

Kipling's *Captains Courageous* and the Anglo-Indian in America

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Writing in 1926, Thomas Beer argued that the “thread of imperial thinking” in Rudyard Kipling’s work had in large measure supplied the moral and intellectual justification for the Spanish-American War.¹ Later commentators have not shied away from Beer’s extravagance. According to Christopher Hitchens, Kipling acted as “John the Baptist” to the age of American imperialism, persuading his fellow Anglo-Saxons of their racial birthright by “inculcat[ing] the idea of empire in the American mind.”² More recently, Patrick Brantlinger has turned to Kipling in an effort to parse the deep grammar of America’s “Second Expeditionary Era,” which is to say its recent and ongoing military interventions in the Middle East. Surveying the uses and abuses of “The White Man’s Burden” over more than a century of U.S. foreign policy, Brantlinger hears its echo after 2001 in the battle-cries of Republican hawks and among neoconservative apologists for “America’s new global empire.”³ Judith Plotz, meanwhile, argues that if Kipling’s purpose a century ago was to convince the U.S. of its “world-historical destiny,” the function of his writing a hundred years later has been “relegitimizing imperialism” for the post-9/11 era.⁴

The emphasis these critics put on race, militarism and empire is not unusual in studies of Kipling’s American period. From John McBratney’s assertion that U.S. foreign policy left Kipling as “buoyant as ever about the prospects of empire,”⁵ to David Gilmore’s portrait of him as purveyor of “imperialist instruction”⁶ to the political classes, the retroactive shadow of “The White Man’s Burden” is everywhere felt. This is true even in studies that range beyond the public and hortatory poems of the later 1890s. Recent books by Andrew Hagioannu and David Sergeant, for example, regard the fiction Kipling produced during the four years he lived in America, from 1892 until 1896, as serving the same superordinate intention as the later poems, namely consolidating Anglo-Saxon ethnic and cultural unities between Britain and the U.S.. For Sergeant, this is reflected in a shift away

from intimate colonial satire toward an abstract preoccupation with “empires and superpowers.”⁷ Hagioannu is more sweeping, viewing most of what Kipling wrote in and about the U.S. as ideologically suspect, part of a grand mission to peddle the “imperialist argument...to the leisure class.”⁸

On the face of it, *Captains Courageous*, Kipling’s tale of cod fishing off the Grand Banks, would appear to be remote from such concerns. Yet it, too, is now widely considered an imperialist or proto-imperialist text—an Old World racist and classist fantasy, in Hagioannu’s terms, about the civilizing potential of “munificent” American capital and, by extension, “imperial power;”⁹ a book that “harmonizes with Kipling’s love of extended empire,”¹⁰ as John Seelye puts it, by offering a preparatory encoding of views that Kipling would make explicit later on. But it is possible to reach a very different conclusion about the novel if we consider it, not as a foreshadowing, but as the product and culmination of a deeply ambivalent response to America that Kipling had been performing in his work since the late 1880s. In his reading of *Captains Courageous*, Daniel Karlin suggests that it is a text replete with “ambiguous implications”¹¹ about the American future. I suggest that we can see this ambivalence developing in the two series of travel Letters composed between 1889 and 1892, later collected as *From Sea to Sea* and “From Tideway to Tideway,” and in Kipling’s private correspondence from the period.¹² On the one hand, these writings portray an America which serves as an analogue to the Anglo-India Kipling had left behind; on the other, they castigate the America of “barbaric” industrial capitalism, vivified in the “wilderness”¹³ city of Chicago and symptomized in the moral and intellectual velleity of the leisure class. Both these Americas are present in *Captains Courageous*, as Kipling himself suggested when he claimed that the novel was in fact intended as a satire on the “grubby ideals”¹⁴ of the corporate class and their destruction of traditional ways of life. Few modern critics have been willing to grant Kipling’s assertion any credence,¹⁵ preferring instead to read the story as a hymn to an ascendant capitalist-imperialism. Locating the book in context of his American writing more broadly offers a new basis on which to revisit Kipling’s claim. Furthermore, it provides for a fuller understanding of the novel’s curious and rarely remarked afterlife

in 1890s America. Unsurprisingly a favourite of Theodore Roosevelt's,¹⁶ *Captains Courageous* was also taken up, as we shall see, by another key thinker of the decade, one who could hardly be further removed from the belligerent imperialists and hypercapitalists with whom Kipling is customarily associated: William James.

The Anglo-Indian in America

The appearance in recent years of Thomas Pinney's collected letters has done much to cement the impression of Kipling as a writer preoccupied with the racial and political symbolism of America and ultimately sympathetic to the interests of power and capital convolving within it. In his editorial notes, Pinney suggests that Kipling made little effort to cultivate a social life in the environs of Brattleboro, preferring instead the company of a privileged and well-connected elite—John Hay, Henry Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Lockwood de Forest, Brander Matthews, and Charles Eliot Norton, among others.¹⁷ This distinguished roll-call has, in turn, prompted critics to search for a commensurate elitism in the writing itself, with David Sergeant, for example, claiming that Kipling's perspective during and after his American period was “more likely to be that of the statesman and general than the footsoldier.”¹⁸

Yet it is important to remember that Kipling left the country towards the end of 1896 full of misgivings about future relations between Britain and the United States, even predicting that American war-mongering might force the British into a rival alliance with France and Russia.¹⁹ Nor was his association with the belligerent Hay-Adams group either uniformly congenial or especially intimate;²⁰ certainly, it was never carried on to the exclusion of individuals such as William James and Charles Eliot Norton who were resolutely opposed to American expansionist ambitions.²¹ As for the claim that Kipling came to identify more with the “statesman” than the “foot-soldier”: it is difficult to square this assertion with much of the writing produced between 1889 and 1896. This was, after all, the period of *Captains Courageous*, *The Day's Work*, and *The Seven Seas*—texts dominated by

detailed and introspective accounts of manual and machine-based labour, and by an intrepid ventriloquizing of the men who perform it.

Key to grasping the complexity of Kipling's relationship to America, I suggest, is not the list of his illustrious correspondents but the fact of his Anglo-Indianism—a detail that tends to be lost in readings that equate the American Kipling with the later poems, and hence with a disintricated idea of imperial Britishness. In his early writings about the U.S., it is the *Anglo-Indian* (a non-racial type), rather than the *Anglo-Saxon*, that operates as the key identity-hyphenation. As John Darwin has described, to be an Anglo-Indian in the late 1880s and 1890s was to be the denizen of a territory and a culture quite remote from Britain's, one with "its own interests, its own ethos, its own patriotism, its own shrines...and martyrs, its own ideology."²² Stout, austere, long-suffering and omniscient, Anglo-Indians routinely defined themselves in terms of difference and distance from an enfeebled and decadent metropolitan Britishness—as the enduringly authentic version, that is to say, of a vanishing racial type; the virile embodiment of what the English once "had been."²³ As Stephen Arata explains, the distinction is what underpins the recurring predicament in Kipling's early stories, played to great satirical effect, of "the disastrous consequences of sending an Englishman to do an Anglo-Indian's job."²⁴ In the American travel Letters and in his private correspondence, Kipling develops this theme in a new way by triangulating the English and Anglo-Indian with a third presence, the American. In common with the early stories there is an objectification and even ridiculing of the British "other," but now it is accompanied by a willingness to trace essential affinities between the Anglo-Indian and his American counterpart. At the same time, those aspects of contemporary capitalist America of which Kipling disapproves are represented in terms of a shared cultural symptomology with an ailing Britain. In both these respects, contact with America stimulates a renewal of identification with the Anglo-Indian imaginary, rather than a break from it.

Kipling began his travels across the United States in San Francisco in November 1889, arriving in New York some nine months later. Along the way he recorded his impressions in twenty Letters addressed, for the most part, to the Allahabad *Pioneer*. The Letters bear the trace of a previous

generation of English visitors to the United States that included Charles Dickens, whose *American Notes* Kipling claimed to regard as his finest work.²⁵ Dickens's pose of inquiring condescension is certainly in evidence in the initial bulletins, as is his comparative method of portraying the "pyramidal vulgarity"²⁶ of American customs and values as deviations (in the downward direction) from British cultural and behavioural norms. But where in Dickens the pose of genial bewilderment, of the innocent V.I.P. abroad, ultimately gives way to disillusion with the American "other," Kipling's reflections lead in a quite different direction, toward an increasing destabilization of the English-American dyad on which the genre depends. "Americans are Americans" and "English are English," he declares in Letter Nine, "but we of India are Us all the world over, knowing the mysteries of each other's lives and sorrowing for the death of a brother,"²⁷ thus establishing a triangulation that will shift the Letters decisively away from Dickensian satirical conventions. Here he is in Letter Fourteen taking up the characteristically Dickensian subject of American bombast:

Let there be no misunderstanding about the matter. I love this people, and if any contemptuous criticism has to be done I will do it myself. My heart has gone out to them beyond all other peoples, and for the life of me I cannot tell why. They are bleeding raw at the edges, almost more conceited than the English, vulgar with a massive vulgarity which is as though the Pyramids were coated with Christmas-cake sugar-works, cocksure they are, lawless and as *kutchas* as they are cocksure; but I love them, and I realized it when I met an Englishman who laughed at them ... Their government's provisional; their law's the notion of the moment; their railways are made of hairpins and match-sticks, and most of their good luck lives in their woods and mines and rivers and not in their own brains; but for all that they be the biggest, finest and best people on the surface of the globe!²⁸

Three presences are invoked here: the American, the "Englishman who laughed," and (an implied presence) the Anglo-Indian—Kipling himself, of course, along with the readers of the Allahabad *Pioneer*. Kipling uses this triangulation to challenge the Anglo-chauvinism of Dickens by implying affinity between the American and the Anglo-Indian to the exclusion and comical objectification of

the Englishman. The affinity is underscored in the next letter, when he confronts another example of American cocksureness, this time in the shape of a boisterous Chicago lawyer. His response to the man at first invokes Dickens: “I didn’t expect to meet Elijah Pogram in the flesh,”²⁹ a reference to the blustering American patriot in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But an adjustment quickly follows as Kipling resiles from the Dickensian point of view, first to identify with the American, whose “high-falutin” is reconfigured as a spontaneous outpouring of “passionate patriotism,” and then to *disidentify* with the British: “I might travel for ten years up and down England...ere I squeezed as much enthusiasm out of a Britisher.”³⁰

Throughout the travel Letters we find Kipling returning to the idea that the American is capable of embodying virtues of boldness, enterprise, patriotism, and duty that have largely deserted the modern English character. Where the “average English householder seems to regard his country as an abstraction that ought to supply him with certain temporal advantages in the way of policemen and fire-brigades,” the American from the “plough-tail” will demonstrate both an understanding of “what manner of thing his Republic is”³¹ and, moreover, a reflexive willingness to defend it. Forced to survive and prosper, like the Anglo-Indian, in unforgiving circumstances, the American retains an “inner kernel of...romance” denied to the domesticated naysayer, for here, “Cortes is not dead, nor Drake... The adventures and Captains courageous of old have only changed their dress a little and altered their employment to suit the world in which they move.”³² In the figure of the American farmer in particular Kipling senses a complex affinity:

Over the shoulder of the meadow two men come up very slowly, their hats off, and their arms swinging loosely at their sides. They do not hurry. They have not hurried, and they never will hurry, for they are of the country—bankers of the flesh and blood of the ever bankrupt cities...

And there are a few millions of them—unhandy men to cross in their ways, set, silent, indirect in speech, and as impenetrable as that other Eastern farmer who is the bedrock of another land. They do not appear in the city papers, they are not much heard in the streets, and they tell very little in the outsider’s estimate of America.

And they are the American.³³

David Cannadine has written of how, in his early work, Kipling contributed to the creation and popularization of an image of India as a “village community,” a “layered, Burkeian, agrarian” society that served as the repository of “tradition and hierarchy” and of a feudal order lost to the imperial metropolis.³⁴ Kipling superimposes that image, and that juxtaposition, on to rural America here, which functions both as a counterpoint to a decadent metropolitan Britain, and as another iteration of the mourned-for lost Eden which Angus Wilson identified as a ubiquitous theme in Kipling’s work.³⁵ Elsewhere in the Letters he will reflect on how it is “a consolation” not to be “writing to an English audience” at all, since that would demand of him “feigned ecstasies” about “marvellous progress” and the like.³⁶ With his Anglo-Indian readers, on the other hand, Kipling can speak to shared experiences of endurance and suffering in which the American, too, partakes. “You alone...will understand what I mean,” he says of the building of Chicago, “when I write that they have managed to get a million of men together on flat land.”³⁷

That the appeal of America was structured around a sense of estrangement from England is echoed in the private correspondence with William Ernest Henley, to whom Kipling wrote frequently following his move to Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1892. As he details in his memoir *Something of Myself*, the months preceding the move had been some of the unhappiest in Kipling’s life, and had brought him close to psychological breakdown. The proximate cause of the crisis was the troubled composition (and then critical rejection) of his first novel, *The Light That Failed*, but more generally Kipling struggled to assimilate to the values of a British cultural elite who “derided” his “poor little Gods of the East,” caricatured imperial India, and who were themselves fashionably unpatriotic, dealing “in pernicious varieties of safe sedition.”³⁸ In poems such as “In Partibus,” “The English Flag,” “The Head of the District,” and “At the End of the Passage,” Kipling characterizes this period in terms of a conflict between Anglo-Indian durability and the corrupted, dissolute English “who only

England know.”³⁹ Writing to Henley soon afterward from Vermont, he invokes the same contrast, only now with an idealized rural America standing in for Anglo-India:

I saw from a chance blown paper that you were whacking somebody over the head about something that somebody did or did not say about the Tendency of my Work—its Drift, Aims, Isms etc. What a sinful waste of power it all is! We don’t talk about art here. We raise oats and colts and that gives me all the more time to work. You might recommend your friend the Reviewer to go and do likewise for a bit: it would open his bowels and keep his head cool...

The sun and the air and the light are good in this place and have made me healthy as I never was in my life.⁴⁰

Brattleboro provides not only a source of replenishment and recovery but release from an England with which Kipling no longer identifies. “I have what I need,” he tells Henley: “Sunshine and a mind at ease, peace and my own time for my own work and the real earth within reach of my hand.”⁴¹ In place of a decadent London literati “telling how work was to be done,” there is now the company of farmers, whose “club is the lee side of a barn door” and whose “Art, the how and the why of farming.”⁴² Visiting in the summer of 1893, a bemused Henry James would marvel at Kipling’s apparent contentment with small-town American life; but he recognized, too, how far that contentment was based in a negation of, and distancing from, “the civilized order—London, English life, ‘culture’.”⁴³

If rural America satisfied Kipling’s need for a personally restorative afterimage of Anglo-India, the America of the cities reinforced his sense of the fragility of that idyll and its values. Centring on the “huge wilderness”⁴⁴ of Chicago, Kipling surveys in several of the travel Letters the prospect of an industrial-consumer capitalism run rampant: of vast impersonal forces of commodification and massification; of “the dollar and nothing else but the dollar;”⁴⁵ of popular preachers and a populist press propagandizing for business; of “progress” and “civilization” miscalled; of the spread of transnational infrastructures and corporate formations and the “deadweight of material things”⁴⁶

threatening to eradicate traditional ways of life, regional communities, and even the self-reliant individual. Reversing familiar primitivist polarities, he likens Chicago's waters to those of the Hughli, the polluted channel of the Ganges, and populates the crowded downtown streets with "savages" and "barbarians;" only here they are entranced by "coins sunk into cement" and by the "fantastic and absurd advertisements of goods."⁴⁷ The wincingly visceral account of industrial-scale slaughter in the "death factory"⁴⁸ of the city's stockyards may be the most graphic rendering of the equation Kipling draws between American capitalism and what he terms the new "barbarism," but it is not for him the most disturbing. That comes as he listens to a popular preacher in the style of Thomas de Witt Talmage—"a revelation of barbarism complete"⁴⁹—lecturing his congregation on how God does "business" and furnishing a heaven in the manner of a luxury hotel, only "with all the gilding real gold and all the plate-glass diamond."⁵⁰ Again, the American-English-Anglo-Indian triangulation is operative, but with the key difference that where earlier Kipling had sought identification between Anglo-Indian and rural American values, now, in the abominable crowded city, it is London that comes to mind:

Then I went out into the streets, which are long and flat and without end. And verily it is not a good thing to live in the East for any length of time. Your ideas grow to clash with those held by every right-thinking white man. I looked down interminable vistas flanked with nine, ten and fifteen storied houses, and crowded with men and women, and the show impressed me with a great horror. Except in London—and I have forgotten what London is like—I had never seen so many white people together, and never such a collection of miserales.⁵¹

In acknowledging to his Anglo-Indian reader that he and they are out of step with history—that every "right-thinking white man" has by now accustomed himself to the "sort of barbarism" that Chicago embodies—Kipling implicitly reaffirms the values that he has elsewhere identified in rural America, values held in common with the Anglo-Indian and which, in Chicago as much as in London, are in retreat before the relentless advance of capitalism.

Kipling's reflections on capitalist America provide for a dramatic expansion of the familiar Dickensian travel repertoire. Where Dickens was preoccupied with the machinery of political corruption and the doings of the dishonest dollar, Kipling contemplates the damage this "big, slashing colt of a nation" will inflict not only on the "rapidly diminishing bounty of Nature,"⁵² but on the essential "character" of the American people, whether through the obliteration of local communities, or through the emergence of an increasingly prosperous leisure class. This latter question is taken up in earnest in the concluding dispatches of *From Sea to Sea*, as Kipling, now on the east coast, considers the effects of burgeoning personal wealth and increasing domestication on the American spirit. Noting the well-heeled consumer's skill in making "fullest use of the mechanism of life—hot water, gas, bell ropes, telephones...household figments...labor saving appliances," he reflects on how patriotism has become a matter of feeling "vaguely and generally proud of the country that allows [one] to be so comfortable."⁵³ This "new side of American life"⁵⁴ has its correlate in the country's third-rate navy, which leaves her "as unprotected as a jelly-fish,"⁵⁵ but more damningly for Kipling, it aligns the middle-class citizen with that "average English householder...who seems to regard his country as an abstraction"⁵⁶ and whose enfeeblement functions throughout the Letters as the antithesis of authentic American and Anglo-Indian values.

The "new side of American life" finds its apotheosis in a visit Kipling pays to the Chautauqua Assembly, in New York state, an open-air, mass-participation, Methodist summer camp providing Bible-centred instruction in the practical and philosophical arts to a paying (largely female) public. Wandering by the serene lakeside and attending packed lectures on topics as diverse as the servant-girl question, the Papacy in the Middle Ages, and Ancient Greece, Kipling reflects that Chautauqua with its "sumptuous hotel," "smooth-cut lawns of velvet grass, studded with tennis courts," and diet of "Popular Information" is symptomatic of a society increasingly insulated from any sort of ennobling, experiential "struggle." "People don't get education that way," he reflects, "They must dig for it, cry for it, and sit up o' nights for it; and when they have got it they must call it by another name or their struggle is of no avail."⁵⁷ "There's something wrong with [Chautauqua],"⁵⁸ he

concludes. Writing later to William James, he would expand on what that “something” was: affluence; the “sheer, hopeless well-ordered boredom” of the prosperous American life: “The other races are still scuffling for their three meals a day. America’s got ’em and now she doesn’t know what she wants but is dimly realizing that extension lectures, hardwood floors, natural gas and trolley-cars don’t fit the bill.”⁵⁹ For “incident and colour” and a flavour of the old “stress and passion” of American experience, he tells James, one must venture out of the tended precincts of the *bourgeoisie* to experience life “among the men of the trades.”⁶⁰

The opposition the American Letters construct between old working-class and new affluent Americas—between the affirmative values of an “authentic” society rooted in traditional communities, and a transnational industrial modernity by turns materially destructive and subjectively emasculating—recurs throughout Kipling’s writing of this period, from the dark industrial fables of *The Day’s Work*, such as “.007,” with its critique of Taylorite production processes,⁶¹ to the co-written novel *The Naulahka*, in which the railroad is pictured “racketing profanely through the tumbled beauty” of rural Arkansas.⁶² The same opposition is present, too, in *Captains Courageous*, in the encounter between the hard-labouring close-knit Gloucester fishing community of the Troops and the industrial plutocracy and pampered impersonality of the Cheynes. That Kipling was drawn to this subject for his first major work of fiction since *The Light That Failed* is hardly surprising, since it speaks to concerns that had, as we have seen, preoccupied him since the late 1880s and his first encounter with America. Placed in that context, Kipling’s claim that the novel was in fact intended as a satire on “grubby” capitalism and, by implication, a championing of the values of the traditional community, becomes at once plausible and suggestive. Moreover, as I want now to show, there is much in the book’s curious and unsettling closing chapter to indicate that Kipling was being more than just opportunistically defensive in making this claim. Rather, he was giving voice to an unresolved tension in the book between a plot orientated towards dramatic reconciliation and closure, and a larger ideational framework in which opposing visions of America collide.

Captains Courageous

Kipling's defence of *Captains Courageous* was made in response to a damning notice in the December 1897 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Everyone is reasonably safe," the review had complained, "and the redemptive pattern from the first goes on without check or hindrance."⁶³ Compared with the early Indian stories, *Captains Courageous* was at once understated and over-extended: "There is an almost incredible lack of significance in it, as if it were a steamer under-engined for its length."⁶⁴ Kipling, by then back in England, wrote to Charles Eliot Norton to complain that the reviewer had entirely missed the point of the book, and that what were perceived as deficits in workmanship and vision were in fact deliberate attempts to capture the superficiality, grubbiness and circumstantial depthlessness of much of American life. If there was declension—and Kipling did not dispute that there was—it was in the property of the subject rather than the disposition of the artist. Indeed, as far as verisimilitude went, Kipling implied that the book ought to be considered a triumph, since not only had he perfectly adapted his style to the material at hand, he had done so with sufficient skill to draw his American reader, Swift-like, into an error of misrecognition:

It's amazing in its coincidences for behold the writer misses in C.C. precisely and identically those very qualities I missed in his land. Had I gone about with a lantern to describe America I could not have hit on a more splendid description than "relief at the cost of life."⁶⁵ ... Why, hang it! that's his very own country and in half a dozen words he gets at the nub of the thing I was laboriously painting in C.C. Only he *will* apply it to the book and expects me to extract from a two hundred year old background all the tints of the gilded East. For this did I change my style; and allegorize and parable and metaphor; subduing my hand to the stuff I wrought in! I tried to get it thin, and tinny, and without passion....and I've done it only too well. You see what I resent is a chap coming out of that *milieu* (He *must* because he accepts the note of the book as "healthy" "simple" and "vigorous" whereas—c.f. Harvey Cheyne's talk with his father and his father's talk with him—

it is flagrantly un-moral not to say heathen) belonging to that life and serenely accepting its grubby ideals talking to me as though he didn't so accept 'em.⁶⁶

John Seelye, in his recent edition of *Captains Courageous*, finds Kipling's defence unconvincing, not to say far-fetched. In Seelye's view, Kipling proposes a reading that would transform the novel from what it obviously is, "a parable of the Protestant work ethic, a Horatio Alger-Ben Franklin allegory about regeneration through hard work," into what it surely cannot be, "an early version of postmodernism with a hidden grin."⁶⁷ Seelye is especially concerned with the distortion Kipling's claim inflicts on the "positive and conclusive reconciliation"⁶⁸ between Harvey and his father with which the story ends. Read as Kipling suggests, the "emotional reunion of father and son" becomes "a kind of hoax, a joke on the reader."⁶⁹ Teasing through statements Kipling made about the novel prior to the *Atlantic* review, Seelye finds no evidence to support the idea that the story was intended to operate as "a sardonic commentary on the American work ethic."⁷⁰ Rather, he finds the author "breezily" admitting to faults and "passing it off as a book for boys."⁷¹ Seelye concludes that the letter to Norton is therefore an unreliable guide to Kipling's intentions, and that a more likely explanation is that, stung by the poor reception of his only "American" book, he concocted a defence aimed at saving face with his "brilliant, influential friend"⁷² and perhaps even prompting Norton to commission a more uplifting review.

At the heart of Seelye's argument is the belief that Kipling's claim about the book undermines the validity of its "healthy, simple, and vigorous" moral conclusion; but it is not clear why this should be so. As Kipling explained to William James, a central impulse behind the story was the belief that authenticity resides now among the "men of the trades" with their "melodramatic form of speech,"⁷³ rather than with the affluent bourgeoisie—an uncontroversial proposition that, far from ensnaring us in a postmodernist joke, merely places the moral centre of gravity with Disco Troop and the crew of the *We're Here* rather than with the Cheynes. In proposing that the novel is attacking capitalist values, Kipling does little more than restate the idea that Harvey's redemption comes through the good offices of Troop, rather than of his father. What *is* undermined by his claim is the assumption that the

deal Harvey and his father then strike regarding the young man's future—the subject of the final chapter—is meant as the moral climax of the book. In fact, Kipling is suggesting that the climax comes earlier, and that what transpires in the final pages is another, more ambiguous matter.

How we read the meeting between Harvey and Cheyne in large part determines how we understand the moral structure of the text. Taken commonsensically, as Seelye thinks it should be, the scene provides for the “reconciliation” of father and son, and represents the moment at which Harvey comes of age as the deserving heir to the family's fortune. Cheyne gets to deliver the story of his forty years of empire-building, and Harvey proves his worth by striking a deal of his own, laying claim not to his father's railroad but to his newly-purchased line of sailing ships. Cheyne's “sunk capital” has proven a sound “investment” after all.⁷⁴ Asked what he now amounts to, Harvey replies, “A Banker—full-blooded Banker.”⁷⁵ Thus does the story achieve the twin purpose of establishing the legitimacy of the family's outlandish privilege along with Harvey's fitness to enjoy it.

For Andrew Hagioannu, it is the “consolidation of the Cheyne plutocracy that secures a happy ending”⁷⁶ for *Captains Courageous*. Disco Troop, his crew, and the wider Gloucester community may have schooled Harvey in the virtues of endurance and hard work, but they are not the source of anything more lasting in the story than fine principles, and at the end become merely the instruments by which the Cheynes are able to recast themselves as “keen philanthropists,”⁷⁷ hiring Disco's son Dan to ship as mate on Cheyne's tea-clipper line, and taking the *We're Here's* black cook on as Harvey's manservant. Daniel Karlin offers a more nuanced account of the ending's ambiguities, which he regards as evidence of Kipling's ultimately pessimistic reading “of where American was heading;” but he still concludes that Harvey and his father “end up by appropriating” Troop and his values, and that the novel signals, albeit regretfully, the triumph of Cheyne's dynamic new capitalist model of “effort and integrity” over Troop's static traditionalist one.⁷⁸ I think this is to overlook the many aspects of the final chapter that work to actively undermine the Cheynes, and which return us to themes raised elsewhere in the text as well as to ideas circulating in Kipling's other writing from this period. Moreover, far from resolving these tensions in the novel's curious closing pages, Kipling

intensifies them, as the Cheynes pay awkward witness to the Gloucester townsfolk's commemoration of their seafaring dead and Harvey suffers a mysterious episode of fainting. Indeed, the strangeness of the ending may well have contributed to the *Atlantic* reviewer's impression of an "atmosphere...sober almost to sombreness"⁷⁹ pervading the novel. At any rate, these discrepant elements resist ready closure, and lend credence to the idea that the novel, far from endorsing or merely capitulating to the Cheynes's ascendancy, interrogates it, as Kipling claimed.

The meeting between Cheyne and Harvey takes place after the story of Harvey's adventure on the *We're Here* has been recounted to his parents, and after Cheyne has revealed his plan to compensate Disko Troop by employing Dan. The deal Cheyne offers Harvey—entry into the family business in return for four years at college—is preceded by a capital evaluation of the shorefront shops and wharfs of Gloucester—"statistics of boats, gear, wharf-frontage, capital invested, salting, packing factories, insurance, wages, repairs, and profits," all of it pursued "with cheerful, unslaked Western curiosity"⁸⁰—and of Harvey himself, whom Cheyne reckons has cost him "in dollars and cents, nearer fifty than forty thousand."⁸¹ Cheyne then embarks on the recounting of his own rags-to-riches life story, a monologue of ruthless single-mindedness, absolute certainty, and not a little ethical impropriety in which Cheyne, "as though he were talking to himself," describes how he "bested his enemies...entreated, cajoled, and bullied towns, companies, and syndicates, all for their enduring good," while suffering the indignity of resistance by "promiscuous communities" who presumed to stand in his way.⁸²

For Cheyne, "progress" is a morally justifiable end in itself (it was "all for their enduring good") and at the same time "the story of the New West."⁸³ In the travel Letters, "progress" denotes a distinctly American species of category error, as witnessed in the continuous talk of people "who said that the mere fact of spiking down strips of iron to wood and getting a steam and iron thing to run on them was progress. That the telephone was progress, and the network of wires overhead was progress."⁸⁴ Throughout *Captains Courageous*, "progress" and "progressive" are associated with a particular cluster of reprehensible values and business practices explicitly rejected by Disco Troop:

for instance large-scale trawling rather than boat-fishing; shipping on a vessel appointed with “labor-savin’ jigs;” and bragging of one’s disregard for the etiquette and popular superstitions of seafaring people—all said to be “progressive.”⁸⁵ Harvey reacts to his father’s monologue with boyish excitement, but also with a faintly ominous impression that his father might be turning into one of his own thundering machines: “as the twilight deepened and the red cigar-end lit up the furrowed cheeks and heavy eyebrows...[it] seemed to [Harvey] like watching a locomotive storming across country in the dark—a mile between each glare of the opened fire-door.”⁸⁶

If Cheyne supposes that the purchase of Dan has discharged his obligations to Disco Troop and that the future is now a matter of Harvey’s learning to invest his capital where “it’s bound to pay more and more each year in our country,”⁸⁷ Harvey himself remains naggingly attached to the past and to another kind of filial duty. Contemplating Cheyne’s proposal that the shipping line be signed over to him as an independent business, he refuses by invoking the standards and practices of Disco Troop. “Never pays to split up a going concern,” he tells his father, “Disko says ‘blood-kin *hev* got to stick together.’ His crowd never go back on him.”⁸⁸ The intrusion of Disko’s vernacular into a scene dominated by Cheyne’s toneless, self-enclosed monologue is a decisive event for Harvey and for the reader. For Harvey, it’s the moment at which he turns back to the world of the Troops, telling his father that he wishes to see Disco again, and urging that they stay over in Gloucester for the Memorial Day ceremony. But it is a return in another, broader sense, to the alternative ethical world of the *We’re Here* that Kipling has so painstakingly rendered for the majority of the book—a world in which the destructive power of capital and “progressive” business practices are repeatedly disavowed, and where the needs and wants of the individual are subordinated to the higher social imperatives of cooperation, collective interest, and an understanding of one’s place in “the scheme of things.”⁸⁹

In stark contrast to Cheyne and his narrative of capitalistic self-fashioning, Troop is averse to “risk,” which he believes not only “breeds recklessness” but threatens the preservation of order at sea, for “when greed is added there are fine chances for every kind of accident in the crowded fleet, which, like a mob of sheep, is huddled round some unrecognised leader.”⁹⁰ It is from Troop that

Harvey has derived not only the skills to acquit himself at sea and as a man, but an alternative scheme of values to those propounded by his father. Convicted by Troop of being “kinder unneighbourly”⁹¹ when first brought aboard the *We’re Here*, Harvey learns initially to imitate⁹² the working men around him, then to identify with them, and finally to recognize the extent to which for both survival and prosperity they are all “naturally dependent on the courtesy and wisdom of their neighbours.”⁹³ It is a lesson in socialization over mere self-reliance that finds its fulfilment in the climactic event of the *We’re Here*’s voyage, when an ocean liner (the novel’s other key symbol, along with the railroad, of capitalist enclosure and mobility) bears down upon the tiny fishing vessels while travelling too fast through thick fog. Harvey on lookout duty

heard the muffled shriek of a liner’s siren, and he knew enough of the Banks to know what that meant. It came to him, with horrible distinctness, how a boy in a cherry-colored jersey—he despised fancy blazers now with all a fisherman’s contempt—how an ignorant, rowdy boy had once said it would be ‘great’ if a steamer ran down a fishing boat. That boy had a state-room with a hot and cold bath, and spent ten minutes each morning picking over a gilt-edged bill of fare. And that same boy—no, his very much older brother—was up at four of the dim dawn, in streaming, cracking oilskins, hammering, literally for the dear life, on a bell smaller than the steward’s breakfast-bell, while somewhere close at hand a thirty-foot steel stem was storming along at twenty miles an hour! The bitterest thought of all was that there were folks asleep in dry, upholstered cabins who would never learn that they had massacred a boat before breakfast. So Harvey rang the bell.⁹⁴

Harvey’s realization of his new kinship emerges from a dialectic of class identification and disidentification, in contradistinction to the single-minded reasoning of his father, a man, as Kipling describes him, always “seeking his own ends” and whose self-circling, affectless life story is delivered “as though he were talking to himself.”⁹⁵ For Cheyne, the institutions of collective interest—unions, trade associations and even stage legislatures—are obstacles to be overcome by “unscrupulous campaign[s]”⁹⁶ or by means of divide-and-rule backhanders to loyal crews and individuals.⁹⁷ Harvey, confronted with the towering symbol of capitalist power and privilege in the

shape of the approaching liner, at first feels “faint or sick,”⁹⁸ but then, remembering his attachment to his new fellows, clangs out his own defiant “*we’re here.*”

The significance of Disko Troop’s intrusion into the deal between Harvey and his father becomes clearer in the closing pages, where the Cheynes attend the Memorial Day ceremony at Gloucester. Many readings of *Captains Courageous* tend to elide this important scene, perhaps because it troubles the argument that the novel affirms the triumph of capitalist values. Not only does the Gloucester ceremony redirect us back to the world of the *We’re Here*, its rituals and participants directly confront the Cheynes and their newly consecrated values; and Harvey, far from emboldened, is left bewildered and confused. At the beginning of the scene, both Harvey and Cheyne are enthusiastic about the prospect of the ceremony, but at the thought of “the names of the lost dead”⁹⁹ being read out, Harvey begins to feel disquieted: “a creepy, crawly tingling thrill that began in the back of his neck and ended at his boots.”¹⁰⁰ An “actress from Philadelphia” sings a song about a trawler fleet torn apart by a storm and “how the drenched crews were flung ashore, living and dead,” and this is followed by the reciting of a homespun poem by an old sailor about the loss of schooner *Joan Hasken*.¹⁰¹ All the while, Harvey stands in the midst of the *We’re Here*’s crew, feeling increasingly “crowded up and shivery,”¹⁰² until, with the naming of the dead, he passes out. The crew recover him, his parents are summoned, and Cheyne declares that it is time for the family to depart.

The Memorial Day episode does much to complicate the novel’s conclusion in the way Kipling suggests. In the letter to Norton, he responds to the accusation that his novel lacks “life” by arguing that “life” was precisely the quality he found lacking in America, and that the Cheynes’s “grubby” ideals are meant to embody this inauthenticity —“thin, and tinny, and without passion.” The scene bears out this claim, constructed as it is around clash between the Cheynes’ chauvinistic materialism and the traditional and communitarian values of the townsfolk. Cheyne is initially willing to attend the Memorial Day, we are told, because “anything of the nature of a public palaver was meat and drink to the man’s soul,”¹⁰³ and he takes the gathering as a chance to trawl for business opportunities. He is soon in conversation with one of the town officials about the “big money” that

might be made from the building of a “first-class hotel”¹⁰⁴ in Gloucester; once the ceremony begins, however, he disappears from view, returning only after Harvey is taken unwell, and only then to offer the lame suggestion that it was the coffee his son had for breakfast that made him feel faint. It is a striking displacement of the egotistical, buccaneering Cheyne of earlier in the chapter, whom we last see standing mute before his wife’s embarrassing tirade. As for Mrs Cheyne, her incontinent emotionalism at the naming of the dead is called out by the Gloucester womenfolk—those who, as Mrs. Troop puts it, really do have “something to cry for.”¹⁰⁵ Distressed by Harvey’s fainting, she resorts to type, condemning the Memorial Day ceremony as “wrong and wicked” and asking why they “couldn’t put these things in the papers, where they belong?”¹⁰⁶

John Seelye is not wrong to describe Mrs. Cheyne’s behaviour in the final scenes as “stereotypical to the point of ridiculousness,”¹⁰⁷ but if anything this exaggerated exposure of her hysterical superficiality, snobbery, and unapologetic materialism serves to reinforce the impression that it is the “grubby” ideals of a class, a type, that Kipling is after, and that he is willing to sacrifice character plausibility to make that larger point. All of which bears suggestively on the mysterious nature of Harvey’s malady, for it is not the first time in the story that he has been overcome with queer bodily sensations when confronted with divergent realities, his own and that of the seafarers. For example, earlier in the novel, while listening to Long Jack’s supernatural tales about the “sand-walkers and dune-haunters”¹⁰⁸ of Maine fishing villages, Harvey reflects on how once he would merely have laughed at their ridiculousness, knowing the east coast towns of America to be “populated chiefly by people who took their horses there in the summer and entertained in country-houses with hardwood floors and Vantine portières.”¹⁰⁹ Now, the sudden apprehension of an alter-reality—a deep history of people and place unknown to him even in the world’s familiar reaches—leaves him “sitting still and shuddering.”¹¹⁰ Likewise his attempted recital, to the boat’s crew, of the sea-shanty “Skipper Ireson’s Ride” ends with him “collapsed with burning cheeks” and soon “almost weep[ing]”¹¹¹ after Troop reveals the true story behind a poem only known only to Harvey in the corrupted version by John Greenleaf Whittier. On both these occasions, which occur early in his

“education,” Harvey struggles to absorb the reality of this “other” America. By the end of the voyage, by contrast, he is fully absorbed into the kinship and community of the *We’re Here*, so much so that his father, when he sees him again, is forced to acknowledge that he knows “very little whatever” of this “well set-up fisher-youth.”¹¹²

The Memorial Day ceremony comes as Harvey leaves that kinship behind to re-immense in the world of his parents. As part of their deal, Cheyne has extracted from him the concession that he will attend college for four years. That this is not where Harvey now feels himself to belong, but is the “grubby” accommodation he is willing to accept, is reiterated by Kipling throughout the closing pages, and it is no coincidence that it is only the sight of the *We’re Here*, soon to lift anchor, that settles his constitution after his fainting crisis. Looking at the boat, he loses his “all-overish feelings in a queer mixture of pride and sorrowfulness,” and reflects that he could have “sat down and howled because the little schooner was going off.”¹¹³

But he doesn’t. Instead, he honours his deal with his father by agreeing to attend a college that, as he tells Dan a few years later, “isn’t a circumstance to the old *We’re Here*.”¹¹⁴ Daniel Karlin reads the curiously subdued final scene of the novel, as Harvey and Dan meet at the gates of Cheyne’s San Francisco mansion, as symbolic of the businessman’s success in determining the “destiny” of his son, “and, emblematically, that of America.”¹¹⁵ But what a sham America Kipling gives us: Harvey atop a horse that “would have been cheap at a thousand dollars,” in a street “upon the other edge of America...flanked with most expensive houses built of wood to imitate stone.”¹¹⁶ The lauded New West in shrill imitation—“thin, and tinny,” as the letter to Norton has it—of the forsaken Old East. The fond memories Dan and Harvey share of Disco Troop Karlin regards as little more than “nostalgic tribute.”¹¹⁷ Yet looking back to Troop has, throughout the final chapter, been Kipling’s way of signaling Harvey’s unease, and of registering an ethical alternative to the “flagrantly un-moral”¹¹⁸ values of Cheyne. It is to that alternative, finally, that Kipling has the young men incline and give thanks in the book’s closing exchange. “I owe [the *We’re Here*] a heap,” says Dan, “her and Dad.” “Me too,” is Harvey’s reply.¹¹⁹

Coda: What Makes A Life Significant

More so than his brother Henry, William James kept faith with Kipling throughout the 1890s, even suggesting on occasion that his fiction mirrored and influenced the development of his own philosophical writings.¹²⁰ It is not known what James made of *Captains Courageous* when it appeared in *McClure's Magazine* in the autumn of 1896, but in an important essay composed two years later, "What Makes A Life Significant," he returned to the topic that had prompted his correspondence with Kipling about the novel: Chautauqua. In the essay, James laments—in terms strongly reminiscent of Kipling—the intellectual mediocrity and spiritual timidity of Chautauqua's "middle-class paradise."¹²¹ The "atrocious harmlessness"¹²² of the place leaves him, he suggests, hungry for the "old rare flavours" and "higher heroisms" of life as lived among the "unidealized" lower orders: "On freight trains, on the decks of vessels...among the firemen and the policemen, [where] the demand for courage is incessant...wherever a scythe, an axe, a pick, or a shovel is wielded."¹²³

It is clear enough how Kipling's tale of a rich young boy's coming into character among "men of the trades" answered to James's growing belief at this time in the redemptive powers of physical labour, yet that is not how the novel makes itself felt in "What Makes a Life Significant." Rather, James argues that the real purpose of sympathetic identification with the working class is the better securing of the social order. Turning his attention to the "labor-question" and its often violent antagonisms, James imagines the possibility of a frictionless social compact arising spontaneously from such bouts of ennobling labour as Harvey undergoes in Kipling's story. The redistribution of wealth, he proposes, will only go so far towards allaying the effects of profound economic advantage and disadvantage. What is needed to heal the breach is a greater understanding among both rich and poor, capital and labour, of the interests they hold in common: "So far as this conflict is unhealthy and regrettable...the unhealthiness consists solely in the fact that one half of our fellow countrymen remain entirely blind to the internal significance of the lives of the other half."¹²⁴ In the terms of Kipling's novel, it is the possibilities inherent in the rich man's being able and willing to pass among

the poor that mainly interest James, along, no doubt, with the story's concluding vision of a harmonious population on the Gloucester dockside on Memorial Day, distinguished not just by national and religious ecumenicalism, but by a cooperative social heterogeneity: "owners of lines of schooners, large contributors to the societies, and small men, their few craft pawned to the mastheads, with bankers and machine-insurance agents, captains...riggers, fitters, lumpers, salt-ers, boat-builders, and coopers, and all the mixed population of the waterfront."¹²⁵

James's reading points to a legacy of *Captains Courageous* very different from the one ascribed to it by critics intent on tracing Kipling's attachment to the advent of Rooseveltian imperialism.¹²⁶ For James, the novel speaks to what we might characterize as a nascent political Progressivism which, as Daniel Rogers reminds us, was dominated in its formative years by antimonopolist sentiment and a privileging of the language of social bonds.¹²⁷ This too was part of the Rooseveltian social contract, of course, as essays such "Fellow-Feeling As A Political Factor" make plain. Written shortly after a piece commending *Captains Courageous* to young readers,¹²⁸ "Fellow-Feeling As a Political Factor" conjures a vision of community in which "the farmer, the hired man, the lawyer, and the merchant, and possibly even the officer of the army or the navy" understand themselves to be "kinsmen, and all accepting their relations are perfectly natural and simple."¹²⁹ While the social problems of the "great industrial centers" may be profound, Roosevelt suggests that the solution to them lies in the cultivation of those "essential factors in American democracy" that remain central to life "in the country districts."¹³⁰ It is a statement that returns us not just to *Captains Courageous* but to the wider America of Kipling's imagining, and it suggests that much work remains to be done on this most intriguing of transatlantic writers.

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- ¹ Thomas Beer, *Hanna, Crane, and the Mauve Decade* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1941), 199.
- ² Christopher Hitchens, *Blood, Class and Nostalgia: Anglo-American Ironies* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1990), 76.
- ³ Patrick Brantlinger, "Kipling's 'The White Man's Burden' and Its Afterlives", *ELT*, 50. 2 (2007), 185. (The phrase "Second Expeditionary Era" is borrowed by Brantlinger from Robert D. Kaplan's *Imperial Grunts: The American Military on the Ground* (New York: Random House, 2005), 9-10).
- ⁴ Judith Plotz, "How 'The White Man's Burden' Lost its Scare-Quotes; or Kipling and the New American Empire", in *Kipling and Beyond: Patriotism, Globalisation and Postcolonialism*, Caroline Rooney and Kaori Nagai, eds. (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010), 40.
- ⁵ John McBratney, *Imperial Subjects, Imperial Space: Rudyard Kipling's Fiction of the Native Born* (Columbus, OH: Ohio State University Press, 2002), 137.
- ⁶ David Gilmore, *The Long Recessional: The Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling* (London: John Murray, 2002), 125.
- ⁷ David Sergeant, *Kipling's Art of Fiction* (Oxford: Oxford University Press 2014), 99.
- ⁸ Andrew Hagioannu, *The Man Who Would Be Kipling: The Colonial Fiction and the Frontiers of Exile* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), 75, 82.
- ⁹ *Ibid.*, 75.
- ¹⁰ Rudyard Kipling, *Captains Courageous*, John Seelye, ed. (London: Penguin, 2005), xxxiv.
- ¹¹ Daniel Karlin, "Captains Courageous and American Empire," *Kipling Journal*, 63, no.251 (September 1989), 14.
- ¹² *From Sea to Sea* was published in 1899; "From Tideway to Tideway" formed part of *Letters of Travel* (1920). Both series are collected in *Kipling's America: Travel Letters, 1889-1895*, D.H. Stewart, ed. (Greensboro, NC: ELT Press, 2003), the edition referred to throughout this article.
- ¹³ Rudyard Kipling, *Kipling's America: Travel Letters, 1889-1895*, ed. D.H. Stewart (Greensboro, NC: ELT Press, 2003), 149.
- ¹⁴ Rudyard Kipling, Letter to Charles Eliot Norton (16-17 December 1897), in *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Volume 2: 1890-99*, Thomas Pinney, ed. (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2004), 323.
- ¹⁵ John Seelye claims, indeed, that "No critic over the more than one hundred years since the publication of *Captains Courageous* seems to have read the book as Kipling suggested" (Introduction to *Captains Courageous*, xxviii).
- ¹⁶ The novel is praised in Roosevelt's 1900 essay "The American Boy," later collected in *The Strenuous Life: Essays and Addresses* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906), 156.
- ¹⁷ Thomas Pinney, *Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, 2, 121.
- ¹⁸ *Kipling's Art of Fiction*, 99.
- ¹⁹ See the letter to Charles Eliot Norton (8 January 1896), *Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, 2, 226.
- ²⁰ See Evan Thomas, *The War Lovers: Roosevelt, Lodge, Hearst, and the Rush to Empire, 1898* (New York: Little, Brown, 2010), 128-9.
- ²¹ Norton shared Kipling's dismay at American belligerence during the Venezuela Crisis of 1895. As Andrew Lycett explains, he encouraged Kipling to offer "The Native-Born" to the *London Times* (see Kipling's *Letters*, 2, 207, n.2) in hope of emphasizing "the common destiny of English-speaking peoples," and thus reducing tensions between Britain and the U.S.. (*Rudyard Kipling* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1999), 380). On William James's long-standing engagement with Kipling's American work see below.
- ²² John Darwin, *The Empire Project: The Rise and Fall of the British World-System, 1830-1970* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2009), 188.
- ²³ Stephen Arata, "A Universal Foreignness: Kipling in the Fin-de-Siècle", *ELT*, 36, 1 (1993), 14.
- ²⁴ *Ibid.*, 13.
- ²⁵ Letter to William Ernest Henley, 18-19 January [1893], *Letters*, 2, 86.
- ²⁶ *Kipling's America*, 32.
- ²⁷ *Ibid.*, 77.
- ²⁸ *Kipling's America*, 132.
- ²⁹ *Kipling's America*, 142.
- ³⁰ *Ibid.*
- ³¹ *Ibid.*, 160.
- ³² *Ibid.*, 220.
- ³³ *Ibid.*, 228.
- ³⁴ David Cannadine, *Ornamentalism: How the British Saw Their Empire* (London: Allen Lane, 2001), 42-3.
- ³⁵ Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Works* (London: Viking, 1979), 4.
- ³⁶ *Kipling's America*, 151.
- ³⁷ *Ibid.*
- ³⁸ Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings*, Thomas Pinney, ed. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), 55.
- ³⁹ The origin of this phrase, from "The English Flag," is discussed by Kipling in *Something of Myself*, 54-5.
- ⁴⁰ Letter to William Ernest Henley [early September 1892], *Letters*, 2, 58.
- ⁴¹ Letter to William Ernest Henley, (26 October 1892), *Letters*, 2, 66.

⁴² Ibid.

⁴³ Henry James, Letter to Ariana Curtis (14 July [1893]), in *Letters of Henry James, Volume 3: 1883-1895*, Leon Edel, ed. (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1981), 421.

⁴⁴ *Kipling's America*, 149.

⁴⁵ Ibid., 54.

⁴⁶ *Something of Myself*, 70.

⁴⁷ *Kipling's America*, 148.

⁴⁸ Ibid., 157.

⁴⁹ Ibid., 150.

⁵⁰ Ibid.

⁵¹ Ibid., 148.

⁵² Ibid., 159.

⁵³ Ibid., 180.

⁵⁴ Ibid., 169.

⁵⁵ Ibid., 183.

⁵⁶ Ibid., 160.

⁵⁷ Ibid., 175.

⁵⁸ Ibid., 178.

⁵⁹ Letter to William James, [31 August 1896], *Letters*, 2, 249.

⁶⁰ Ibid.

⁶¹ See Judith Plotz, "24/7 in the USA: Kipling and '007' as 'engines that could,'" *Kipling Journal* 88, no.355 (July 2014), 75-91.

⁶² Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, *The Naulahka: A Story of East and West* (London: William Heinemann, 1892), 27.

⁶³ Anonymous, "Mr Kipling's *Captains Courageous*," *Atlantic Monthly*, 80 (December 1897), 855-6.

⁶⁴ Ibid., 855.

⁶⁵ In full, the *Atlantic* reviewer writes, "Though it may bring relief from the go-fever and insistence of the earlier work, it is relief procured at the cost of life" (856).

⁶⁶ Letter to Charles Eliot Norton (16-17 December 1897), *Letters*, II, 323.

⁶⁷ Introduction to *Captains Courageous*, xxvi. William B. Dillingham also reads the novel allegorically, arguing that Harvey's transformation traces "a sequence of psychological and spiritual events that ... closely follow the pattern of the redemptive process as conceived in Christian theology (and especially in the faith of the founders of New England, Calvinism)" (*Rudyard Kipling: Hell and Heroism* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2005), 193).

⁶⁸ Ibid.

⁶⁹ Ibid.

⁷⁰ Ibid., xxvii.

⁷¹ Ibid., xxxi. See, for example, the letter to Robert Barr, 2 May 1896: "There ain't two cents' worth of plot in the blessed novel—it's all business—cod-fishing on the banks; and no love at all. Wish I hadn't told you now in such enthusiastic terms but I was bung full of it when I wrote. It's in the nature of a sketch for better work: and I've crept out of possible holes by labelling it a boy's story" (*Letters*, II, 237).

⁷² Ibid.

⁷³ Letter to William James, [31 August 1896], *Letters*, 2, 249.

⁷⁴ *Captains Courageous*, 140.

⁷⁵ Ibid., 145.

⁷⁶ *The Man Who Would Be Kipling*, 74.

⁷⁷ Ibid.

⁷⁸ "Captains Courageous and American Empire," 21, 14.

⁷⁹ "Mr. Kipling's *Captains Courageous*," 855.

⁸⁰ *Captains Courageous*, 138.

⁸¹ Ibid., 140.

⁸² Ibid., 142.

⁸³ Ibid., 142.

⁸⁴ *Kipling's America*, 150.

⁸⁵ *Captains Courageous*, 50, 67, 106.

⁸⁶ Ibid., 142-3.

⁸⁷ Ibid., 143.

⁸⁸ Ibid., 144.

⁸⁹ Ibid., 69.

⁹⁰ Ibid., 78.

⁹¹ Ibid., 15

⁹² “Boylike, Harvey imitated all the men by turns, till he had combined Disko’s peculiar stoop at the wheel, Long Jack’s swinging overhand when the lines were hauled, Manuel’s round-shouldered but effective stroke in a dory, and Tom Platt’s generous *Ohio* stride along the deck” (72).

⁹³ *Ibid.*, 81.

⁹⁴ *Ibid.*, 90-1.

⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, 142.

⁹⁶ *Ibid.*, 117.

⁹⁷ *Ibid.*, 124.

⁹⁸ *Ibid.*, 90-1.

⁹⁹ *Ibid.*, 148.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.*, 149.

¹⁰¹ *Ibid.*, 150.

¹⁰² *Ibid.*, 151.

¹⁰³ *Ibid.*, 146.

¹⁰⁴ *Ibid.*, 147.

¹⁰⁵ *Ibid.*, 155.

¹⁰⁶ *Ibid.*, 154.

¹⁰⁷ Introduction to *Captains Courageous*, xli.

¹⁰⁸ *Captains Courageous*, 74.

¹⁰⁹ *Ibid.*, 76.

¹¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹¹¹ *Ibid.*, 58-9.

¹¹² *Ibid.*, 125.

¹¹³ *Ibid.*, 154.

¹¹⁴ *Ibid.*, 155.

¹¹⁵ “*Captains Courageous* and American Empire”, 21.

¹¹⁶ *Captains Courageous*, 155.

¹¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁸ Letter to Charles Eliot Norton (16-17 December 1897), *Letters*, 2, 323.

¹¹⁹ *Captains Courageous*, 155.

¹²⁰ He writes to Frederic William Henry Myers, 30 January 1891, “I finished yesterday the writing of an address [‘The Moral Philosopher and the Moral Life’] on Ethics which I have to give at Yale College; and on the way hither in the cars, I read the last half of Rudyard Kipling’s “The Light That Failed”—finding the latter indecently true to Nature, but recognizing after all that my Ethics and his novel were the same sort of thing” (*The Correspondence of William James*, vol.7 (1890-1894), Ignas K. Skrupskelis and Elizabeth M. Berkeley, eds. (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1999), 140).

¹²¹ William James, “What Makes A Life Significant,” *Writings 1878-1899* (New York: The Library of America, 1992), 863. (For more of James’s reflections on Chautauqua see the letters to Alice Howe Gibbens James of 26, 27 and 29 July 1896; and to Joseph Bangs Warner of 27 July 1896, in *The Correspondence of William James*, vol.7, 172-77).

¹²² “What Makes a Life Significant,” 863.

¹²³ *Ibid.*, 866.

¹²⁴ *Ibid.*, 878.

¹²⁵ *Captains Courageous*, 146.

¹²⁶ John Seelye goes as far as to argue that the story of Harvey’s transformation serves as an analogue to the nurturing of self-reliant capitalism in the Philippines and elsewhere: “the process Roosevelt and other American leaders imposed on the natives of the Philippines, military rule accompanied by mechanisms that would eventually lead the islanders to self-government and commercial prosperity, is remarkable consistent with the formulas of improvement that lead to Harvey’s transformation” (Introduction to *Captains Courageous*, xxxiv).

¹²⁷ See Daniel T. Rodgers, “In Search of Progressivism,” *Reviews in American History*, 10.4 (December 1982), 113-32.

¹²⁸ See “The American Boy,” first published in *St. Nicholas* (May 1900), and later collected in *The Strenuous Life: Essays and Addresses* (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1906), 147-58.

¹²⁹ *The Strenuous Life*, 70.

¹³⁰ *Ibid.*, 70-1.