(29)

Bangalore
March 31.

My dearest Mamma.

Many thanks for your letter of the 11th and for two vols. Annual Register & two "Wealth of Nations" — all of which have been safely received. I am somewhat crippled by the effects of a fall at polo last week. I pitched on my shoulder and bruised the muscles so much that I can hardly use my arm. The ground out here is so terribly hard that a fall is no joke. I am reading a great deal. Since I have been in this country I have read or nearly finished reading (for I read three or four different books at a time I avoid Edwin) All Macaulay (12 vols) All Gibbon (begun in England 4000 pages) The Martyrdom of man - Modern Science and Modern Thought (Lewis)

the Republic of Plato (Jowetts Translation) Rochefoucaults Memoirs, Gibbons Life & Memoirs & Complete Annual Register on English Politics. I have hardly looked at a novel. Will you try and get me the Memoirs of the Duc de Sullit Simon & also Pascal's Provincial Letters. I am very anxious to read both these as Dreaulay recommends the one & Gibbon the other.

The method I pursue with the Annual registers is not to read the debate until I have recorded my own opinion on paper of the subject. having regard only to general principles. After reading I reconsider and finally write. I hope by a persevering continuance of this practice

to build up a scaffolding of logical and consistent views which will perhaps tend to the creation of a logical and consistent mind.

Of course the annual Registers is valuable only for its facts. A good knowledge of these would serve me with a sharp sword. Macaulay, Gibbon Plato etc must train the muscles to wield that sword to the greatest effect. This is indeed a nice subdivision of the term 'education'.

~~The result of one tracks of~~

The ~~results~~ result of one kind of learning is valued by what you know: of the other by what you are. The latter is far more important – but is useless in the total absence of the former. A judicious proportion should be observed. How many people forget this! The education of the schoolboy –

and of nearly all undergraduates aims only at stocking the mind with facts. I have no ambition to "stifle my sparks of intelligence under the weight of literary fuel" but I appreciate the power of facts. Hence my toil.

Ever your loving son

Winston. S. Churchill

P.S. My chestnut horse "Firefly" a beautiful Arab of delightful manners and extraordinary breeding will leave India on 10th prox. I want you to ride him and try and sell him. It ought to be possible to obtain £200 for him as a fine one Arab is very rare in England. You had better let a man ride him first as he is a stallion and it is possible that the English equine

We are installed in Lords

Oct. 25.

My dearest Mamma

I saw in the week's papers that arrived yesterday the first three of my letters to the D.T. I will not conceal my disappointment at their not being signed. I had written them with the design - a design which took form as the correspondence advanced - of bringing my personality - before the electorate. I had hoped that some political advantage might have accrued. This hope - encouraged me to take the very greatest pains with the style and composition and also avoid alluding to any of my own experiences. I do not think that I have ever written anything better - or ~~more~~ to which I would more willingly have signed my name. On such a matter the advice of a soldier - was of course worthless. As to getting into trouble with the authorities - I am just as responsible now that they are not signed - as if they had been. But in any case I have written nothing that could cause offence. However I left the decision in your hands - and you have decided - not for the first time - upon a negative course,

I will only add that - if I am to avoid doing a unusual "thing" - it is difficult to see what chance I have of being more than an average person. I was proud of the letters & anxious to slate my reputation on them. They are I believe of some literary merit.

As I am deprived of all satisfaction on this account - I mean to solace myself financially. I will not accept less than £10 a letter and I shall return any cheque for a less sum. I particularly asked for that amount - "an inviolable" and when I think of the circumstances under wh. those letters were written - on the ground in a tent temperature 115° or after a long day's action - by a light which it was dangerous to use lest it draw fire - when I was tired & hustled and amid other adverse circumstances - I think they are cheap at the price. The £75 which the D.T. proposes to give me - will hardly pay my ticket for self & horses. The D. Chronicle offered me ten

forwards a letter to you to-day – and I will not be defrauded in this way. As Dr. Johnson says "None but a blockhead ever wrote except for money".

Will you kindly ask Moreton Frewen if he will go and see the Editor & point out that – such a man is ridiculous and that it is nothing less than a fraud. Correspondents from the Theatre Opera – who pay their own expenses – are entitled to special tickets for seeing. I will not take less than £150 for the series.

As to the printing – I asked that the proofs should be sent to you for correction – but I suppose this has not been done as I read – in the 2nd. letter – the word "frequent" where I wrote "pregnant" – This sentence makes rubbish. Also at the end of the third letter they have cut out at least ten lines – in order to contain the letter within the limits for column. This spoils the balance of all the concluding sentences. Otherwise the setting up of type is good – considering the rough M.S. wh. could not be avoided.

I am sorry to write so much about the letter. I had set great store by them and am unhappy that they should have fizzled out – in insignificance. Their position in the paper is not good. The Pall Mall might have appreciated them more.

I was also correspondent for the Pioneer – and I will send you my letters and telegrams to that paper in case you care to read them. Perhaps you will have time put in about – as they might be useful if I wished at any time to contract a mutual arrangement.

I am still thinking seriously of writing "The Story of the Mackenzie Field Force". It would of course sell well and might do me good. I know all the people to get information from. The novel however interests me so much and is so full of promise that I am undecided & am loath to put it by for a time. I see there has been a vacancy in Lancashire – wh. might have suited me. But I was better employed.

I must now go to Egypt and you should endeavour to stimulate the Prince into writing to Kitchener on the subject. He wrote on Villiers account. Indeed my life here is not big enough to hold me. I want to be up and doing and cannot bear inaction or routine. Polo has lost half its charm and no longer satisfies me. I become more

in need of serious occupation every day. There is no hurry about Egypt. All I want is to be sure of going next March or so - before the autumn campaign. It is Khartoum next year. Fortunately my prospects. Affairs have been good business as with my poor money. I have spent nothing for two months.

I shall soldier for two years more - but they must be two busy years. You should be able to get me sent from one place to another. The Abyssinian mission would have been the very thing. and that Chamberlain might have arranged with a word.

"The Scottish of Rhodesia" has been slightly remodelled and expanded - and should reach you next mail or the one after. Please write to Sir. Algernon West about it and ask him what revision he would advise. The XIXth century is of course the most appropriate. But I will not have it published unless signed. It will make me enemies - but they are inevitable in any case.

The 5th & 15th letters to the D.T. are the best things I have ever written and I should like to know the opinion of some one who has a literary

education in English classics - ~~to gain that opinion~~ about them.
There is not a superfluous sentence or phrase - or a word which is unnecessary.

Ivor Guest is coming here in a few weeks & staying with me. We should have some long discussions. But we agree on so many points. I write this letter for your alone - and I do not care if you smile at its contents. I feel plenty of confidence in myself now - and am certain that I should do something in the world - if physical injury does not befall me. Thank God - finance is now settled. I am winding everything up and paying bills in all directions. I wrote to Dreyfus - also humbly apologising to the sun & am congratulating the stars.

Now let me send you my love. I wish you enclosed the Novel. It grows daily. 8 chapters now complete.

Ever your loving son,

Winston S. Churchill.

Bangalore.
Oct. 14

My dearest Mamma,

Yesterday's mail brought me your letter of Oct. 14th. I wired at once to you to take care you to have the 5th letter published. Far from getting me into trouble - it expresses what is essentially the military view. It agrees in most points with what Sir George White said in his farewell speech. It makes no attack on any military officer - and it is decidedly - the best - the most valuable and the most interesting letter of the series. How you could think that it would be improper for me to publish such a letter - is a mystery to me. The criticisms are extremely moderate and apposite. Of course if you will always be ruled by a syndicate of colonels - who though gallant and charming men - have a detestation of print — it is probable that you will see danger & impropriety in everything. As a soldier it would be manifest thy wrong for me to criticise my superior officer - but that a subaltern

should not discuss matters of general interest unconnected with his proposition – is a theory which has long been forgotten in England – and which exists only on the continent.

I notice in the 87th letter a ridiculous misprint – which reduces the context to nonsence. "Extermination" is printed for "Extricate" I had hoped that you would correct the proofs & that such errors, which discredit the whole work, would thus be obviated. I continue to feel disappointment at the letter being unsigned. Though I value the opinion of your friends in London – that narrow circle is not the audience to whom I had meant to appeal. Never was there such modesty as yours for me. If I am to do anything in the world – you will have to wake up your mind to publicity and also to my doing unusual things.

Of course a certain number of people will be offended. I am afraid some people like Brat will disapprove. For this I shall be sorry as I like and respect him very much. But I recognise the fact that certain elements must always be hostile and I am determined not to allow them to interfere with my actions. I regard an excellent opportunity of bringing my name before the country in a correct and attractive light – by means of graphic & possible letters – as lost. I have no doubt that I shall make another one in the near future: but one cannot afford to throw away chances. I sent you the letters – rather that you should correct the orthography – make clear any doubtful word – improve any awkward sentence – than that you should suppress any part. I hope my wire was not too late to prevent the 5th letter being sacrificed to the colonels. It was at any rate less political than any speech. Besides which officers are allowed to be M.P.s and criticise public matters at their discretion. However could wire too late to make my letter

hopeless me!

I send you by this mail ~~one~~ a tangible result of the "Forward Policy". It is not much to look at - nor is it pecuniary value - but it may derive interest in your eyes from the fact - that I picked it up in a village which had cost 70 men to storm and in a valley to enter which 7000 men would have to be mobilised. It is an amulet worn by the women - It is also a bitter comment on the wild and unkempt course upon which we are now embarked and upon which we must now continue for some years. Ask Mr Morley to come to luncheon and show it to him. It will amuse him.

I am trying to finish the "scaffolding of Rhetoric" - for this mail - but in ~~any~~ case it is not really, I will send it by the next. The novel is getting on excellently. There are now nine chapters written and it reads excellently. The quarrels of the Valentinian Republic - wh. is my hypothetical state - with

the British Government are most happy here
of bye play. It is the Venezuela question - from
the other side. The hero - the great democratic
leader - is a fine character. A man full
romance sentiment & nerves - who can talk
to every one on their own pet subject - can
electrify a public meeting - and lay his
charm on any heart - male or female.
In strong contrast is the president - a pure
materialist. The ultra - crystallised - unlettered
type. Practical to a degree - Matter of fact
beyond patience - but able & daring. The
struggle fought out in the book between
the two is one between sentiment &
materialism. The prize is not only
political supremacy but as appears in
the story - "the most beautiful woman in Europe".
However it is no good my trying to tell you in
a few lines what now covers two hundred
pages & yet is not half written.

As to incident - we open with a riot and the crowd fired on - A deputation with a hunted discussion - The State Ball - A public meeting - The climax which takes too long to explain - The attack on the palace - Bombard went by the fleet and termination. Everything is modern and the habits of the people English. I have looked into the Hindoo part a good deal of that sad cynical evolutionary philosophy - which is so characteristic of modern thought and which claims a good deal of my sympathy. The discussions upon the Foundation of Beauty and the Origin of Consciousness - are I think clever & very thought-ful. This occupation - fills my mind and my time. I have read nothing since I reached India.

I am now again in camp seven miles from Bangalore - with my squadron - engaged in reconnaissance

I went to a show fight the other day & I can assure you I pricked up my ears when the first shots were fired. But the dream was too good to be true – and I fear I should never have the opportunity of backing my own nerve against too many. Looking back on the whole picture of my experiences there I find that I was on seven distinct occasions under aimed fire – for periods of from 4 to 13 hours at a time: and twelve nights of desultory shorting besides. In all these occasions I am glad to be able to tell you for your personal and private information only – that I never found a better man than myself as far as behaviour went. There were many as good – but I have no reason to complain of my nerves which were equal to more than equal to any situation. It will be satisfactory to reflect in after years when – as I suppose will shortly happen – my nervous system degenerates and I become neurotic – that they were once good enough for anything.

Next week I am going to Hyderabad for the polo tournament & thence I will write to you again. Ivor Guest writes

the that after all he cannot come as he has a chance of a seat in Parliament and must hurry home. It is appointment.

Good bye my dearest Mamman. Respect my confidence - and do not let the nibbling element predominate too much in your councils.

Your everloving son,

Winston.

4

having the non signature

IV (THE QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS,
BANGALORE.

Nov. 1896

The Lady Randolph Churchill
35a Great Cumberland Place
London
England

W.C.

his terms. I hear he is anxious to get into British Cavalry in India

will have to discommodate.

Lady publishes. After a month

in the actual employ of

United to print

IV (THE QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS,
BANGALORE.

Dearest Mamma,

Just outline to a P.S. to my other letter. I see by the Gazette that young Lister – Lord Ribblesdale's son – has just passed into the cavalry. Can you not write him a line – Lord R. & suggest his sending him to me. I hear he is anxious to get into British cavalry in India

2.

I say you heard from me that the regiment are anxious to get hire.

Also do you think the Prince wd. care to have a letter from me? If so send me hire replying how address says.

Your everlasting

Winston Churchill

Best love to Clar. etc

Hyderabad.

2nd December.

My dearest Mamma.

1. Both your letters of the 4th & 11th of last the month have reached me by the mail. I cannot tell you with what feelings of hope and satisfaction I realise your information that I have been mentioned in despatches by Sir Bindon Blood. If that is the case - and I dare say it may be - I shall feel compensated for anything. I am more ambitious for a reputation for personal courage than for anything else in the world. A young man should worship a young man's ideals. The despatches should be published soon and I shall know for certain. Meanwhile I live in hope. As to deserving such an honour - I feel that I took every chance and displayed myself with ostentatious sleeves there was danger - but I had no military command and could not expect to receive credit for what should after all be - merely the behaviour of a philosopher - who is also a gentleman.

2. The novel is at present illegible and shabby. I will have it typewritten as soon as possible and send it to you - in hunt - for your opinion. But you must remember it is in the rough and must be expunded.

3. The article on Rhetoric is most welcome. I am dissatisfied with it and do not think as much of it as I did. Truth is Rhetoric but not enough truth to make an article. It requires more working up. I must read Gladstone's speeches among others.

4. Your telegram is today received – forwarded from Bangalore. I knew you would remember my birthday – through these stormy & base significance when they have begun the ~~candle stage~~ cable and candle stage. Honestly I forgot it – till your letter arrived. As to Cricketshank – the sentence is severe but deserved. I hope however no social considerations increased the Judge's severity. I should have given 3 years – had I had the decision. At the same time the sentence is only equitable 6
when the contemptible nature of the crime is considered. In the whole matter you have discharged a public duty and can have the satisfaction of knowing that you have deserved well of the great republic of mankind.

5. The book on Malakand – absorbs my thoughts and occupies me for six hours every day. 7.

I believe – though others must decide – I am producing a fine piece of biography and a considerable accumulation of valuable facts. It will reach you four weeks from now and must be at once published. Twenstle has not altogether treated me civilly in the matter – he has neither answered my letters nor informed me of his intention to write an account. With many qualities he is but a good sort. I shall not give way.

It will be impossible for the proofs to come out to India. The burden of correcting them and generally comparing them with my MS. etc. will be typewritten – I shall beg you to bear. Financially it should be sound.

6. Finance. I cannot enter into this question until the bankers account is worked off. I have checked every thing. In the meantime all debts are paid and only a few bills remain – nearly $500 however. I am living without any income at present.

7. The charger – Well he is worth $150 but anything over $100 had better be accepted. Or not take less as I may be home in the summer.

This categorically dearest Mummie – I have answered all your questions and topics. I am here with the Cole Team. We have played two matches winning the first by 10 goals to 2 – which I hit 7 and the second by 6 – 2 which I hit 4. I think it however likely that we shall be beaten by the Goldcrest's in the final: they are a wonderful team – and kind friends who is playing two has not got the dash of younger men. This hard ground – hard on a fast wicket tells on aging nerves and you must have the rebounded goals to play a galloping game here. I cannot write any more Mummie – as I am weary of the pen – and quite a hole is worse in my second finger by it. I do not compose or account quickly. Everything is worked out by hard labour and frequent polishing. I confess delight at the cuttings you send me. As to boasting – I only unburden to my friends. They understand & forgive my touchy. For your loving son.

Winston.

4.

Tirah Expedition. So I may be on the move forth again very long. Meanwhile this starts me off - I support the D.T. [illegible]

9. Dec.

The Lady Randolph Churchill
35a. Great Cumberland Place
London
England.

[illegible]

ever loving & [illegible] you,

Winston.

[illegible]

I am working night and day at this book. It is now almost complete - though work in proof and more