Foreword to Kipling's Vermont Period

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FOREWORD TO KIPLING'S VERMONT PERIOD

By Thomas B. Ragle

(Director of Salzburg Seminar, Austria)

In 1936 Howard Rice, Jr., published a little volume entitled Rudyard Kipling in New England. Rather than representing the culmination of his interest in Kipling, however, this was merely the first evidence of it. Throughout the rest of his life—while teaching French at Harvard, broadcasting for the Office of War Information, serving briefly as Director of the U.S. Information Library in Paris, then as Assistant Librarian for Rare Books and Special Collections at the Princeton University Library for over twenty years until his retirement in 1970—he patiently researched all the references to Kipling he could find in the local newspapers of the time. Naturally this research included Kipling's brother-in-law Wolcott Balestier's life and works (he once told me jokingly that he was probably the only living American to have read Wolcott's "complete works") as well as the history of the Balestier family. Then one day, it must have been in 1979, he appeared in my office at Marlboro College with three large boxes containing the typescript of a book, almost complete, entitled Kipling's Vermont Period and asked my help in getting it published. A year later, without warning, he died.

The volume contains a preface, an introduction, and six chapters of widely varying length. The first box contains a preface, an introduction, and the first of the chapters. The preface, of nine double-spaced typescript pages, explains that his work is neither a biography nor a critical study but "a collection of documents, or documentary chronicle, with a special angle of vision. The view is from Brattleboro, Windham County, Vermont, U.S.A.: the Kiplings as their Brattleboro friends saw them." The introduction, twenty-one typewritten pages including notes, is printed here with its typically precisely researched commentary on Molly Cabot of Brattleboro, author of the most important memoir, with its description of Brattleboro and vicinity, the story of the Balestiers, and the surprising section on William Dean Howells. There then follows Chapter One, Molly Cabot's brief memoir of Wolcott Balestier, Kipling's close friend and collaborator on The Naulahka. The memoir itself is only seven pages, augmented by thirty-eight pages of letters, mostly from Wolcott to Molly Cabot but also including letters to or among other members of the Cabot family; by an addendum amounting to nineteen pages consisting of "Gleanings from the Brattleboro Newspapers" in 1891 and 1892 about serial publication of The Naulahka and then Wolcott's untimely death; and finally by eighty-eight pages (many not full) of notes, many brief as one might expect but many short essays in themselves.

The second box, the fullest and most important of the three, contains the typescript of Molly Cabot's memoir of Kipling, "Kipling's Vermont Period," 121 pages of text (numbered 1-114 but including seven interleaved pages) and 203 sheets of notes, most of the latter again, however, not full pages (at least one sheet is devoted to each note) but some once again small essays of several pages. I have not been able to ascertain, however, exactly how many of the 121 pages of text is the memoir because Mr. Rice did insert some letters in addition to those included by Molly Cabot herself. Note 12 reads thus:
The excerpts from letters included hereafter in Mary Cabot's memoir are from letters to her sister Grace Cabot Holbrook, unless otherwise noted. In editing the memoir I have checked these excerpts, where possible, against original letters (Holbrook Collection), expanded them, added new ones, and rearranged them in chronological sequence. Excerpts from what Miss Cabot terms her "Journal"—which was apparently destroyed—are indicated.

Most unfortunately the original of the memoir, in the Holbrook Collection, could not be located when I spent a day going through many of the papers collected by the Holbrook family over the years and stored in the basement of the Holbrook family home in Brattleboro. Mr. Rice was such a meticulous editor his procedure here is curious, but apparently his major concern was the story, not the editing.

The second box, like the other two, also contains xerox copies of proposed illustrations, many of these photographs taken by Molly Cabot herself.

The third and smallest box contains the text and notes of reminiscences of John R. Bliss, edited from a Worcester Telegraph article of 23 February 1936 (shortly after Kipling's death), fifteen and eight pages respectively; by the Reverend Charles O. Day, edited from an essay in The Congregationalist of 16 March 1899 (at the time of Kipling's illness in New York), seven and three respectively; and by the writer Charles Warren Stoddard from the June 1905 issue of National Magazine, twenty-six and thirteen pages respectively. The final portion contains the surviving transcript of Kipling's testimony at the court hearings on 9 and 12 May 1896, augmented by extracts from the Brattleboro newspapers, The Phoenix and The Reformer, used as a frame, fifty and sixteen pages of text and notes respectively.

The text from the third box of Mr. Rice's volume are all in the public domain, but the notes for this section as well as the texts and notes from the first two sections are not—and even the texts in the third section are not readily available to the modern reader. Although we might hesitate over the pastiche represented by some of this material, and over the fussiness of some of the notes, it deserves eventually to be published in some form as a source for scholars and critics. Unfortunately in 1979 the interest in America in Kipling, even Kipling in America, was not such to make it possible for Mr. Rice to find a publisher before his death. We are much obliged to the editor of ELT for making available Mr. Rice's introduction and the Kipling memoir. Biographers such as Carrington and Birkenhead have had access to the memoir, indeed their accounts of Kipling's life in Vermont are largely based on it, but never before has the memoir itself been made generally available.
Brattleboro in the 1880's and 1890's: Cabots, Balestiers, and Kiplings

Howard C. Rice


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BRATTLEBORO IN THE 1880'S AND 1890'S:
CABOTS, BALESTIERS, AND KIPLINGS

By Howard C. Rice
(Brattleboro, Vermont)

The first of our observers, Mary Rogers Cabot (1856-1932), whose memoirs form the core of this documentary chronicle, was a person of considerable stature who deserves more than passing mention. She is best known as the compiler of *Annals of Brattleboro, Vermont, 1681-1895*, the two thick volumes which have been quarried and requarried (not always very accurately) by local historians and schoolchildren, columnists and space writers, ever since their publication in 1921-1922 by E. L. Hildreth & Co. of Brattleboro. With no pretensions to "professional" history, Miss Cabot spent many years assembling this massive scrapbook. Its main disadvantage to the more scientifically-minded is that the scraps are often unattributed or undated, so that it is not always easy to determine who said what, and when. Nevertheless, few small towns can boast such a rich compendium of local lore as this great labor of love.

The *Annals* reflect some of Miss Cabot’s own values and those of a New England town of her period. It is also a bit of a social register. I recall that there was, at the time of its publication, considerable tongue-wagging, even heart-burning, about which family genealogies were or were not "in Cabot." The first settlers, the honest farmers, ambitious merchants, ministers, educators, doctors, lawyers, all fared well at Miss Cabot’s hand, as did printers and publishers, as well as those families who had swarmed to other parts of the nation (or world) while maintaining their cousinships and even summer homes in Brattleboro. As the terminal date for the *Annals* is 1895, the time had not yet come for talk of "ethnic minorities," nor will one find much in Cabot about the potential Kennedys and Spiro Agnews. If there was a "proletariat" in town, little is heard of it. One thing, however, is most evident: Miss Cabot’s conviction that Brattleboro was a "cultured community." The writers, the artists, the musicians, are singled out for generous attention: Royall Tyler and Thomas Greene Fessenden; William Morris Hunt, the painter, and his brother, the architect Richard Morris Hunt; William Rutherford Mead, another architect (Mead, McKim and White), his sister Elinor Mead (Mrs. William Dean Howells), and their brother, Larkin G. Mead, Jr., the Yankee stonecutter. Younger people of Miss Cabot’s own generation also find a place in her Brattleboro Parnassus: Mary Wilkins (later Mrs. Freeman), the writer of New England tales; opera singers like Hattie Brasor (Stella Brazzi) and Mary Howe (daughter of an outstanding local photographer); the French-trained portrait painter, Robert Gordon Hardie, Jr. And, of course, Wolcott Balestier and Rudyard Kipling. On the title-page of the second volume of the *Annals*, Miss Cabot placed Kipling’s lines: "God gave all men all earth to love, / But, since our hearts are small, / Ordained for each one spot should prove / Beloved over all" ("Sussex").

Mary Cabot’s roots lay deep in New England. Her father, Norman Franklin Cabot (1821-1912), was born in Hartland, Vermont, in sight of Mount Ascutney, some sixty miles up the Connecticut River from Brattleboro. Norman’s grandfather was one of the pioneers who had come up the valley from the older settled regions of Massachusetts and Connecticut in the 1760s and 1770s. The Treaty of
Paris (1763), concluding the last of the "French and Indian" colonial wars, had released this wilderness frontier area from the perils of raids and counter-raids and thus opened it to settlement. In geographical terms it is little more than a hundred miles, as the crow flies, from Boston to Connecticut River Valley towns like Brattleboro or Hartford. Historically speaking, the distance is some one hundred and fifty years. In 1836, at the age of fifteen, Norman Cabot, one of nine children, left the family farm in Hartland to seek his fortune elsewhere. His pilgrim's progress took him south to Georgia and to Alabama, where he established a successful mercantile business at Wetumpka—his headquarters for the next seventeen years. Here he met other New Englanders, including Francis Brooks, with whom he formed a partnership. In 1851 he journeyed to California ("walking across the Isthmus of Panama," according to family tradition) with Francis Brooks's brother George. Back east again, Norman Cabot was married to the Brooks's sister, Lucy, at Wetumpka (13 December 1853).

In 1856 the Cabots came north for a visit to relatives in Brattleboro, where their first child, Mary, was born on August 20, 1856. The future annalist of Brattleboro was thus a native of the town, born in the Main Street house of her maternal aunt and uncle, Mary Brooks Goodhue and Col. Francis Goodhue. After another year in Alabama, Norman Cabot wound up his affairs there (perhaps sensing the approaching Civil War) and returned to his native state for good. In 1857 he purchased land in Brattleboro, where he supervised the building of his house, completed in 1859—the Terrace Street house that appears frequently in the pages of the present book. During the Civil War years Norman Cabot made a second visit to California (where his brother-in-law George Jones Brooks was prospering), and then, until the turn of the century, served as Treasurer of the Vermont Savings Bank in Brattleboro, while pursuing various agricultural enterprises of his own.1

Mary Cabot, with her brother Will and sister Grace, grew up in Brattleboro. Grace eventually married one of her brother's boyhood friends, Frederick Holbrook II. Will Cabot (known as "Labrador Cabot" to his Explorers' Club friends) was trained as a civil engineer and worked on railroads in the West, as did also his brother-in-law, Fred Holbrook. Rudyard Kipling, who knew both, would have recognized them as "bridge-builders," of the type he portrayed in his stories of the Empire—men of the generation of Theodore Roosevelt, Cecil Rhodes, of John Hays Hammond. Both eventually came back east and were for a time associated in the Boston-based contractors' firm of Holbrook, Cabot & Rollins. During the early years of World War I Holbrook was in Russia, engaged in supplying railroads.2 Will Cabot and Fred Holbrook never lost touch with their hometown of Brattleboro. The former had a summer place in Dublin, New Hampshire, at the base of Mount Monadnock, while it was Fred Holbrook and his wife Grace who, after 1903, made their summer residence at Naulakha, the former Kipling house, "in sight of Monadnock."

Miss Mary—"Molly" to her family and close friends—loyally remained with her parents in the Terrace Street house until their deaths, her mother's in 1912 at eighty-seven, her father's a year later at ninety-two. She continued to reside there, under the watchful eye of Theresa McGrail, until her own death in 1932. Miss Cabot was no mere "village spinster" of the sort that Mary Wilkins portrayed, but rather, as Wolcott Balestier said of one of his fictional
characters, "the metropolitan villager, who is the common product of the system of summering with the boarders in one's native village, and wintering with them in the city." Her horizons were broad, not limited to the town she called home and whose history she recorded. In her later years she traveled extensively abroad and spent many winters in Boston. One might think of her as a "Connecticut River Cabot" (as she termed her branch of the family) who evolved into the proper-Bostonian species. Her formal education had been limited to lessons at home or at small private schools like Miss Barber's "Laneside" (later Miss Sawyer's) on Keyes's Lane or North Street, in the Cabots' neighborhood; she apparently did not attend the Brattleboro High School or Glenwood Ladies Seminary in West Brattleboro, as did other young women of her generation. Nor was she sent away to boarding school, as in the case of her sister Grace, who attended St. Agnes School in Albany, New York (the Right Reverend Wm. Croswell Doane, Bishop of the Diocese of Albany, Principal and Rector). Mary united with the Centre Congregational Church in Brattleboro in 1877, but, as is evident hereafter in her memoirs, her inquiring mind was long attracted by the creed and ritual of the Episcopalians. The Centre Church records note that she united with the Episcopal church in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1915, but "without dismissal" from from the Congregational fold. At the time of her death it was remarked that "she never lost her affection for the Centre church." Her concern for the general welfare was exemplified by her devoted work in the community health program of the Brattleboro Mutual Aid Association, of which she was president from the time of its organization in 1907.3

Miss Cabot was a grande dame, of stately bearing, held in some awe by her townspeople. One of the great pleasures of her last years was conversing with younger people, eager to find out what they were thinking or reading, and often evoking her own earlier acquaintance with Wolcott Balestier and Rudyard Kipling.

The Cabots' house was on a pleasant, tranquil street near the Common in what was then known as the "North End" of the East Village. The earliest homesteads in the town (township) of Brattleboro had been farms scattered over a wide area, with an isolated meeting-house located at a central point. Gradually, small clusterings, with a mill or store as the nucleus, formed into villages or hamlets. By 1800 the "town" of Brattleboro had its West Village, on the road leading westward over the ridge of the Green Mountains to Bennington and hence to Albany in the Hudson Valley; and its East Village, situated at the confluence of the Whetstone Brook and Connecticut River, along the principal route leading north from Hartford and Springfield, to Bellows Falls, Windsor, and eventually to Canada. The East Village soon eclipsed the West in size and came to be thought of as the town's "center." During the mid-nineteenth-century the older wooden houses, once residences, were replaced by "blocks" of stone or brick, so that by the time Kipling knew Brattleboro, the East Village had its characteristic "Main Street"--its "down town"--still recognizable today. The basic pattern has not changed and several landmarks survive: for example, Crosby Block (1870-71), the Brooks House (1871-72, now shorn of its balconies), and the former Peoples' Bank Building in the "Philadelphia style" (1879) at the corner of Main and Elliot Streets. The Town Hall (1855) of Kipling's day, which also housed the Post Office, was demolished in 1953, by which time the Hunt mansion across the street, at the corner of Main and High
Streets—one of the town's earliest brick dwellings, dating from the 1820s—had also disappeared. Main Street in the 1890s, from the Town Hall to the Wells Fountain, was a tree-shaded thoroughfare lined with residences. These, too, with their lawns and gardens, have largely disappeared, but the spire of the Centre Congregational Church (with its gilt weather vane from the earlier edifice on the Common) and of the Baptist Church still punctuate the Main Street skyline, as does the steeple of the former Unitarian Church. St. Michael's Episcopal Church, suggesting an English rustic chapel, next door to the Town Hall, was towed up Main Street and replanted at the north end of the village, but St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church still stands on Walnut Street, at the foot of the Cabots' Terrace.

An event of far-reaching importance in the history of Brattleboro—and one which has a distinct bearing on the Kipling story—took place in 1845, when a German emigré, Dr. Robert Wesselhoeft, came from Boston to open a "hydropathic establishment" designed to exploit the pure waters of the Whetstone Brook and its tributary springs. The Wesselhoeft Water-Cure soon attracted patients from far and wide, from the northern cities and even from the south. The construction of the first railroads (1848) coincided with the growth of the Water-Cure, thus placing the town in convenient communication with Boston and New York. Brattleboro found itself on the main line from New York to the White Mountains, which were then being discovered by vacationers in quest of "romantic" scenery. The Wesselhoeft Water-cure itself (Dr. Wesselhoeft died in 1852) lasted but a few years, but it spawned rivals and successors (such as the Lawrence Water-Cure), as well as boarding-houses in profusion. Taking in summer boarders, maintaining genteel pensions de famille for city folk, became a significant local industry. Brattleboro became a small-scale Saratoga, something of a spa town reminiscent of its European prototypes.

Attracted by the vaunted "natural beauties" of the region, many water-cure visitors acquired summer residences or permanent homes, thus contributing a bit of yeast to the life of the village community. In the years before the Civil War their newly-built houses reflected the latest mid-century fashions and if the demolishers and modernizers had been more merciful, Brattleboro might today boast a veritable architectural museum to delight the revivalists and preservationists. Overlooking the Water-Cure on Elliot Street, the architect Richard Upjohn designed an elegant estate for the Stoddards of Savannah, Georgia (later acquired by Julius J. Estey, now demolished); George Folsom, a wealthy New Yorker and retired diplomat (U.S. Minister to The Hague) erected a "Florentine villa" facing the Common, which survives, as does the battered "Elizabethan" cottage on Linden Street that once belonged to Miss Higginson, the sister of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Another of the Southerners who came to the Water-Cure, General Buckner, built the mansion on the heights above the Whetstone Brook that was subsequently occupied by Professor Charlier and eventually by the Crowells. Richard Bradley the elder, a native son who married well, built a fine residence and developed an extensive farm on the northern edge of the village near the mouth of the West River.

This digression brings us to the Balestier family, who was part of this influx of new blood into the growing town of Brattleboro. It was during the Civil War that Joseph Neree Balestier (1814-1888) and his wife Caroline Starr Wolcott (1818-1901), from New York City, first became acquainted with the region. They
acquired in 1868 one of the Sargent farms, some three and a half miles north of
the East Village, part of it in the town of Brattleboro, part across the town
line in Dummerston, in the so-called West River District. They remodeled and
enlarged the sightly place and named it "Beechwood" (only city people gave
their farms such fancy names) and adopted the life of gentlemen farmers. If J.
N. Balestier, then a bit over fifty, had already acquired enough of a fortune
to permit retirement to the country, where he could enjoy his books, his
pictures, and his wines. He had begun his career as a merchant trader in New
York, moved west to Chicago, speculated successfully in real estate there, and
then moved back to New York. Rudyard Kipling, who never knew him personally,
referred to him (he was Caroline Kipling's paternal grandfather) as 'a
Frenchman,' but too much significance need not be attached to this label. The
name Balestier is indeed of French origin. Joseph Neree Balestier, of an
international mercantile family engaged in Transatlantic trade, probably from
southwestern France, was born in Martinique in the West Indies, but came at an
early age to the United States. Joseph Neree had an elder half-brother,
another Joseph, who served as the first U.S. consul at Singapore in the days of
the celebrated Sir Stamford Raffles. J. N. Balestier personified to later
generations, however tenuously, their French ancestry; then his wife
represented the New England heritage. Caroline Starr Wolcott (Mrs. Kipling's
paternal grandmother) was from Connecticut, as her maiden name indicates, of
the family that produced Oliver Wolcott, the "Signer."

The Balestier's second son, Henry Wolcott Balestier (1840-1870), Caroline
Kipling's father, married Anna Smith, daughter of Anna Beatty Smith and the
Honorable Erasmus Peshine Smith, who had served as an advisor on international
law to the Mikado of Japan. There was thus a breath of the exotic and of the
Orient in the Balestier tradition. Caroline Kipling's forebears had sailed the
seven seas as much as if not more than had Rudyard's. It may be noted in this
connection that when the Ladies Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. sponsored an "art
loan exhibition," including curios from far countries, in the Brattleboro
Baptist Parsonage in 1895, Rudyard Kipling lent a "collection of Indian weapons
and curios," but still more spectacular objects came from the Balestiers, such
as "a long handled halberd or Japanese battle sword of black lacquer and gold
appliqué used by maiden fighters in the 16th and 17th centuries, owned by
Beatty Balestier." It was taken for granted in Brattleboro that Caroline
Kipling, both as a Balestier and as the wife of an Anglo-Indian, would be
conversant with things Oriental, especially after her wedding journey to Japan.
In reporting "Vermont's First Flower Show," which transformed the Centre
Congregational Church chapel into a "bower of beauty," the Brattleboro papers
quoted Mrs. Kipling's compliments to C. E. Allen, the local florist, for his
display of chrysanthemums: "although she had seen the national flower of Japan
in its home in that country, and at its best, she had not seen there finer
specimens of individual blooms than were shown by Mr. Allen."

The heyday of Beechwood was in the 1870s and 1880s, when four sets of children
and grandchildren successively spent vacations at the Brattleboro farm. It was
natural that the children of Henry Wolcott Balestier, who died at the early age
of thirty, should be of special concern to the grandparents. He left his widow
(see Anna Smith) with four small children: nine-year old Charles Wolcott,
eight-year old Caroline, followed by the two little ones, Beatty, only three,
and baby Josephine, born the year of her father's death. They spent their
childhood and younger days chiefly in Rochester, New York, the home of their maternal grandparents. As is often the case with a family of fatherless children, they were bound together by a sort of clannishness, with the older brother and sister feeling special responsibility for the little ones—a "family square," to borrow Kipling's term. Charley ("Wolcott," as he was later known) was the apple of Caroline's eye and was generally considered to have great promise, while the unruly ways of Beatty were the despair of his big brother and sister. Wolcott seems to have made more extended stays with his grandparents at Beechwood than the others, and one winter in the 1870s attended the Brattleboro High School.

With Grandfather Balestier's death in 1888 Beechwood lost his unifying spirit and the place was never quite the same again. The year before his death the old gentleman summed up his years there in a letter of advice to one of his grandsons:

Brattleboro, November 11, 1887

Dear Elliott,

I received your letter of Oct. 30 on the 2d of Nov. inst. and was very happy to hear from you once more. You are having a long vacation but I hope you will make up for it by hard study. I don't know what your father intends to make of you, but the best thing going now-adays is the profession of base ball playing. It however requires practice. A man cannot attain eminence in any profession without a good deal of preliminary work, & if you expect to become a distinguished "short stop" & marry a prominent actress. You must not let the grass grow under your feet. . . .

The farm is the same perpetual trouble as ever. There is no end of trouble with it, & something new turns up daily. A man goes away before his time is up, or is taken sick, or is too insolent to bear with—hens die, horses go lame, cows dry up or get sick or die of quick consumption or some other quick disease. There is general neglect, general cussedness, general imbecility—in the household there are all the city troubles with the added troubles of the difficulty in the way of filling vacancies. Young man, consider well what you're about before you go to live on a farm.

You ask after George—well, George is George— There was never any one like him even in Vermont, & I hope there never will be. But if you want to know all about George you had better ask Grandma who enjoys much more of his society than I do. . . .

Your affect.
Grandfather

Grandmother Balestier continued to maintain Beechwood, but only as a summer residence, until her death in 1901. She arrived in Brattleboro each year in May and returned to her New York City boarding-house in November, always accompanied by the formidable Kate Monks, the Irish family retainer who had
Balestier and look after her, and meant to do so as long as she lived! According to the recollections of one young visitor there, it was known to intimates of the household that after Mr. Balestier's death "no two of the sons or their wives could be sheltered at the same time under Beechwood's much enduring roof." The same observer describes a characteristic Sunday at Beechwood, as it was in the 1890s:

Accordingly, when the Joes were at Beechwood, a caravan would start out every Sunday morning for the village: Madame Balestier, with two guests and a driver in the double carriage, for the Unitarian Church; Joe and Emma in a single rig for the Episcopal Church, which while far from high in belief, in Brattleboro, was still better than nothing; and a one horse carryall and driver with Kate and either of the other maids, cook or waitress, who happened to be Catholic, for the 11:00 o'clock Mass. The same procession came home, often trailing one another, some time after twelve, and dinner of course was a late midday affair on Sundays.¹⁰

By the 1890s, when Rudyard Kipling appeared on the scene, Brattleboro as a town was about one hundred and twenty-five years old. It was not old by European standards, but not at all "a raw frontier town" like those Kipling had glimpsed along the railroads of the West. Its population was about 7,000, roughly two-thirds concentrated within the "village limits," the rest in the outlying rural districts, where, as Kipling wrote: "Roads, sketched in dirt, connected white, clap-boarded farmhouses, where the older members of the families made shift to hold down the eating mortgages. The younger folk had gone elsewhere. . . ."¹¹ It was the pre-automobile age, Kipling also recalled, when "horses were an integral part of our lives"--as they were of everybody else's.¹² The first automobiles were seen in the streets of Brattleboro only in 1901, about the same time that the Kiplings, who had by then returned to England, acquired their first motor-car, a steam locomobile. Their trials and tribulations with "Coughing Jane" inspired his story "Steam Tactics" (1902), while the earlier "A Walking Delegate" (1894) had dealt, at least ostensibly, with horse-life in a Vermont pasture.¹³ Railroads, too, were an integral part of Brattleboro people's lives in the 1890s. It was a six-hour journey by rail to New York, only three or four to Boston, according to the route taken. Kipling often rode these trains during his Vermont years and, in a letter written from Naulakha to a brother author, Stanley J. Weyman (whose historical novel, The Red Cockade, had recently appeared), has left this snapshot of himself:

December 30 1895

Here's a coincidence. I came up from a flying visit to New York yesterday and the news-boy came through the train with all the latest books. "Don't want the Jungle Book," said he, "Well here's the Red Cockade--sellin' like hot cakes . . . There ain't nobody can touch Weyman for sales." I curled up with the R.C. and put a six hour journey behind me in great comfort being in the middle of the Revolution for the most part and so lost my supper.¹⁴
Brattleboro served as the market town for a considerable rural hinterland, redolent of fresh-cut timber and boiling maple sap, and thanks to the railroad connections, as an entrepot for imported goods. Numerous small factories had grown up as a result of local ingenuity and inventiveness, but Brattleboro was not a "mill town," like others in New England where a single industry (textiles, for instance) dominated the economy and eventually ruined it. The most notable of Brattleboro's industries was the Estey Organ Company which, by Kipling's time, was exporting "cottage organs" as far away as British India. An advertisement in The Pioneer, the Allahabad newspaper that published many of Kipling's early stories and verses, informed readers that S. Rose & Co. of Bombay always had in stock a selection of American organs, including those of Estey and Co.—"all instruments specially selected . . . to meet the requirements of the Indian climate."\(^\text{13}\)

The Brattleboro of the 1890s can also be viewed through the eyes of poets and novelists, whose imaginative syntheses often convey the feel of a time and place better than do the historian's more usual sources. We might suggest, for example, to those who appreciate the literary approach, that the Brattleboro of Kipling's day was a bit like the "Northampton" of Henry James's novel Roderick Hudson (1875) or the "Wollett" that stands in the background of The Ambassadors (1903) to represent the archetypical New England town. James's contemporary, William Dean Howells, is however, a still better guide and characteristic features of life in Brattleboro can be discovered in his fictional New England world. It was during the Civil War, when the young man from Ohio was serving as United States consul in Austrian-occupied Venice, that he married Elinor Meade, of a notable Brattleboro village family, and it was in Venice during the first year of their marriage that "she told him all about everyone and everything in Brattleboro." "It was this intensive view of New England that made Howells able to understand it so clearly when he went there to live," said his daughter and biographer, "and it was his wife's vivid powers of observation and her gift for criticism that made her such a great help to him in his work."\(^\text{16}\) After their return to America in 1865, while Howells was feeling his way in New York, his wife and child stayed in her hometown. The following year Howells found work on the staff of the Atlantic Monthly and the family settled in Cambridge, with Brattleboro still on their near horizon. Publication of the many books which earned for Howells his important place in American literature began at this time.

It is appropriate to mention Howells here, not only for the connection with Brattleboro, but also because he played a role, as did Henry James, in the lives of both Wolcott Balestier and Rudyard Kipling. The latter was familiar with Howells's writings even before he came to the United States and made the personal acquaintance of "the dean of American letters." In a tribute to Howells written in 1921 Kipling recalled how, as a very young man, he had found a broken copy of some studies of Venice in a rest-house on the edge of the Indian desert: "A wandering traveler must have left it behind in that wilderness, and I remember I spent most of a hot night reading it by the light of an unsteady oil lamp. . . . A short time after I came across the Venetian Letters [Venetian Life, 1866], and while I was still in India, A Modern Instance [1892] and and The Rise of Silas Lapham [1895] were read aloud in a family that took a keen interest in books and was fairly conversant with
American literature. Here, to us, was a new world altogether—a large undisguised view into lives which did not concern or refer themselves for judgment to any foreign canon or comparison, but moved in their proper, national orbit, beneath their own skies and among their own surroundings.®

Silas Lapham, it will be recalled, was a "Solid Man of Boston," who found it no disgrace to admit that he "was born in the State of Vermont, pretty well up under the Canada line." Howells's later novel, The Landlord at Lion's Head (1896) traces the rise of an impoverished rural Vermont family to the business of hotel-keeping for summer visitors. Jeff Durgin, the central figure, is "a true rustic New England type in contact with urban life under entirely modern conditions." "What I most prize in him," Howells said of his hero, "is the realization of that anti-puritan quality which was always vexing the heart of Puritanism, and which I had constantly felt one of the most interesting facts in my observation of New England."®

More pertinent to our theme and closer to Brattleboro is the less-known novel, Annie Kilburn (1889), in which Howells preceptively delineates the social structure of the New England town of "Hatboro." Here we find the old village families of the local gentry, their farm-bred housekeepers and hired help, the shopkeepers and rising young business men, the earnest young clergymen troubled by doubts, as well as the summer people of "South Hatboro,' all devoted to good causes and cultural uplift. After a long sojourn in Rome (where she had buried her aged father in the Protestant Cemetery and arranged for the carving of a statue to top the Soldiers' Monument of Hatboro'), Annie Kilburn returns to the old family mansion, drawn there by a feeling of duty "to come home and do something for it, be something in it." Miss Kilburn is re-introduced to Hatboro' life by a round of calls from girlhood friends, now matronly married women, followed by a call from an eager youth named Brandreth, describing himself as "the factotum, or teetotum, of the South Hatboro' ladies' book club." Brandreth describes in glowing terms the great changes that have taken place in Hatboro' during Miss Kilburn's absence—"the social growth has been even greater than the business growth"—and then asks her to "lend her countenance" to an evening of amateur theatricals on the grounds of Mrs. Munger's estate, the proceeds to go to the establishment of a Social Union for the work-people. "We know how much influence your name has—one of the old Hatboro' names—in the community, and we do want to interest the whole community in our scheme." Annie dutifully lent her countenance, but one evening as she was walking slowly homeward, "She was tired, and she was now aware of having been extremely bored by the South Hatboro' people.... Annie asked herself how her own life was in any wise different from that of these people. It had received a little more light into it, but as yet it had not conformed itself to any ideal of duty. She too was idle and vapid, like the society of which her whole past had made her a part, and she owned to herself, groaning in spirit, that it was no easier to escape from her tradition at Hatboro than it was at Rome." It is easy to recognize something of Brattleboro in Howells's Hatboro', and tempting to read a bit of Molly Cabot into his fictional Annie Kilburn.

The real Miss Cabot's story—her memoir of Wolcott Balestier—begins on Brattleboro's Common in the 1870s, when the Cabot children of Terrace Street
had their first glimpse of the "little Balestiers" being driven down from Beechwood to Miss Amelia Tyler's school.

NOTES

1Cabot, Annals, II, 740-42. Notes of F. Cabot Holbrook.

2Through Turkestan and the Caucasus: A Letter from Frederick Holbrook to His Wife (Brattleboro, VT: Press of E. L. Hildreth, 1916), 61 pp. illustrated with photographs, privately printed. The letter, written at intervals in April-May 1916, describes Holbrook's journey by rail from Petrograd beyond the Aral Sea to Tashkent and Samarkand in Russian Turkestan and the return via the Caspian Sea and Caucasus Mountains. More than once he thought of Kipling. Two Russian ladies, whose acquaintance he made in the Wagons-Lit car, "know their Kipling well, and have read as much in English as most American women, perhaps more than many. Kipling has been translated into Russian, and they tell us is very popular here" (p. 10). The third-class cars on the train, he remarked, "must have contained the same set of passengers that accompanied Kim when he went on his railway journey" (pp. 5-6). Holbrook brought home from this journey various exotic objects which are still to be seen at Naulakha.

3Obituary of Mary Cabot, Vermont Phoenix, 6 May 1932. Year Book of the Centre Congregational Church, Brattleboro, Vermont (Centennial Edition, 1917), which includes a "Historical Sketch" and "Historical Catalogue" compiled by Walter A. Gilbert.


5Ireland, Balestiers, passim.


7Reformer, and Phoenix, 17 May 1895.

8Reformer, and Phoenix, 16 November 1894.

9Letter from J. N. Balestier to Edmund Elliot Balestier, printed in Ireland, Balestiers, pp. 43-44.

10Ireland, Balestiers, pp. 24-28.

11Something of Myself, pp. 119.


13"Steam Tactics," one of the "Pyecroft Stories," is found in the
volume *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904); "A Walking Delegate" in *The Day's Work* (1898).


17 American Academy of Arts and Letters, *Public Meeting . . . in Honor of William Dean Howells . . . held on . . . March 21, 1921* (New York, 1922), pp. 13-19, message "From Rudyard Kipling." Kipling's message, far more than a routine tribute, is a penetrating critical assessment of Howells's work and influence.

18 Howells, in his prefatory note to the 1909 edition of *The Landlord at Lion's Head*.

Kipling's Naulaka
The Vermont Period: Rudyard Kipling at Naulakha

Mary R. Cabot


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THE VERMONT PERIOD: RUDYARD KIPLING AT NAULAKHA

By Mary R. Cabot
(Brattleboro, Vermont)

Mary Cabot’s Journal, Balestier Memoirs, Letters, and Papers in the F. Cabot Holbrook Library Collection. © 1985 by Anna F. Holbrook of Brattleboro, Vermont. Excerpts from these documents are included by permission of Anna F. Holbrook.

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To Grace Cabot Holbrook

Brattleboro

My dear Grace:

I have written this brief sketch that you may know something of the life that preceded yours at Naulakha.

If too much of the personal relation between myself and the Genius of the place has been included, it has been done in the belief that it might serve to make more clear the line of Destiny, which brought Naulakha in to its present sympathetic ownership.

Your affectionate sister,

Mary R. Cabot

January 10, 1911

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Rudyard Kipling came, for the first time, to Brattleboro, February 16, 1892, a month after his marriage to Caroline Balestier. Her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. Balestier impressed by the peculiar charm of the Vermont landscape, while guests at the old Watercure, bought a tract of land with wooded hillsides and beautiful prospects overlooking the Connecticut River Valley, three miles north of the village, in 1868, and builded a house to which they gave the name Beechwood. Here their children and grandchildren passed many summers which endeared the place to the entire family. To their grandson, Beatty S. Balestier, on his marriage in 1890 to Mai Mendon, was given Maplewood, an old farmhouse on the estate, with seventy or more adjoining acres, and it was at Maplewood in the winter of 1892 that Mr. and Mrs. Kipling made the memorable visit.

Mr. Kipling had never seen such snow nearer than on distant peaks of the Himalayas, when he arrived in Vermont one crisp, cold and white winter’s night, to be bundled by Beatty in fur coat, cap and rugs, and driven behind a pair of fleet horses to the house among the hills. He was delighted with the novelty of this three days visit, which occasioned the sketch "In Sight of Monadnock"
for the *Springfield Republican*, and from that time was in love with our northern Winter.

My brother Will had been in London the previous year [May-July 1891], in business connection with the publishing house of Heinemann & Balestier, and at the house of Wolcott Balestier met Rudyard Kipling, recently arrived from India [via the United States, in October 1889]. This was at the time of the collaboration that developed the story entitled *The Naulakha*, and also, of the meeting between the literary genius and the woman who was to become his wife. Mr. Kipling was interested in Will’s original method of finding his way about the streets of London, at night, by the position of the stars, his days being so engrossed in business as to keep him confined exclusively in Wolcott’s office in Dean’s Yard, Westminster. Will was “the man from the West” [mentioned in "In Sight of Monadnock"], who came, the morning after the Kiplings’ arrival, on snowshoes, across the fresh-fallen snow, to greet Beatty’s guests. As Will did not return for our midday meal, I drove up to bring him home. While pulling up my sleigh before the door, out rushed Rudyard Kipling with the others. He was boyish in appearance and manner, which was hearty and almost rollicking, and he spoke very rapidly and vividly of the topics of the time and locality.

I stopped but a few minutes and did not see him again until the following summer, when he and Mrs. Kipling returned and began keeping house in a cottage belonging to the Bliss Farm, on the edge of the Balestier property. It seems that during the brief winter’s visit they had purchased of Beatty a stretch of pasture, eleven and a half acres, opposite and on the other side of the road from Maplewood. They continued in the Bliss Cottage while they planned and built on this hillside pasture their first home, Naulakha.

Mrs. Kipling had been known to us superficially from childhood, as Carrie Balestier, but it was a more intimate relation with her sister Josephine that led me to call at the cottage.

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October 19, 1982. Yesterday afternoon I went to call on the Kiplings. They were out when I arrived but Josephine was there, so I had a conversation of half an hour with her, most intimate and *all* relating to Wolcott. She gave me five pictures (large) of him to bring home and keep long enough to know just which I want to own. They are good, all of them. The Kiplings finally came and Mr. K. would not let me off earlier so I stayed an hour and a half, and came down after dark, at half past six. Fred was walking the horse before that house for two hours. The great Rudyard talked in the freest way about his writings on the United States and the American feeling against him, told me all his experiences with the Clubs in New York and the newspapers, and we simply hobnobbed. He gave me some English papers and said I should have all his English periodicals. Carrie was cordiality itself. Kipling showed me Mary Hallock Foote’s illustrations just received for a new edition of *The Naulakha*—and they "let me in" to their literary secrets. If I were to see you now you would be interested in hearing all the details I could give you of the visit. The house is almost empty of furniture and what is there, absolutely without taste or comfort. Kipling is coarse (I think), kept saying "Golly," and his
atmosphere was not restrained but rather familiar. But the artist in him is
tremendous and he was thrilling when he talked Art. Mary Wilkins has been here
and he went to see her. He is enthusiastic about her work. He has a lovely,
soft voice, and you feel at once that he has a warm heart.

Mrs. Kipling invited me to lunch with them soon afterwards. When I arrived,
Mr. Kipling was sitting in a buggy on the greensward in front of the house, and
was trying so awkwardly to turn around that I involuntarily offered my
assistance. I suspected that he did not know how to cramp the wheels, and he
seemed relieved when he handed me the reins. I cannot recall seeing him make
any attempt to drive, from that time. At luncheon, he told me of a dinner of
eight, in India, everyone of whom, except himself, had killed his tiger. The
fact then flashed on my consciousness that the fearless author was uncommonly
timid as a man. In the afternoon we strolled along the road, looking for
leaves of wood anemones. By another year he had learned to appreciate their
significance as harbingers of Spring to the inhabitants of a northern latitude,
and he refused to go away while they were in bloom. He said his year would be
incomplete if he missed the anemones.

The townspeople began by distrusting him for being an Englishman, and commented
on his slouching dress. When he first appeared on Main Street it was with
trousers tucked into top boots, his old coarse coat thrown open, revealing a
flannel shirt, and on his head a sombrero hat. It was disappointing to many
that he did not show more personal dignity, if he were the great man he
purported to be. Their sentiments and criticisms found way to his keen and
sensitive nature intuitively, and sometimes through marked discourtesy of a
clerk who hastened to indicate his equality with Rudyard Kipling. When winter
set in, he invested in a basket sleigh, which looked strangely inappropriate to
the rigorous climate. One day, as it stopped before a grocer’s shop, some
passers-by sneered at the outfit, and a woman put her fingers into the ear of
the tiger’s head of a rug thrown over the back, saying in shrill Yankee voice,
"Wa-al, they’d better keep their wild beasts ter hum, ennyhaow!"

February 20, 1893. We have had a glorious snowstorm and today it is almost a
blizzard. I went out in it Saturday. The snow is two or three feet deep and
the trees loaded with it. Yesterday I saw Mrs. Balestier and Carrie Kipling in
their basket sleigh—the mountings were yellow and they had a yellow cock’s
feather between the horse’s ears. I hear that Mai [Beatty’s wife] has no
servants. Carrie K. drove to the village three weeks after her baby was born!
She (the baby) is a bouncer, very blond and not at all like the Balestiers.
They have an English nurse.

The making of Naulakha was a great interest and delight. Kipling had never had
a real home since his days in Lahore. The laying of each stone and timber,
interior development and finish, were followed by his close and tender
observation. Of special importance to him was the arrangement of grounds and formal garden. He cared for every tree and shrub and plant, investing them with poetic individuality, and tended the flowers with affection, as his daily portion of work, through their season.

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August 25, 1893,

Windham County Reformer

Kipling's Unique Residence. The Novelist's New Home is One of the Attractions of Brattleboro. [Brattleboro Letter in Sunday Springfield Republican]

"Have you seen the Kipling's new home?" is one of the first questions asked of the summer visitors, for now the building is completed it has become one of the local objects of interest. It is really a unique structure, quite unlike anything to be found hereabouts, while it is thoroughly built and neatly finished. It stands on the hill-side about three miles north of the village on a tract purchased of Mrs. Kipling's brother, B. S. Balestier, and commands a charming view of the New Hampshire hills and the Connecticut valley looking eastward. It is a two-story frame house seventy feet long by twenty-two feet wide, its foundations being of rough stones with long narrow windows for lighting a large basement. There is but one tier of 11 rooms, all facing toward the highway at the east. A large hall is on the opposite side, and into it opens the front and only entrance door. The long plain side of the house is broken by a loggia with a projecting balustrade, the other end of the building having a two-story bay window. There is a double porch on the southern end, affording a most delightful view. A towering sentinel stands at the north end of the house in the form of a grand old maple, while scores of smaller trees, mostly evergreens, closely surround the place. There are fireplaces in every room in the house, except one, and a furnace (the largest ever installed in Brattleboro) in the basement. A convenient kitchen is at the north end, with the dining-room next, while there is a parlor in the middle of the house which is lighted by a large window of plate-glass.

The young author's study is one of the most desirable rooms, occupying the full width of the south end of the house and containing a fine bay window. Five well filled book-cases make a large proportion of its furniture. The study opens on the piazza. A spacious billiard-room is in the attic, two dormer windows furnishing the light. The hall is finished in ash and the rest of the house in whitewood, with pine floors.

Above the stone basement, the outside of the house is covered with shingles stained a dark olive, the idea being to have the whole house blend with the background without contrast. As a result, the building is scarcely noticeable from a distance, and while it seems isolated and almost obscured, just as the author would have it, still it is one of the most restful and at the same time most sightly locations to be found. In the effort to find good water an artesian well has already been sunk 180 feet just south of the house, though as yet without satisfactory results. The drilling costs $6 a foot, and only about three feet a day can be drilled. The house was originally contracted to J. P. Helyar, a local builder, who subsequently died, and whose administrator, E. A.
Gould, completed the work. John Galvin did the plumbing. The plans and architectural design were furnished by Henry Rutgers Marshall of New York, who embodied in them Mr. Kipling's own ideas. The New York firm of architects, together with Mrs. Kipling, have directed the erection of the building. Work has now begun on a stable.

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September 1, 1893.

**Vermont Phoenix**

Rudyard Kipling's new home will be known as "The Naulakha," in honor of "A Tale of the East and West," written in collaboration by Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, and published in the *Century*.

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By the time the house was ready for occupancy, little Josephine had come and was old enough to move with them, so that their home as well as their house was complete. Kipling had so much sentiment for the cottage where Josephine was born that he made every possible effort to bring it into his possession, but the Blisses would not consent to sell it. With the experience of fatherhood and home responsibilities there seemed to come a seriousness of purpose and dignity of bearing to Mr. Kipling. His manners softened and took form. While he shared, with enthusiasm, the free and easy life at Maplewood, there was much of the conventional at Naulakha. It was necessary to live up to the customs of their imported English servants, a coachman who had been in the services of an earl, in the old country, and a nurse, who applied for the position with avowed desire to devote her life to the child of a Genius.

They moved in the late summer of 1893, and almost immediately, I was welcomed to their innermost life. It was a quiet and simple life, made up of his regular and constant work, writing from nine until one in the library, on whose mantel Kipling's father inscribed the words, "The Night cometh when no man can work." After luncheon there were hours for enjoyment of the beauties of the country. In winter his exercise was taken on snowshoes, or skis; when spring broke, his pleasure was to tramp the woods in search of wild flowers, or shape and weed his garden. His love of Nature was intense, as was everything else in him. Wife or friends companioned him on walks and drives, and his observations on all he saw bore evidence of a mind as receptive as the most sensitive photographic plate. Everything that came within the scope of his senses was remembered and transmuted into terms of Art. His comradery on these outings was always full of sweet affectionateness.

Mrs. Kipling prided herself on being practical. She was not, however, a natural housekeeper, provided only bare necessities and slender allowances for her life, made much of the difficulty of conducting a household like hers so far from the source of supplies, and kept the machinery of life always in evidence. An unexpected guest at luncheon would have been an impossibility. Nor did she know how to make a house attractive. But their architect, Henry Rutgers Marshall, in attempting to do the best with a siteless pasture, succeeded, by placing the living room on the side of the view, in giving it a
remarkably intimate relation with the beauty of the landscape. Not the interior of the house, but the glory outside, made the charm of Naulakha. At first there were but meager furnishings, which were soon, however, augmented by cotton hangings of Oriental coloring and good design, from the government factories of Mr. Kipling, senior, in India; gifts of embroideries from the same country; Benares brass, silver, and carved teak, to which were added casts from the antique, and books, money being laid aside every month to be expended in the formation of a library of reference and literature. An air of distinction began to pervade the house.

Although not given to hospitality of herself, and averse to the prodigality of her husband's social instincts, Mrs. Kipling was, in many respects, an admirable wife for a genius. She guarded his health, assumed the supervision of every detail of the routine of his daily life, published his works, was his business agent, and stood between him and any obstacles to the free and full development of his powers. I once went to the railroad station when they were starting for Lakewood, New Jersey. While Mrs. Kipling was checking the baggage, I happened to ask Mr. Kipling the name of the hotel where they were to be. He replied, "Why, bless you, I don't know! I am no more than a cork on the water, when Carrie is with me."

I can count on my fingers the guests who came from a distance to Naulakha: Mr. Kipling's Father, a charming and mellow English gentleman, Henry Rutgers Marshall, Charles Eliot Norton, Lockwood DeForest, who contributed to the house a piece of carved teakwood for the space above the bow-window in the library, Professor and Mrs. William James, Mrs. Pen Browning (daughter-in-law of Robert Browning), and Conan Doyle. From Brattleboro: their beloved physician, Dr. James Conland, Miss Caroline Keyes of Putney, whose life among her flowers was, Mr. Kipling said, "the best story Mary Wilkins never wrote," and myself. Lina Holbrook spent two weeks with them one winter for the purpose of painting a portrait of little Josephine.

Of the friendship between Dr. Conland and Mr. Kipling I knew nothing from personal observation. They made two trips together to the coast near Cape Cod, where Dr. Conland's boyhood had been spent, and I believe made a cruise, which resulted in the sea-story Captains Courageous, which was dedicated to the Doctor. Dr. Conland introduced R.K. to the actual life, speech and habits of the fishermen. After the death of his wife, the Rev. Charles O. Day of the Congregational Church was persuaded to take an afternoon from his pastoral work to play golf with Mr. Kipling on the Balestier land, an impromptu Unks, a relaxation sadly needed. He wrote a charming and true sketch of the family at Naulakha for one of the newspapers.

Kipling could never see too much of anyone whom he cared to see at all, and took it amiss if I did not come to them often. A note written to me by Miss Keyes, while she was staying at Naulakha, says: "They couldn't say enough of the pleasure of seeing you again. He asked Josephine [Balestier] yesterday why you didn't come oftener to Naulakha, and added 'I love Molly Cabot and don't care who knows it.'" Old letters to my sister contain assurances of his warmth of heart.
November 23, 1893. Then (Nov. 21) Ethel [Dalton] and I went to lunch at Mai's to meet Carrie Kipling, Alice Glidden and a Miss Robertson of Putney. We took a jaunt with Rudyard and Beatty over the hills, tea at Naulakha and home at nine in the evening: it was snowing fast. Beatty has given us the freedom of a building lot on his land and Kipling has drawn a house plan for us. We are really thinking of going in to a scheme of the kind on some hill top, Ethel to have the house six months and I the following six. Don't tell anyone. Kipling and the Balestiers are bound to have us near them and offer every inducement. Last evening Mai and Beatty came to olives farcis in my Playroom and stayed until midnight.

November 28, 1893. The Kiplings have invited me twice a week lately and they are coming to my "den" to olives farcis and beer as soon as I can get to it. Mai says they are "dying" to come.

December 3, 1893. I am surprised to find myself alive to tell the tale of the Von Funckes' visit to Brattleboro during Thanksgiving week.... I took them to drive--around the village to all places where Minna had associations, and to the Brooks House, Library and Savings Bank.... From that time Fred was here so you know the rest of the story, the drive to the Balestiers and Kiplings, the dinner and our visitors in the evening.... The dinner was really fine. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing them but I was on my feet every instant and talking continually and feeling all the time so sorry for them. Cousin Oscar confided to me that he was a little homesick at times and they had only seen such barbarians (from their standpoint) and everything has been so mismanaged! I love them both. I wish you could have seen Cousin Oscar kissing Father repeatedly at the station as he went away, with at least twenty-five onlookers! He bore it like a man! ....Was it not nice, the Kiplings appearing for afternoon tea in the midst of the festivity? Braham Stoker, Irving's and Terry's manager, comes to visit them and I shall be invited to dine.

December 29, 1893.

Vermont Phoenix

The choir of St. Michael's Episcopal church sang at Rudyard Kipling's Sunday afternoon [i.e. December 24]. They were invited there by Mrs. Kipling as a surprise to her husband.

Christmas, 1893. At the Christmas-tree celebration for Josephine and Marjorie, a Yule-tree was drawn by oxen from the back pasture to Naulakha. After the tree, we had an informal supper and R.K. told stories by the big open fire.
The guests from Maple wood were Ethel, Elliott, Buck Ward and John Adams (Wolcott’s friend), Mrs. Balestier, Josephine and myself.

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New Years Day, 1894. We have a most beautiful beginning of the New Year as to weather. It is simply glorious this morning.... I am invited to dine at the Kiplings....

***

As I was going to the hotel, Carrie Kipling arrived, to say that I must come to her dinner in a stuff gown as there would be dancing in the barn later. Blanche Carpenter, Elliott Balestier, Josephine Balestier and Mrs. Wolcott Balestier were at dinner. Kipling took me out and I sat at his right, while his genius flashed and glowed. At eight o’clock we went to the barn, which was lighted with kerosene lamps. The refreshments, cider and sandwiches, were served from a pile of lumber. Kipling had fastened pieces of paper to the wall, with inscriptions like these: "Here are the marble pillars!" "This is the gilded divan!" They had a fiddler from Slab Hollow. The Gliddens, with two men friends from Boston, were there, and the Beattys (as the Kiplings call Mai and Beatty), Ethel Dalton and Buck Ward. There were fourteen for the dance. Kipling and I led. My driver brought me home, flying, just before midnight.

On these occasions, as at all times, Kipling talked, as he wrote, with incomparable freshness and vigour, improvising for our amusement a story or play, in which his hearers figured as dramatis personae, or verses on some theme touching the emotions of the moment. Stimulated by a humorous suggestion from one of his playmates, he once composed with marvellous rapidity seventy-five verses in succession, until we were quite exhausted by the strain of catching the words and implored him to refrain from giving us more. He kept on until we covered our ears, as if he could not control the impetus or the creative impulse his boyish spirits had set in motion. He knew little or nothing of the laws of metre and when writing these verses, or even serious poems, would drum an accompaniment on the desk or table to make sure of the rhythm, and would at the same time illustrate the subject with drawings in pencil, which were both clever and charming. His wonderful memory for everything he had ever seen or heard, no matter how trivial, made material for his Comic Muse from our commonplace chatter in very unexpected moments, and with ridiculous turns, but his essential sweetness of heart saved our feelings from humiliation. It was in Beatty’s back pasture, on an afternoon walk, that the short story entitled "A Walking Delegate" was mapped out while we salted the horses, Rod and Rick, the heroes of the tale.

Most interesting were his reminiscences of India and the glimpses of its rich coloring seen through the medium of his perceptions and descriptive powers. He liked to dwell also on his boyhood days at the famous Westward Ho School in England, and among other formative influences counted the stories told him by William Morris while sitting on the knees of the great man. When Joel Chandler Harris sent him a copy of Uncle Remus, he found friends from the folklore of India in all the characters except Miss Meadows, a fresh revelation to
Mr. Kipling began writing "for fun," when very young, and was overwhelmed with surprise when he found himself famous. His obligation to his genius became his religion as the realization of its possibilities dawned on him. He did not attend church services in Brattleboro, but devoted Sunday mornings to writing hymns which, read to the favored few, found oblivion in the waste paper basket by Monday.

Afternoon Tea as a dependable institution with the Kiplings, on the piazza in fine weather, otherwise in the library, the tea made by the hostess and served on the Benares brass-topped table. At the Tea-hour friends’ friends were received. There was a feeling that Mr. Kipling did not care to meet Americans, and it is true that his sensitive temperament could not come into contact with all sorts and conditions of men without some loss to his working capacity. He suffered from sightseers, lion-hunters and newspaper reporters, by whom he was so often misrepresented that he learned to crave protection from the unknown. To the large numbers in these classes his wife was the formidable dragoness who inhabited a small sewing-room between the entrance hall and library. No one could gain access to him in working hours without running the gauntlet of her authority. During their sojourn of four years in our vicinity no one came to Brattleboro without a hope of seeing or meeting the Genius of the place. A cordial welcome was given to whoever was introduced by the habitues of the house. In particular, I remember Margaret Crosby’s happiness over meeting, through my intercession, the man whose literary genius she almost adored. My Mother’s first visit to Naulakha is also memorable. Mr. Kipling devoted himself graciously and exclusively to her entertainment. She had such a delightful time and was so much impressed that she made the obligation to return a mackintosh, loaned by Mrs. Kipling, an excuse to carry him the following morning the first marigolds of the season—the flower of India! He was amused, when attempting to call on her another day, after her eyesight had begun to fail, to be mistaken for the berry man as he drove up in front of our door in an old wagon. She shook her head with vehemence and said she had "enough."

The Kiplings accepted invitations, coming very often on moonlit evenings, when the sleighing was fine, to my Den, or Playroom as R.K. called it, for a chafing-dish supper. He was never more fascinating than in that atmosphere of mere relaxation, which he, especially, required. As long as I knew him he lamented the lack of a leisure class in America and said that I was the only one of that class he had yet found. A few incidents of those days were recorded in my journals as well as in letters, from which I quote.

***

January 19, 1894. Did I write of my visit to the Kiplings? Rudyard read aloud from a manuscript entitled "Notes from a Vermont Winter," a description of the season in the hill country, perfectly fascinating. He is writing a play and has a child’s toy theater from Schwartz for practicing.

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February 2, 1894. In the evening the Kiplings and Julie Draper came. I made Lobster à la Newberg—with beer—then olives farcis and crackers, Marrons
Glacés, and finally Maraschino. Kipling pronounced it a perfect supper and said he had had a "bully time." He scintillated.

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February 10, 1894. Beatty, Mai, a Mr. Brown, the Kiplings and Julie appeared in the evening—and we went on a sleighride by moonlight in Beatty's haycart on runners, and supper afterwards in my Den. Mushrooms, etc. A great time! To bed at midnight.

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February 20, 1894. I have wanted to bring about a meeting between the Browns and Kiplings and also to have the Crosbys meet both.... Delia [the Cabots' cook] was collapsed yesterday so I gave up the original idea of a supper at seven--so I had one at ten o'clock. I had the most superb quantity of mushroom on toast with beer first—then the breasts of grouse with celery salad—three-cornered sandwiches—then preserves and macaroons & coffee. It was a success.

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March 2, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

The steel wind mill which pumps water from Rudyard Kipling's artesian well was blown down Friday, and Mr. Morse of Boston has been here to put it in place. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling left for the Bermudas Friday.

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March 23, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling were expected to leave the Bermudas yesterday. They will be due in Brattleboro, Monday.

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March 30, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

Rudyard Kipling and family, who have just returned from the Bermudas, will leave next week for Europe.

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April 6, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

Rudyard and Mrs. Kipling and child left Brattleboro Monday, and have since sailed for Europe, where they will remain for two months.
June 10, 1894.
Rudyard Kipling to Miss Catlin
Arundel House, Tisbury (Wiltshire)
The tenth of a fine old English June

Dear Miss Catlin:

I am an unholy remiss person, or I should have written long ago and acknowledged your delightful settings [i.e. settings for R.K.'s poems]. It seems to me they are exactly what the words need—and when you come to consider how much an author thinks his most casual words require (He never gets it!) you can see how much I mean: Only--forgive the criticism—they were not easy to read. In the language of some immortal bard or another "Go ahead!" and take my very best thanks.

We're wet and gloomy here beyond the power of any words fit for your eyes. An English June is not a thing to enter upon lightly. Since April 11th we have had I think two clear days of sunshine. Now it is N.E. wind with fifteen or sixteen showers or rain a day--raw, cold gusty and above all dark. We come back--thank Heaven--early in August and I know one of us who'll be delighted. C. has improved her opportunities poor dear by a fine rich cold which skated generally all over her. Now it is going and she is sitting over a blazing fire reading Clark Russell. The wind is howling round the house. It is wet and twilight and the temperature is about 52 degrees. I'm just down from town where I've been assisting at a regimental dinner of the London Scottish—huge men in kilts with claymores and disks—old friends of mine. The cab strike makes things pleasingly uncertain at the end of an entertainment and I had to career about for half an hour or so making shameless love to passing hansoms before a blasted cabby would condescend to drive me. A man I know had to pay 8 pounds (eight honest golden soverigns!!) the other night for what ought to have been a two shilling fare. To add insult to bankruptcy these pirates label 'emselves "Fair Price Cabs." News in town is small. Coming back as one does after two years absence, is like entering a theatre in the middle of the second act. You see all sorts of situations and hear a deal of vastly fine dialogues but not being privy to the events that led up to all the row, you are only a little amazed and more than a little bored.

Besant gave an "inky" dinner the other night on severe professional lines at the Club. Conan Doyle, and several reviewers (lamb among wolves) came and there was an interesting young American artist who is illustrating a new book of Besant's. We gathered in a corner and said really soul satisfying things about the English climate. A year of it would slay C. and me dead. 'Flat Curls [Josephine] is in enormous form: learning a new word every ten minutes; playing with the coal scuttle, eating pencils, smearing herself; bumping her head; singing, shouting and babbling from dawn till dark. I was very glad to hear you all liked the photo of her but she changed very swiftly. We of course consider each change for the better: and she is adored by her grandfather. He was spreeing in town with me—oh but I forgot you didn't know him. By the way at our hotel I saw an American (first trip-per New York—Wednesday night—

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devoting a fortnight to London and all the rest of it) tied up in unspeakable knots over an attempt to pay eighteen pence in the simple & uncomplicated coinage of the land. I picked him out of his difficulty and left him looking at a sixpence & saying: "I know a shilling's a quarter but this thing is too small for a dime and it can't be a nickel."

C. to whom I have read this has now picked herself out of a red shawl and Clark Russell and says: --"Go on, tell them some more." So I await her dictation: Oh, You'll find Shiv & the Grasshopper (the lullaby) in the Jungle Book. I can't get at an American edition and I wouldn't insult you by sending you an English copy for which you'd have to pay .50 duty. Macmillans do not shine in the manufacture of child books. The reviews are rather funny. They don't know how or at which end to pick the thing up. C. says I'm to tell (it's aggravating to hear a girl with her feet on the fender) about our last new scheme. We've decided next year or later to put up a small bungalow on the South Coast here--just a seaside cottage and as my young cousin Ambrose Poynter who is a very clever architect came and stayed with us for a week we set him to make us plans. You'd think we would have had enough of building by this time but the old fascination came back and we spent the evenings fighting excitedly over details and doorways, till Ambo entering into the spirit of our dreams gradually developed for us a young baronial castle. Then we squashed him and cut down the plans. It ought to be rather pretty: for he has new ideas in his head. C. cuts in again and says you can each come over and spend your honeymoon in it. I say don't ruin your career at the outset by starting married life in this land. We two have been simply sporting for a fight this week past (all on account of the weather) and the bungalow gives us a fine field. [Continued by Caroline Kipling] If I had any mind or strength left, except enough to send my best love, I should write another page. I am anxiously waiting for news from the Parks. So glad Flat Curls pleases you. Go on with the music. These people take an age to decide things, but some day we shall hear its commercial value. Rud is kept two hours a day writing letters declining to do this & that and so has never found a minute until now to write--poor boy.

C.K.

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July 28, 1894.
Kipling to Robert Barr (Editor of The Idler)

A regular weather-breeder of a day today--real warmth at last, and it waked in me a lively desire to be back in Main Street, Brattleboro', Vt., U.S.A., and hear the sody-water fizzing in the drug-store and discuss the outlook for the Episcopalian church with the clerk; and get a bottle of lager in the basement of the Brooks House, and hear the doctor tell fish-yams, and have the iron-headed old farmers loaf up and jerk out: "Bin in Yurope haint yer?" and then go home, an easy gait, through the deep white dust with locust trees just stinking to heaven, and the fireflies playing up and down the Swamp Road, and the Katy-dids giving oratorios, free gratis and for nothing, to the whippoorwill, and

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everybody sitting out in the verandah after dinner, smoking Durham tobacco in a
cob pipe, with our feet on the verandah railings, and the moon coming up behind
Wantastiquet. There's one Britisher at least homesick for a section of your
depraved old land, and he's going, Please Allah! the first week of August, by
the Kaiser Wilhelm....

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August 17, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, who have been in Europe several months, arrived
in Brattleboro Tuesday night, and are now at their residence three miles north
of the village. Kipling evidently kept shy of New York news-paperdom, as his
arrival was not recorded in that city.

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August 24, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a man of many surprises," says The Critic. "We had
just got suitably impressed with the fact that he would remain in England until
September, when he arrived in New York with his wife and child. It is said
that he intends to spend part of every summer in England and the rest of the
year on the edge of 'the great pie belt.'"

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September 7, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling returned Monday night after a few days' visit at
East Gloucester, Mass.

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September 21, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

With the reading of proofs of one book and editing new editions of six others,
and several Christmas stories, Rudyard Kipling is very busy just now. With
Mrs. Kipling he has this week gone to Morristown, N.J., for a short visit.

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November 2, 1894.
Vermont Phoenix

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, her two-year-old child, nurse and coachman were the
victims of a runaway accident Saturday. They had left the Kipling homestead to
drive to the village, when the horses became fractious. Near Madame
Balestier's one of the horses stepped over the pole, and the animals then were soon only partially under control. Mrs. Kipling had great presence of mind and wound a heavy robe about the baby, at the same time ordering the coachman to turn the horses up toward the Bliss farm, instead of allowing them to dash down the hill. The driver attempted to follow instructions, but at the turn one wheel gave way and all were thrown out, but not badly injured. The horses were not caught until they ran into a lot near the cemetery. The carriage was badly wrecked.

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Conan Doyle and a younger brother, fresh from Australia, spent Thanksgiving of 1894 at Naulakha. The dinner was at Maplewood, for who, Beatty said, would dine in an Englishman's house on Thanksgiving Day? As always, Caroline Keyes and I were among the guests. The day was cold and it was snowing hard as we started. The glass windows of the coupe were closed, and we talked freely much of the way about the Play Mr. Kipling was writing for us to act at the Christmas celebration, and other matters of mutual interest, without observing that there was a woman on the seat beside the driver. Who could she be? The cabby's girl was our conclusion. It was too late to dismiss her into the darkness and a lonely road. The best way, we thought, was to pretend that she had not been discovered. As we landed at Maplewood, the door of the house flew open and Mr. Kipling appeared—and disappeared, as suddenly as Jack of the Box. He detected her at a glance through the whirling snow, and without a lamp. She was a reporter! Beatty was sent forth to assist us. The Boston Journal in its next issue contained a verbatim report of the conversation between Caroline Keyes and myself. This episode led to a discussion on American ways and manners by the Britishers present, which turned in the direction of American versus English literature of the time and to their favorites among the writers. I recall what was said about Henley and the verses quoted from him. It was a rich evening.

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Further extracts from my letters and journals are as follows:

Christmas 1894. Carrie Keyes came Monday morning and we went to Naulakha at two, to the Children's Tree. It was beautiful, against a background of Indian rugs, in the loggia. I received a small gift, a bisque dog with a hen tied around his neck, suggesting my poor Tony. The card attached read like this: "Mary had a little dog / And he was Mary's pride, / For everywhere that doggie went, / A little chicken died." The servants were present and there were gifts for the neighboring farmers' families. After the Tree we had tea in the dining-room, then went to R. K.'s study, where there was a Yule-log on the hearth, and we had some wonderful talk from him. We adjourned to Beatty's later, had supper and games, and when we drove home, the snow was falling.

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December, 1894. Bessy, Will and the children come tomorrow for a few days. I am going to receive New Years Day for Bessy's benefit and am going to have the
Kiplings and a few others for games some evening.... Kipling is going to write Sarah Orne Jewett and I am going to meet her.

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January 4, 1895. The Kiplings sent for me yesterday to go to see Lina's [Emerline Holbrook's] portrait of their baby. She has caught the child's expression wonderfully and has done it all very well and they are delighted, and are going to allow her to hang it in the Spring Exhibition. They have asked her also to teach Josephine (the baby) how to draw—for a little time each summer—as they wish to have the baby learn to draw before she reads. And they like Lina very much.

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January 18, 1895.  
*Windham County Reformer*  

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling was severely burned about the face Monday by a flame which puffed out from the furnace door.

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January 1895. I have been to see Carrie Kipling twice within the last week for nearly the whole evening each time—as she has been confined to a dark room with her eyes.

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February 10, 1895. The snow is getting to be mountain-high. We had a heavy snow with wind, drifting everywhere, stopping trains, etc. Will went to Naulakha that day on snowshoes and had a beautiful time. I am going there this week to take photographs of the interior, etc.

Will spends much time, when here, snowshoeing with R.K. One day he left home at 10:30 A.M. and had not been seen at 6 P.M.

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February 15, 1895. There is a good chance of our having a trolley road on Main St.! Fancy! Mr. Kipling says the day it is begun, his place will be offered for sale. But then, he cannot sell it. The village is getting past decency anyway. You should see the houses on the Devens corner! I was at Kiplings yesterday to afternoon tea and had a charming time as usual. If they really should go away to live I should miss the greatest stimulus I have here. I drive down from there feeling as if I was in rightful possession of the entire earth.... Mr. K. said yesterday that he had had a "fascinating afternoon" with Will, and Carrie echoed him.

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February 1895. To supper at Governor Holbrook's with the Kiplings, Julie and Chauncey McKeever. Afterwards a straw-ride in Beatty's wagon, with Mai and Buck Ward; all came to my Playroom later, leaving at mid-night. Chauncey and Buck Ward entertained us with stories and songs of the New York "toughs." R.K. told a story. It was a fine evening. I had a long walk in the afternoon with R.K. who asked me to join them on their trip to Washington.

February 17, 1895. I went to the Beattys last night and the Kiplings were there and we had a chafing-dish supper which I carried up from my larder--first, Cockscombs--next, Devilled Crabs in shells--Anchovy and Lettuce Salad. Beer. I reached home at eleven o'clock. The Kiplings come to Mrs. Kirkland's Wednesday for a week. The sleighing is very tiresome, big holes everywhere. Such a strange--it seems to me--episode I had yesterday. I met Mr. Hardie [Robert Gordon Hardie, the painter] and he walked home with me--sat down and after a few preliminaries, saying that his wife's death has completely changed his ideas of life and that he has been through an old-fashioned conversion, he burst into tears, and asked me if I could forgive him for any of his rudeness and apparent ingratitude to me. He said he had grown so sensitive to his past misdeeds that he could remember every incident of his life vividly and he recalled what I had entirely forgotten, that he had taken me to see La Mascotte in Paris and that (the play was very French) while there he had said something to me--a double entendre.

The Kiplings spent a week at Mrs. Kirkland's boarding-house and came to see me for Afternoon Tea every day. Mrs. Kipling was not well and I was expected to walk with Mr. Kipling. We passed the Retreat for the Insane one day and he seized on the shadow, long and dark, cast by the building far along the roadway, for a simile of the far-reaching consequences of evil and disaster.

February 21, 1895. We are all in great heat over the electric tram. I have been the means of getting a letter from Rudyard Kipling, to be sent to the Road Commissioners tomorrow. The Kiplings are at Mrs. Kirkland's for a week, and they come here every day for afternoon tea. I am in a great wave of business and festivity.... Yesterday Helen Brown was here all the morning and Miss Hatcher all the afternoon until the Kiplings and Balestiers arrived to afternoon tea. I had just seen them off when Mr. Hardie appeared--evidently to stay to supper and I asked him to do so, although I had my French class in the evening and told him he would entertain Mother during that hour. What do you think he wants to do for me? He wants to make a portrait-sketch of Mother and to knock down the partition of my Playroom (which he thinks charming) with his own hands, build the room out to the west end, put up a balcony and outside staircase!!!! He wants to do it partly for himself, as work at home depresses him and he would be thankful for the excuse to work somewhere else. He wants...
little light for the sketch of Mother—and she refuses to let it be done. Did you ever know of anything so outrageous? My mind whirls, and I shall not decide what to do until I see him again. He says that the figure of Cabot in the last photograph I sent you is "perfectly beautiful" and that it is one of the most artistic pictures he has ever seen. He says I must frame my copy and hang it in my room. He would also learn about the light required for my photographing people indoors and arrange my room according to it! Saturday evening the Kiplings and Balestiers come to a late supper. We are going to have sandwiches made of sardelles (a small fish), truffled chicken livers and shrimp salad.

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February 21, 1895 [Postmark, Brattleboro].
Letter from Kipling
Naulakha, Brattleboro, Vermont

Hon. E. W. Stoddard
Attorney at Law
Brattleboro

Dear Sir:

I understand that you are the legal representative of the opposition to the projected trolley-line in this town.

May I, though not an American citizen, be permitted to enter a protest against the scheme? I have at some considerable expense during the past three years purchased and, as I believe, improved real estate lying within a few miles of Brattleboro, in the belief that access to the town for business or for pleasure would at all time be safe and possible.

Should the trolley-line be made through the steep narrow and tortuous streets of the town I should find myself entirely cut off from my present railway-station and base of supplies; for no man who has experience of trolleys and their working would willingly risk the lives of his family or his horses by exposing them to the daily chances of accident from direct collision with cars, from fallen wires or from runaways. —

As far as I am concerned getting supplies from a neighboring town and using a station higher up the line would be a small price to pay for comparative safety but it occurs to me that something more than inconvenience would fall up the large farming community among whom I live. They are compelled by the nature of their business to visit Brattleboro very frequently. In busy seasons their women folk must go in their place, meeting daily and certain risk.

It is beyond doubt that the greatest good of the greatest number is the law of civic administration, but there is, possibly, some danger of overlooking the fact that that number includes not only the town people but all the inhabitants of the large district hitherto dependent upon Brattleboro as a centre of distribution.
It seems also that the good must be clearly shown to be indubitable and overwhelming ere the town or any section of the town sanctions a course of action which permanently disfigures streets already proven to be inadequate to any extra strain of traffic; which wholly destroys the beauty for which Brattleboro is so greatly famous; which enormously increases the risk of fires, at the same time adding to the perils of extinguishing them; and which in every city of the Union has invariably been followed by the violent death or mutilation of human beings.

Trusting that you will not find these remarks altogether impertinent to the matter and wishing you every success in your opposition to the road.

I am  
Yours very respectfully  
Rudyard Kipling  

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March 8, 1895.  
Vermont Phoenix

Kipling and Other Vermonters in Washington (Washington Dispatch, March 4.)

Rudyard Kipling has been here incognito, the entry on the register of the hotel where he stopped being "Rudyard, wife, maid and child." Mr. Kipling's presence became known and he was sought by some for his autograph. He gives it for $5, the sums received from this source being contributed to the New York Tribune fresh air fund. He was the central figure of a group of Vermonters in the parlor of the Arlington Hotel in the evening. The party included Congressman Wm. W. Grout, Gov. Urban A. Woodbury, ex-Gov. Levi K. Fuller, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, Hon. Wheelock G. Veazey and Mrs. Veazey, Col. Chas. S. Forbes, and Lawrence Brainerd. The visiting Vermonters were the guest of Gen. Grout, and were delightfully entertained by Mr. Kipling's witticisms and stories. Ex-Gov. Fuller will go to Atlanta to hold a conference with a number of persons who are interested in good roads. Gov. Woodbury is on his way south to spend some time.

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April 12, 1895.  
Windham County Reformer

Rudyard Kipling was a guest of President Cleveland at the White House Friday. Secretary Lamont took him over.

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April 18, 1895. I have just returned from afternoon tea at Naulakha, and a most charming time. The Kiplings are nicer than ever and it is really so interesting and delightful (their society, I mean) that I can hardly believe it true that I am the only person in possession. They went out five nights and all day in Washington and are in such a social mood that they are particularly
attractive. I have had their Burne-Jones pictures, four of them, for a week and they have made quite a little sensation here.... We have had a wonderfully beautiful freshet, which just escaped carrying off the bridge. The island was submerged, the water higher than since 1862. The town quite gave itself up to observation and I spent most of two rainy days at the end of Walnut Street, looking on.... There are great preparations for the Bishop's coming and everyone is curious to know what he will accomplish here.... Mr. Day is going to be away for three weeks.... Mr. Kipling asked me if I wished him to revenge the loss of my dog by writing a story called "The Man who killed a Dog".... A sentence from a book of poems the K's lent me is this: "To My Enemy / Unwilling friend, let not your spite abate: / Help me with scorn and strengthen me with hate."

On Bishop Hall's annual visitation, I was invited to lunch with him and Rev. William H. Collins at Naulakha; it was the Kipling's opportunity to ask the Bishop to baptize Josephine. Driving home with me, he commented with disapproval on the presumption that it took a Bishop to christen the child of a Kipling, and he refused to grant their request, on the ground that it was the proper duty of the rector of the parish.

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April 26 '95

Naulakha
Brattleboro'
Vermont

My dear Miss Cabot

"His Lordship" as Mr. Kipling will insist upon calling him writes me this afternoon he will come to us for a midday meal Wednesday. So I claim you, at 1:30 please.

I have to ask the Collins but I hope for the best. I can't send for you as I want to, because I must send for them, but if the Collins don't come will you drive up in our carriage with the Bishop?

Sincerely yours
Caroline Kipling

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May 3, 1895. The Bishop has addressed crowded houses every night and the enthusiasm is very great. Such men as Col. Hooker have been to every service in the Town Hall. It is really a great experience to hear his practical applications of the truth. I drove up in the Kiplings' carriage to dine with him at Naulakha. For some reason he did not appear at his best—as I thought—and neither did Mr. Kipling. The Bishop told Mary Wood that it was plain to be seen that the Kiplings were "inflated."

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May 23, 1895. To Maplewood. Walked through the woods with Mr. Kipling and Beatty, gathering flowers. Lunche with the Beattys; at tea at Naulakha, much talk of Bishop Hall, whom R.K. thinks Jesuitical; took photographs of little Josephine and one of R.K. in the garden. Drove to village, for the first time, in Mrs. Kipling's new phaeton. Canopy cover and rumble for footman.

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May 23, 1895. Mr. Hardie has with him for a month a Mr. Dearth who is one of the best landscape painters in the country and they are making interesting sketches. Mr. Hardie has built a big studio in the rear of his lot and I went this afternoon with the Browns to see Miss Elliott's portrait. Mr. Hardie has asked me to go to drive with him, to show me how to see the landscape from the artist's point of view. I have made a good photograph of the Kipling's garden, and Baby Josephine. My flower garden is coming on apace.... Josephine [Balestier] comes to Mrs. Kirkland's Saturday....

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May 28, 1895. I have taken a photograph of Josephine Kipling which is absolutely perfect. It could not be improved. The family are enchanted—and wish me to spend a week at Naulakha to take photographs. Marjory [Balestier] has swallowed a silver safety-pin open—and Beatty is nearly crazy with anxiety.

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May 29, 1895. A mild, balmy day. To Naulakha for the entire day. Walked with Rudyard in the morning through the maples, and took photographs. Afternoon Tea on the veranda. He offered to pay me (when I told him I wanted to earn money and didn't know how) for plots for stories. He said I had all the material for a novelist except perhaps the literary expression. Do you remember that Wolcott or someone else in the Balestier family used to call me "the dumb novelist?" Home in C.K.'s red chariot by way of Scott's. A lovely day.

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June 4, 1895. The trolley was begun last Thursday and you have never seen such a sight as the gang of Italians picking away on Main Street. Trees are being cut down on the Common as the road there is being widened for it. Mr. Kipling has written some verses calling the town "Crosby's Dump." The Trolleyites are so triumphant that they fairly leer at the Opposition, as they pass. While the Opposition are positively suffering. Mrs. Kirkland and Mr. Harris are so sick of it that I am sure it will shorten their days. The way the thing has been put through has been so inconsiderate and fairly insulting to the older inhabitants who have made the town what it is, that their feelings are terribly hurt—apart from the nuisances of the road. Some of the people do not really want the Trolley but now that it is here, they want to be with the winning side and smile upon the situation. I have not allowed myself to be ruffled but my opinion of the situation is worse than ever.... I see a great deal of Josephine [Balestier] who is a great addition to me.
June 11, 1895. I went to Naulakha Sunday to afternoon tea to meet Prof. William James of Harvard (Henry James' brother) and Mr. Marshall, the Kiplings’ architect. The conversation was delightful, the afternoon and the country beautiful... The Burnhams have rented their house for two years--because of the Trolley. There was never anything in the history of the town so interesting--although so hideously unfortunate as the Trolley feud. The way Mr. Kipling asks me every detail about it makes me think he will write it up some day.

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The building of the trolley line was distasteful and a source of disturbance to Mr. Kipling. Finding that he had no influence in the matter, he directed his efforts toward the establishment of a post-office at the crossroads leading from the Putney Road to his house, with the further intention of developing a country-store and depot of supplies at the railroad siding, so that he might eschew Brattleboro forever--"Crosby's Dump," he called it, the promoter's name being Crosby.

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June 1895. The Kiplings have a plan for developing a community north of Waite's--where the post-office will be--that would drive Fred crazy with desire to be "in it." But I am the only one who knows it yet, and it must not be passed on.

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June 14, 1895,
Letter from Kipling to Lucius Tuttle
Boston and Maine R.R., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I should be glad to know whether it would be possible for your Company to establish a Flag and Freight station at a place called Waite's Siding (where a freight siding already exists) some two miles to the north of Brattleboro and within 200 yards of a Post Office which the government has just granted us.

The figures of your present freight traffic on the siding are of course available to you at call. I believe you will find them not insignificant as the siding in its present condition appears to be largely used for grain, coal, phosphates, lumber and so forth. A permanent freight station would save the neighbouring farming community some 2-1/3 miles hauling, on a heavy road, into Brattleboro, and as the proposed site is very near to the Connecticut River Suspension Bridge (one of the best bridges on the road) it should be no small convenience to the farmers of West Chesterfield N.H.--a district at present served only by going to Brattleboro. There are in addition several gentleman’s
country places close to the line whose direct trade—chiefly freight and express—with Boston is fairly large and would naturally increase with the increased railroad facilities.

Further, as you may be aware, a trolley-system appears to be establishing itself in a cheap and tentative fashion in Brattleboro with the avowed intention of spreading itself parallel to your tracks up and down the valley. This under colour of serving precisely the community who would be better served by your well established railroad were Waite’s Siding made available to them as a flag station.

I trust that this matter may commend itself to your early consideration as I believe that in the present revulsion of feeling among the farmers, who are now realizing the first inconveniences of a carelessly laid trolley-line, the success of a station that enables them to get supplies from, and themselves to, Brattleboro without risking their lives or their horses would be quickly assured.

My general notion would be—were the station allowed—to assist as far as possible some man of enterprize to establish a grain and coal agency which would trap and supply all the thickly settled region lying to the East and West of the main-travelled road to Putney.

I have the honour to be &c.

Rudyard Kipling

June 14, 1895. Spent day at Naulakha with Caroline Keyes. Mr. Kipling read aloud the manuscript of "Mowgli’s Return to Man," which will be published in about three months. They have invited me to go to England with them, July 1st.

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June 28, 1895.
Windham County Reformer

"Lord Brattleboro" Is a Title Walter Besant Wants to Hear. Writing for the first time under the signature "Sir" Walter Besant, the new literary knight offers some reflections on the dignity which has just been conferred upon him by the Queen. "I have never been able to understand," he says, "how men of letters, art and sciences could at any time persuade themselves, as once they did, to despise and not to desire these honours.... Let us recognize the real fact, viz.: that the national distinctions, wherever bestowed, do honour the profession first and do recognize the individual next. I maintain, again and again, that all the national distinctions, up to the very highest, should be open to every kind of service to the state. If ever we get another Thackeray I should like to see him made a duke. And, as Rudyard Kipling is at present young, I should like to see him contented, for the present only, with a peerage. Lord Brattleboro of Vermont would, methinks, sound well.

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June 28, 1895. Grace, Mai, Beatty and I drove in the rain to Putney and lunched with Caroline Keyes. Brought away beautiful flowers. Tea at Naulakha. The Kiplings do not like it, that I decline going to England with them.

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July 12, 1895.

Vermont Phoenix

Mr. and Mrs. Kipling sailed from New York Saturday for Southampton, England. It is understood that they go only for a visit in England and that Mr. Kipling will not go to India.

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September 1, 1895.

Letter addressed to Miss Cabot, at The Redwood, Dublin, N.H.

Naulakha

My dear Miss Cabot

Mr. Kipling was not in the least afraid of whooping cough; but said you seemed so conscientious about it that he thought it would be unkind to leave the situation on your hands. He joins me in regrets over your absence which we feel most keenly. There is a nice man coming to us tomorrow and Mrs. [Pen] Browning—daughter-in-law of the great and only [Robert Browning]—comes Saturday. She is a most fascinating and interesting woman who has known everyone worth knowing and done most of the things worth doing in this life. Also it’s a heavenly start for September and the hills were never so perfect. We are glad to be at home spite of a most attractive time in England. It was beautiful this summer and London was never more enchanting or treated us better, and I am glad to have been in touch with the world again, even for so short a time. We wished you had come just to feel the atmosphere.

Mr. Kipling Sr. sent you his Salaams and many thanks for Josephine’s photos which filled him with satisfaction and joy. We hope you will reconsider and come back earlier. The man who owns the house and 2 acres on the shortcut to Slab Hollow will sell for $400—and $350—is his real notion, I fancy.

I am sending you the smallest of comforts which I found in England, may it be as blest to you as it has to me and don’t bother to say so or I shall be embarrassed.

Mr. Kipling sends his kindest regards as I do.

Regards to Mrs. Cabot.

Sincerely yours,

Caroline Kipling
They were in England six weeks, or, to be accurate, away from home that length of time, and returned with renewed interest in everything connected with their life at Naulakha. Not until I pressed them repeatedly for some account of the trip, did I learn of the dinner given by the Royal Academy to Lord Roberts (it was after the publication of Mr. Kipling's "Bobs") and himself, when as they entered the banqueting hall, two rows deep of England's greatest men stood in homage at their passing. The only comment Mr. Kipling offered was "It was some fun, as I am only twenty-nine!"

I have no doubt that these absences from little Josephine were a trial to Mrs. Kipling, but she accepted them heroically as a duty to her husband's requirements, and to her determination to play the role of an Englishman's wife. Josephine was brought up in the nursery and only appeared in the library or on the veranda at the Children's hour. She was, in every characteristic, the child of genius, beautiful, sensitive, imaginative, precocious—Mr. Kipling's idol, whose destiny he always distrusted. From the first, he was anxious about her. He had a passion for childhood and was beloved by all the children of his friends. The four little Cabots were invited to Naulakha one afternoon to a wild strawberry supper in the garden. In the carriage on our way there I asked Dorothy, whose Jungle Book was worn and thumbed with appreciation, which of the stories she liked best. Instantly the reply came, "Why, 'The White Seal,' of course." I told her that she might speak to the author of that story, so she questioned him about the length of time he had lived in the Artic regions. When she learned that he had never been there, her disappointment was pathetic. With quivering lips, she said, breathlessly, "Then the story of 'The White Seal' is made up!" After the death of Dorothy, he wrote a letter of tender sympathy to her Father and said to me that if it were Josephine, he would never be able to think or speak of her again. At that time he had no insight into the mysteries of our existence and tried to close his eyes to them. Wolcott's name could not be mentioned to him, and his photograph was never in evidence. His extreme sensitiveness was always to be taken into consideration. When the news of the death of Robert Louis Stevenson flashed over the wires, Mr. Kipling was prostrated by the shock and unable to take up his work for nearly three weeks. He had not known Stevenson personally and had only had a brief correspondence with him.

Shyness in the presence of persons of uncongenial temperament was another manifestation of his sensitive organization. At a supper in my house, he spoke not one word to the charming lady who had been invited for the express purpose of hearing his genius give of itself—and was equally silent to the one man guest. But Commander Brown followed Mr. Kipling into the hall to ask how "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" happened to be written. Removed from the lady's atmosphere, there was no further embarrassment, and after the explanation that the story was not composed but "wrote itself," there followed a stream of brilliant and spontaneous talk which could not be checked by considerations of time or place.

Kipling never quite outgrew his first impression that every American citizen carried concealed weapons of war. Equally mistaken, although of such a
different character, was his conviction that he was the only man living who could write The Great American Novel, which had not even been essayed. He was also confident that America was the place in which to create. For a year or more he was possessed with the notion that if I would spend two weeks at Naulakha, he could undertake the novel. As I did not wish to take the responsibility for his misapprehensions of the race, I was ever dodging his importunities and procrastinating. I busied myself with taking photographs of Beatty's dogs for him to use as illustrations for a story about them. He wished a series of photographs of the neighboring country for a volume of Country Sketches. These were excuses on my part for avoiding the subject of The Great American Novel.

We occasionally collaborated over a short plot, as a cat may do with a King, and over the use of names. The author of Amos Judd sent him a copy and when he discovered that the heroine's name was Molly Cabot he was convinced that my name had been used, as it seemed to him a particularly good one for a story. When I protested and declared that the name had never belonged to my nature, he assured me that it was a perfect fit and amused me by suddenly announcing that there was "only one Molly Cabot in the world" and that the only other name in the least suitable to her was "Penelope Graefe" and that he had regretted ever since meeting me that he could not appropriate my name for a tale of his own. As he has been said to have a peculiar gift for nomenclature, all that he said on the subject was of interest.

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October 4/5, 1895. This afternoon I went to see the Balestiers and Kiplings. Josephine had been telling the Kiplings, as I arrived, about the Punch & Judy Show. She said she hadn't enjoyed anything as much in Brattleboro for years. (The Phoenix, by the way, I shall send.) She was extravagantly enthusiastic. Mr. Kipling said if he had known about it nothing would have prevented his going to town to see it. He wants to know if you would give it at Naulakha some day—and he began forthwith to plan a Christmas play, with you to manipulate the puppets. Josephine's enthusiasm alone, and Mrs. Wolcott's would satisfy your happiest ambition. Josephine can talk of nothing else. Mai was wild about it also. I showed the photographs to Mrs. Wolcott, who admired them much. I told R.K. about the Operetta of the Two Queens. He was much interested.

***

October 28, 1895. Josephine has written a tale which R.K. says is "d— fine." She has shown a wonderful confidence in me lately. She expects to go to New York Saturday....

***

December 1895. Had a lovely time at Naulakha yesterday. R.K. was out on his skis. He recited some ballads he has just written and we gossiped galore.

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185
December 29, 1895
Naulakha
Waite, Vermont

Dear Miss Cabot,

You are very good to have remembered our little maid and she joins with us in sending you thanks for the fascinating book. I have had to put away 7/8 of her things for a wet day because her small mind was greatly exercised over many possessions. Today is her birthday and she is most charming in her parents’ eyes.

I felt it an affliction that I was not fit to join your tea yesterday and Mr. Kipling would not have missed being with you if he had been at home; but he was in New York for a little taste of his club.

With many good wishes form us both for the New Year, which we hope will start with a resolve to come often to see us and always to either lunch or tea.

Sincerely yours,
Caroline Kipling

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A baby girl [Elsie] was born at Naulakha on February 3, 1896. The happy Father wrote to me in response to a note of inquiry:

February 5, 1896
Naulakha
Waite, Vermont

Dear Miss Cabot,

Many thanks for your note, all is going just as well as it can. C. is ridiculously well, the kid is healthy, hungry & fat, and Dr. Conland says there is nothing to bother about.

Wish you’d come up some afternoon and play with me. You see I can’t go far away and we could snowshoe or do something.

Very sincerely yours,
Rudyard Kipling

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March 4, 1896. Paderewski is going to give a recital in Boston March 23 and another April 1, so I am ordering tickets for the latter date.... Mai Balestier came to see me two days in succession and finally found me at home. She appeared enthusiastic for her at seeing me again, begged me to come up soon and said she should come to see you--so my suspicions may not be correct. She is without servants and desperate. She says Kipling was much disappointed not to have a boy.... The snow has drifted so that it is impossible to drive to
Putney without upsetting. Caroline Keyes was here yesterday by train.... I do wish you were safely up here.

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March 13, 1896.
Windham County Reformer

Novelist Kipling and wife leave next week to spend a few weeks at Lakewood, New Jersey.

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April 3, 1896.
Windham County Reformer

Mr. Kipling has again demonstrated his skill as an advertiser. The New York World offered him $1,000 for an article for last Sunday of 1,000 words, or about 3/4 column of space in the Reformer, on the text "Why America Could Not Conquer England." Mr. Kipling replied:

Laurel House
Lakewood

Dear Sir:

Your suggestion that I should write one thousand words for one thousand dollars on the text "Why America could not conquer England" has been laid before me.

It is impossible that I should accept the commission as it would involve discussing the armed strength of the Empire, a question on which no British subject has any information for sale.

Sincerely yours,
Rudyard Kipling

It was well put, in the Briton's style, and the World published the reply--somewhat of an advertisement for itself--in facsimile with glorification of Kipling's conscientiousness.... [Brattleboro's other newspaper, The Phoenix, April 3, quoted the Boston Herald's remark: "Mr. Kipling, it would seem, still retains his loyalty to his native land, and remains an Englishman in spite of all temptation."]

***

May 1896. Buy the Globe, May 13, for account of the Kipling-Balestier trial. When it began, the town could hardly hold Beatty. Everyone was in full sympathy with Kipling and Beatty was warned that he was ruined for this town. Now, Beatty is a hero, everyone shaking hands with him--his debts and loafing and drinking forgiven because he has proven R.K. a child and a coward in this matter. In the testimony R.K. contradicted himself so that people in the audience laughed and cheered. It was too bad. Brattleboro has never had such
fun in all its eventful life as for the last few days. I wish you could be here to hear the details.

II

It was a Balestier feud, beginning in childhood with a natural antagonism between the inconsequent characteristics of Beatty and the disciplinary temperament of his sister Carrie.

At the time I began to see much of Wolcott Balestier, I felt that his tender affection for the charming younger brother was mixed with keen anxiety for his welfare. He was always "keeping track" of Beatty.

When Beatty’s attentions to the beautiful Mai Mendon became of interest to the romancers of the community, Wolcott said to me that Beatty never cared for anything less than the best and the most expensive, but that the cost fell on some one else. Carrie remarked generally that no girl would marry Beatty, referring to his love of drink and his loafing habits, already in evidence. Wolcott regarded the engagement, when announced, "as iridescent as a bubble, and as substantial."

The marriage had no financial basis whatever, and, after the ceremony, Wolcott was obliged to take Mr. and Mrs. Beatty to England, where his own business resources were available for their support. Carrie, who was keeping house for Wolcott in London, received the bride very coldly and within a few months the Beattys were returned to America, to take up a permanent residence at Maplewood. Wolcott’s death from malignant typhus occurred soon afterwards, and we were told that Beatty was the subject of his frantic delirium. At about the same time, a story that Beatty was a forger emanated from the Beechwood household of Madam Balestier. It was, however, contradicted, and resented to such a degree that a definite break was made between his family and the Grandmother, who refused to part with the old servant [Kate Monks] who had been her safeguard through ten years of mental illness, although Kate was proved to have been the author of the scandal. There was little communication between Beachwood, Madam Balestier’s place, and Maplewood or Naulakha, from that time.

When the Kiplings projected the building of Naulakha they gave Beatty, as a means of sustenance, the superintendence of workmen and the purchase of materials for house and stables, also the development of the grounds; and shared with him the benefits of their good fortune in other directions—with some reserves between the two wives.

The divine beauty of Mai, her distinction of manner and remarkable poise made an interesting combination with the mental brilliancy and personal fascination of the Balestiers. No contrast between two houses could be greater than that between Naulakha and Maplewood. At the latter there was a flexible domestic routine, a hospitality independent of circumstances, a playful enjoyment of the small things of daily life, and Mai’s sweet atmosphere. Mr. Kipling was happy there. And he loved Beatty for his simple companionableness and his appreciation of the human drama in all its surface phases. Beatty was witty
and affectionate and magnetic. Perhaps the best of him was to be seen at home, in his sincere devotion to wife and child.

But Mrs. Kipling’s love of power fed on the weakness inherent in the situation at Maplewood, and Mai would not submit to patronage. It was understood in the village that "Kipling carried Beatty" whose unpaid bills were therefore permitted to run indefinitely. When this statement reached Mai’s ears, her pride and lack of intelligence with regard to finance of any sort increased her resentment. Maplewood was heavily mortgaged and there were notes owing the Bank by Beatty, which had been signed by his Mother and Mrs. Kipling. He did not perform his part of the Naulakha contract satisfactorily. Finally Mrs. Kipling accused him of appropriating money given to him to pay the workmen and she tried to induce her Mother, to whom the charge was brought, to join with her in withdrawing their names from the notes, which would precipitate a foreclosure of the mortgage and his bankruptcy—drive him away, and, doubtless, to work. Mrs. Kipling had considerable influence with her Mother, to whom she was devoted, but she could not accomplish the plan which would leave Beatty, Mai and Marjorie homeless. Josephine, whose sympathies were usually with Beatty, warned him of the plot and he went immediately to Naulakha to deny the accusation and to explain the apparent loss of misappropriation of the money. Carrie refused him entrance: he asked for an interview by letter, and sent one of explanation, but received no response.

One day [Wednesday, May 6, 1896] as Beatty was driving to the village, he came unexpectedly on Rudyard Kipling who was on a bicycle. Beatty jumped to the ground close to his brother-in-law and thundered out the words, "If you don’t listen to me, Rud, I’ll blow your d----- brains out!" Mr. Kipling’s coachman was just behind, and came to the rescue by seizing his master and seating him in the carriage which was driven quickly home.

Beatty drove directly to my house from the scene of collision in the woods to tell me what had happened, and expressed some anxiety at having "frightened Rud almost to death." It was known to his relatives that Mr. Kipling’s heart was not strong, but the indication of so much weakness surprised Beatty. It was evident that he had no thought of doing more than force Mr. Kipling to listen to what he had to say.

It was a most serious encounter to the feelings of Mr. Kipling, who believed that Beatty had meant to take his life. Consulting with his wife, he decided that his safety could be assured only by some method which would intimidate Beatty. With no thought of the possible consequences, he sent a sheriff to arrest the highwayman for assault. But it worked after an unexpected fashion. A preliminary hearing took place in the office of Judge William C. Newton [Saturday afternoon, May 9, 1896], where Beatty was summoned, charged with "assault and opprobrious and indecent epithets and threatening to kill." Distressed on finding that any publicity was to be given to the case, Mr. Kipling offered to furnish bail to release Beatty; it was disdainfully refused. Idlers began to flock around the door of the Judge’s office and the knowledge of what was going on there spread like wildfire through the business part of the village. Mr. Kipling lost his self-control as the vista of notoriety, which he had contended against ever since his name became famous, lengthened.
and broadened before him, and he made statements that were far removed from the
fact.

At sunset, the hearing was postponed until the following Tuesday [May 12], when
the hall near the Judge's office was opened to afford room for those who were
eager to be present. That Rudyard Kipling had arrested his brother-in-law was
telegraphed to the ends of the earth. Reporters from leading and sensational
Journals arrived by night and day, bearing kodaks and armed with retaliation
for the man who made it a principle and practice to repulse their
importunities. New York, Boston, Springfield, Philadelphia and Washington
newspapers were represented. Mr. Kipling's testimony was so contradictory that
the audience cheered and laughed, and the sympathy so freely given to him at
first by the townspeople turned to Beatty, the hero of an hour--his loafing
habits, debts and drinking forgotten because the author of Soldiers Three broke
down under the torture. It was pitiful. An entire day, there was, of it, and
the case was put off for trial to the September term of court--Beatty to give
bail of $400 additional for his appearance at the county court.

That evening Rev. C. O. Day, Dr. James Conland, and Major F. W. Childs called
at Naulakha to assure him of the esteem in which he was held in Brattleboro and
that the sentiment of the community would tolerate no threats of annoyances to
him--but, there was nothing for him to do but leave the country or remain to be
the object of further ridicule, as he could not evade the September court and
the American sense of humor. Such verses as these were printed everywhere:

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A Vermont "Danny Deever"

"What are the fish-horns blowing for? said the copper-ready-made.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the First Selectman said.
"What makes you grin so wide, so wide?" said the copper-ready-made.
"I grin at what I've got to watch," the First Selectman said.
"For they're arresting Balestier," you can hear the town-crier say.
The lawyers form in hollow square, they're soaking him to-day;
They've taken his necktie off, an' cut his spats away,
An' they're fining Balestier in the morning'.
"What makes the Kipling breathe so hard?" said the copper-ready-made.
"He's mighty scart, he's mighty scart," the First Selectman said.
"What makes his wife look down so glum?" said the copper-ready-made.
"It's family pride, it's family pride," the First Selectmen said....
etc. (Boston Post)

On my next visit to Naulakha, after reading the grossly perverted newspaper
accounts of the conflict and the hearing, I tried to make an explanation in
Beatty's behalf, but it availed nothing. The Kiplings were greatly agitated
and aggrieved, and in this state of mind, while freely relating the details of
all that led to their course in the specific instance under discussion, hinted
at untellable experiences of an unpardonable nature in a remoter past.
May 14, 1896
Josephine Balestier to Mary Cabot

42 Irving Place, New York

Dear Miss Cabot,

I am deeply grateful for your beautiful impulse to write me such a letter. I feel as if I had been there in the woods; I can hear just what Beatty would say to R.K. and just the way he would be answered. It is a great comfort to remember that there is someone who knows all the ins and outs of the tragedy, sees every detail with clear eyes, but I can not bear to think how the sympathy that helps us so much is wearing on you. We are coming to Brattleboro next week, if nothing happens, to visit Beatty. I shall be glad to drive about with him. Has anything in the history of the village—in all your knowledge of it—startled you more than its taking R.K. to its arms in this crisis? I shall try not to talk to you much about it when I see you, for you have suffered with us enough. You have sometimes spoken to me as if you felt that you did not accomplish much. But I feel more and more strongly that what you do for people is greater than tangible out put. Give my love to dear Mrs. Cabot when you write. My love always,

Faithfully,
Josephine

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May 15, 1896
Mrs. Anna S. Balestier to Rudyard Kipling (New York)

Dear Rud,

I have your letter of 14. Thank you for writing but I am in no wise competent to formulate any ideas as to the future concerning Beatty...

Whatever Beatty has done or may do, I must ever continue to keep an affectionate interest in him, being his mother, with the continual hope that it may have some spark of influence, however faint—but it will not be in the wrong direction, I promise you.

He is his own worst enemy and always has been, but he has some good impulses, if he would allow them to come to the surface. He has always been an enigma to me which was increased with time.... I do not wonder that your patience was exhausted, but mine must hold out—always, however tired, and I shall always be,

Your loving,
Mother.

[Carrington, p. 292, from original in Kipling papers.]
May 18, 1896
Kipling to Governor Frederick Holbrook
Naulakha, Waite, Vermont

Dear Governor Holbrook,

I am just in receipt of your very kind letter: and if anything could make
amends for such an atrocious affair as last Tuesday's it would be such an
expression of sympathy and friendship as you have written. --Am going away
tomorrow for a little trip & hope when I come back to feel less sore about the
matter. In the meantime please accept my and Mrs. Kipling's best thanks and
good wishes for you and yours and believe me

Very Sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling

[Original letter in Holbrook Collection. The "little trip" mentioned in this
note was to Boston and Gloucester with Dr. Conland "for material for Mr.
Kipling's new story." A Boston reporter spotted them there; see Phoenix and
Reformer, May 22, 1896.]

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Mr. Kipling decided to go to England, which was a terrible disappointment to
himself as well as to his wife. The climate of England depressed him
physically, people would be too near in that snug isle to allow him the freedom
he needed, and America gave the atmosphere in which he could create. Then,
too, Naulakha was his home, where little Josephine was happily growing, where
Elsie had been born, and moreover, the children of his mind—the two Jungle
Books, the Seven Seas, the volume of short stories entitled The Day's Work, and
Captains Courageous. He had looked forward to gathering a small colony of
congenial souls, not littérateurs or specialists whom he disliked, around him
on the hilltops, against the time when his genius should burn low.

They did not abandon Naulakha without an effort for peace with their neighbors,
where there was no peace. As the cruel situation forced itself more and more
keenly on their already wounded sensibilities, their atmosphere became harsh
and strained: during the remaining three months of their stay in America, Mr.
Kipling rarely moved, even within the limits of his own land, without the
protection of some friend--Mr. Marshall, Mr. DeForest, or others. It was
evident that he still believed that his life was in danger.

The confidante of both sides, I managed by frankness as well as sympathy with
each, to maintain the old friendly relation. On the main issue, I felt that
the Kiplings were right, but that they might have dealt with their brother in a
more dignified way. Beatty proved himself a bully, yet he had some reason for
resentment.

My visits continued and everyone tried to keep them unclouded, but it was
impossible. A more or less suppressed irritability towards everything American was in the air at Naulakha; across the road at Maplewood there was unmixed triumph. More extracts from my letters and journal:

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Friday, June 5, 1896. I am having a great deal of satisfaction in Margaret Crosby's visit and the children's [Will Cabot's children]. You know how much Margaret has given me socially in New York and Boston. Well, she loves Brattleboro already and enjoys its inhabitants—so that I am in the way of giving her an agreement visit as well as returning some of her attentions of eight years standing to me.

We have been to afternoon tea at the Kiplings and she is in love with R.K. We have been to Maplewood to supper twice. I gave an informal tea Wednesday, inviting Mr. Day, Mr. & Mrs. Bradley, Mr. & Mrs. Allen Brown, Helen Brown & Carrie Keyes to meet her—and the Kiplings. I had beautiful flowers, my Dresden china, and table covers, and it was a success.

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June 1896. The Cabot children went to an afternoon picnic at Maplewood yesterday and had a great time. Beatty milked the cow and drove the donkey for them. There are new puppies and pigeons there, and the pasture full of wild strawberries. This afternoon they are going to the Kiplings and Mr. Kipling is going to write in Dorothy's Jungle Book. Margaret and I took tea there Wednesday, when I had a conversation with Carrie about their troubles. They are going to England as soon as possible. They feel dreadfully to go.... Dr. Huntington's (Grace Church) prospective son-in-law has offered to take Beatty's case without charge and sue R.K. for libel. The best sentiment in New York—if I hear rightly—think R.K. had no excuse anesting B.B.

***

June 1896. Did I write you that I took Miss Burbank [the nurse] and the children to Naulakha. R.K. wrote in Dorothy's Jungle Book. He kissed them all and took their photographs. Carrie Kipling had a little supper for them—and it was a great success. Carrie Kipling called on Bessy but she was out. R.K. has gone to Labrador. He and all my "swell" friends are doing their best to persuade me to learn bicycling. I told him that when I was sure of going to Europe I should learn in dark quiet nights just before starting and use my accomplishment there only—as I don't mind blushing in a foreign language. The Kiplings have determined to return to England—to live—in a few weeks. Isn't it hard on me? Once I should have said "Well, this is the end of the world," but the advantage of age is that you know that something or somebody else will take—not their place—but as big a place in your life.

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July 29, 1896. Late in the afternoon to Naulakha. Mr. Kipling talked glowingly of his fishing excursion to Gaspé Bay with Mr. Lockwood DeForest; how he caught his first salmon, described canoeing through the Rapids, the scenery, the
people. Showed me proofs of *Captains Courageous*, said he wished to give me an edition de luxe of his works, to which Carrie, with her customary foresight, interrupted, "No, Ruddie darling, you must not do it!"

He is enthusiastic over his bicycle and urged me to have one. Fierce over the political situation, he said there would be a panic, that in any other country when men began to make fools of themselves, there was some authority to prevent their inflicting themselves on others, but that the American character was, like their flag, "stripped red and white!" He said he would be glad to put the ocean between himself and the next two years in America. He showed me plans for the farm barn, gave me prints of the kodaks he had taken of the Cabot children, and a bunch of sweet peas.

***

This outburst against America was one of many that had become more frequent as the storm brewing between Naulakha and Maplewood lashed their inmates to fury. I recall another time, when I was lunching with the Kiplings, that a discussion arose over the Venezuelan question and Mr. Kipling hastened to inform me of England's superior strength, and that, if the Great White Squadron should appear on our coast, within three days, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia would be obliterated from the map of the world! When I faltered forth my faith in the stability of the United States for some time to come, his annoyance was uncontrollable, and he recovered his composure only after a long and solitary walk in the woods back of the house. It was then that I learned of Carrie's fear that Mr. Kipling, if he should return to England, would enter the political arena—which constituted her greatest anxiety. She said: "Once there, he will become so much absorbed in the Imperial Federation and other questions of National importance that he will sacrifice his literary career to them. He now longs for the amenities of life to be had there, and except for the cause of departure, it is well to go, if at all. I hope that the struggle with building a home on the Vermont hillside has left enough of an impression on his heart to bring him back some day."

But there was a sunny lining to these portentous clouds, and many days of pure sunshine never-to-be-forgotten. His unselfish interest in the welfare and happiness of others was invariable. Nothing in his life among us was more beautiful than his admiration for the refinement and true distinction of the nature of Miss Caroline Keyes, his tender sympathy for her loneliness after the death of her Mother and his delicate appreciation of her situation without relatives near, or fortune, or congenial surroundings. He paid her an homage that brought to the surface her youthful charm.

The end had come:

August 27, 1896. I went to say good-bye to the Kiplings. She was tearful, but he seemed frozen with misery. He said it was the hardest thing he had ever had to do, that he loved Naulakha. I spoke of the touch of Autumn already on the distant hills—as he put me in the carriage—which brought the tears to his eyes. His last word, in a tone of piercing sadness, were: "Yes! 'tis the Fall! Good-bye, Miss Cabot!"
September 4, 1896.

Vermont Phoenix

Mr. and Mrs. Kipling, two children and servants left Brattleboro on Saturday [August 29], and on Tuesday they sailed from New York for Southampton by the steamer Lahn. Mr. Kipling did not make plans known, but it is understood that the family will spend a few months at Rock House, St. Marychurch, Torquay, England, and that they will go to southern France for the winter. The New York Press says that next spring Kipling will go to India to get material for new stories, and that it is likely that he will remain abroad for two or three years.

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A Letter from Mrs. Kipling

Telegrams St. Marychurch
Station Torre

Rock House, Maidencombe, St. Marychurch,
December 1, 1896

Dear Miss Cabot,

It was kindness itself in you to write of Josephine's fiancé, and I am cheered that with your insight, you feel it a workable proposition. It has made me thoughtful of many things.

As Mr. Kipling never talks of Brattleboro, or reads a letter from America, or does anything which remotely reminds him of that last year of calamity and sorrow, I have not told him this piece of family news. But I have put your letter away against the time when he returns to these things, and know he will enjoy it, as I did.

He seems now, better and stronger and I hope he may turn to his work again after a little. But all the events of the past year, with the leaving Naulakha as we did, have made us sore and bruised and it takes us longer that the rest to forget. Which shows we are wrong to feel so keenly.

England is intensely interesting, and though I have been forced by ill-health to be as quiet as possible, I feel the strength of the touch one has here on the entire earth.

The reception of the Seven Seas has been beyond any imagination of ours, and has made us very happy.

We have a charming big house in this most beautiful part of England, and daily life is smooth with a polish unknown to us. The highways are orderly and as smooth as a pavement, and we wheel daily on the perfect roads, with the sea always in sight one side, and the long blue line of Dartmoor on the other. Its
disadvantage is its distance from town, and because of that, I am afraid in the Spring we must make a move.

The children are charming and a deep delight and comfort as they go on. Josephine grows more attractive, and with a stolid Scott for a governess is not in as much danger of over-excitement. Elsie talks and gurgles and laughs at her deep jokes in which we have no part.

There is hope of our friend, John Hay, coming to England as minister, which pleases us. Mr. Kipling is dining with Mr. Balfour to-night, and Lord Roberts tomorrow and is to meet Nansen and Dr. Robertson of Chitrall fame. I hope to be up to going up to town by the time Parliament opens, and meantime we are to have a lot of visitors, Henry Norman and Sir Water Besant next week, and Henry James at Xmas. Have you read his The Other House, it's most astonishing.

Greet Miss "Keys" for me, and tell her it's high time she was leaving Brattleboro for the winter.

I shall be interested in any plan of yours that looks to our seeing you this side of the water.

I hope you keep an eye on Naulakha and its advancement. I have a mother's pride in its not falling back, which with Howard there does not seem possible. I hope very much that Mr. Kipling will want to return, and see no reason, under certain changed conditions, why we should not--it's the conditions I doubt.

With kindest regards and much appreciation of your letter,

Always sincerely yours,

Caroline Kipling

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From my Journal:

To Maplewood. Driving home Beatty told me that the Kiplings should never return, unless to litigation and humiliation in the courtroom.

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[Mary Cabot's memoir of Kipling at Naulakha, as she wrote it out for her sister, ends with the above undated quotations from her journal. Her account has been continued by editor Rice, using rough notes and letters preserved among her papers, and further gleanings from the Brattleboro papers. H.C.R.]

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December 11, 1896

Vermont Phoenix
The court of insolvency adjudged Beatty S. Balestier an insolvent debtor April 11 last, and the adjudication was affirmed at the September term of the Windham County court. A meeting of the creditors will be held at the probate office Dec. 23 at 10 A.M., to prove claims and choose assignees. The payment of any debts, the delivery of any property belonging to the estate to him or for his use and the transfer of any property to him is forbidden by law. Mr. Balestier has filed a statement showing his liabilities to be $7012.74, and his assets $2875. To the Joseph N. Balestier estate he owes $2350, and to A. S. Balestier [Anna Smith B., his mother] of New York $2152.25. A large part of the merchants of Brattleboro are named as creditors in sums varying from $5 to $180, several concerns having accounts of upward of $100.

December 28, 1897

The Elms,
Rottingdean, near Brighton

Dear Miss Cabot,

Your Christmas letter was heartily greeted and the interesting news of the Brattleboro changes read with attentive and instructive interest. My only news otherwise has come from the assignees who want me to pay bills a second time.

I think often and lovingly of dear Naulakha as the year brings round the festivals we so rejoiced to celebrate there: but there seems nothing to be gained in a return until one may hope for a change at Maplewood. Life is too short to spend as we spent our last year at Naulakha even if one were quite sure of the necessary physical strength.

Our children three thrive and grow long and strong and deeply interesting. The man child is rather a success and I feel that the nursery family is stronger and more impersonal since his arrival.

We go next to Africa for a few months, to avoid the rough English spring and to get a taste of real air with a dry brace and force to it. It’s a vast undertaking: but English steamship lines are good to us and we are to have plenty of space and good service and a comfy house is ready for us the other end. I shall rest myself, I hope, in those hot days on a still blue sea. We are in quiet water after Madeira and it’s a 19 day voyage in our ship. I continue to hope you will come to England, when we are at home, for a change and we shall have the pleasure of welcoming you there. Bring dear Miss Keyes and have a good holiday. Josephine sends you greetings. She is grown into a big girl full of many exciting interests and always full of a great longing for Naulakha. I hope the place improves? Howard writes of many things being done but his letters are characteristic and so full of a great reserve. Best wishes and greetings for the New Year from Rud and me.

Sincerely yours,
Caroline Kipling
January 1, 1899
The Elms,
Roggingdean, near Brighton

Dear Miss Cabot,

The photograph continues its first impression of delight in both our minds and the balancing depression and longing for life at Naulakha again. It was most kind of you to think of the thing to give us most pleasure and we send your most appreciative thanks. We have had a pleasant Xmas. The children three are growing most entertaining and were quite comprehensive in their joy this year. They are a happy nursery family full of absorbing interests. Mr. Kipling joins me in sending best wishes to you and your parents.

Sincerely yours,
Caroline Kipling

February 3, 1899

Vermont Phoenix

The *Boston Globe* of today contains the following dispatch from New York:

"Rudyard Kipling was a passenger on the steamship *Majestic* which arrived this morning [February 2]. With him were Mrs. Kipling and their three children. Mr. Kipling wore a suit of dark clothes, a heavy overcoat with a fur collar and a derby hat. His wife wore a short sealskin coat. Both appeared in good health. Mr. Kipling when asked why he was here and how long he expected to stay, replied: 'I have absolutely nothing to say.' With his family he went to an hotel. He will remain here for ten days. Then he will go to Brattleboro. Later he will journey down into the southwest and after that to Mexico."

A probable sign of Rudyard Kipling’s return to this town is the fact that his coachman has recently bought a horse to be driven with the one already owned by him. The pair formerly used by Mr. Kipling was sold when he left Brattleboro.

February 6, 1899
Kipling to Dr. Conland, New York

Dear Conland,

Hurrah!

The first because your topsails are lifting over the sky-line and the second because all our kiddies are down with bronchitis caught *en route* to America. Come down on Wednesday if you can—come and dine but come early—as early as
you know how and we'll have a day together. I can't get away just yet but you come.

Sincerely,
Rudyard K.

P.S. Come along on Wednesday

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February 10, 1899
Vermont Phoenix

Dr. James Conland will return tonight from New York, where he went to visit Rudyard Kipling and family Tuesday.

***

February 16, 1899
Kipling to Dr. Conland, from New York

Dear Conland,

I've just written down a rather colorless acknowledgment of that little document you forwarded me; which I beg you to hand over to the good folk concerned. The clumsiness of the language must be forgiven—I haven't much experience in expressing thanks properly; and I don't use a lot of fine words. But, you may be sure, I feel it just the same.

The weather here is something beyond description. Rain on slush with a freeze running through it. The kiddies are getting better and so's Carrie but it's slow work. Keep me posted on any happenings of interest up in Brattleboro and I'll let you know when I am on the move for Boston.

In haste, between engagements,

Yours ever,
Rud

You didn't tell me who stated the idea of the letter so I don't know who to address the reply to; but I can depend on you to put it into the right hands. Thank 'em all personally from me.

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February 17, 1899
Vermont Phoenix

The Glad Hand Extended to Kipling by Brattleboro Men. Their Action Brought About by the Talk of a Suit Against the Author for $50,000—Something About the Story of the Suit.
An Associated Press dispatch heralded the announcement across the continent last Saturday [February 11] that Beatty Balestier had gone to New York with the avowed intention of bringing suit against his brother-in-law, Rudyard Kipling, for $50,000, the grounds being alleged malicious prosecution and false arrest in 1896. The dispatch also stated:

"It will be recalled that in May of that year Balestier and Kipling met on a highway near Brattleboro. Kipling caused the arrest of Balestier, and swore in court a few days later that his brother-in-law had threatened to take his life. Balestier was bound over to the grand jury and put under bonds to keep the peace. The case was to have been tried at the September term of that year. Mr. Kipling, however, sailed for England in August, and the case was dropped. Balestier says that he has had no opportunity to tell his story, and he now seeks justice by bringing suit."

The first intimation Brattleboro people had in regard to the matter came in telegrams from New York asking for a verification of the statement. An hour or two later evening papers were received containing the press dispatch with some embellishments. Although the dispatch appeared under a Brattleboro date line it was not sent from Brattleboro, and the correspondent of the Associated Press and other newspaper men here were entirely in the dark at that time in regard to its origin. In response to requests from New York Beatty Balestier was interviewed at his home that evening. He said that the statement was true that he intended to bring a suit, and that the amount of damages claimed would not be less than $50,000. He claimed to be greatly surprised that the story had appeared in print. He said that it was his understanding with lawyers in New York that the suit would be brought next (the present) week. He would not give the names of his attorneys.

Balestier said that he would go to New York Sunday morning or Monday, but he has been in Brattleboro throughout the week. Members of the Balestier family in New York telephoned here Sunday for information in regard to the alleged suit. It is understood from friends of the family that Balestier’s relatives do not uphold the bringing of a suit—in fact, they were greatly disturbed at the appearance of the story Saturday.

Kipling’s relations with all of the Balestiers except Beatty are of a pleasant nature. The Balestiers like Kipling, and are proud of their connection with him and of the great success which he has attained.

Balestier went to Springfield, Mass., Friday [February 10]. When asked if he told anything on that trip which could have led to the article published in the Springfield Evening Union he replied no emphatically. When asked directly if he had a talk Friday with a newspaper correspondent in regard to the matter he replied in the negative. Balestier said he supposed the story must have come through his attorneys in New York.

Several of the statements made by Balestier were entirely false. He saw at Greenfield Friday W. S. Carson, the well-known correspondent [Walter S. Carson, whose territory for the Boston Globe including Brattleboro]. Balestier told Mr. Carson his plans for bringing the suit and said he was going to New York.
the following day. Mr. Carson considered a $50,000 suit against Kipling good material for a story and therefore prepared the press dispatch.

Nothing has appeared in the New York papers this week about a suit and it is probable that no suit has been brought. Many people are of the opinion that the talk of the suit is a game of bluff. Lawyers here do not believe that there is a ground for a suit. Beatty Balestier was arrested in May, 1896, on a state's attorney's complaint, and the testimony given by Kipling was a witness under examination. Kipling told no more than was necessary, and this with evident reluctance. There were many at the hearing who came away with the impression that Kipling could have told a more extended story of the troubles with Beatty if he had been willing to do so.

People in Brattleboro do not need to be told of the esteem and admiration in which Mr. Kipling is held here, or of the general reputation which Beatty Balestier bears. Some of the newspaper stories sent out at the time of the hearing in May, 1896, were gravely misleading as to the sentiments here in regard to the two men. The statement published in several newspapers last Sunday were of the same misleading character. The sympathy of Brattleboro is entirely with Mr. Kipling. People here believe that he was abused and insulted, and life here made so intolerable that he left the pleasant home which he had established and returned to Europe.

The feeling here toward Mr. Kipling found suitable expression in the following letter which was written Monday by C. F. Thompson, at the solicitation of several prominent men.

***

Brattleboro, Vt.,
February 13, 1899

Mr. Rudyard Kipling
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir: --

We, citizens of Brattleboro, remembering with pleasure your former residence among us, and being desirous of expressing our personal gratification on your return to the United States, earnestly wish that you will visit Brattleboro, and also that you will find it agreeable to make your residence here, as hitherto, and take this method of expressing this hope.

If satisfactory to you, we would like very much to give a dinner and reception in your honor at the Brooks House, on any date that may suit your convenience.

This letter was signed by G. C. Averill, president of the Vermont National Bank; C. A. Harris, treasurer of the Brattleboro Savings Bank; W. H. Brackett, cashier of the People's National Bank; ex-Gov. Frederick Holbrook; Postmaster D. P. Webster; ex-Postmaster F. W. Childs; Lawyers Waterman, Martin, Haskins and Fitts; Rev. W. H. Collins; Drs. H. D. Holton and S. E. Lawton; Crosby & Adams, C. R. Crosby, L. F. Adams; J. J. Estey and J. G. Estey; George E. Cromwell, O. L. French, Emerson & Son, W. F. Richardson & Co., A. C. Davenport,

The paper was circulated only on Tuesday and it was mailed Wednesday to Mr. Kipling. No attempt was made to get a large number of signatures. Hundreds of signatures could have been obtained by simply giving people an opportunity to sign the letter. The signers are thoroughly representative of the professional and business life of Brattleboro, and many of the people are acquainted with Mr. Kipling.

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February 24, 1899
Vermont Phoenix

Mr. Kipling's Reply

The following reply was received Saturday [February 18] in response to the letter signed by leading professional and business men of Brattleboro, expressing the wish that Mr. Kipling would visit Brattleboro, that he would find it agreeable to take up his residence here, and that the signers would like to give a dinner and reception in his honor:

Gentlemen: I have been more touched and gratified than I can well say by your kind communication, and take this opportunity of thanking you individually and collectively most heartily. The shortness of my visit to America will prevent me from coming up to Brattleboro at present. I trust that later on this may be possible, and I shall always bear in mind with deep appreciation the neighborly sentiment you have so spontaneously extended toward me. Believe me, very sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling

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February 24, 1899
Vermont Phoenix (front page)

Rudyard Kipling Ill. Suffering from Inflammation of the Lungs. At the hotel Grenoble in New York--Physicians Say His Case is Serious but Not Critical.

Rudyard Kipling is suffering from inflammation of the lungs at Hotel Grenoble in New York City. The physicians say his condition is serious, but not critical. Everything possible is being done for him and the fact that he has a vigorous constitution is in his favor. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling, who arrived with their children in New York three weeks ago, had a rough passage across the Atlantic, and after their arrival Mrs. Kipling and the children were ill. Mr. Kipling seemed perfectly well until Monday [February 20]. He had attended several dinner parties given by his friends since his arrival, but has declined to accept any invitations of a semi-public nature.
He visited his publishers, Doubleday & McClure, Monday, and seemed to be in the best of health. He attended a dinner party that evening, and after his return to the hotel complained that he did not feel well. He refused to have a doctor called in, however. The next day Dr. Theodore Dunham, who married Josephine Balestier, was summoned. He found that Mr. Kipling was suffering from inflammation of the right lung. Later Dr. E. G. Janeway, the specialist, was also summoned. The disease must run its course, but there is nothing to excite alarm. When the fact of his illness was made known Wednesday inquiries were received from all parts of this country and Great Britain.

Mrs. Kipling soon found herself absolutely unable to cope with these inquiries. Many of those who called at the hotel sent their cards to her, but she was busy nursing her husband and saw no one. Early in the day, however, it was thought best to issue a bulletin, which remained on the clerk's table of the hotel. This simply announced that Mr. Kipling was suffering from inflammation of the right lung. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the following statement was issued:

Mr. Kipling has an inflammation of the right lung. This produces the usual fever. There are at present no complications.

E. G. Janeway
Theodore Dunham

This is all there is to say concerning Mr. Kipling's illness.

Mrs. Kipling will be greatly obliged if friends and newspaper men will be kind enough to read the daily bulletins instead of calling, as she is utterly unable to see any one.

Dr. Dunham was in almost constant attendance on his patient Wednesday. He was assisted by Mrs. Kipling and a trained nurse.

Late Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Kipling made this statement for the newspapers:

"Mr. Kipling is doing just as well as can be expected under the circumstances. I have every hope. His illness is, of course, one of those that must run its course. Everything that the doctors can tell they have said in their bulletin. I realize how many people are interested in my husband's condition, and I have asked the doctors to issue a daily bulletin. There is nothing to add to what they have said, and I hope that relatives and the newspapers will take these announcements as being full and sufficient statements. Beyond this I have nothing to add, and I do hope people will not put me in the necessity of refusing to see them. Should any change occur a bulletin will be issued at once."

His Condition Yesterday

Rudyard Kipling's condition was described at 10:30 P.M. yesterday [February 23] by his physicians in the following bulletin:
"Mr. Kipling has had a fairly comfortable day, though in the late afternoon and evening, as usually happens, the symptoms have become about as they were last evening, not worse."

"There is nothing that I can add," said Dr. Janeway. "Our patient is doing as well as can be expected."

"Has pneumonia attacked the left lung yet?" he was asked.

"When it does," he replied, "we will inform you."

Dr. Dunham has engaged a room on the first floor of the Hotel Grenoble, next to the suite occupied by his patient, and is now in constant attendance.

Cards, messages, telephone inquiries and flowers were received all day. A young man was sent up by Mr. Kipling's publishers to act as secretary to Mrs. Kipling, who was kept busy answering the many notes and messages of inquiry. Yesterday was the fourth day of Mr. Kipling's illness. The crisis may be expected on Sunday, or Monday. There is every hope that Mr. Kipling will pull through all right, but under the most fortunate circumstances he will be an invalid for some time.

The Latest.

A letter received in Brattleboro this morning, written by Mrs. Kipling yesterday, said: "Mr. Kipling seems to be doing as well as the doctors expect. He is cheerful, placid, and his usual self. You may trust the bulletins in the papers, as issued by the doctors."

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March 3, 1899
Vermont Phoenix (front page)

Mr. Kipling Recovering. After Days of Very Critical Illness. His Life Was Almost Despaired of on Sunday and Monday but His Own Nerve and Determination and the Skillful Care of His Doctors Have Won the Day.

After having lain at the point of death for several days, Rudyard Kipling is now improving, and his physicians feel well assured of his recovery. The attack of pneumonia, which began with the affection of one lung, gradually spread to both lungs and assumed the most serious and dreadful form of that disease. The critical nature of Mr. Kipling's illness was fully realized on Saturday [February 25], and on Sunday, by request of Mrs. Kipling, Dr. Conland, who was their family physician during their residence in Brattleboro, went to New York to render such assistance as was possible.

During Sunday and Monday the inflammation of the lungs had so increased, and so little space was available for respiration, that the patient was only kept alive by forcing oxygen into his lungs. All day Monday the hope of his recovery was very slight. Monday evening a report was current in New York that Mr. Kipling was dead. That report was sent to Brattleboro, and it was a
welcome relief to this community when it was learned on Tuesday morning that it was not true.

The fact proved to be that Mr. Kipling had held his own over Monday night. During the day the inflammation began to subside and natural respiration was restored. On Wednesday the fever subsided rapidly, the patient began to rally, and his physicians for the first time publicly expressed their hope for his recovery. Dr. E. G. Janeway, possibly the most noted specialist in lung diseases in this country, was with Mr. Kipling constantly during the critical days from Saturday until Wednesday, as was also Dr. Theodore Dunham, the husband of Mrs. Kipling's sister.

F. N. Doubleday, of the firm of Doubleday & McClure, Mr. Kipling's American publishers, was one of those who were with the sick man constantly. Wednesday night Mr. Doubleday said to one of the reporters who had been waiting at the Hotel Grenoble: "Mr. Kipling is now resting easily, and has regained consciousness. He is still weak, of course, but is now in such a condition that he can put his own shoulder to the wheel in aiding the efforts of the physicians. He has made a wonderful fight throughout, and has at all time displayed characteristic nerve. I think now that he is able again to take a hand in the fight he will recover. I am going to bed tonight for the first time in two days, and we shall also insist upon Mrs. Kipling taking much needed rest. She has been under a great strain, and is in need of a full night's sleep."

The solicitude aroused by the illness of Mr. Kipling has been universal. From all parts of the country and from England and the other European countries came a flood of letters and telegrams of inquiry and sympathy. Nowhere did their solicitude assume a more intimate and personal form than among Mr. Kipling's Brattleboro neighbors. Inquiry as to his condition has been on every tongue, and the good news which has come since Wednesday has called forth many a fervent thanksgiving.

In all the English-speaking world there is no man whose death would have been counted such a loss to English letters as would that of this young man of 33.

Improvement Continues.

This morning's news indicates that Mr. Kipling's condition was very favorable yesterday. The only bulletin issued by his doctors during the day was the following:

"Mr. Kipling has made satisfactory progress. He had but a slight fever, is comfortable though weak, and resolution is taking place in the affected portions of the lungs."

E. G. Janeway  Theodore Dunham

Dr. Conland summoned to New York Sunday [February 26] by a message by telephone calling him to the bedside of Rudyard Kipling. Dr. Conland was taken by train to Greenfield, and from there reached New York via Albany. He has been at the
Hotel Grenoble throughout the week.

**Good News This Morning**

In a private letter written last evening Dr. Conland gives this encouraging news: "Mr. Kipling is steadily improving, and is practically sure of a speedy recovery. The children are doing well also. The eldest child, Josephine, is convalescing from an attack of pneumonia. The others simply have colds."

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March 10, 1899

*Vermont Phoenix* (front page)

The Kipling Family. Mr. Kipling Steady Improvement. Josephine, the Eldest Child, Died of Pneumonia of Monday Morning.—Her Funeral and Incineration—the other News of the Week.

The death of Josephine Kipling, the eldest child of the Kipling family, took place at 6:30 o'clock last Monday morning [March 6]. As has been stated previously, all of the Kipling children were suffering from a bronchial trouble when they arrived in this country. In the case of Josephine a malignant type of pneumonia developed on the day after her father was stricken with the disease. The little girl was taken from the hotel to the home of Miss Julie DeForest in the East Thirty-fifth street, whose family have been for many years intimate friends of the Kipling family, father and son. The child's strength could not be maintained, and the disease refused to yield to treatment. Dr. Conland was with her constantly from Friday morning until the end came. Dr. Janeway also assisted in her treatment.

A short service was held over the body Tuesday morning at the DeForest residence. The Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington of Grace church officiated. There were present only Mrs. Kipling, her sister, Mrs. Dunham, Dr. Conland, and members of the DeForest household. After the service the body was taken to the Fresh Pond crematory and incinerated.

The news of the little girl's death caused an intimate feeling of sympathy and regret in the Brattleboro community. She was a child of Brattleboro and the family's personal friends have felt for her a real interest and affection. Her death is especially saddening because it is realized so well by the friends here under what a severe strain the mother has been placed in these weeks since the family landed in New York.

**Mr. Kipling's Improvement**

There has been no hindrance to Mr. Kipling's improvement during the week. He has gained steadily in strength, and has been allowed a greater range of nourishing food from day to day. It was the plan on Tuesday to move him on Wednesday from his sick room to another room in the hotel, which Mr. Doubleday had fitted up for him in reproduction of his favorite room at "The Naulahka." Up to Tuesday, for precautionary reasons, he had not been told of his child's death.
The public interest in Mr. Kipling's condition has in no wise abated. Letters and telegrams of enquiry, of congratulation over his improvement, and of sympathy and condolence, have continued to come from this country and Europe. The most notable of these was the message from the Emperor William of Germany:

Berlin, March 5
Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, Hotel Grenoble: --As an enthusiastic admirer of the unrivaled books of your husband, I am most anxious for news about his health. God grant that he may be spared to you and to all who are thankful to him for the soul stirring way in which he has sung about the deeds of our great common race.

William, I.R.

The leading German newspapers comment on this message of the Emperor as an evidence that Germany has only the kindest feeling for America--these comments being based evidently on the idea that Mr. Kipling is an American citizen.

The sale of Mr. Kipling's books has been stimulated beyond all precedent by his illness, both in this country and in England. *The Day's Work*, his latest collection of short stories, published by the Doubleday & McClure company, is now in its 70th thousand.

The thousand and one messages of sympathy which Mr. Kipling has received have touched him deeply, but it may be safely questioned whether even that of the Emperor William or of the Viceroy of India has appealed so closely to his heart as did the few words of neighborly sympathy and confidence which the Brattleboro neighbors sent him before his illness began.

Dr. Conland returned home to Brattleboro Tuesday evening.

***

Kipling Much Better

At ten o'clock last night [March 9] it was announced that Mr. Kipling was sleeping soundly and had been for several hours. He was reported as being much better. During the afternoon Mr. Kipling was transferred from his old sick room to parlor No. 1 and seemed much pleased with the change. The child Elsie was so much improved yesterday that the physician allowed the little brother into the room to play with his sister.

***

March 8, 1899
Josephine Balestier Dunham to Mardy Cabot
(c/o Will B. Cabot, Chestnut Hill, Mass.)

305 West 76th Street, New York

Dear Miss Cabot,

I am very deeply grateful for your letter with its beautiful offer, and Carrie will be grateful too when she hears of it. I don't know whether, eventually, they will take little Josephine's ashes to Brattleboro. At present Rud is too ill to even know of the dear maid's death and I suppose Carrie will wait to
know his wishes in the matter, so there is nothing to be done now and later
there will probably be none of the elaborate detail of a burial. It is
wonderful of you to think of making such an offer and indeed I appreciate it.
When you come to New York, do let me know your address. At any other time I
should beg you to come to our little guest room, but now my heart and mind and
hands and feet are too occupied and Theodore is not home. He would feel
defrauded if he were to lose a visit from you. Give my love please to Mrs.
Cabot with sincere thanks for the note I have just received from her. Cordial
greetings to Mr. Cabot and much love for yourself always. Your friend,

Josephine

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March 13, 1899
To Mary R. Cabot 9 At Westminster Hotel, New York City)
Hotel Grenoble
7th Avenue, 56 & 57th Street
New York

Dear Madam:

Mrs. Kipling wishes me to write and thank you for the flowers and for your
sympathetic letter. She would like to write you in her own hand but, while she
is quite well, she feels that she must give her entire time to Mr. Kipling.
For this reason too, she is not able to see any of her friends yet and, of
course no one can see Mr. Kipling for two or three weeks perhaps. She is
nevertheless grateful to you for your helpful sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

H. H. McClure

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March 17, 1899
Vermont Phoenix

Mr. Kipling Recovering. He Will Probably Come to Brattleboro to Spend Several
Weeks

Rudyard Kipling made excellent progress toward recovery during the week. His
sleep has become more refreshing and he is now able to eat solid food. It is
believed that Mr. and Mrs. Kipling and their children will come to Brattleboro
to spend several weeks as soon as the author is able to be moved.

The news of the death of the elder daughter, Josephine, was broken to Mr.
Kipling Friday night. Although the blow was a heavy one the father bore it
bravely.

"How long was she ill?" he is said to have asked. Tears stood in his eyes and
he murmured half to himself, half aloud: "Poor little Joe."

Mr. Kipling saw his children, Elsie and John, Sunday. Elsie is now well enough
to run about, but she has not been outside the hotel. Mr. Doubleday, the
publisher, said that on Sunday Mr. Kipling read some of the messages which had been sent to him, including the one from the German Emperor. He commented upon it, but what he said is not made public.

***

Mr. Kipling Reading Proofs

The following statement concerning Mr. Kipling's condition was issued at New York last evening [March 16]: The doctors say that Mr. Kipling has stood the removal to a brighter apartment without producing any disturbance, and that, with the exception of a small area of pleural exudate at the lower portion of the right lung, all signs of the late disease have disappeared. Mr. Kipling ate a hearty supper last night and was permitted to read some proofs of a forthcoming book which he has written.

***

High School Notes

The 199 reading club spent Wednesday evening in reading selections from Kipling. At the next meeting some of Eugene Field's work will be read.

March 31, 1899

Vermont Phoenix

Rudyard Kipling, who had steadily improved in his recovery from his long illness from pneumonia, had a temporary setback Thursday night, when he was seized by a fainting spell. Mr. Doubleday said that Mr. Kipling had been made somewhat weaker by the fainting, but that the author fully recovered during the night. It is said that Mr. Kipling had exerted himself a little too much on Thursday in talking and reading. He is still in bed.

***

H. H. McClure of New York City came to Brattleboro Saturday night [March 25] for the purpose, evidently, of visiting the home of Rudyard Kipling. He was met at the Brooks House Sunday morning by Mr. Kipling's coachman, who took him to the Naulakha, where he remained nearly all day. Mr. McClure returned to New York Monday morning.

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April 7, 1899

Vermont Phoenix

Kipling's Easter Letter to the Newspapers.

Rudyard Kipling sat up for the first time Sunday [April 2]. One of the first things which he did was to write the following letter to the newspapers.

Hotel Grenoble, New York
Easter Day 1899

Dear Sir,

Will you allow me through your columns to attempt some acknowledgment of the wonderful sympathy, affection and kindness shown towards me during my recent illness, as well as the unfailing courtesy that controlled its expression? I am not strong enough to answer letters in detail, so I must take this means of thanking as humbly and sincerely the countless people of good will throughout the world who have put me under a debt I can never hope to repay.

Very faithfully yours
Rudyard Kipling

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April 21, 1899
Vermont Phoenix

Kipling at Lakewood

Rudyard Kipling went to the Laurel House at Lakewood, N.J., Monday with Mrs. Kipling and the children. F. N. Doubleday, his publisher, who has been in almost constant attendance during Mr. Kipling's illness, accompanied him. Although Mr. Kipling had been out of doors only twice before, since his long illness, he made a comfortable journey of it and stood it well. He drove from the Hotel Grenoble to the ferry and left the carriage for the wheelchair at the Jersey Central station on the other side of the river. He stepped from the carriage to the chair without assistance and did so again at Lakewood. He seemed to be weak, but game and content. The observation car Aladdin had been attached to the 1:45 P.M. train, and was placed at his disposal as a private car. At Lakewood many persons were at the station to see the author. The Aladdin was backed 200 yards to a roadway, where a carriage met it. To those Lakewood sojourners, encased in wraps, who saw him pass from train to carriage and carriage to chair, for he wore no overcoat; neither did he in going from the carriage to the train in Jersey City. This is not Mr. Kipling's first visit to Lakewood. He was there a few years ago, staying then alone at the Laurel House, and Proprietor Plumer has given to him the same rooms now which he had then, at the west end of the hotel. It is not expected that Mr. Kipling will require the further attention of the physicians, but Dr. Dunham will probably run down to Lakewood to see him. One dispatch from New York says the Kiplings expect to come to Brattleboro after spending 10 days at Lakewood.

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May 12, 1899
Vermont Phoenix

Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Kipling and their children and Mr. Doubleday, the publisher, left Lakewood Tuesday in a private car for Morristown, [New Jersey], where they will be the guests of Mr. Julius Catlin of Fairholme. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling were Mrs. Catlin's guests three years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling intend going to Vermont later in the month. They sail for England in the latter part of the month.
Dr. James Conland went Wednesday to New York to spend the remainder of the week with Rudyard Kipling and his family. Dr. Conland received a letter the first of the week saying that Mr. Kipling would not come to Brattleboro before returning to his home in England.

Why Mr. Kipling Will Not Come to Brattleboro

Rudyard Kipling will not visit Brattleboro before his return to England. All the arrangements for such a visit had been made and the family were to have come on Saturday of last week, but in the meantime it became known to the Kipling family and their intimate friends that a threat had been made that there would be trouble for Mr. Kipling if he came here, and after mature consideration it was reluctantly decided that Mr. Kipling should give up his proposed visit, Mr. Kipling's wife and friends fearing particularly the effect of any needless annoyance during his convalescence.

There is no doubt that Mr. Kipling wished very much to come to Brattleboro. The friends nearest him say there is no place on earth which he would like so much to see as his Vermont home. The only reason that he does not come is the one here mentioned. The statement of this fact is enough so far as the public opinion of Brattleboro is concerned. There is only one mind on this matter.

Dr. Conland spent three days with Mr. Kipling at Morristown, New Jersey, last week. He found him in apparent good health, though he has by no means recovered his full strength physically or nervously since his critical illness. The family are booked to sail from New York June 14 on their return to England.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling came to Brattleboro last evening to remain a day or two at Naulakha.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling returned to New York Saturday [June 10] after spending less than two days in Brattleboro. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling and their two children and the author's father, J. Lockwood Kipling, sailed from New York Wednesday [June 14] for England on the Teutonic. The Kiplings have recently spent some time at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, and before leaving for England were
the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Doubleday in New York.

June 23, 1899  
*Vermont Phoenix*

Rudyard Kipling and family arrived at Queenstown Wednesday on the *Teutonic*. The passage was a rough one, but Mr. Kipling's health improved during the voyage. Mr. Kipling speaks highly of the kindness he had received from Americans.

**Editorial Note**

The 1899 visit to the United States proved to be the last for both Rudyard and Caroline Kipling. Their daughter Elsie, after her parents’ deaths (1936, 1939), returned to the United States in 1947 (she was then Mrs. Bambridge) for a brief visit with her American cousins (Josephine Balestier Dunham’s family) and at that time came to Brattleboro to see her birthplace.

Following the Kiplings’ return to England in 1899, it soon became evident that they would not resume their residence in Vermont. In a letter written from Rottingdean to F. N. Finney, September 1, 1900, Mrs. Kipling spoke of their wish to sell Naulakha as they did not intend to return to it. A year later Kipling himself mentioned the matter to Finney, September 3, 1901, and, referring to the loss of little Josephine, added: "It will be long and long before I could bring myself to look at the land of which she was so much a part." From Rottingdean, June 15, 1902, he wrote Dr. Conland that they were "getting some things out of Naulakha bit by bit to be sent over here" and asked his Brattleboro friend to pack up a few special keepsakes, a quadrant and an old hog-yoke that Conland had given him: "I want that old yoke 'for to keep', as the kids say." Again, to Conland from The Woolsock, January 27, 1903: "I feel now that I shall never cross the Atlantic again. All I desire now is to get rid of Naulakha which I am perfectly willing to part with for $5,000 (five thousand dollars!). That means carriages, sleighs, etc., and everything that may be in the house at the present time! All for $5,000. That's what I call a bargain and if you know of any one who is likely to rise to it, please let me know as soon as possible. It isn't any good to keep the house going when all my interests here (in England and at the Cape) tie me more and more to the Eastern hemisphere. That is why I am willing to sacrifice the money if I can only get rid of the bother of the house. Perhaps the Asylum might like to have it as an annex for their local lunatics."

February 14, 1902  
*Vermont Phoenix*

The Rudyard Kipling place, which has been for some time in the real estate agency of W. M Ostrander of Philadelphia, is now in the hands of A. V. May of Brattleboro.
June 1902


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September 12, 1902
Letter from Kipling to R. G. Hardie

Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex

Dear Mr. Hardie,

I have your letter re my house in Vermont. I should be very glad to dispose of it, and am willing to do so for a far lower sum than it cost me, because I find it difficult and expensive to keep up from this distance. I want also to settle the carriages and furniture, and my price which is $10,000 (ten thousand)* would include the whole. The drainage was thoroughly well done and most satisfactory, and the well gives an ample supply of water for the house, and is an artesian, 325 feet deep. The stables, barn, and house also have their rain water cisterns.

There are two Tiffany stained glass windows in the room which was my study, and also a rather well carved teak cornice which would go with the house. Another thing which can be said in its favour is that it is so conveniently arranged that it is possible to run it with few servants.

With kindest regards and many thanks for your letter,

Sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling

Robert Gordon Hardie, Esq.,
Battleboro', [sic]
Vermont, U.S. AMERICA

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Typewritten letter, signed. The printed heading, "The Elms, Rottingdean, Sussex," has been crossed out and the Bateman's address substituted. *The price has been written in by Kipling. The original letter is in the Carpenter Collection, Library of Congress.

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November 13, 1903
Vermont Phoenix

The Naulakha, Rudyard Kipling's former residence three miles north of the village in the town of Dummerston, has been sold to Miss Mary R. Cabot. It will be used by members of the Cabot family. The terms of the sale are not made public.

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October 1903

Excerpts from Letters of Grace Cabot Holbrook to her sister, Mary Cabot

October 6 — We shall know our fate about the Kipling house soon.

October 7 — I enclose a letter from Fred on the subject of Naulakha. It takes my breath away. You are to decide what lawyer to select, etc. Do attend to it as soon as you can and keep everything secret.

October 12 — I can hardly wait to hear about the "title." Do hurry.... Will Cabot highly approves of our taking Naulakha and Fred has talked over all the pros and cons of the matter freely with him so I feel very comfortable about it. Will expects to spend a night in Brattleboro this week so you can talk it over with him. Do you object to having the deed in your name for present? There would be a deed made out to us too and brought forward later when it is time to destroy yours. Of course Fred's letter makes it clear to you why he wants it in your name for the present.

October 21 — Carrie Kipling has written Mr. Doubleday that she wants Mr. K's desk and one or two other things from the house. Mr. Doubleday has power of attorney to sell the house so we can get it any day provided the Fitts end of it is satisfactory. The relief of the Kiplings from constant expense will be their compensation. The entire contents of the barn in which Howard lives goes to him.... I hope you will soon hear from Fitts [Clark C. Fitts, Brattleboro lawyer] so this thing can be settled and I hope Beatty won't set fire to the house....

October 29 — Our getting into Naulakha before Thanksgiving all depends on Fitts. He must make out a new deed and it must be sent to the Kiplings to sign. The Kiplings live out in the country some miles from a railroad and may not return it at once, but if Fitts will hurry and write the deed and send it to Doubleday, that latter will forward it at once to the Kiplings. Possibly, with no more lagging on the part of Fitts, we can get in before Thanksgiving....

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November 10, 1903
Norman F. Cabot to his daughter Grace

Molly and I went up today and looked the house all over from cellar to attic. It's well constructed and thoroughly built besides being very attractive, and many cupboards, and splendid fireplaces, with becoming furniture, and all in perfect order, without a scratch. The property seems a bargain at the price and may well sell some day for double or treble. It's 3 miles away and servants may trouble you. Howard told me the fireplaces did not smoke and the water looks all right. And the place will cut 10 or 12 tons of hay. The scene is one of the best in all New England. Am glad you can pay for it so easily. There will be taxes and insurance to pay but no repairs.

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Grace Cabot Holbrook to her sister Mary

November 10  --Fred hopes Howard will stay at Naulakha all winter, and if we could arrange matters for a moderate sum it would be better to have him permanently. When you have time please go and see about the pump and find out about the bookcases.

November 15  --Doubleday has told Fred he will give him full authority to take possession without waiting for the deed to be signed.

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November 15  --(Norman F. Cabot to his daughter Grace)

Howard told me it took 200 lbs. of coal per day to run the Kipling place.

December 3  --The deed has been signed and was sent on the 25th of November so we must receive it this week.

December 3  --The deed has arrived.

January 19, 1904  --Howard is part of the poetry of the place.

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October 28, 1904

Vermont Phoenix

B. S. Balestier’s House Burned Last Night.

Beatty S. Balestier’s house and barn attached in the town of Dummerston, just over the Brattleboro line and about four miles from the village, were burned last evening. The fire broke out in the barn shortly after 9 o’clock, probably starting from a stove in the barn. There were no appliances at hand for fighting the flames. Mr. Balestier is in New York, and Mrs. Balestier telephoned to Brattleboro for help. Chief Sanders and a small force of men started with the steamer, but on reaching F. Z. Dickinson’s they were told that their efforts would be useless and the steamer was not taken further. A large number of people went from the village and from other sections to the scene of the fire. Help arrived in time to remove nearly all of the household effects, and the horses, ponies and cows were led from the barn. The large red barn on the south side of the road, 250 feet from the house, was not burned. The buildings were insured for $1400 and the contents for $1000 through H. E. Taylor & Son’s agency.

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November 2, 1904

Mary Cabot to her sister Grace Cabot Holbrook

It seems that the Balestiers establishment was burned from a defective flue in the kitchen chimney. Mai saw the flame when it first appeared. Franklin [Holbrook’s employee at Naulakha] appeared first on the scene when Marjorie ran out and called "fire." Teresa [the Cabot’s maidservant] has seen Mai and
Beatty. She says they talk of rebuilding, but add that they have not decided just what they will do. They express no regret and are very cheerful apparently....

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November 6, 1904

Mary Shea has given me some peonies from her garden and Saturday I planted 14 peony bulbs in the long border at Naulakha. They are very effective and very expensive, so we are in luck. Every inch of the place has been raked—and it is in fine condition....

The evening I called on the Sheas, at the Brooks House, I met Beatty. He was disposed to speak lightly of their loss until I spoke with real sympathy, when he revealed the fact or its being a tragedy ... seemed to think there would not be money for it. The insurance, $2400, will doubtless be spent this winter in New York. Mai was going out and I followed her downstairs to express my regret at the accident. She looked very thin--and I saw that she was feeling terribly about it. She did not attempt any disguise....

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Epilogue

Letters to Mary Cabot from Caroline Kipling

July 15, 1919

Bateman’s

Burwash, Sussex

Dear Miss Cabot,

The message you send from Miss Keyes is heart-breaking. Thank her from her old friends who remember her always with affection and often picture her in her house and beautiful garden. I also cannot understand her wish to live but we have learned over here how little life is, have seen all our youth put it aside and meet death under such absolutely unthinkable conditions, that to meet death in one’s bed at the end of life with only pain to combat seems so easy and happy.

The sketch you send me of mother’s life as you saw it is most vivid and I rejoice to realize she had friends who knew she was happy and lived and enjoyed her life. I knew this always and never worried over anything but my enforced separation from her. We were very intimate during all the years of that separation and as I think perhaps nearer each other than many mothers and daughters who met oftener and even in these last five years, so full of strain and agony, our letters, though delayed, were always written and were the keystone of the week. I feel very much being cut off from news of the old family friends, whose scrap of news mother always wrote, so that your kind letter about Miss Keyes gave me a feeling of nearness again. Rudyard joins me in warm remembrance and the hope of meeting some time when you are in England.

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December 13, 1919
Bateman’s

Dear Miss Cabot,

The world is a poorer place now Miss Keyes has left it and to the end she seems to have held to her amazing strength of character—not amazing to our generation but I should think almost outside the understanding, and certainly outside the ability to follow of the present generation. I am glad to keep the memory of her as we last met and always see her with her garden and flowers. Thank you for telling me of her end so in keeping with the whole life.

I hope we may meet one day in England. Everywhere here lives are being restarted with shattered hopes to build on: but there is as much bravery as was ever shown in the trenches and we shall doubtless build some sort of life out of it, but it is not to be related to what one had thought a life in 1914. Perhaps for people of our age one gain is we must all keep at our work at a time when by the old scheme of things we should be taking our ease. All public work must be done by the older or quite young men with us as the two generation between are pretty well wiped out. So one must finish up in harness.

This is Wolcott’s birthday. What would he have made of it all I wonder?

Very sincerely yours,
Carrie Kipling

Unsigned Note from Kipling

Rudyard Kipling died in a London hospital on January 18, 1936 (the forty-fourth anniversary of his marriage to Caroline Balestier), at the age of seventy. The Vermont Phoenix, February 14, 1936, printed in its "Letter Box" an "Unsigned Note from Kipling" with a covering explanatory letter from William H. Evans of Philadelphia. Mr. Evans, a summer resident of Townshend, Vermont, had written to Kipling on the latter's seventieth birthday (December 30, 1935) telling him that he proposed to give to the library in Townshend a set of Kipling's books, some of which, he believed, were written in Dummerston when the author was living in Vermont in the early days of his marriage. "I told him," Mr. Evans said, "how much the good people of Townshend would appreciate a letter from him to go with the books. I reminded him of the long winter days when about the only thing that could be done after the household work was over was to read." On February 10 Evans received a reply in the form of an unsigned typewritten letter from Kipling accompanied by a brief note from his secretary. Apparently it was one of the last letters Kipling dictated.
13th January 1936

Dear Mr. Evans:

Thank you very much for yours of 30th December.

As I used to know well, Vermont winters are long (I have been on runners from Thanksgiving to almost April, though I suppose now there isn’t a sleigh left in the State) and so I am very sympathetic to your idea of building up the Townshend library. After all, I have an indirect interest in the Institution in so far as I wrote the first *Jungle Book* with four feet of snow on the ground almost next door to Townshend.

With every good wish,

Sincerely

Mr. William H. Evans,

This letter was docketed by Mr. Kipling and sent to me to type as he was away from home. Mrs. Kipling thought that, in spite of its lack of signature, you would like to have it.

C. L. Nicholson
Secretary