive as historians have suggested. For example, during the mutiny in India she was furious with the Prime Minister, pelting "Palmerston with exhortations to act, hinting darkly that she would have flayed him alive had she been sitting on the Opposition benches"^{xxix} (an image invites comparison to the Queen of Heart's threats of decapitation?) Victoria's megalomania is certainly comparable: "On 23 November [1857] she noted a universal feeling 'that India should belong to' her. When India was transferred to the Crown she remarked, 'all to be mine'" (280). Afterwards she stressed that "I am an Empress and in common conversation am sometimes called Empress of India. Why have I never assumed the title? I feel I ought to do so . . ." She felt as a Pope might feel in promulgating a dogma already believed by the faithful"; she began signing her name "Victoria Regina et Imperatrix" (404, 406).

Her final response to the mutiny pushed British imperialism toward "benevolence" long before Kipling's "William" did:

Derby's first draft of a Proclamation to the Indian people seemed to her cold and unfeeling. All the romance she had felt since childhood for brown skins, all the advice she had received from Indian travellers flooded her mind . . . the lies about the mutilation of women and exaggeration of all kinds, the superior manners of the Indian 'lower orders' compared with ours, the ill-treatment and insulting references to natives as 'niggers' – out it all poured and was translated by royal alchemy into the moving words of a re-written Proclamation. 'Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity . . . we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects . . . but all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law.' As she wrote to Lord Derby, she was 'a female sovereign' speaking from the heart to a hundred million Eastern peoples." [Longford 281].

Kipling's "William" could be a triumph of benevolent Anglo-Saxon imperial masculinity because Victoria was its mother. Her huge extended family, stretching across northern Europe, brought the Teutonic heritage to the fore, an implied racial superiority that plagues England to this day. As early as 1848 Disraeli hailed her as reviver of the Saxon race, and her husband, whose name recalled Alfred the Great, was presented as the Germanic ideal. During her reign

English became closely associated with the Germanic Languages by the German Max Mueller who became a member of Christ Church (Carroll's college) and Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, a place with many connections to Victoria. Dean Liddell had been domestic chaplain for the Crown Prince (later Edward VII). The Prince was a student at Christ Church and became godfather to, and chose the names for, Alice Liddell's younger brother, Albert Edward Arthur. Later the Prince was photographed by Carroll. All in all, there are enough connections between Victoria and Carroll to make a very weak case that Victoria wrote the Alice books.^{xxx}

She certainly lived the plot. The Alice books epitomize the "Family Romance" fantasy of becoming Queen. In Freud's final account of normal maturation, the child, discovering that she does not receive all of her parents' love, finds solace imagining she is an adopted or step-child, a foundling or bastard, whose real parents have higher social standing, preferably royalty. Carroll adds to royalty aspects of old Western traditions of the dominant female in chess and courtly love.

The Alice books constitute a bildungsroman with several strands. In one course of development, the protagonist learns how to be an Imperialist in the animal kingdom. In another she begins her education to be a lady, to more like Sylvie, though without Sylvie's sympathy for the fates of animals. Alice's benevolence toward humans and the more anthropomorphized animals shows her training in courtesy. Like many girls of her age and time, she was brought up to think of others before herself. Though she is only seven, she epitomizes good manners, that is, modesty, civility, courtesy, politeness, etc. Often she reaches a higher stage of courtesy: being respectful of the position and feelings of others. At times she even demonstrates an embryonic "sympathetic imagination" enabling her to conceive what it is like to be an "other," an ability essential for morality.^{xxx1} This is stretched as far as it will go when she tries to "converse" with the frog footman, who is "staring stupidly up into the sky" even when talking to her. Alice thought his behavior "decidedly uncivil . . . 'But perhaps he can't help it,' she said to herself; 'his eyes are so VERY nearly at the top of his head.'" Her sympathetic imagination enables her to not only *think* of the emotions of others, but also to share them, sometimes to the extent of suffering with them. She even seems complaisant at times, all too willing to comply with the importunities of others, to permit them to encroach on her own rights. Needless to say, she did not physically harm other people. Indeed, how many seven-year-olds falling down a well would have the imagination to conceive of others below them who would be hurt by something they let fall?

She landed in what Carroll originally called "the Underground," a terrifying image in the book that is said to have initiated the Victorian era, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. For some readers - members of the RSPCA and the Vegetarian Society, for example -- Alice's fall down into the underworld seems to be a fulfillment of Carlyle's description of whirlpools "that boil up from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land is but a thin crust or rind! Thus daily is the intermediate land crumbling in . . . , till now there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of Land between them."^{xxxii} For some readers, Carroll's story begins when the foot-plank breaks and we fall, discovering the savagery toward animals that has always been beneath the thin crust that is civilization. In other words, the journey is like Marlowe's into the heart of darkness, seeking Kurz, whose message is "the horror, the horror." For some readers the secret of the Alice books is not only the murder, perhaps cannibalism, of our animal relatives below the surface but also what Conrad's contemporary, Freud, discovered in his journey into the depths: Thanatos, the death instinct, apparently the source of the aggression and sadism that we discover in some of Alice the Conqueror's interactions with animals.

At times the Underground into which Alice falls seems to be the British Empire and at others it seems to be the animal kingdom within as well as outside us. She falls right into the southern colonies, asking “is this New Zealand or Australia?” But soon we are in Egypt where a crocodile pours “the waters of the Nile on its golden scales.” We are not surprised that Alice becomes disoriented and begins to question her self. Because much of her identity is based on her ability to memorize assigned texts, she crosses “her hands on her lap as if she were saying lessons,” and tries to recite one of the most famous children’s poems of the time, Isaac Watts’s “Against Idleness and Mischief” which begins,

How doth the little busy Bee
Improve each shining Hour,
And gather Honey all the day
From every opening Flower!

How skilfully she builds her Cell!
How neat she spreads the Wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet Food she makes.

In Works of Labour or of Skill
I would be busy too:
For Satan finds some Mischief still
For idle Hands to do.

Like much of the childrens’ literature then as now, lessons were illustrated by animals, in this case bees. One would normally associate Watts’s *Divine Songs for Children*, especially its allusion to Satan [?], with the pilgrimage imagery of the initial poem of the Alice books.^{xxxiii} Like Jesus and his followers, a bee identifies with a unified social group,^{xxxiv} and does not harm the flowers, or any other being (unless attacked). An ordained deacon, Carroll subscribed to these values, no doubt identified Satan as his “enemy” as well, and disapproved of idleness and mischief in his students. On the other hand, he was no doubt aware of the childrens’ resentment of the sometimes heavy handed didacticism of the memorization approach to learning of the time.

Now, Underground, it is that resentment apparently that prompts the first appearance of Alice the Conqueror. Her “voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do.” Watts’s busy bee is replaced by a lazy crocodile who “cheerfully” grins and welcomes little fishes into his mouth “with gently smiling jaws!” (23). Replacing the harmless, social bee with a solitary, terrifying predator is a radical reversal. The model seems to be Milton’s representation of Satan, with the same fall into carnism.^{xxxv} The “hoarse” voice is heard again at the end of the Alice books when the leg of mutton rebels against Queen Alice. The primary denotation of “Hoarse” is “rough and deep-sounding,” but there are overtones of witchcraft (OED). For example, in Reginald Scot’s *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), the creatures Baell, Cerberus, Ftirfur, Malphas, Shax, Halplias, Gamigin and Vuall all speak with “hoarse” voices.^{xxxvi} Among the OED examples there is also one for 1865, the year of the publication of the first Alice book. Dickens identifies “a curious mixture in [Hexam’s son], of uncompleted savagery, and uncompleted civilization. His voice was hoarse and coarse”^{xxxvii} For so me reader, it is indeed a kind of uncompleted savagery that emerges when Alice sings in her

“hoarse” voice of the crocodile. Obviously, most of Carroll’s readers, and presumably Alice Liddell herself, were aware of popular ideals of morality such as “love thy neighbor as thyself” (KJV Leviticus 19:18), but “neighbor” rarely included animals. Alice’s crocodile smile foreshadows the gleeful deception and devouring of the oysters by the walrus and the carpenter and the jovial physical abuse of animals for entertainment throughout the books, from the kicking of Bill the Lizard to the use of flamingos to hit hedgehogs, to the smothering of the guinea pigs, to the shaking of the kitten.

However, in Woolverton’s screenplay for Tim Burton, Alice is no longer cruel to animals. When the red queen, for example, plays croquet, she hits a hedgehog tied up into a ball with tremendous velocity, just missing Alice. The new Alice unties it and sets it free. Later, facing the “frumious bandersnatch,” she restores its lost eye and it befriends her, enabling her to get the vorpal sword. Admittedly, there is an outburst of what some might call toxic masculinity as Alice uses this sword to kill an animal, the Jabberwock, and then drinks his blood. Though some may argue that it does not belong in the animal kingdom, the fear the Jabberwock engenders is clearly our atavistic fear of large predators.

A more pervasive change in the original plot is splitting the ambiguity of the original Alice toward animals into two opposed forces, that of the Red Queen and the White Queen. The Red Queen, of course, is quite clearly sadistic in her treatment of animals and that makes them all the more willing to betray her.^{xxxviii} The Red Queen’s flamingo, for example, unable to escape from the croquet game, does say to the hedgehog just before his head smashes into him: “Sorry, old fellow.”^{xxxix} More importantly, animals defect to the White Queen because her love of animals is one of her greatest powers.^{xl} In fact, the White Queen has taken a vow never to harm any living being (the same vow Jain monks have been making in India for millennia), and thus may be considered an example of radical change for the twenty-first century?^{xli}

ⁱ father letter

ⁱⁱ (Thomas 29)

ⁱⁱⁱ Collinwood 8. Cited by Cohen in NCE 243.

^{iv} Letters I.145. Cited by Cohen in NCE 243.

^v Thomas 247

^{vi} Sylvie and Bruno p. hereafter

^{vii} “Alice on the Stage.” *The Theatre* 9 (April, 1887), 181. Cited by Auerbach, 316.

^{viii} Auerbach on his illustrations showing a blond “Alice.

^{ix} Tenniel’s Alice, cite Auerbach

^x (18) hereafter

^{xi} Miyoshi

^{xii} (Greenacre 1955, 256).

^{xiii} One reader did note a connection between the two authors, though not this one: ..

^{xiv} Carrie Kipling

^{xv} Spivak

^{xvi} Kipling critics 1

^{xvii} Critics2

^{xviii} (Wilson).

^{xix} Critics 3

^{xx} (Gilmour)

^{xxi} (Derrida 1991, 114).

^{xxii} (Derrida 2002, 376-377) hereafter.....

^{xxiii} The word “friendly” conveys the meaning of the Greek *philia* in biophilia, distinguishing that kind of love from *eros*, *agape*, and *storge*; see Santas 2014. All quotations from the Alice books are from the *Annotated Alice* (2000). **Incidentally, obsession with the Alice books is not unique: Joyce Carol Oates 2014 said, they “changed my life . . . made me yearn to be a writer as well as inspired me to ‘write’” (p.12).**

^{xxiv} Cf. Auerbach 1973: “Alice’s essential nature is revealed by her attitude toward animals” (43).

^{xxv} For examples of discussion of the role of popular culture see Caputi 2007 and Brooker 2004.

^{xxvi} Jon Lindseth and Stephanie Lovett, “The Most Translated English Novel,” in *Alice in a World of Wonderlands: The Translations of Lewis Carroll’s Masterpiece*. Ed. Jon A. Lindseth. LCSNA + Oak Knoll Press, 2015.

^{xxvii} See, for example, *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland, Illustrated by 150 Artists*. Pickdale, 2015

^{xxviii} (Longford 404)

^{xxix} (Longford ? 280),

^{xxx} David Rosenbaum, “Queen Victoria’s *Alice in Wonderland*,” 2nd edition; San Francisco: Continental Historical Society, 1990.

^{xxxi} Symp Imag note

^{xxxii} *Sartor Resartus*

^{xxxiii} the spiritual pilgrimage imagery of the initial poem of the Alice books

^{xxxiv} “For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body” (1 Cor 12). Cf. “I am the vine, ye are the branches” (John 15:5)

^{xxxv} fall into Carnism. [GENESIS DERRIDA]

^{xxxvi} https://archive.org/stream/discoverieofwitc00scot/discoverieofwitc00scot_djvu.txt

^{xxxvii} (*Our Mutual Friend* l. i. iii. 14).

^{xxxviii} We first see this attitude in the frame story, when Alice sees the white rabbit and Lady Ascot, her putative mother-in-law, says she would like to see what happens when she sets the dogs on it. (At the end of the film Alice tells her that she *loves* rabbits.) In the *Visual Guide* to the film, the Red Queen is explicitly identified with “Animal Cruelty” (43). The glossary includes the word “Fustilug: The day after Shatterky when the Red Queen enslaves the free animals in her palace and forced them to act as furniture, ornaments, or sports equipment” (68). When she is first described, under the heading “Animal Cruelty” we learn that “the Red Queen’s monkeys are well-trained and they work hard for their peanuts, holding up tables and chairs, as do the flamingos. She often forgets to feed her frog footmen, but they’d better not steal her tarts – her favorite foods are tadpoles on toast and caviar” (*The Visual Guide*, 43.)

^{xxxix} Probably not the exact words.

^{xl} The most obvious example is the blood hound Bayard who is forced to work for the Red Queen because his mate and their pups are being held captive. Bayard, not in the original Alice, is one of the animals added in the new version.

^{xli} According to *The Visual Guide*, “Unlike her sister, the White Queen adores animals. . . . it would go against her vows to bring harm to any living thing. So all creatures great and small would be safe under her rule, with the exception of a few ugly bugs” (p. 58). Actually, there is

no such exception. A bug flies around her face in the movie, but she does not harm it, merely shooining it away. Her castle is pictured with the sign "All animals welcome" and the description includes the following: "A keen animal lover, Mirana has a topiary garden filled with trees and shrubs shaped into animals, including a giraffe and a flamingo. If her trees ever look sad, she has her staff talk to them in a kindly manner to cheer them up" (p. 61). Her topiary garden contrasts with that of the Red Queen, where the shapes are those of the Red Queen herself.

The Day's Work, by Rudyard Kipling

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR - PART I

"IS IT officially declared yet?"

"They've gone as far as to admit 'extreme local scarcity,' and they've started relief-works in one or two districts, the paper says."

"That means it will be declared as soon as they can make sure of the men and the rolling-stock. 'Shouldn't wonder if it were as bad as the '78 Famine."

"Can't be," said Scott, turning a little in the long cane chair.

"We've had fifteen-anna crops in the north, and Bombay and Bengal report more than they know what to do with. They'll be able to check it before it gets out of hand. It will only be local."

Martyn picked the *Pioneer* from the table, read through the telegrams once more, and put up his feet on the chair-rests. It was a hot, dark, breathless evening, heavy with the smell of the newly watered Mall. The flowers in the Club gardens were dead and black on their stalks, the little lotus-pond was a circle of caked mud, and the tamarisk-trees were white with the dust of weeks. Most of the men were at the band-stand in the public gardens — from the Club verandah you could hear the native Police band hammering stale waltzes — or on the polo-ground, or in the high-walled fives-court, hotter than a Dutch oven. Half a dozen grooms, squatted at the heads of their ponies, waited their masters' return. From time to time a man would ride at a foot-pace into the Club compound, and listlessly loaf over to the whitewashed barracks beside the main building. These were supposed to be chambers. Men lived in them, meeting the same white faces night after night at dinner, and drawing out their office-work till the latest possible hour, that they might escape that doleful company.

"What are you going to do?." said Martyn, with a yawn. "Let's have a swim before dinner."

"Water's hot. I was at the bath today."

"Play you game o' billiards — fifty up."

"It's a hundred and five in the hall now. Sit still and don't be so abominably energetic."

A grunting camel swung up to the porch, his badged and belted rider fumbling a leather pouch.

"*Kubber-kargaz — ki — yektraaa,*" the man whined, handing down the newspaper extra — a slip printed on one side only, and damp from the press. It was pinned up on the green-baize board, between notices of ponies for sale and fox-terriers missing.

Martyn rose lazily, read it, and whistled. "It's declared!" he cried. "One, two, three — eight districts go under the operations of the Famine Code *ek dum*. They've put Jimmy Hawkins in charge."

"Good business!" said Scott, with the first sign of interest he had shown. "When in doubt hire a Punjabi. I worked under Jimmy when I first came out and he belonged to the Punjab. He has more *bundobust* than most men."

"Jimmy's a Jubilee Knight now," said Martyn. "He's a good chap, even though he is a thrice-born civilian and went to the Benighted Presidency. What unholy names these Madras districts rejoice in — all *ungas orrungas* or *pillays* or *polliums*."

A dog-cart drove up in the dusk, and a man entered, mopping his head. He was editor of the one daily paper at the capital of a Province of twenty-five million natives and a few hundred white men: as his staff was limited to himself and one assistant, his office-hours ran variously from ten to twenty a day.

"Hi, Raines; you're supposed to know everything," said Martyn, stopping him. "How's this Madras 'scarcity' going to turn out?"

"No one knows as yet. There's a message as long as your arm coming in on the telephone. I've left my cub to fill it out. Madras has owned she can't manage it alone, and Jimmy seems to have a free hand in getting all the men he needs. Arbuthnot's warned to hold himself in readiness."

"'Badger' Arbuthnot?"

"The Peshawur chap. Yes: and the *Pi* wires that Ellis and Clay have been moved from the Northwest already, and they've taken half a dozen Bombay men, too. It's *pukka* famine, by the looks of it."

"They're nearer the scene of action than we are; but if it comes to indenting on the Punjab this early, there's more in this than meets the eye," said Martyn.

"Here today and gone tomorrow. 'Didn't come to stay for ever,'" said Scott, dropping one of Marryat's novels, and rising to his feet. "Martyn, your sister's waiting for you."

A rough grey horse was backing and shifting at the edge of the verandah, where the light of a kerosene lamp fell on a brown-calico habit and a white face under a grey-felt hat.

"Right, O!" said Martyn. "I'm ready. Better come and dine with us, if you've nothing to do, Scott. William, is there any dinner in the house?"

"I'll go home and see," was the rider's answer. "You can drive him over — at eight, remember."

Scott moved leisurely to his room, and changed into the evening-dress of the season and the country: spotless white linen from head to foot, with a broad silk cummerbund. Dinner at the Martyns' was a decided improvement on the goat-mutton, twiney-tough fowl, and tinned entrees of the Club. But it was a great pity that Martyn could not afford to send his sister to the hills for the hot weather. As an Acting District Superintendent of Police, Martyn drew the magnificent pay of six hundred depreciated silver rupees a month, and his little four-roomed bungalow said just as much. There were the usual blue-and-white-striped jail-made rugs on the uneven floor; the usual glass-studded Amritsar *phulkaris* draped on nails driven into the flaking whitewash of the walls; the usual half-dozen chairs that did not match, picked up at sales of dead men's effects; and the usual streaks of black grease where the leather punka-thong ran through the wall. It was as though everything had been unpacked the night before to be repacked next morning. Not a door in the house was true on its hinges. The little windows, fifteen feet up, were darkened with wasp-nests, and lizards hunted flies between the beams of the wood-ceiled roof. But all this was part of Scott's life. Thus did people live who had such an income; and in a land where each man's pay, age, and position are printed in a book, that all may read, it is hardly

worth while to play at pretence in word or deed. Scott counted eight years' service in the Irrigation Department, and drew eight hundred rupees a month, on the understanding that if he served the State faithfully for another twenty-two years he could retire on a pension of some four hundred rupees a month. His working-life, which had been spent chiefly under canvas or in temporary shelters where a man could sleep, eat, and write letters, was bound up with the opening and guarding of irrigation canals, the handling of two or three thousand workmen of all castes and creeds, and the payment of vast sums of coined silver.

He had finished that spring, not without credit, the last section of the great Mosuhl Canal, and — much against his will, for he hated office-work — had been sent in to serve during the hot weather on the accounts and supply side of the Department, with sole charge of the sweltering sub-office at the capital of the Province. Martyn knew this; William, his sister, knew it; and everybody knew it. Scott knew, too, as well as the rest of the world, that Miss Martyn had come out to India four years ago to keep house for her brother, who, as every one knew, had borrowed the money to pay for her passage, and that she ought, as all the world said, to have married at once. In stead of this, she had refused some half a dozen subalterns, a Civilian twenty years her senior, one Major, and a man in the Indian Medical Department. This, too, was common property. She had “stayed down three hot weathers,” as the saying is, because her brother was in debt and could not afford the expense of her keep at even a cheap hill-station. Therefore her face was white as bone, and in the centre of her forehead was a big silvery scar about the size of a shilling — the mark of a Delhi sore, which is the same as a “Bagdad date.” This comes from drinking bad water, and slowly eats into the flesh till it is ripe enough to be burned out. [UGLINESS?]

None the less William had enjoyed herself hugely in her four years. Twice she had been nearly drowned while fording a river; once she had been run away with on a camel; had witnessed a midnight attack of thieves on her brother's camp; had seen justice administered, with long sticks, in the open under trees; could speak Urdu and even rough Punjabi with a fluency that was envied by her seniors; had entirely fallen out of the habit of writing to her aunts in England, or cutting the pages of the English magazines; had been through a very bad cholera year, seeing sights unfit to be told; and had wound up her experiences by six weeks of typhoid fever, *during*

which her head had been shaved and hoped to keep her twenty-third birthday that September. It is conceivable that the aunts would not have approved of a girl who never set foot on the ground if a horse were within hail; who rode to dances with a shawl thrown over her skirt; who wore her hair cropped and curling all over her head; who answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill whose speech was heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur theatricals, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes — even after they had proposed to her and been rejected.

“I like men who do things,” she had confided to a man in the Educational Department, who was teaching the sons of cloth-merchants and dyers the beauty of Wordsworth’s *Excursion* in annotated cram-books; and when he grew poetical, William explained that she “didn’t understand poetry very much; it made her head ache,” and another broken heart took refuge at the Club. But it was all William’s fault. She delighted in hearing men talk of their own work, and that is the most fatal way of bringing a man to your feet.

Scott had known her for some three years, meeting her, as a rule, under canvass, when his camp and her brother’s joined for a day on the edge of the Indian Desert. He had danced with her several times at the big Christmas gatherings, when as many as five hundred white people came in to the station; and had always a great respect for her housekeeping and her dinners.

She looked more like a boy than ever when, the meal ended, she sat, rolling cigarettes, her low forehead puckered beneath the dark curls as she twiddled the papers and stuck out her rounded chin when the tobacco stayed in place, or, with a gesture as true as a school-boy’s throwing a stone, tossed the finished article across the room to Martyn, who caught it with one hand, and continued his talk with Scott. It was all “shop,” — canals and the policing of canals; the sins of villagers who stole more water than they had paid for, and the grosser sin of native constables who connived at the thefts; of the transplanting bodily of villages to newly irrigated ground, and of the coming fight with the desert in the south when the Provincial funds should warrant the opening of the long-surveyed Luni Protective Canal System. And Scott spoke openly of his great desire to be put on one particular section of the work where he knew the land and

the people; and Martyn sighed for a billet in the Himalayan foot-hills, and said his mind of his superiors, and William rolled cigarettes and said nothing, but smiled gravely on her brother because he was happy.

At ten Scott's horse came to the door, and the evening was ended.

The lights of the two low bungalows in which the daily paper was printed showed bright across the road. It was too early to try to find sleep, and Scott drifted over to the editor. Raines, stripped to the waist like a sailor at a gun, lay half asleep in a long chair, waiting for night telegrams. He had a theory that if a man did not stay by his work all day and most of the night he laid himself open to fever: so he ate and slept among his files.

"Can you do it?" he said drowsily. "I didn't mean to bring you over."

"About what — I've been dining at the Martyns'."

"The Madras famine, of course. Martyn's warned, too. They're taking men where they can find 'em. I sent a note to you at the Club just now, asking if you could do us a letter once a week from the south — between two and three columns, say. Nothing sensational, of course, but just plain facts about who is doing what, and so forth. Our regular rates — ten rupees a column."

"Sorry, but it's out of my line," Scott answered, staring absently at the map of India on the wall. "It's rough on Martyn — very. 'Wonder what he'll do with his sister? 'Wonder what the deuce they'll do with me? I've no famine experience. This is the first I've heard of it. Am I ordered?"

"Oh, yes. Here's the wire. They'll put you on to relief-works," Raines said, "with a horde of Madrassis dying like flies; one native apothecary and half a pint of cholera-mixture among the ten thousand of you. It comes of your being idle for the moment. Every man who isn't doing two men's work seems to have been called upon. Hawkins evidently believes in Punjabis. It's going to be quite as bad as anything they have had in the last ten years."

"It's all in the day's work, worse luck. I suppose I shall get my orders officially some time tomorrow. I'm awfully glad I happened to drop in. 'Better go and pack my kit now. Who relieves me here — do you know?"

Raines turned over a sheaf of telegrams. "McEuan," said he, "from Murree."

Scott chuckled. "He thought he was going to be cool all summer. He'll be very sick about this. Well, no good talking. 'Night."

Two hours later, Scott, with a clear conscience, laid himself down to rest on a string cot in a bare room. Two worn bullock trunks, a leather water-bottle, a tin ice-box, and his pet saddle sewed up in sacking were piled at the door, and the Club secretary's receipt for last month's bill was under his pillow. His orders came next morning, and with them an unofficial telegram from Sir James Hawkins; who was not in the habit of forgetting good men when he had once met them, bidding him report himself with all speed at some unpronounceable place fifteen hundred miles to the south, for the famine was sore in the land, and white men were needed.

A pink and fattish youth arrived in the red-hot noonday, whimpering a little at fate and famines, which never allowed any one three months' peace. He was Scott's successor — another cog in the machinery, moved forward behind his fellow whose services, as the official announcement ran, "were placed at the disposal of the Madras Government for famine duty until further orders." Scott handed over the funds in his charge, showed him the coolest corner in the office, warned him against excess of zeal, and, as twilight fell, departed from the Club in a hired carriage, with his faithful body-servant, Faiz Ullah, and a mound of disordered baggage atop, to catch the southern mail at the loopholed and bastioned railway-station. The heat from the thick brick walls struck him across the face as if it had been a hot towel; and he reflected that there were at least five nights and four days of this travel before him. Faiz Ullah, used to the chances of service, plunged into the crowd on the stone platform, while Scott, a black cheroot between his teeth, waited till his compartment should be set away. A dozen native policemen, with their rifles and bundles, shouldered into the press of Punjabi farmers, Sikh craftsmen, and greasy-locked Afreedee pedlars, escorting with all pomp Martyn's uniform-case, water-bottles, ice-box, and bedding-roll. They saw Faiz Ullah's lifted hand, and steered for it.

"My Sahib and your Sahib," said Faiz Ullah to Martyn's man, "will travel together. Thou and I, O brother, will thus secure the servants' places close by; and because of our masters' authority none will dare to disturb us."

When Faiz Ullah reported all things ready, Scott settled down at full length, coatless and bootless, on the broad leather-covered bunk. The heat under the iron-arched roof of the station might have been anything over a hundred degrees. At the last moment Martyn entered, dripping.

“Don’t swear,” said Scott, lazily; “it’s too late to change your carriage; and we’ll divide the ice.”

“What are you doing here?” said the police-man.

“I’m lent to the Madras Government, same as you. By Jove, it’s a bender of a night! Are you taking any of your men down?”

“A dozen. I suppose I shall have to superintend relief distributions. ’Didn’t know you were under orders too.”

“I didn’t till after I left you last night. Raines had the news first. My orders came this morning. McEuan relieved me at four, and I got off at once. ’Shouldn’t wonder if it wouldn’t be a good thing — this famine — if we come through it alive.”

“Jimmy ought to put you and me to work together,” said Martyn; and then, after a pause: “My sister’s here.”

“Good business,” said Scott, heartily. “Going to get off at Umballa, I suppose, and go up to Simla. Who’ll she stay with there?”

“No-o; that’s just the trouble of it. She’s going down with me.”

Scott sat bolt upright under the oil-lamps as the train jolted past Tarn-Taran. “What! You don’t mean you couldn’t afford —”

“’Tain’t that. I’d have scraped up the money somehow.”

“You might have come to me, to begin with,” said Scott, stiffly; “we aren’t altogether strangers.”

“Well, you needn’t be stuffy about it. I might, but — you don’t know my sister. I’ve been explaining and exhorting and all the rest of it all day — lost my temper since seven this morning, and haven’t got it back yet — but she wouldn’t hear of any compromise. A woman’s entitled to travel with her husband if she wants to; and William says she’s on the same footing. You see,

we've been together all our lives, more or less, since my people died. It isn't as if she were an ordinary sister."

"All the sisters I've ever heard of would have stayed where they were well off."

"She's as clever as a man, confound —" Martyn went on. "She broke up the bungalow over my head while I was talking at her. 'Settled the whole *subchiz* in three hours — servants, horses, and all. I didn't get my orders till nine."

"Jimmy Hawkins won't be pleased," said Scott "A famine's no place for a woman."

"Mrs. Jim — I mean Lady Jim's in camp with him. At any rate, she says she will look after my sister. William wired down to her on her own responsibility, asking if she could come, and knocked the ground from under me by showing me her answer."

Scott laughed aloud. "If she can do that she can take care of herself, and Mrs. Jim won't let her run into any mischief. There aren't many women, sisters or wives, who would walk into a famine with their eyes open. It isn't as if she didn't know what these things mean. She was through the Jalo cholera last year."

The train stopped at Amritsar, and Scott went back to the ladies' compartment, immediately behind their carriage. William, with a cloth riding-cap on her curls, nodded affably.

"Come in and have some tea," she said. "'Best thing in the world for heat-apoplexy."

"Do I look as if I were going to have heat-apoplexy?"

"'Never can tell," said William, wisely. "It's always best to be ready."

She had arranged her compartment with the knowledge of an old campaigner. A felt-covered water-bottle hung in the draught of one of the shuttered windows; a tea-set of Russian china, packed in a wadded basket, stood on the seat; and a travelling spirit-lamp was clamped against the woodwork above it.

William served them generously, in large cups, hot tea, which saves the veins of the neck from swelling inopportunely on a hot night. It was characteristic of the girl that, her plan of action once settled, she asked for no comments on it. Life among men who had a great deal of work to do, and very little time to do it in, had taught her the wisdom of effacing, as well as of fending

for, herself. She did not by word or deed suggest that she would be useful, comforting, or beautiful in their travels, but continued about her business serenely: put the cups back without clatter when tea was ended, and made cigarettes for her guests.

“This time last night,” said Scott, “we didn’t expect — er — this kind of thing, did we?”

“I’ve learned to expect anything,” said William. “You know, in our service, we live at the end of the telegraph; but, of course, this ought to be a good thing for us all, departmentally — if we live.”

“It knocks us out of the running in our own Province,” Scott replied, with equal gravity. “I hoped to be put on the Luni Protective Works this cold weather, but there’s no saying how long the famine may keep us.”

“Hardly beyond October, I should think,” said Martyn. “It will be ended, one way or the other, then.”

“And we’ve nearly a week of this,” said William. “Sha’n’t we be dusty when it’s over?”

For a night and a day they knew their surroundings, and for a night and a day, skirting the edge of the great Indian Desert on a narrow-gauge railway, they remembered how in the days of their apprenticeship they had come by that road from Bombay. Then the languages in which the names of the stations were written changed, and they launched south into a foreign land, where the very smells were new. Many long and heavily laden grain-trains were in front of them, and they could feel the hand of Jimmy Hawkins from far off. They waited in extemporised sidings while processions of empty trucks returned to the north, and were coupled on to slow, crawling trains, and dropped at midnight, Heaven knew where; but it was furiously hot, and they walked to and fro among sacks, and dogs howled.

Then they came to an India more strange to them than to the untravelled Englishman — the flat, red India of palm-tree, palmyra-palm, and rice — the India of the picture-books, of *Little Harry and His Bearer*— all dead and dry in the baking heat. They had left the incessant passenger-traffic of the north and west far and far behind them. Here the people crawled to the side of the train, holding their little ones in their arms; and a loaded truck would be left behind, the men and women clustering round it like ants by spilled honey. Once in the twilight they saw on a dusty

plain a regiment of little brown men, each bearing a body over his shoulder; and when the train stopped to leave yet another truck, they perceived that the burdens were not corpses, but only foodless folk picked up beside dead oxen by a corps of Irregular troops. Now they met more white men, here one and there two, whose tents stood close to the line, and who came armed with written authorities and angry words to cut off a truck. They were too busy to do more than nod at Scott and Martyn, and stare curiously at William, who could do nothing except make tea, and watch how her men staved off the rush of wailing, walking skeletons, putting them down three at a time in heaps, with their own hands uncoupling the marked trucks, or taking receipts from the hollow-eyed, weary white men, who spoke another argot than theirs. They ran out of ice, out of soda-water, and out of tea; for they were six days and seven nights on the road, and it seemed to them like seven times seven years.

At last, in a dry, hot dawn, in a land of death, lit by long red fires of railway-sleepers, where they were burning the dead, they came to their destination, [JOURNEY DOWN INTO HELL // DANTE // ALICE] and were met by Jim Hawkins, the Head of the Famine, unshaven, unwashed, but cheery, and entirely in command of affairs.

Martyn, he decreed then and there, was to live on trains till further orders; was to go back with empty trucks, filling them with starving people as he found them, and dropping them at a famine-camp on the edge of the Eight Districts. He would pick up supplies and return, and his constables would guard the loaded grain-cars, also picking up people, and would drop them at a camp a hundred miles south. Jim Hawkins was very glad to see Scott again — would that same hour take charge of a convoy of bullock-carts, and would go south, feeding as he went, to yet another famine-camp, where he would leave his starving — there would he no lack of starving on the route — and wait for orders by telegraph. Generally, Scott was in all small things to act as he thought best.

William bit her under lip. There was no one in the wide world like her one brother, but Martyn's orders gave him no discretion.

She came out on the platform, masked with dust from head to foot, a horse-shoe wrinkle on her forehead, put here by much thinking during the past week, but as self-possessed as ever.

Mrs. Jim — who should have been Lady Jim but that no one remembered the title — took possession of her with a little gasp.

“Oh, I’m so glad you’re here,” she almost sobbed. “You oughtn’t to, of course, but there — there isn’t another woman in the place, and we must help each other, you know; and we’ve all the wretched people and the little babies they are selling.”

“I’ve seen some,” said William.

“Isn’t it ghastly? I’ve bought twenty; they’re in our camp; but won’t you have something to eat first? We’ve more than ten people can do here; and I’ve got a horse for you. Oh, I’m so glad you’ve come, dear. You’re a Punjabi, too, you know.”

“Steady, Lizzie,” said Hawkins, over his shoulder. “We’ll look after you, Miss Martyn. ‘Sorry I can’t ask you to breakfast, Martyn. You’ll have to eat as you go. Leave two of your men to help Scott. These poor devils can’t stand up to load carts. Saunders” (this to the engine-driver, who was half asleep in the cab), “back down and get those empties away. You’ve ‘line clear’ to Anundrapillay; they’ll give you orders north of that. Scott, load up your carts from that B.P.P. truck, and be off as soon as you can. The Eurasian in the pink shirt is your interpreter and guide. You’ll find an apothecary of sorts tied to the yoke of the second wagon. He’s been trying to bolt; you’ll have to look after him. Lizzie, drive Miss Martyn to camp, and tell them to send the red horse down here for me.”

Scott, with Faiz Ullah and two policemen, was already busied with the carts, backing them up to the truck and unbolting the sideboards quietly, while the others pitched in the bags of millet and wheat. Hawkins watched him for as long as it took to fill one cart.

“That’s a good man,” he said. “If all goes well I shall work him hard.” This was Jim Hawkins’s notion of the highest compliment one human being could pay another.

An hour later Scott was under way; the apothecary threatening him with the penalties of the law for that he, a member of the Subordinate Medical Department, had been coerced and bound against his will and all laws governing the liberty of the subject; the pink-shirted Eurasian begging leave to see his mother, who happened to be dying some three miles away: “Only verree, verree short leave of absence, and will presently return, sar —”; the two constables, armed with

staves, bringing up the rear; and Faiz Ullah, a Mohammedan's contempt for all Hindoos and foreigners in every line of his face, explaining to the drivers that though Scott Sahib was a man to be feared on all fours, he, Faiz Ullah, was Authority Itself.

The procession creaked past Hawkins's camp — three stained tents under a clump of dead trees, behind them the famine-shed, where a crowd of hopeless ones tossed their arms around the cooking-kettles.

"Wish to Heaven William had kept out of it," said Scott to himself, after a glance. "We'll have cholera, sure as a gun, when the Rains break."

But William seemed to have taken kindly to the operations of the Famine Code, which, when famine is declared, supersede the workings of the ordinary law. Scott saw her, the centre of a mob of weeping women, in a calico riding-habit, and a blue-grey felt hat with a gold puggaree.

"I want fifty rupees, please. I forgot to ask Jack before he went away. Can you lend it me? It's for condensed-milk for the babies," said she.

Scott took the money from his belt, and handed it over without a word. "For goodness sake, take care of yourself," he said.

"Oh, I shall be all right. We ought to get the milk in two days. By the way, the orders are, I was to tell you, that you're to take one of Sir Jim's horses. There's a grey Cabuli here that I thought would be just your style, so I've said you'd take him. Was that right?"

"That's awfully good of you. We can't either of us talk much about style, I am afraid."

Scott was in a weather-stained drill shooting-kit, very white at the seams and a little frayed at the wrists. William regarded him thoughtfully, from his pith helmet to his greased ankle-boots. "You look very nice, I think. Are you sure you've everything you'll need — quinine, chlorodyne, and so on?"

"Think so," said Scott, patting three or four of his shooting-pockets as he mounted and rode alongside his convoy.

"Good-bye," he cried.

“Good-bye, and good luck,” said William. “I’m awfully obliged for the money.” She turned on a spurred heel and disappeared into the tent, while the carts pushed on past the famine-sheds, past the roaring lines of the thick, fat fires, down to the baked Gehenna of the South.

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The Day's Work, by Rudyard Kipling

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR - PART II

IT WAS punishing work, even though he travelled by night and camped by day; but within the limits of his vision there was no man whom Scott could call master. He was as free as Jimmy Hawkins — freer, in fact, for the Government held the Head of the Famine tied neatly to a telegraph-wire, and if Jimmy had ever regarded telegrams seriously, the death-rate of that famine would have been much higher than it was.

At the end of a few days’ crawling Scott learned something of the size of the India which he served, and it astonished him. His carts, as you know, were loaded with wheat, millet, and barley, good food-grains needing only a little grinding. But the people to whom he brought the life-giving stuffs were rice-eaters. They could hull rice in their mortars, but they knew nothing of the heavy stone querns of the North, and less of the material that the white man convoyed so laboriously. They clamoured for rice — unhusked paddy, such as they were accustomed to — and, when they found that there was none, broke away weeping from the sides of the cart. What was the use of these strange hard grains that choked their throats? They would die. And then and there very many of them kept their word. Others took their allowance, and bartered enough millet to feed a man through a week for a few handfuls of rotten rice saved by some less unfortunate. A few put their share into the rice-mortars, pounded it, and made a paste with foul water; but they were very few. Scott understood dimly that many people in the India of the South ate rice, as a rule, but he had spent his service in a grain Province, had seldom seen rice in the blade or ear, and least of all would have believed that in time of deadly need men could die at arm’s length of plenty, sooner than touch food they did not know. In vain the interpreters interpreted; in vain

his two policemen showed in vigorous pantomime what should be done. The starving crept away to their bark and weeds, grubs, leaves, and clay, and left the open sacks untouched. But sometimes the women laid their phantoms of children at Scott's feet, looking back as they staggered away.

Faiz Ullah opined it was the will of God that these foreigners should die, and it remained only to give orders to burn the dead. None the less there was no reason why the Sahib should lack his comforts, and Faiz Ullah, a campaigner of experience, had picked up a few lean goats and had added them to the procession. That they might give milk for the morning meal, he was feeding them on the good grain that these imbeciles rejected. "Yes," said Faiz Ullah; "if the Sahib thought fit, a little milk might be given to some of the babies"; but, as the Sahib well knew, babies were cheap, and, for his own part, Faiz Ullah held that there was no Government order as to babies. Scott spoke forcefully to Faiz Ullah and the two policemen, and bade them capture goats where they could find them. This they most joyfully did, for it was a recreation, and many ownerless goats were driven in. Once fed, the poor brutes were willing enough to follow the carts, and a few days' good food — food such as human beings died for lack of — set them in milk again.

"But I am no goatherd," said Faiz Ullah. "It is against my *izzat* [my honour]."

"When we cross the Bias River again we will talk of *izzat*," Scott replied. "Till that day thou and the policemen shall be sweepers to the camp, if I give the order."

"Thus, then, it is done," grunted Faiz Ullah, "if the Sahib will have it so"; and he showed how a goat should be milked, while Scott stood over him.

"Now we will feed them," said Scott; "twice a day we will feed them"; and he bowed his back to the milking, and took a horrible cramp.

When you have to keep connection unbroken between a restless mother of kids and a baby who is at the point of death, you suffer in all your system. But the babies were fed. Each morning and evening Scott would solemnly lift them out one by one from their nest of gunny-bags under the cart-tilts. There were always many who could do no more than breathe, and the milk was dropped into their toothless mouths drop by drop, with due pauses when they choked. Each

morning, too, the goats were fed; and since they would straggle without a leader, and since the natives were hirelings, Scott was forced to give up riding, and pace slowly at the head of his flocks, accommodating his step to their weaknesses. All this was sufficiently absurd, and he felt the absurdity keenly; but at least he was saving life, and when the women saw that their children did not die, they made shift to eat a little of the strange foods, and crawled after the carts, blessing the master of the goats.

“Give the women something to live for,” said Scott to himself, as he sneezed in the dust of a hundred little feet, “and they’ll hang on somehow. This beats William’s condensed-milk trick all to pieces. I shall never live it down, though.”

He reached his destination very slowly, found that a rice-ship had come in from Burmah, and that stores of paddy were available; found also an overworked Englishman in charge of the shed, and, loading the carts, set back to cover the ground he had already passed. He left some of the children and half his goats at the famine-shed. For this he was not thanked by the Englishman, who had already more stray babies than he knew what to do with. Scott’s back was supplanted by stooping now, and he went on with his wayside ministrations in addition to distributing the paddy. More babies and more goats were added unto him; but now some of the babies wore rags, and beads round their wrists or necks. “*That*” said the interpreter, as though Scott did not know, “signifies that their mothers hope in eventual contingency to resume them offeentially.”

“The sooner, the better,” said Scott; but at the same time he marked, with the pride of ownership, how this or that little Ramasawmy was putting on flesh like a bantam. As the paddy-carts were emptied he headed for Hawkins’s camp by the railway, timing his arrival to fit in with the dinner-hour, for it was long since he had eaten at a cloth. He had no desire to make any dramatic entry, but an accident of the sunset ordered it that when he had taken off his helmet to get the evening breeze, the low light should fall across his forehead, and he could not see what was before him; while one waiting at the tent door beheld with new eyes a young man, beautiful as Paris, a god in a halo of golden dust, walking slowly at the head of his flocks, while at his knee ran small naked Cupids. But she laughed — William, in a slate-coloured blouse, laughed consumedly till Scott, putting the best face he could upon the matter, halted his armies and bade

her admire the kindergarten. It was an unseemly sight, but the proprieties had been left ages ago, with the tea-party at Amritsar Station, fifteen hundred miles to the north.

"They are coming on nicely," said William. "We've only five-and-twenty here now. The women are beginning to take them away again."

"Are you in charge of the babies, then?"

"Yes — Mrs. Jim and I. We didn't think of goats, though. We've been trying condensed-milk and water."

"Any losses?"

"More than I care to think of;" said William, with a shudder. "And you?"

Scott said nothing. There had been many little burials along his route — one cannot burn a dead baby — many mothers who had wept when they did not find again the children they had trusted to the care of the Government.

Then Hawkins came out carrying a razor, at which Scott looked hungrily, for he had a beard that he did not love. And when they sat down to dinner in the tent he told his tale in few words, as it might have been an official report. Mrs. Jim snuffled from time to time, and Jim bowed his head judicially; but William's grey eyes were on the clean-shaven face, and it was to her that Scott seemed to appeal.

"Good for the Pauper Province!" said William, her chin on her hand, as she leaned forward among the wine-glasses. Her cheeks had fallen in, and the scar on her forehead was more prominent than ever, but the well-turned neck rose roundly as a column from the ruffle of the blouse which was the accepted evening-dress in camp. [UGLINESS]

"It was awfully absurd at times," said Scott. "You see, I didn't know much about milking or babies. They'll chaff my head off, if the tale goes up North."

"Let 'em," said William, haughtily. "We've all done coolie-work since we came. I know Jack has." This was to Hawkins's address, and the big man smiled blandly.

"Your brother's a highly efficient officer, William," said he, "and I've done him the honour of treating him as he deserves. Remember, I write the confidential reports."

“Then you must say that William’s worth her weight in gold,” said Mrs. Jim. “I don’t know what we should have done without her. She has been everything to us.” She dropped her hand upon William’s, which was rough with much handling of reins, and William patted it softly. Jim beamed on the company. Things were going well with his world. Three of his more grossly incompetent men had died, and their places had been filled by their betters. Every day brought the Rains nearer. They had put out the famine in five of the Eight Districts, and, after all, the death-rate had not been too heavy — things considered. He looked Scott over carefully, as an ogre looks over a man, and rejoiced in his thews and iron-hard condition.

“He’s just the least bit in the world tucked up,” said Jim to himself, “but he can do two men’s work yet.” Then he was aware that Mrs. Jim was telegraphing to him, and according to the domestic code the message ran: “A clear case. Look at them!”

He looked and listened. All that William was saying was: “What can you expect of a country where they call a *bhistee* [a water-carrier] a *tunni-cutch*?” and all that Scott answered was: “I shall be glad to get back to the Club. Save me a dance at the Christmas Ball, won’t you?”

“It’s a far cry from here to the Lawrence Hall,” said Jim. “Better turn in early, Scott. It’s paddy-carts tomorrow; you’ll begin loading at five.”

“Aren’t you going to give Mr. Scott a single day’s rest?”

“Wish I could, Lizzie, but I’m afraid I can’t. As long as he can stand up we must use him.”

“Well, I’ve had one Europe evening, at least. By Jove, I’d nearly forgotten! What do I do about those babies of mine?”

“Leave them here,” said William — “we are in charge of that — and as many goats as you can spare. I must learn how to milk now.” [illustration]

“If you care to get up early enough tomorrow I’ll show you. I have to milk, you see. Half of ’em have beads and things round their necks. You must be careful not to take ’em off; in case the mothers turn up.”

“You forget I’ve had some experience here.”

“I hope to goodness you won’t overdo.” Scott’s voice was unguarded.

"I'll take care of her," said Mrs. Jim, telegraphing hundred-word messages as she carried William off; while Jim gave Scott his orders for the coming campaign. It was very late — nearly nine o'clock.

"Jim, you're a brute," said his wife, that night; and the Head of the Famine chuckled.

"Not a bit of it, dear. I remember doing the first Jandiala Settlement for the sake of a girl in a crinoline, and she was slender, Lizzie. I've never done as good a piece of work since. *He'll* work like a demon."

"But you might have given him one day."

"And let things come to a head now? No, dear; it's their happiest time."

"I don't believe either of the darlings know what's the matter with them. Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it lovely?"

"Getting up at three to learn to milk, bless her heart! Oh, ye Gods, why must we grow old and fat?"

"She's a darling. She has done more work under me —"

"Under *you*? The day after she came she was in charge and you were her subordinate. You've stayed there ever since; she manages you almost as well as you manage me."

"She doesn't, and that's why I love her. She's as direct as a man — as her brother."

"Her brother's weaker than she is. He's always to me for orders; but he's honest, and a glutton for work. I confess I'm rather fond of William, and if I had a daughter —"

The talk ended. Far away in the Derajat was a child's grave more than twenty years old, and neither Jim nor his wife spoke of it any more.

"All the same, you're responsible," Jim added, a moment's silence.

"Bless 'em!" said Mrs. Jim, sleepily.

Before the stars paled, Scott, who slept in an empty cart, waked and went about his work in silence; it seemed at that hour unkind to rouse Faiz Ullah and the interpreter. His head being close to the ground, he did not hear William till she stood over him in the dingy old riding-habit, her eyes still heavy with sleep, a cup of tea and a piece of toast in her hands. There was a baby

on the ground, squirming on a piece of blanket, and a six-year-old child peered over Scott's shoulder.

"Hai, you little rip," said Scott, "how the deuce do you expect to get your rations if you aren't quiet?"

A cool white hand steadied the brat, who forthwith choked as the milk gurgled into his mouth.

"Mornin'," said the milker. "You've no notion how these little fellows can wriggle."

"Oh, yes, I have." She whispered, because the world was asleep. "Only I feed them with a spoon or a rag. Yours are fatter than mine. And you've been doing this day after day?" The voice was almost lost.

"Yes; it was absurd. Now you try," he said, giving place to the girl. "Look out! A goat's not a cow."

The goat protested against the amateur, and there was a scuffle, in which Scott snatched up the baby. Then it was all to do over again, and William laughed softly and merrily. She managed, however, to feed two babies, and a third.

"Don't the little beggars take it well?" said Scott. "I trained 'em."

They were very busy and interested, when lo! it was broad daylight, and before they knew, the camp was awake, and they kneeled among the goats, surprised by the day, both flushed to the temples. Yet all the round world rolling up out of the darkness might have heard and seen all that had passed between them.

"Oh," said William, unsteadily, snatching up the tea and toast, "I had this made for you. It's stone-cold now. I thought you mightn't have anything ready so early. 'Better not drink it. It's — it's stone-cold."

"That's awfully kind of you. It's just right. It's awfully good of you, really. I'll leave my kids and goats with you and Mrs. Jim, and, of course, any one in camp can show you about the milking."

“Of course,” said William; and she grew pinker and pinker and statelier and more stately, as she strode back to her tent, fanning herself with the saucer.

There were shrill lamentations through the camp when the elder children saw their nurse move off without them. Faiz Ullah unbent so far as to jest with the policemen, and Scott turned purple with shame because Hawkins, already in the saddle, roared.

A child escaped from the care of Mrs. Jim, and, running like a rabbit, clung to Scott’s boot, William pursuing with long, easy strides.

“I will not go — I will not go!” shrieked the child, twining his feet round Scott’s ankle. “They will kill me here. I do not know these people.”

“I say,” said Scott, in broken Tamil, “I say, she will do you no harm. Go with her and be well fed.”

“Come!” said William, panting, with a wrathful glance at Scott, who stood helpless and, as it were, hamstrung.

“Go back,” said Scott quickly to William. “I’ll send the little chap over in a minute.”

The tone of authority had its effect, but in a way Scott did not exactly intend. The boy loosened his grasp, and said with gravity: “I did not know the woman was thine. I will go.” Then he cried to his companions, a mob of three-, four-, and five-year-olds waiting on the success of his venture ere they stampeded: “Go back and eat. It is our man’s woman. She will obey his orders.”

Jim collapsed where he sat; Faiz Ullah and the two policemen grinned; and Scott’s orders to the cartmen flew like hail.

“That is the custom of the Sahibs when truth is told in their presence,” said Faiz Ullah. “The time comes that I must seek new service. Young wives, especially such as speak our language and have knowledge of the ways of the Police, make great trouble for honest butlers in the matter of weekly accounts.”

What William thought of it all she did not say, but when her brother, ten days later, came to camp for orders, and heard of Scott’s performances, he said, laughing: “Well, that settles it.

He'll be *Bakri* Scott to the end of his days." (*Bakri* in the Northern vernacular, means a goat.) "What a lark! I'd have given a month's pay to have seen him nursing famine babies. I fed some with *conjee* [rice-water], but that was all right."

"It's perfectly disgusting," said his sister, with blazing eyes. "A man does something like — like that — and all you other men think of is to give him an absurd nickname, and then you laugh and think it's funny."

"Ah," said Mrs. Jim, sympathetically.

"Well, *you* can't talk, William. You christened little Miss Demby the Button-quail, last cold weather; you know you did. India's the land of nicknames."

"That's different," William replied. "She was only a girl, and she hadn't done anything except walk like a quail, and she *does*. But it isn't fair to make fun of a man."

"Scott won't care," said Martyn. "You can't get a rise out of old Scotty. I've been trying for eight years, and you've only known him for three. How does he look?"

"He looks very well," said William, and went away with a flushed cheek. "*Bakri* Scott, indeed!" Then she laughed to herself, for she knew her country. "But it will be *Bakri* all the same"; and she repeated it under her breath several times slowly, whispering it into favour.

When he returned to his duties on the railway, Martyn spread the name far and wide among his associates, so that Scott met it as he led his paddy-carts to war. The natives believed it to be some English title of honour, and the cart-drivers used it in all simplicity till Faiz Ullah, who did not approve of foreign japes, broke their heads. There was very little time for milking now, except at the big camps, where Jim had extended Scott's idea and was feeding large flocks on the useless northern grains. Sufficient paddy had come now into the Eight Districts to hold the people safe, if it were only distributed quickly, and for that purpose no one was better than the big Canal officer, who never lost his temper, never gave an unnecessary order, and never questioned an order given. Scott pressed on, saving his cattle, washing their galled necks daily, so that no time should be lost on the road; reported himself with his rice at the minor famine-sheds, unloaded, and went back light by forced night-march to the next distributing centre, to find Hawkins's unvarying telegram: "Do it again." And he did it again and again, and yet again, while Jim Hawkins,

fifty miles away, marked off on a big map the tracks of his wheels gridironing the stricken lands. Others did well — Hawkins reported at the end they all did well — but Scott was the most excellent, for he kept good coined rupees by him, settled for his own cart-repairs on the spot, and ran to meet all sorts of unconsidered extras, trusting to be recouped later on. Theoretically, the Government should have paid for every shoe and iinchpin, for every hand employed in the loading; but Government vouchers cash themselves slowly, and intelligent and efficient clerks write at great length, contesting unauthorised expenditures of eight annas. The man who wants to make his work a success must draw on his own bank-account of money or other things as he goes.

“I told you he’d work,” said Jimmy to his wife, at the end of six weeks. “He’s been in sole charge of a couple of thousand men up north, on the Mosuhl Canal, for a year; but he gives less trouble than young Martyn with his ten constables; and I’m morally certain — only Government doesn’t recognise moral obligations — he’s spent about half his pay to grease his wheels. Look at this, Lizzie, for one week’s work! Forty miles in two days with twelve carts; two days’ halt building a famine-shed for young Rogers. (Rogers ought to have built it himself, the idiot!) Then forty miles back again, loading six carts on the way, and distributing all Sunday. Then in the evening he pitches in a twenty-page Demi-Official to me, saying the people where he is might be ‘advantageously employed on relief-work,’ and suggesting that he put ‘em to work on some broken-down old reservoir he’s discovered, so as to have a good water-supply when the Rains break. ‘Thinks he can cauk the dam in a fortnight. Look at his marginal sketches — aren’t they clear and good — I knew he was *pukka*, but I didn’t know he was as *pukka* as this.”

“I must show these to William,” said Mrs. Jim. “The child’s wearing herself out among the babies.”

“Not more than you are, dear. Well, another two months ought to see us out of the wood. I’m sorry it’s not in my power to recommend you for a V. C.” [Mrs. Jim, not William]

William sat late in her tent that night, reading through page after page of the square handwriting, patting the sketches of proposed repairs to the reservoir, and wrinkling her

eyebrows over the columns of figures of estimated water-supply. "And he finds time to do all this," she cried to herself, "and — well, I also was present. I've saved one or two babies."

She dreamed for the twentieth time of the god in the golden dust, and woke refreshed to feed loathsome black children, scores of them, wasters picked up by the wayside, their bones almost breaking their skin, terrible and covered with sores.

Scott was not allowed to leave his cart-work, but his letter was duly forwarded to the Government, and he had the consolation, not rare in India, of knowing that another man was reaping where he had sown. That also was discipline profitable to the soul.

"He's much too good to waste on canals," said Jimmy. "Any one can oversee coolies. You needn't be angry, William; he can — but I need my pearl among bullock-drivers, and I've transferred him to the Khanda district, where he'll have it all to do over again. He should be marching now."

"He's *not* a coolie," said William, furiously. "He ought to be doing his regulation work."

"He's the best man in his service, and that's saying a good deal; but if you *must* use razors to cut grindstones, why, I prefer the best cutlery."

"Isn't it almost time we saw him again?" said Mrs. Jim. "I'm sure the poor boy hasn't had a respectable meal for a month. He probably sits on a cart and eats sardines with his fingers."

"All in good time, dear. Duty before decency — wasn't it Mr. Chucks said that?"

"No; it was Midshipman Easy," William laughed. "I sometimes wonder how it will feel to dance or listen to a band again, or sit under a roof. I can't believe I ever wore a ball-frock in my life."

"One minute," said Mrs. Jim, who was thinking. "If he goes to Khanda, he passes within five miles of us. Of course he'll ride in."

"Oh, no, he won't," said William.

"How do you know, dear?"

"It will take him off his work. He won't have time."

"He'll make it," said Mrs. Jim, with a twinkle.

“It depends on his own judgment. There’s absolutely no reason why he shouldn’t, if he thinks fit,” said Jim.

“He won’t see fit,” William replied, without sorrow or emotion. “It wouldn’t be him if he did.”

“One certainly gets to know people rather well in times like these,” said Jim, drily; but William’s face was serene as ever, and even as she prophesied, Scott did not appear.

The Rains fell at last, late, but heavily; and the dry, gashed earth was red mud, and servants killed snakes in the camp, where every one was weather-bound for a fortnight — all except Hawkins, who took horse and plashed about in the wet, rejoicing. Now the Government decreed that seed-grain should be distributed to the people, as well as advances of money for the purchase of new oxen; and the white men were doubly worked for this new duty, while William skipped from brick to brick laid down on the trampled mud, and dosed her charges with warming medicines that made them rub their little round stomachs; and the milch goats thrived on the rank grass. There was never a word from Scott in the Khanda district, away to the southeast, except the regular telegraphic report to Hawkins. The rude country roads had disappeared; his drivers were half mutinous; one of Martyn’s loaned policemen had died of cholera; and Scott was taking thirty grains of quinine a day to fight the fever that comes with the rain: but those were things Scott did not consider necessary to report. He was, as usual, working from a base of supplies on a railway line, to cover a circle of fifteen miles radius, and since full loads were impossible, he took quarter-loads, and toiled four times as hard by consequence; for he did not choose to risk an epidemic which might have grown uncontrollable by assembling villagers in thousands at the relief-sheds. It was cheaper to take Government bullocks, work them to death, and leave them to the crows in the wayside sloughs.

That was the time when eight years of clean living and hard condition told, though a man’s head were ringing like a bell from the cinchona, and the earth swayed under his feet when he stood and under his bed when he slept. If Hawkins had seen fit to make him a bullock-driver, that, he thought, was entirely Hawkins’s own affair. There were men in the North who would know what he had done; men of thirty years’ service in his own department who would say that

it was “not half bad”; and above, immeasurably above, all men of all grades, there was William in the thick of the fight, who would approve because she understood. He had so trained his mind that it would hold fast to the mechanical routine of the day, though his own voice sounded strange in his own ears, and his hands, when he wrote, grew large as pillows or small as peas at the end of his wrists. That steadfastness bore his body to the telegraph-office at the railway-station, and dictated a telegram to Hawkins saying that the Khanda district was, in his judgment, now safe, and he “waited further orders.”

The Madrassee telegraph-clerk did not approve of a large, gaunt man falling over him in a dead faint, not so much because of the weight as because of the names and blows that Faiz Ullah dealt him when he found the body rolled under a bench. Then Faiz Ullah took blankets, quilts, and coverlets where he found them, and lay down under them at his master’s side, and bound his arms with a tent-rope, and filled him with a horrible stew of herbs, and set the policeman to fight him when he wished to escape from the intolerable heat of his coverings, and shut the door of the telegraph-office to keep out the curious for two nights and one day; and when a light engine came down the line, and Hawkins kicked in the door, Scott hailed him weakly but in a natural voice, and Faiz Ullah stood back and took all the credit.

“For two nights, Heaven-born, he was *pagal*” said Faiz Ullah. “Look at my nose, and consider the eye of the policeman. He beat us with his bound hands; but we sat upon him, Heaven-born, and though his words were *tez*, we sweated him. Heaven-born, never has been such a sweat! He is weaker now than a child; but the fever has gone out of him, by the grace of God. There remains only my nose and the eye of the constabeel. Sahib, shall I ask for my dismissal because my Sahib has beaten me?” And Faiz Ullah laid his long thin hand carefully on Scott’s chest to be sure that the fever was all gone, ere he went out to open tinned soups and discourage such as laughed at his swelled nose.

“The district’s all right,” Scott whispered. “It doesn’t make any difference. You got my wire?” I shall be fit in a week. ‘Can’t understand how it happened. I shall be fit in a few days.”

“You’re coming into camp with us,” said Hawkins.

“But look here — but —”

"It's all over except the shouting. We sha'n't need you Punjabis any more. On my honour, we sha'n't. Martyn goes back in a few weeks; Arbuthnot's returned already; Ellis and Clay are putting the last touches to a new feeder-line the Government's built as relief-work. Morten's dead — he was a Bengal man, though; you wouldn't know him. 'Pon my word, you and Will — Miss Martyn — seem to have come through it as well as anybody."—"Oh, how is she, by-the-way". The voice went up and down as he spoke.

"Going strong when I left her. The Roman Catholic Missions are adopting the unclaimed babies to turn them into little priests; the Basil Mission is taking some, and the mothers are taking the rest. You should hear the little beggars howl when they're sent away from William. She's pulled down a bit, but so are we all. Now, when do you suppose you'll be able to move?"

"I can't come into camp in this state. I won't," he replied pettishly.

"Well, you *are* rather a sight, but from what I gathered there it seemed to me they'd be glad to see you under any conditions. I'll look over your work here, if you like, for a couple of days, and you can pull yourself together while Faiz Ullah feeds you up."

Scott could walk dizzily by the time Hawkins's inspection was ended, and he flushed all over when Jim said of his work that it was "not half bad," and volunteered, further, that he had considered Scott his right-hand man through the famine, and would feel it his duty to say as much officially.

So they came back by rail to the old camp; but there were no crowds near it; the long fires in the trenches were dead and black, and the famine-sheds were almost empty.

"You see!" said Jim. "There isn't much more to do. 'Better ride up and see the wife. They've pitched a tent for you. Dinner's at seven. I've some work here."

Riding at a foot-pace, Faiz Ullah by his stirrup, Scott came to William in the brown-calico riding-habit, sitting at the dining-tent door, her hands in her lap, white as ashes, thin and worn, with no lustre in her hair. [UGLINESS?] There did not seem to be any Mrs. Jim on the horizon, and all that William could say was: "My word, how pulled down you look!"

"I've had a touch of fever. You don't look very well yourself."

"Oh, I'm fit enough. We've stamped it out. I suppose you know?"

Scott nodded. "We shall all be returned in a few weeks. Hawkins told me."

"Before Christmas, Mrs. Jim says. Sha'n't you be glad to go back — I can smell the wood-smoke already"; William sniffed. "We shall be in time for all the Christmas doings. I don't suppose even the Punjab Government would be base enough to transfer Jack till the new year?"

"It seems hundreds of years ago — the Punjab and all that — doesn't it? Are you glad you came?"

"Now it's all over, yes. It has been ghastly here, though. You know we had to sit still and do nothing, and Sir Jim was away so much."

"Do nothing! How did you get on with the milking?"

"I managed it somehow — after you taught me. 'Remember?"

Then the talk stopped with an almost audible jar. Still no Mrs. Jim.

"That reminds me, I owe you fifty rupees for the condensed-milk. I thought perhaps you'd be coming here when you were transferred to the Khanda district, and I could pay you then; but you didn't."

"I passed within five miles of the camp, but it was in the middle of a march, you see, and the carts were breaking down every few minutes, and I couldn't get 'em over the ground till ten o'clock that night. I wanted to come awfully. You knew I did, didn't you?"

"I— believe — I— did," said William, facing him with level eyes. She was no longer white.

"Did you understand?"

"Why you didn't ride in? Of course I did."

"Why?"

"Because you couldn't, of course. I knew that."

"Did you care?"

"If you had come in — but I knew you wouldn't — but if you *had*, I should have cared a great deal. You know I should."

“Thank God I didn’t! Oh, but I wanted to! I couldn’t trust myself to ride in front of the carts, because I kept edging ’em over here, don’t you know?”

“I knew you wouldn’t,” said William, contentedly. “Here’s your fifty.”

Scott bent forward and kissed the hand that held the greasy notes. Its fellow patted him awkwardly but very tenderly on the head.

“And *you* knew, too, didn’t you?” said William, in a new voice.

“No, on my honour, I didn’t. I hadn’t the — the cheek to expect anything of the kind, except . . . I say, were you out riding anywhere the day I passed by to Khanda?”

William nodded, and smiled after the manner of an angel surprised in a good deed.

“Then it was just a speck I saw of your habit in the ——”

“Palm-grove on the Southern cart-road. I saw your helmet when you came up from the mullah by the temple — just enough to be sure that you were all right. D’ you care?”

This time Scott did not kiss her hand, for they were in the dusk of the dining-tent, and, because William’s knees were trembling under her, she had to sit down in the nearest chair, where she wept long and happily, her head on her arms; and when Scott imagined that it would be well to comfort her, she needing nothing of the kind, she ran to her own tent; and Scott went out into the world, and smiled upon it largely and idiotically. But when Faiz Ullah brought him a drink, he found it necessary to support one hand with the other, or the good whisky and soda would have been spilled abroad. There are fevers and fevers.

But it was worse — much worse — the strained, eye-shirking talk at dinner till the servants had withdrawn, and worst of all when Mrs. Jim, who had been on the edge of weeping from the soup down, kissed Scott and William, and they drank one whole bottle of champagne, hot, because there was no ice, and Scott and William sat outside the tent in the starlight till Mrs. Jim drove them in for fear of more fever.

Apropos of these things and some others William said: “Being engaged is abominable, because, you see, one has no official position. We must be thankful we’ve lots of things to do.”

“Things to do!” said Jim, when that was reported to him. “They’re neither of them any good any more. I can’t get five hours’ work a day out of Scott. He’s in the clouds half the time.”

“Oh, but they’re so beautiful to watch, Jimmy. It will break my heart when they go. Can’t you do anything for him?”

“I’ve given the Government the impression — at least, I hope I have — that he personally conducted the entire famine. But all he wants is to get on to the Luni Canal Works, and William’s just as bad. Have you ever heard ’em talking of barrage and aprons and waste-water — It’s their style of spooning, I suppose.”

Mrs. Jim smiled tenderly. “Ah, that’s in the intervals — bless ’em.”

And so Love ran about the camp unrebuked in broad daylight, while men picked up the pieces and put them neatly away of the Famine in the Eight Districts.

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Morning brought the penetrating chill of the Northern December, the layers of wood-smoke, the dusty grey-blue of the tamarisks, the domes of ruined tombs, and all the smell of the white Northern plains, as the mail-train ran on to the mile-long Sutlej Bridge. William, wrapped in a *poshteen*— a silk-embroidered sheepskin jacket trimmed with rough astrakhan — looked out with moist eyes and nostrils that dilated joyously. The South of pagodas and palm-trees, the overpopulated Hindu South, was done with. Here was the land she knew and loved, and before her lay the good life she understood, among folk of her own caste and mind.

They were picking them up at almost every station now — men and women coming in for the Christmas Week, with racquets, with bundles of polo-sticks, with dear and bruised cricket-bats, with fox-terriers and saddles. The greater part of them wore jackets like William’s, for the Northern cold is as little to be trifled with as the Northern heat. And William was among them and of them, her hands deep in her pockets, her collar turned up over her ears, stamping her feet on the platforms as she walked up and down to get warm, visiting from carriage to carriage and everywhere being congratulated. Scott was with the bachelors at the far end of the train, where they chaffed him mercilessly about feeding babies and milking goats; but from time to time he

would stroll up to William's window, and murmur: "Good enough, isn't it?" and William would answer with sighs of pure delight: "Good enough, indeed." The large open names of the home towns were good to listen to. Umballa, Ludianah, Phillour, Jullundur, they rang like the coming marriage-bells in her ears, and William felt deeply and truly sorry for all strangers and outsiders — visitors, tourists, and those fresh-caught for the service of the country.

It was a glorious return, and when the bachelors gave the Christmas Ball, William was, unofficially, you might say, the chief and honoured guest among the Stewards, who could make things very pleasant for their friends. She and Scott danced nearly all the dances together, and sat out the rest in the big dark gallery overlooking the superb teak floor, where the uniforms blazed, and the spurs clinked, and the new frocks and four hundred dancers went round and round till the draped flags on the pillars flapped and bellied to the whirl of it.

About midnight half a dozen men who did not care for dancing came over from the Club to play "Waits," and that was a surprise the Stewards had arranged — before any one knew what had happened, the band stopped, and hidden voices broke into "Good King Wenceslaus," and William in the gallery hummed and beat time with her foot:

"Mark my footsteps well, my page,

Tread thou in them boldly.

Thou shalt feel the winter's rage

Freeze thy blood less coldly!"

"Oh, I hope they are going to give us another! Isn't it pretty, coming out of the dark in that way? Look — look down. There's Mrs. Gregory wiping her eyes!"

"It's like Home, rather," said Scott. "I remember —"

"Hsh! Listen! — dear." And it began again:

"When shepherds watched their flocks by night —"

"A-h-h!" said William, drawing closer to Scott.

"All seated on the ground,

The Angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind);

'Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind.'"

This time it was William that wiped her eyes.

<https://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/k/kipling/rudyard/days/chapter7.html>

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