UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_216253

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 928/S847Ma Accession No. 9546

Author Masson Rosaline

Title Stevenson Robert Louis

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.

1923

1 FEB 1989 17

The Life of
Robert Louis Stevenson

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson

BY

ROSALINE MASSON,

Editor of

"I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson"

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED
EDINBURGH: 339 High Street
LONDON: 38 Soho Square, W.1
1923

» Printed in Great Britain.
W. & R. CHAMBERS, LTD., LONDON and EDINBURGH.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I HAVE to acknowledge my indebtedness to Sir Graham Balfour for his ready benediction on my work when I undertook it, and for kind personal help; and to repeat my thanks for the permission to quote from his *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* previously given me, which I have again utilized.

, I have to reiterate my grateful thanks to Sir Sidney Colvin for his permission, also previously given me, which I have again utilized.

My grateful thanks are due to Mr. Gosse, for giving me personal help, and for allowing me to include an unpublished letter to himself; to Sir James *M. Barrie, for allowing me to quote from unpublished letters to himself; to Mr. Will H. Low, for permission to quote from his *Chronicle of Friendships,* and for personal help by correspondence; to Miss Barbara Balfour-Melville, for permission to quote from her book, privately printed, *The Balfours of Pilrig,* and to Mr. S. S, McClure, for permission to quote from his Biography, and from MS. matter sent me.

To the Faculty of Advocates of Scotland I am greatly indebted for their consent to permit me to quote from certain hitherto unpublished Stevenson letters and documents possessed by the Faculty.

I have also to thank Mr. W. K. Dickson, LL.D., Keeper of the Advocates' Library, for his kindness in according me personal help; Dr. Walter Blaikie, for all his valuable suggestions and kindness in helping me; Mr. Charles Guthrie, for much help and information; Mr. Dods Hogg, for valuable information and assistance; The President and Secretaries of The Stevenson

Society of America, for their kind interest and the help they have given me; Captain Cameron, Nagasaki, for allowing to print unpublished letters of R. L. S.'s in his pbSsessipn; Mr. John Purves, Edinburgh University, to whom the original copy of the verses *To Boehm* was lent by the Editor of the *Johannesburg Star,* for allowing me to quote the verses, and from an unpublished letter of R. L. S.'s to R. A. M. S., both in his possession; Mrs. Niecks, for her kind assistance in elucidating the musical references in the Boehm verses; Mr. Birge Harrison and Mr. Glen Frank, Editor of the *Century Magazine,* for permission to quote from Mr. Birge Harrison's article *With Stevenson at Grez,* which appeared in the *Century Magazine* in December, 1916; Miss Flora Masson, for permission to quote from her article, *Homes and Haunts of Louis Stevenson,* in the *Comhill* of May, 1911; Mr. George Lisle, for permission to quote from his article in the *Comhill* in December, 1921, *R. L. S. and Some Savages on an Island;* and Mr. Leonard Huxley, for his editorial sanction in both cases.

^ I desire to accord my thanks to The London Missionary Society for allowing me to quote from a pamphlet by the late Rev. W. E. Clarke, published by them; to Mr. Howell, San Francisco, for permission to quote from the *Stevenson Baby Booh;* and to Messrs. Duckworth, for permission to quote from the Biography of Mr. Leslie Stephen.

I acknowledge gratefully the kindness of Mr. David A. Stevenson, in permitting the reproductions from his portraits of Robert Stevenson and Mrs. Robert Stevenson; of Miss Balfour-Melville, in letting me reproduce a picture of Pilrig House ; of Captain A. S. Balfour, in lending me his miniatures of the Rev. Lewis Balfour and his wife, and allowing them to be reproduced; and of Mr. John S. Sargent. R.A., for leave to reproduce his portrait of Stevenson.

I also wish to express my acknowledgements to Mr. C. Bradbury, Vancouver, B. C, for permitting the

reproduction of his copyright photograph of the *Casco** and to Mr. Crooke, for permission to reproduce his photograph of Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, taken in 1889, to be sent to Stevenson in Samoa, and to Mr. Barnett, Custodian of the Lord Guthrie Collection (loaned to the Robert Louis Stevenson Club), for much trouble taken on my behalf.

ROSALINE MASSON.

Edinburgh,
August, 1923.

Society of America, for their kind interest and the help they have given me; Captain Cameron, Nagasaki, for allowing to print unpublished letters of R. L. S.'s in his possession; Mr. John Purves, Edinburgh University, to whom the original copy of the verses *To Boehm* was lent by the Editor of the *Johannesburg Star,* for allowing me to quote the verses, and from an unpublished letter of R. L. S.'s to R. A. M. S., both in his possession; Mrs. Niecks, for her kind assistance in elucidating the musical references in the Boehm verses; Mr. Birge Harrison and Mr. Glen Frank, Editor of the *Century Magazine,* for permission to quote from Mr. Birge Harrison's article *With Stevenson at Grez,* which appeared in the *Century Magazine* in December, 1916; Miss Flora Masson, for permission to quote from her article, *Homes and Haunts of Louis Stevenson,* in the *Cornhill* of May, 1911; Mr. George Lisle, for permission to quote from his article in the *Cornhill* in December, 1921, *R. L. S. and Some Savages on an Island;* and Mr. Leonard Huxley, for his editorial sanction in both cases.

^ I desire to accord my thanks to The London Missionary Society for allowing me to quote from a pamphlet by the late Rev. W. E. Clarke, published by them; to Mr. Howell, San Francisco, for permission to quote from the *Stevenson Baby Book;* and to Messrs. Duckworth, for permission to quote from the Biography of Mr. Leslie Stephen.

I acknowledge gratefully the kindness of Mr. David A. Stevenson, in permitting the reproductions from his portraits of Robert Stevenson and Mrs. Robert Stevenson; of Miss Balfour-Melville, in letting me reproduce a picture of Pilrig House ; of Captain A. S. Balfour, in lending me his miniatures of the Rev. Lewis Balfour and his wife, and allowing them to be reproduced; and of Mr. John S. Sargent. R.A., for leave to reproduce his portrait of Stevenson.

I also wish to express my acknowledgements to Mr. C. Bradbury, Vancouver, B. C, for permitting the

reproduction of his copyright photograph of the *Casco*, and to Mr. Crooke, for permission to reproduce his photograph of Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, taken in 1889, to be sent to Stevenson in Samoa, and to Mr, Barnett, Custodian of the Lord Guthrie Collection (loaned to the Robert Louis Stevenson Club), for much trouble taken on my behalf.

ROSALINE MASSON.

Edinburgh,
August, 1923.

DEAR SIR JAMES BARRIE:

In dedicating this biography of Robert Louis Stevenson to you,—and I have documentary evidence that I do so with your kind permission,—what I ought to say is that I asked this permission because you and Stevenson are linked together in men's minds as the two Scottish authors of our own time who carry on the torch of Literature from the far-off days of the old "Makkers,"—"Guid Maister Robert Henrisoun", "the auld grey horse Dunbar" down at Holyrood, Gavin Douglas up at St. Giles's, Burns, Scott at Castle Street, Carlyle,—all whom Scotland boasts and quotes.

But this is not my reason. My real reason is because you gave such pleasure, and were so great a pride, to one of "An Edinburgh Eleven,"—your old Professor, David Masson; and because you loved him, and remember him.

ROSALINE MASSON.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE ROMANCE OF DESTINY	1
II.	A COVENANTING CHILDHOOD	25
III.	"VELVET COAT"	50
IV.	R. L. S.: "NEW ARTIST OF FIRBT PROMISE"	106
V.	R. L. S.: MAN OF LETTERS	182
VI.	TUSITALA	
	INDEX	349

ILLUSTRATIONS

Robert Louis Stevenson . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Bell Rock Lighthouse 1

Robert Stevenson, F. R. S. E. 8

Jean Stevenson (nee Smith) 9

Lines Written by Sir Walter Scott in a Bell Rock Lighthouse Album 16

Pilrig House 17

The Rev. Lewis Balfour, D.D., and Henrietta Scott Balfour (nee Smith) 24

Margaret Isabella Balfour 25

Mrs. Thomas Stevenson and Louis 32

Alison Cunningham—"Cummy" 33

Robert Louis Stevenson as a Child 40

Colinton Manse 41

Thomas Stevenson and Louis 48

Swanston Cottage 56

The Hall of the Speculative Society in the University of Edinburgh 72

Robert Louis Stevenson in 1871 88

17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh 112

Fanny Matilda Van de Grift Osbourne 152

Robert Louis Stevenson 153

R. L. S. as Sir Charles Pomander, in the Jenkin Theatricals of 1877. 160

Thomas Stevenson. 176

Photograph of an Unpublished Letter of R. L. S/s . 224

Skerryvore, Bournemouth. 282

Robert Louis Stevenson. 240

Photograph of an Unpublished Letter of R. L. S.'s . 248

Robert Louis Stevenson Writing in Bed at Saranac 256

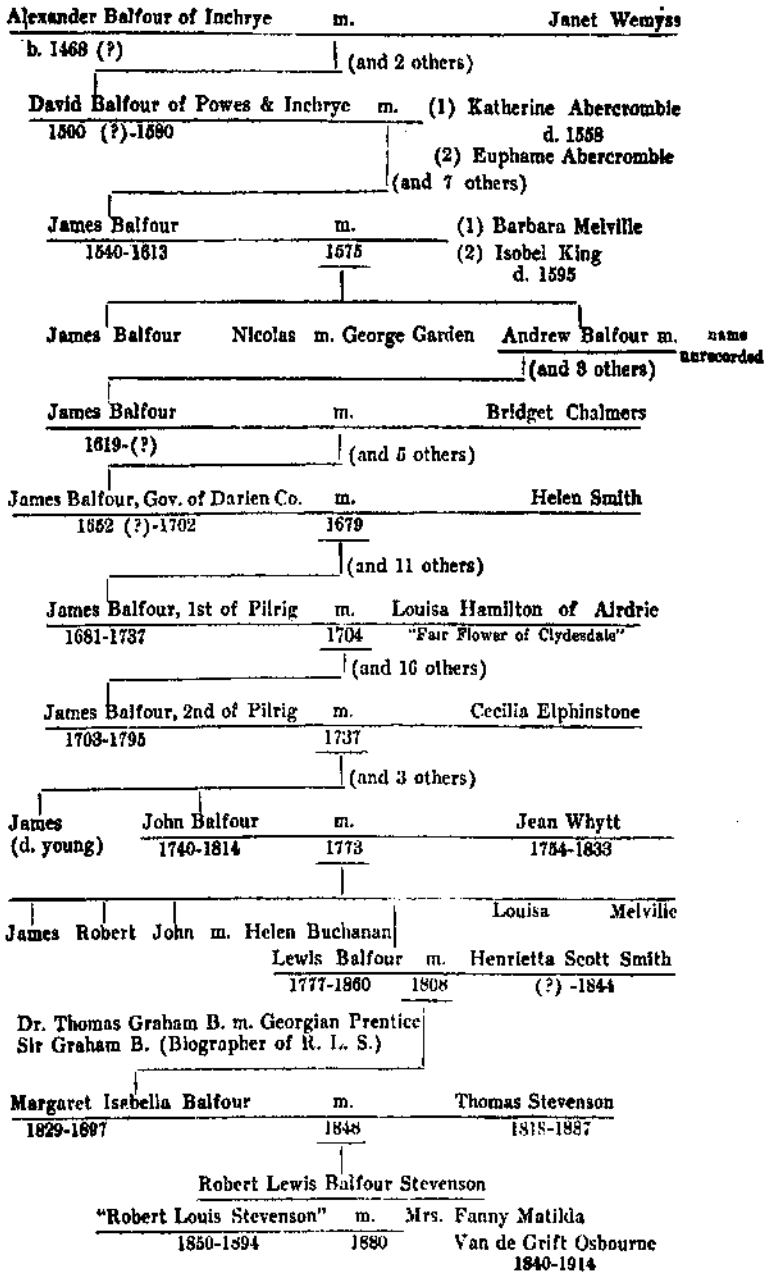
Yacht "Caseo". 272

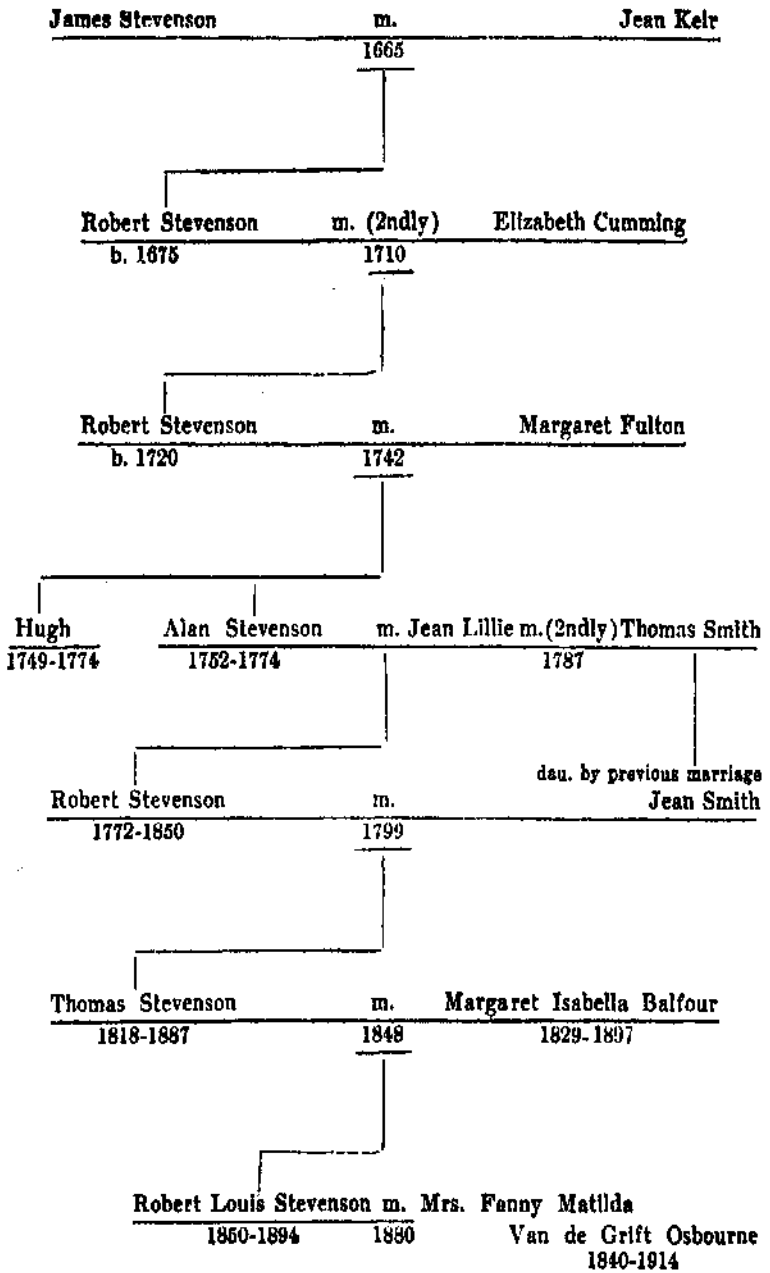
Mrs. Thomas Stevenson. 312

Robert Louis Stevenson at Vailima. 320

Vailima. 328

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. 344


Alexander Balfour of Inchrye m. Janet Wemyss
b. 1468 (?)
(and 2 others)
David Balfour of Powes & Inchrye m. (1) Katherine Abercrombie
1500 (?)-1590 d. 1558
(2) Euphame Abercrombie
(and 7 others)
James Balfour m. (1) Barbara Melville
1540-1613 1575 (2) Isobel King
d. 1595
James Balfour Nicolas m. George Garden Andrew Balfour m. name unrecorded
(and 8 others)
James Balfour m. Bridget Chalmers
1619-(?)
(and 5 others)
James Balfour, Gov. of Darien Co. m. Helen Smith
1652 (?)-1702 1679
(and 11 others)
James Balfour, 1st of Pilrig m. Louisa Hamilton of Airdrie
1681-1737 1704 "Fair Flower of Clydesdale"
(and 16 others)
James Balfour, 2nd of Pilrig m. Cecilia Elphinstone
1703-1795 1737
(and 3 others)
James (d. young)
John Balfour m. Jean Whytt
1740-1814 1773 1754-1833
James Robert John m. Helen Buchanan
Louisa Melville
Lewis Balfour m. Henrietta Scott Smith
1777-1860 1808 (?) -1844
Dr. Thomas Graham B. m. Georgian Prentice
Sir Graham B. (Biographer of R. L. S.)
Margaret Isabella Balfour m. Thomas Stevenson
1829-1897 1848 1818-1887
Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson
"Robert Louis Stevenson" m. Mrs. Fanny Matilda
1850-1894 1880 Van de Grift Osbourne
1840-1914


James Stevenson
m.
1665
Jean Kelr
Robert Stevenson
b. 1675
m. (2ndly)
1710
Elizabeth Cumming
Robert Stevenson
b. 1720
m.
1742
Margaret Fulton
Hugh
1749-1774
Alan Stevenson
1752-1774
m. Jean Lillie
m.(2ndly)Thomas Smith
1787
dau. by previous marriage
Robert Stevenson
1772-1850
m.
1799
Jean Smith
Thomas Stevenson
1818-1887
m.
1848
Margaret Isabella Balfour
1829-1897
Robert Louis Stevenson
1850-1894
m.
1880
Mrs. Fanny Matilda Van de Grift Osbourne
1840-1914

OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Edited:

SHAKESPEARE PERSONALLY, by DAVID MASSON, LL.D.	(Murray)
I CAN REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	
IN PRAISE OF EDINBURGH	(Constable)
LIVES OF POLLOCK AND AYTOUN (Famous Scots Series)	(Oliphant)
LIVES OF WORDSWORTH AND R. L. STEVENSON	**(Jack)**
USE AND ABUSE OF ENGLISH	(Thin)
EDINBURGH (Illustrated by John Fulleylove, R.I.)	(Black)
EDINBURGH (Peeps at Many Lands Series)	(Black)

Novels:

THE TRANSGRESSORS	(Hodder)
IN OUR TOWN	(H odder)
OUR BYE-ELECTIOM	(Arrowsmith)
LESLIE FARQUHAR	(Murray)
NINA	(Macmillan)

BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.
Reproduced by .permission from the original picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CHAPTER I

THE ROMANCE OF DESTINY

"I am bound in and in with my forbears."—R. L. S.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S parents were young Edinburgh people, both bearing Scottish names, both belonging to families distinguished and respected in Edinburgh before Stevenson's day and since. His father, Thomas Stevenson, was the youngest son of the engineer of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, Robert Stevenson, and a partner with his father in the well-known Edinburgh firm of engineers,—"The Light-house Stevensons," as they came to be called—founded by Robert Stevenson. Robert Louis Stevenson's mother, Margaret Isabella Balfour, was the youngest daughter of the Reverend Lewis Balfour, one of the Balfours of Pilrig, and Parish Minister of Colinton, near Edinburgh.

On the father's side, Stevenson's lineage can be traced back for two centuries, and on the mother's side for four centuries, with more or less exact knowledge of names and dates, of occupations and characteristics. The study is interesting as it reveals glimpses of whence and how Stevenson may have come by some of his "component parts." It is perhaps because of the affinities he had with those whose blood was mixed in his veins,

whose dispositions had been transmitted to him, that Stevenson had always so intense a fascination for finding out about his forbears, so anxious an interest concerning his name and those who had borne it before him, so eager a curiosity regarding what he has called his "ante-natal life." This interest in his name and in the origin and history of his family occupied his mind up to the end of his life. It was in his last years he wrote—leaving it unfinished—*Records of a Family of Engineers,* and that he had almost an obsession about his name that led him to study all the books at his command, including Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials,* in the hope of discovering that the proscribed Clan Macgregor had used the name Stevenson—possibly "Macgregor by night and Stevenson by day"—and that he therefore might claim relationship with Rob Roy. In a letter, written three days before he died, to his cousin, Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King-of-Arms, he asked him about the name Stevenson, and whether the Macgregors ever registered Stevenson arms.

Of the other side of his family, the Balfour side, Stevenson wrote no history. But how much do the Balfours figure,—names, traditions, characters,—in his books! He was steeped in the romance of his Balfour kindred, as well as in the achievements of his Stevenson progenitors. "I am bound in and in with my forbears," he wrote. And he was.

So strong a passion and sympathy for his forbears on Stevenson's part seems in itself to give sufficient reason to study the histories and individual lives of these forbears, and so perhaps gain insight into some of the sources of Stevenson's complex nature.

On either side the line is typically and fundamentally Scottish. On the Stevenson side, at the beginning, the meagre records show simple folk obscurely carrying on their lives in the West of Scotland. On the Balfour side, from the earliest records when Scotland was prosperous and happy under James IV. before Flodden,

one finds gentle blood, "Landed Gentry," well-known names, lives of ease or adventure or modest attainment, in touch with the domestic history of the Country. And on both sides, Stevenson and Balfour alike, one finds a constant record of fervid and extreme piety, amounting in many cases to the dominant motive power of the whole life.

The first Stevenson forbear claimed by R. L. S. was James Stevenson, who lived in Nether Carswell in the parish of Neilston, ten miles from Glasgow, was "presumably a tenant farmer", and in 1665 married "one Jean Keir." A son, born to them in 1675, became "possibly a maltster" in Glasgow, married twice, the second wife, Elizabeth Cumming by name, in 1710. Their son, born in 1720, another Robert, was "certainly a maltster" in Glasgow. So far, nothing known but names and dates, births and marriages, with a "presumably" and a "possibly" in the seventeenth century, and a "certainly" in the early eighteenth. But this second Robert, who was "certainly a malster" in Glasgow, married in 1742 a Margaret Fulton, and of their ten children two sons, Hugh, born in February, 1749, and Alan, born in June, 1752, emerge from obscurity and leave distinct records, and records moreover of romance, enterprise and adventure of a kind dear to the soul of R. L. S. "With these two brothers my story begins," he announces proudly at the outset of his *Records of a Family of Engineers*, and "tradition whispered me in childhood", he tells.

What tradition whispered was that these brothers owned an islet, St. Kitts. Certainly it was more than tradition that Hugh and Alan Stevenson, while still quite young, were merchants with "considerable interests" in the West Indies, whither Hugh, the elder, hac gone, whilst Alan remained as manager at home. At a very early age Alan married Jean Lillie, the daughtei of a Glasgow builder and Deacon of Wrights,—"something romantic about the marriage," R. L. S. had heard:

and his imagination was moved by the phrase, so that he fretted for more.

A son, a third Robert, born in Glasgow on June 8, 1772, was destined for great things, and to do good work in the world. When he was a baby of two years old, the perfidy of a dishonest agent in the West Indies brought tragedy into the little Glasgow home. Alan Stevenson, the young husband and father, scarcely more than a boy himself, summoned to the West Indies by his brother and partner, Hugh, left his wife and child, never to return to them. R. L. S. listened eagerly in his childhood to the tale of how the two young brothers, his great-grandfather and his great-grand uncle, the elder twenty-five and the younger twenty-two, pursued the agent, their enemy, from island to island in the Pacific, in an open boat, drenched by "the pernicious dews of the tropics"; and how both died, Hugh at Tobago, within sight of Trinidad, in April, 1774, Alan a month later at St. Kitts in the Leeward Islands. Dead, the two brave Scottish lads, their fortunes lost and their property stolen. But did they leave no inheritance to the baby in the cradle in Glasgow? Nor to Robert Louis Stevenson, the "Teller of Tales", to be born over seventy years later?

During the month between the death of Hugh and the death of Alan, David Lillie, the worthy Deacon of Wrights, died, probably in less romantic fashion, in Glasgow at home. Mrs. Jean Stevenson, suddenly bereft of father and husband, was left almost destitute, to battle alone with the world, and to bring up her boy. She was a true Scotswoman, regulating her life by a mixture of strong commonsense and an almost fanatical piety. She not only faced poverty bravely, but she did what many a Scotswoman has done in similar circumstances, she made up her mind that her little son should one day be a Minister of the Gospel. So, though Robert began his education at a charity school, he began it with this high ambition of his mother's held before him.

When he was fifteen, his mother married again. This narriage entirely altered the boy's whole life, removed lis stage from Glasgow to Edinburgh, gave him new md absorbing interests and outlooks, fixed his destiny md that of his children's children—one of whom was to be Robert Louis Stevenson. As the young stepson ivhen he grew up married his stepfather's daughter by *i* previous marriage, this stepfather must be studied as being also one of R. L. S.'s ancestors.

He was Thomas Smith, the son of a skipper at Broughty Ferry, who had been drowned. The widow had remained at Broughty Ferry, and the son had come to the Capital and become a merchant burgess of Edinburgh, a shipowner and underwriter, founder of a prosperous business dealing with lamps and oils, sole proprietor of "The Greenside Company's Works," a company of tinsmiths, coppersmiths, brass-founders, blacksmiths, and japanners. He had designed a system of oil lights in place of coal fires, and in August 1786, a year previous to his marriage with Alan Stevenson's widow, he had been appointed Engineer of the then newly formed Board of Northern Lighthouses. In religious creed Thomas Smith was a member of the Church of Scotland, with an interval of conscientious membership of the Baptist Church: in politics he was a high Tory: in temperament he was a passionate patriot, in days when patriotism meant hating the French in general and Buonaparte in particular. He was, when he married Jean Stevenson, thirty-three years of age, and had already been twice married; he had five children, and no doubt felt that he was acting well for his little brood in asking the pious widow, who must have been about his own age or a year older, to mother them.

The stepmother had much in common with her two little stepdaughters, both dutiful and devout little maids, younger than her own son, and she brought them up to be as rigidly pious as herself; whilst between

at the Andersonian Institute at Glasgow, and **then** at **Edinburgh** University, where his subjects were agriculture, mathematics, chemistry, natural history, logic, and moral philosophy. In 1796 Thomas Smith took his stepson, then twenty-four, into partnership; and three years later, in **1799,** there was another marriage in the family, for Robert Stevenson, then twenty-seven, married his stepfather's eldest daughter, Jean Smith, a girl of twenty. If his mother had,—as R. L. S. says * that he suspected she had,—"a hand in the matter," then she may have inserted her hand not only in order that she might secure for him a godly wife. She may well have felt that her son's future was an ensured one, were he the partner and son-in-law of his prosperous and successful stepfather.

Robert Stevenson was the real founder of the Stevenson family. He was a man who, having had the rare good fortune of finding his true vocation and loving it and being able to make it his profession, gave his best to his work and prospered in all his undertakings.

When Thomas Smith died, he left his own children well-provided for,—an only son "in easy circumstances," three daughters with portions of five thousand pounds each,—but his stepson and son-in-law and partner, Robert Stevenson, was heir to his hopes and achievements and ambitions, to his business, to his "land" he had built, 1 Baxter's Place, and to his post of Engineer to the Board of Northern Lights.

Robert, endowed with greater genius, soon rose to eminence in his profession. He not only initiated the lighthouse system in Scotland, ringing round the dangerous coasts of Scotland with his lights,—twenty lighthouses were built under his superintendence,—but he designed bridges, including the design of suspension-bridges hung on chains, invented the modern form of rail used on railways, and, what may be specially remembered of him in Edinburgh, designed the Eastern road

** Family of Engineers,*

JEAN STEVENSON (*née* SMITH).

(*R. L. S.'s paternal grandmother.*)

Reproduced by permission from a portrait in the possession of Mr David A. Stevenson, C.E.

PAGE 9.

approaches to the Capital, to which Lord Cockburn refers with approval, and to which Louis Stevenson makes reference in *Roads.* In 1807, the year he was appointed sole engineer to the Board of Northern Lights, he began the work for which he is most famed, and that will ever be associated with his name, the Bell Rock Lighthouse,—"a tower of masonry on a sunken reef, far distant from land, covered at every tide to a depth of twelve feet or more, and having thirty-two fathoms' depth of water within a mile of its eastern edge." The nearest land to the Bell Rock, or Inchcape, is Arbroath, eleven miles distant from it; and it was a good Abbot of Arbroath, tradition and the Poet Southey both aver, who hung a bell on the Rock to warn ships.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The brave Abbot's bell was removed by a sea pirate or Rover, who, "in the righteous judgment of God," was, a year after his fiendish deed, himself wrecked on the Rock.

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The devil below was ringing his knell.

In 1814 Sir Walter Scott went a tour, from July 29th to September 8th, with the Lighthouse Commissioners, and visited the Bell Rock on July 30th. Sir Walter records in his diary;—"The official chief of the expedi-

tion is Mr. Stevenson, the surveyor-viceroy on the Commission—a most gentlemanlike and modest man, and yell-known by his scientific skill." It was this voyage that gave Sir Walter his material for *The Pirate.*

It was not till four years after this meeting with Scott, and after Robert Stevenson's greatest work, the Bell Rock Lighthouse, was finished, that Thomas, Robert Stevenson's youngest son, the father of R. L. S., was born. Robert Stevenson's home, 1 Baxter's Place, was a big house, fronting the thoroughfare leading to Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh;—a thoroughfare of busy traffic even then, but not then so surrounded with mean streets and shops and tenements, but running through what was comparative country. No. 1 Baxter's Place had a long garden at the back, reaching to the open slopes of Calton Hill, with an apple orchard, and at the top of the house among the garrets was a loft for the apples. In the garden an imprisoned golden eagle "pined and screamed itself to death." A deserted lane at the side of the house had in it a carpenter's shop and an office door, probably used in the days of the builder of the house, Thomas Smith. Children were born and children died in that house—Robert Stevenson and his wife, Jean Smith, had thirteen children, but only five survived. There must have been great sorrow in that house, but also great happiness. Of the wife, R. L. S. records that she "remained to the end devout and unambitious, occupied with her Bible, her children, and her house; easily shocked, and associating largely with a clique of godly parasites." He tells delicious stories of the results of her household management, when the cook was chosen for her godliness, and the selection of the family butcher conducted on the same lines. R. L. S. often had described to him the scenes at this grandfather's table, when the great Robert Stevenson, "sawing with darkened countenance at some indissoluble joint" would exclaim, "Preserve me, my dear, what **kind** of a reedy, stringy beast is this?"—and of the re-

moval of the offending joint and the anxiety on Mrs. Stevenson's face as the pudding furnished by the godly cook was uncovered, and her apologetic exclamation when it was,—"just mismanaged!" And yet, of this dear, incompetent, domesticated woman, who must have caused so much indigestion, Louis also records that she was a "pious, tender soul," for whom "husband and sons all entertained the same chivalrous and moved affection"; that she "diligently read and marked her Bible"; was "a tender nurse"; "had a sense of humour under strong control"; and that—poor soul!—she "talked and found some amusement at her (or rather at her husband's) dinner parties. . . . A character like that of my grandmother," Louis concludes, "warmed, charmed, and subdued, like a strain of music, the hearts of the men of her own household."

"Her husband's dinner parties"—yes. Robert Stevenson, actuated by the same worldly wisdom as his stepfather had undoubtedly possessed, by the same desire to grow rich, get on in life, and take in the world the place for which he was fitted,—Robert Stevenson had advanced beyond his stepfather's status; had risen to good position in Edinburgh; was welcomed and honoured in the houses of its chief est and most eminent citizens; had made his friendships among them; and had become himself an important citizen. He was one of the originators of the Royal Observatory of Edinburgh, was a Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, as well as of the Geological Society and of the Astronomical Society of London.

It was into this atmosphere of worldly success, of intellectual activity and energy and brilliant professional achievement abroad, combined with extreme and fervent piety at home, that Thomas, the seventh and youngest son of Robert Stevenson, was born in 1818, and in which he was brought up. He was educated at

a private school in Nelson Street, and then at the famous Rojral High School of Edinburgh—first at its Old Town site of many memories, and afterwards at its fine new home on the Calton Hill. When he was seventeen he was bound apprentice in his father's office, to be bred an engineer. Robert Stevenson had intended only one of his sons to enter his own profession and become partner in the firm of Civil Engineers, but three of his sons did so, and each in turn was appointed to the same post held by their father Robert, and by their maternal grandfather, Thomas Smith,—that of Engineer to the Board of Northern Lights. When Thomas was twenty-eight he was made partner in the firm, and two years later, when thirty years of age, on August 28th, 1848, he married Margaret Isabella Balfour. . . .

The Balfours of Pilrig trace their family back to the last years of the fifteenth century, when their earliest known ancestor, Alexander Balfour of Inchrye, one whom James IV. delighted to honour, held office as "Celleranius" in the Royal Household from 1499 until Flodden. His wife was Janet Wemyss (also a Fife name, as is Balfour), and of their three children the eldest son and heir, born in 1500, bore the name of David Balfour. It is curious that this David Balfour, born about 1500, and his eldest son are the only two Davids in the whole family tree.* The first David, son of Alexander Balfour of Inchrye, married twice; first Katherine Abercrombie, who bore him seven sons and a daughter, and then Euphame Abercrombie, who left him two sons. He became Crown tenant of Powes and made his home there, and neglected the lands of Inchrye which James IV. had granted to his father, and thus got into trouble for not carrying out the obligations of his Charter. At one time his law troubles brought to him that picturesque legal measure of old Scottish law,

*** At the time R. L. S. wrote *Kidnapped* the existence of a "David" in the family-tree was not known.**

and he was "put to the horn." However, he died in **ripe** old age, and whilst David, his eldest son, inherited Powes, from James, his fourth son, is descended the Pilrig line. James was a Minister, first of Guthrie in Forfarshire, and later in his life of the East Kirk of St, Giles's, Edinburgh. Whilst at Guthrie he evidently came much under the influence of his fervently religious cousins, the Melvilles of Baldowy,* and especially of the youngest son, Andrew Melville the Reformer. In the diary of James Melville, Andrew Melville's nephew, it is recorded that in September 1575, "We married my youngest sister Barbara upon Mr. James Balfour, the minister of Guthrie." The little Puritan maid must have been about twenty, and the minister, in his black Geneva gown, her father's cousin, whom she was "married upon," about ten or fifteen years her senior. Like the bride in Tennyson's Lord of Burleigh, "Three fair children first she bore him, then before her time she died." In 1587 James Balfour came to Edinburgh as one of the ministers of St. Giles's, when St. Giles's was broken up into different churches, and he officiated in the East or Little Church. He married a second time in 1589, the widow of a burgess tailor in Edinburgh,—possibly well endowed, for in the year after his marriage he expended £1000,—a great sum in those days,—in buying back the old family property of Inchrye that James IV. had granted to his grandfather and that his father had lost, and he made it over to his eldest brother David for £100 a year (very good interest) but with reversion to his own youngest son, Andrew.

James Balfour was deeply involved, with his cousin Andrew Melville, in all the bitter struggle and ecclesiastical warfare between Church and Crown that began in the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was one of the five ministers who got into trouble for disobedience to King James and were summarily sent for to London.

* The wife of Richard Melville of Baldowy was Giles Abercrombie, sister of Katherine Abercrombie, David Balfour's first wife and the **mother of James Balfour.**

King Jamie evidently did not very seriously resent his countrymen's conduct, for on the one occasion that he gave them an interview it is recorded he spoke "merrilie" to James Balfour about the length of his beard.

The five homesick Calvinists in London forgathered in a lodging whence they were constantly summoned to listen to Episcopalian sermons denouncing Presbyterian Church Government. When they solaced themselves by religious exercises of their own, their freedom of speech brought upon them the awful threat that each would be separately sent to reside in the house of an English prelate. Against this they appealed in agony, pleading that they would submit to prison or banishment rather than to being the guest of a Bishop. Finally, after nine months' enforced exile in London, they were dispersed about the country, James Balfour being sent back to Scotland, to Berwickshire. Here he lived till his death, with his married daughter, Nicolas Garden,—a daughter of his first wife, Barbara Melville, and a loyal adherent of the Melville creed, for she, seven years after her father's death, was threatened with banishment from Edinburgh for holding conventicles in her house there. Her brother, James Balfour's youngest son, Andrew (probably called after his uncle, the Reformer), was also a minister, with a charge at Kirknewton, where he farmed his glebe, had a man and two maids, four cows and sixteen sheep, a wife whose name is unrecorded, two sons and a daughter. That he carried on the Puritan tradition faithfully though peaceably is shown by his obtaining leave from his Presbytery to visit his uncle, Andrew Melville, at Newcastle, where that turbulent spirit had been banished when James Balfour was located in Berwickshire, and by his signing the Protestation presented by certain Edinburgh ministers to King James VI. when in 1617 the King returned to" his ancient kingdom from the fleshpots of England.

Andrew Balfour died when he was but thirty-seven,

Apparently his wife had died before him, for he left his three children to the guardianship of their aunt, Mrs. Nicolas Garden,—her of the conventicles. The eldest son, however—another James,—did not follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, but on February 13, 1644, was admitted an Advocate in Edinburgh. He apparently prospered in that profession, for in 1649 he was one of the principal Clerks of Session. He married Bridget Chalmers, who must have been of Aberdeenshire family, for their son inherited the lands of Balbeithen in Aberdeenshire from her brother. This son, James Balfour, was born between 1650 and 1655, and was a prosperous and enterprising man of business when, in 1679, he married Helen Smith, the granddaughter of Sir John Smith, a wealthy citizen of Edinburgh, living in a town mansion in RiddelFs Close, and possessing also a little country house, Grotehall, near Craigleith. It is told of this ancestor of R. L. S.'s, Sir John Smith in Edinburgh, that he had lent King Charles I I . £10,000; and it is mentioned that the Merry Monarch forgot to repay him. Perhaps this may have been, however, because the King had not forgotten that Sir John Smith had been one of the commissioners sent to meet him in 1650 to obtain his signature to the Covenant.

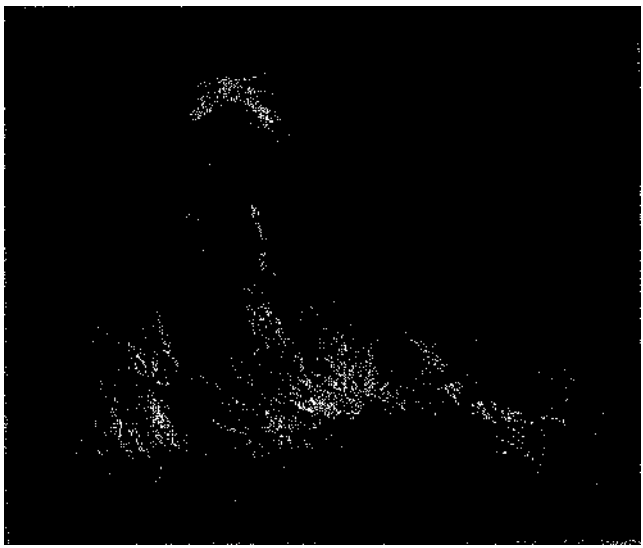
James Balfour prospered exceedingly. Not only did he inherit the lands in Aberdeenshire from his uncle, James Chalmers, but he possessed great soap works, glass works, and an alum factory, all at Leith; and he acquired, in conjunction with Sir Alexander Hope of Kerse (son of the famous Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate in the reign of Charles I.) and others, the monopoly of the manufacture of gunpowder in Scotland.* He became one of the Governors of the Darien Company that was to have done so much for Scotland,

*** This was at Powdermills, Edinburgh, which still bears the name,**

and he was hence one of the wealthy Scottish merchants whose trust was betrayed and who were ruined. To this day there exists at Pilrig House an iron chest containing papers that belonged to this James Balfour, with on them the signatures, and notes of the subscriptions, of many Edinburgh men of that day who suffered also in the ill-fated enterprise.

James Balfour, a broken man at fifty, died, leaving the eldest of his six surviving children, James, heir to debts and disorder. The young James desired to avoid this trying inheritance by not "serving heir" to his father, and so sharing alike with the younger members of the family. But here his mother, Helen Smith, showed her character. With a strong sense of business integrity and family dignity she persuaded her son to face his responsibilities, clear his father's credit, and so save the honour of his father's name; and she promised him that if he would do so, she would economise for him and help him to the end. She must have been a strong personality, for her influence prevailed—the young heir settled to go abroad and seek his fortunes. But before doing so he went to say good-bye to a certain family of Covenanter cousins, the Hamiltons of Airdrie;—what more laudable and natural? And he came back—so the story goes in the family—with a bride on the pillion behind him, his cousin, Louisa Hamilton. What more natural and laudable? Was she not "The Fair Flower of Clydesdale"?* Whether or how the debts were paid the family story does not tell; but the young married pair had to wait only three years for their fortunes to be set right. In 1707, the year of the Union between England and Scotland, when England wished to be conciliatory and for Scotland to forget her recent as well as her ancient wrongs, some of the Darien dupes were repaid what they had lost by the English treatment

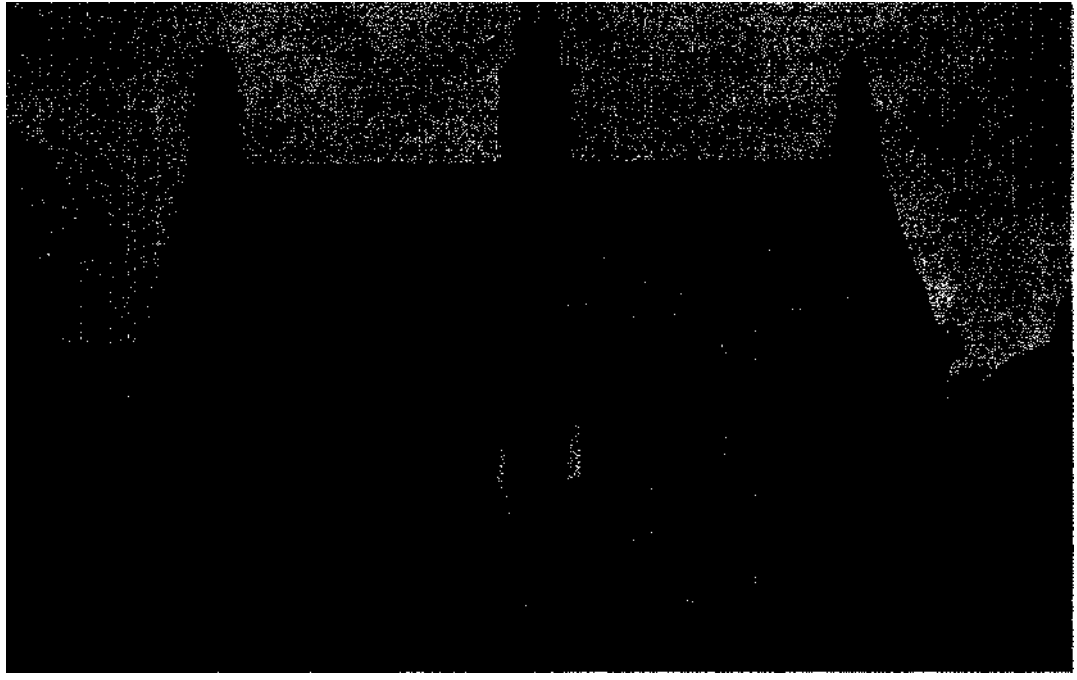
Sir **William Hamilton, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh University, 1836-1856, was this Louisa Hamilton's great-grand**



LINES WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT IN A BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE ALBUM.

These lines, with Mr Robert Steven and saved from destruction by Mr David mlation of old lighthouse journals, albums. iote, were cut out of a Hell Rock allbu son at the time when an enormous ao:u vas to be disposed of.

PAGE 16.



PILRIG HOUSE.
From an unpublished photograph lent by Miss Balfour-Melville.

of that enterprise; and James Balfour, receiving back his father's fortune, must have blessed his fate and his mother that he had followed her advice and "served heir" to his father.

It was out of this money that he bought Pilrig,—then possessed by the Lord Rosebery of that day,—for <£4222/4/5½. Pilrig House, halfway between Edinburgh and Leith, built in 1638 by Gilbert Kirk wood and his wife, Margaret Foulis, has their coat of arms over one entrance, which was formerly the front and chief entrance. It had passed through several hands, and had reached the respectable age of eighty years, before it was bought by James Balfour in 1718.

In the days of the earlier Balfours, Pilrig House lay amid undulating grazing lands and moorlands, and was approached by a grass avenue with double or treble rows of beeches and elms, and over the fields and moorlands rose the beautiful view that Edinburgh gives to all ages—Arthur's Seat, the Calton Hill, the ridge of Old Edinburgh, with St. Giles's broken crown and the great Castle, grim and inspiring, against the clouds. To the North of the house the Water of Leith winds between it and the Port of Leith and the Firth of Forth; and across those waters are the hills of Fife. A beautiful and dignified little home, this Pilrig, and, like the quiet lives of the family who lived in it, unpretentious in its absolute simplicity of refinement and tradition A hospitable home, too, with a heart bigger than its circumference,—truly Scottish in its wide-open door to kith and kin. As the town grew between Edinburgl and the seaport of Leith, little Pilrig became more anc more surrounded. Its long avenue in after days led up to the busy thoroughfare of Leith Walk, and througl the beeches and the elms ugly buildings stood about in the fields between it and the view. , But the avenue remains to this day, a little dilapidated, here and there an ancient tree trunk and beautiful bit of old wall and still leading to the big garden, and further or

to the homelike little house, "eye-sweet" and with grave charm, still inhabited by descendants of the lairds of Pilrig, who bear the name and honour the traditions. The family pictures still look down from the walls on the same furniture and treasures,—and, looking up at them one sees, beneath curls or powdered hair, the long oval face and the eyes of Robert Louis Stevenson—those wonderful, dark, far-apart eyes,—eyes "with the gipsy light behind," as he used to phrase it; and beneath lace ruffle or slender wrist the fingers of Robert Louis Stevenson,—those long, nervous, artistic fingers interlaced in the familiar photographs of 1890,—the fingers remembered by all who knew him. Yes, Louis inherited much from his Balfour forbears; not least his eyes and hands, and what Mr. Birge Harrison calls "the nearly classic beauty" of his profile. Several of his little ancestresses,—the wives brought to Pilrig—were radiant little beauties,—"vastly beautiful," as was said of one, "The White Rose of Pilrig."

The first Laird of Pilrig was the founder of the family of Balfours of Pilrig. He certainly gave hostages to fortune. Seventeen children in all were born to him and his wife, Louisa Hamilton, "The Fair Flower of Clydesdale," and thirteen of these survived.

The second Laird, the eldest son, born in 1705 in Riddell's Close, Edinburgh, became eminent in after life. It is recorded of him that in youth he showed inclination for "philosophical study." He was sent to Leyden to pursue it, and returned to Edinburgh and passed as advocate on November 17, 1730. Seven years later he married Cecilia Elphinstone, the eldest daughter of Sir John and Lady Elphinstone of Logie, in Aberdeenshire. The eldest son of this marriage, James, died in youth, but three other children survived—John, Mary Cecilia, and Lewis, all born before 1746. In 1748 James Balfour was appointed Sheriff-substitute of Midlothian. He published, anonymously, a reply to David Hume's *Principles of Morals,* and received a

long letter from Hume, dated 15th March, 1753, in answer. "I hope to steal a little Leisure from my other Occupations in order to defend my Philosophy against your attacks," he writes. How courteous and punctilious were the phrases of Eighteenth Century correspondents! "Your Style is elegant, and full of agreeable imagery" the heterodox philosopher assures the orthodox lawyer, and "with regard to our Philosophical Systems, I suppose we are both so fixt that there is no hope of any conversion betwixt us, and for my part I doubt not we shall both do as well to remain where we are."

James Balfour answered the letter at even greater length, in a very learned treatise, with quotations from Pythagoras in the original. "I am apt to believe that, in your contemplative hours, you have turned your Thoughts too much inward upon your own Particular Temper; and been less attentive to the condition of the great Bulk of Mankind," he has the temerity to tell David Hume.

After that there seems to have been silence,—each "remaining where he was."

But it was James Balfour, the orthodox critic of Hume's philosophy, and not the mighty David Hume —also a candidate—who, in the following year, was appointed by the University of Edinburgh to its Chair of Moral Philosophy. This Chair James Balfour held for ten years, when he was transferred to the Chair of Law of Nature and Nations, which he held for thirty-five years until his death. In 1782 he published his Philosophical Dissertations; and he also, all his life, wrote a good deal of verse, which he never published. He died in 1795, in his ninetieth year.

Perhaps nowadays, however, one of the most interesting events of his life was an event that never happened,—at least not until his great-great-grandson wrote *Catriona,* and told therein that David Balfour, armed with Rankeillour's letter of introduction, walked

to Pilrig in the year 1751, and called on the great Whig lawyer, James Balfour.

Robert Louis Stevenson showed he was proud of that ancestor of his, Professor Balfour, and knew well about, him. Proud also was he,—as well he may have been,—of the Elliot strain, brought into the family by Professor James Balfour's marriage with Cecilia Elphinstone, daughter of Sir John Elphinstone of Logie in Aberdeenshire, and his wife Mary Elliot, daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto.* "I have shaken a spear in the Debateable Land and shouted the slogan of the Elliots" Louis Stevenson claims. He may well have set romantic value on his Elliot ancestry for another cause. It was they who gave him another claim; for through this line he had common ancestors with his forerunner in the literature of Scotland, Sir Walter Scott, —Walter Scott of Harden and Mary Scott his wife, whose daughter, Margaret Elliot, was Sir Gilbert's grandmother, Mary Elliot. In this Mary Elliot (Lady Elphinstone) James Balfour, the learned and religious Professor of Moral Philosophy, must have had an exciting mother-in-law. Sprung from a race of Border raiders and sheep-stealers, who are reported to have "ridden with the bold Buccleugh," she was herself strong-minded, dark-eyed, very handsome,—for a portrait of her in beautiful russet dress, now on the walls of Pilrig, proves this. She was also an emphatic disciplinarian with her children and her servants. When she was a widow with six daughters to bring up she used, before she rose in the morning, to cut out six shirts, and each daughter was given one and had to return it finished by bedtime. She attended the Old Parish Church of South Leith, taking daughters and servants with her, and if anyone slept during Service, she stood up in her place and rapped his (or her) head with her gold-headed cane.

*** Sir Gilbert Elliot assumed the title of Lord Minto when he was raised to the Bench. The title afterwards came into the family.**

After Cecilia Elphinstone was removed from the bevy of shirt-makers to become mistress of Pilrig, her mother and unmarried sisters in great measure made their home there. It was the easy fashion of hospitality taken for granted in those days, when, if men claimed their rights, they also fulfilled their responsibilities, which then included the support of all their feminine relatives and connexions. The little home seems in each generation to have sheltered not only the large families of its successive lairds, but any widowed mothers, orphan cousins, maiden aunts, or other wandering relatives who chose to come. The Lairds of Pilrig seem indeed to have anticipated one of the promised joys of Heaven: "He setteth the solitary in families."

In Professor Balfour's day the home must have been quite patriarchal, so many relatives of all generations, besides Lady Elphinstone and her daughters, lived and died there.

Of the Professor's own children, the eldest son, James, had died when a youth of seventeen, and the second son, John, a man of fifty-five when the aged Professor died, became Laird of Pilrig. He had married, when three-and-thirty, his cousin Jean Whytt,* one of the fourteen children of his "vastly beautiful" aunt, Louisa Balfour, "The White Rose of Pilrig," and her husband, Dr. Whytt, an eminent physician in Edinburgh, a colleague of Professor Balfour's in the Senatus of Edinburgh University, and President of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh.

John Balfour had occupied himself with business, not altogether successfully, the business brains of his family having apparently gone to his sister, Mary Cecilia. He lived in Advocates' Close when first married, and later, when the New Town began to be built, and the old historic Edinburgh on the sloping ridge from the Castle

* **It** was through this marriage with Jean Whytt that R. L. S. was connected with Whyte-Melville, the novelist, he being *a* second cousin of R. L. S.'s mother. Whyte-Melville changed the spelling of the name **"Whytt"** to the more common "Whyte."

to the Palace overflowed into the valley between it and the Firth of Forth, John Balfour and his wife must have been among the first occupants of the newly built Princes Street, for the street was built from the east end to the west end, and their house, number 3, is at the extreme east. They therefore probably enjoyed the immunity from rates, by which the Town Council tempted citizens to migrate from the huddled and overcrowded Old Town to the unsheltered plain across the new Bridge.

When John Balfour died he left five children and eleven grandchildren,—James, the heir, a man of forty, married to Anne Mackintosh, of the line of the Chief of Clan Mackintosh, lived with his wife and three children in Albany Street, Edinburgh; John, two years younger, married to Helen Buchanan, daughter of Thomas Buchanan of Ardoch, and the father of two sons.* Lewis, the third son, born in 1777, married in 1808 to Henrietta Scott Smith, was at the time of his father's death minister of Sorn in Ayrshire, and the father of two sons and a daughter; and Louisa, the only sister, wife of James Mackenzie of Graig Park, near Glasgow, the mother of one son and two daughters.

So far, the line from which R. L. S. was descended goes down, generation by generation, from Laird to Laird; but in this generation it branches off. Lewis Balfour, born at the old home of Pilrig in 1777, was the third son of the third Laird. He was described as "a very aimiable, clever young man," and it was first intended that he should be a merchant, but when he was twenty he was threatened with chest trouble, and was sent to winter in the Isle of Wight with Balfour cousins. On his return he took Holy Orders, and his first charge was at Sorn, in Ayrshire. His parents (the third Laird, John Balfour, and Mrs. Jean Balfour, *nee* Whytt) and

***The second son, Thomas Graham Balfour, married Georgina Prentice, and their son is Sir Graham Balfour, who visited his cousin R. L. S. in Samoa, and afterwards wrote his Life.**

his eldest brother, James, all went to be present at his Ordination on August 28, 1806, and after hearing, according to brother James, an "excellent discourse from Thess. 2nd and 4th" at twelve o'clock, there was a "grand dinner at the School-house" at three o'clock, "at which were present 51 gentlemen. The ladies dined at the Castle."* Two years later the young minister married Henrietta Scott Smith, a woman of great personal beauty and force of character, the eldest child of the large family of the Rev. Dr. Smith of Galston, Ayrshire. As a grandchild of this Dr. Smith of Galston (Mrs. Dale, of Scoughall) writes:—"Robert Burns had been reproved by Dr. Smith, and Burns retaliated by pillorying Dr. Smith twice, by name, in the Tloly Fair,' where he says 'his English tongue and gesture fine are a' clean oot o' season.' The 'English tongue' must have come from Dr. Smith's grandmother, who was Miss Jane Watson of Malton Priory, Yorkshire, and Bilton Hall, near Harrogate. When her son paid a first visit to her old home of Bilton, an old letter says 'orders were given that the best buck in the park was to be killed in his honour.' "

In 1823 the Reverend Lewis Balfour became minister of Colinton, a little village near Edinburgh, huddled picturesquely on the banks of the Water of Leith at the foot of the Pentland Hills, and the old Manse there has now been made famous all the world over by the pen of R. L. S.

"Here lived an ancestor of mine, who was a herd of men," wrote Louis, "... Now I often wonder what I have inherited from this old minister . . . try as I please, I cannot join myself on with the reverend doctor; and all the while, no doubt, and even as I write the phrase, he moves in my blood, and whispers words to me, and sits efficient in the very knot and centre of my being."

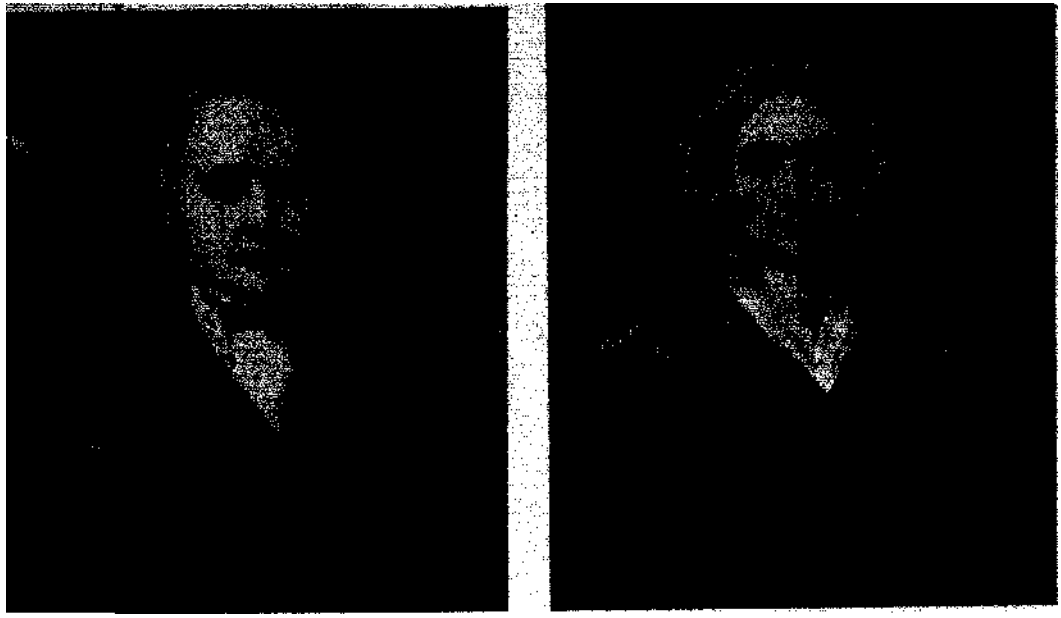
Thirteen children were born to the Rev. Lewis Bal-

* *Life of Stevenson,* by Sir Graham Balfour.

four and his wife. It is a strange coincidence that each of Robert Louis Stevenson's parents was one of thirteen children, and that his father was a youngest son and his mother was a youngest daughter.

In 1844 Mrs. Lewis Balfour died at the Manse at the age of fifty- seven, and her second (and eldest surviving) daughter, Jane Whyte Balfour, then twenty-eight, henceforth took charge of her father, her younger brothers and sisters, her little nieces and nephews, the household, and the parish.

Four years later, on August 28th, 1848, the beautiful nineteen-year-old youngest daughter of Colinton Manse married Thomas Stevenson, the young Edinburgh engineer, son of the builder of the Bell Rock Light-house. . . .



THE REV. LEWIS BALFOUR, D.D., AND HENRIETTA SCOTT BALFOUR (*née* SMITH).

(R. *L. S.'s maternal grandparents.}*

Reproduced by permission from miniatures lent by Captain A. S. Balfour,

MARGERET ISABELLA BALFOUR IN 1848
(THE YEAR OF HER MARRIAGE).
From a drawing.

PAGE 24.

CHAPTER II

A COVENANTING CHILDHOOD

"Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child."—R. L. S.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born on November 13, 1850, at 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh. The first world his eyes opened on, uncomprehendingly, was the firelit murk of an Edinburgh November; and the baby's eyes, those eyes that were afterwards to be so magnetic and arresting, were, the mother noted in her diary, "blue at first, turning to hazel"; and his hair, the color of which now approaches being a controversial topic, was then, the mother wrote, "very fair—almost none at first."

Stevenson was born to the grit of Edinburgh and the chill of her stones and to the salt in the haar from the North Sea; born also to a prearranged, ready-made Edinburgh career, for, from the hour of his birth, he was looked on as a son who should carry on the name and tradition of the family and continue their work of ringing round with lights the dangerous coasts of Scotland. Three months before Louis's birth his father's father, Robert Stevenson, the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, had died;—the intrepid old man, who, when told he was dying, fretted, not at approaching Death, which he had faced many a time, but at "the knowledge that he had looked his last on Sumburgh, and the wild crags of Skye, and that Sound of Mull . . . that he was never again to hear the surf break on Clashcarnock, never again to see lighthouse after lighthouse . . . open in the hour of dusk their flowers of fire, or the topaz and the ruby interchange on the sum-

mit of **the Bell Rock."** And so **Louis** came into **the world** at a time of sadness and seriousness in his father's life.

He was christened when he was a few days old, by his mother's father, the Rev. Lewis Balfour of Colinton, **the** ceremony taking place, Scottish fashion, in the house; and he received the names of both his grandfathers,—Robert Lewis Balfour.*

No. 8 Howard Place, Stevenson's birth-house,† the first home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stevenson on their marriage, is in a row of dwelling-houses forming part of one side of Inverleith Row on the northern slope of Edinburgh, not far from the home of Thomas Stevenson's boyhood in Baxter's Place. It is a row of little grey stone houses, and characteristically Scottish—No. 8 two-storeyed, with sunk basement, the front door and the two windows on one side of it, and the three similar windows above, all uniform in size; the roof grey-slated; a tiny patch of colourless garden about nine feet broad in front, between the iron railing in front of the sunk basement and the iron railings separating the garden from the pavement; a little iron gate, and a flagged walk from it to the front-door steps. It is all the same to-day as it was when Stevenson was born, save that the windows, which used to have twelve small panes, six in each sash, are now plate glass—the removal of the glass tax having encouraged this vandalism,—and that the tramcars and motor traffic in the street pass the windows, and make the ragged tufts of hedge against the front rail on the coping more dusty than perhaps they were in the middle of the nineteenth century. Inside, the rooms are small and cosy.

A picture of the young parents and the baby at 8 Howard Place in the first year of their marriage and of his life, is given by the late Mrs. Sellar, then Miss Eleanor Dennistoun:—

* See p. 68.

† **Now** the property of The Robert Louis Stevenson Club.

"I had been his mother's bridesmaid, and I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson in 1851, a year after they were married, in the house their baby was born in, 8 Howard Place, and a fractious little fellow he was! though decidedly pretty with his dark eyes and fair hair. This uncommon combination he inherited from his mother, from her also his light heart, which carried him bravely through the many years of delicacy that would have depressed most people into thorough invalidism. . . . It was an intense interest to me to watch the development of my girl friend into a wife and mother, and to study the character of her grave and scientific husband. He delighted in her livelier spirits, for, left to himself, life was "full of sairiousness" to him; and had it not been for his strong sense of humour, which was a striking trait in his character, the Calvinism in which he had been brought up would have left its gloomy mark upon him.

Among the pictures on the wall there was a fine engraving of David Hume, whose writings, in spite of his opinions, he greatly admired; "but," he said, "I shall take that down when the boy is old enough to notice it, for I should not like him to think Hume was one of my heroes." *

Poor Hume,—in his lifetime forcibly kept out of the Edinburgh Chair of Philosophy by the orthodox James Balfour's being put into it, and then to have his portrait removed lest he should be regarded as a hero by his rival's great-great-grandson! But Thomas Stevenson and his rigid Puritanism are too often misjudged; and this remark of his about David Hume, to those who knew and remember Thomas Stevenson and his pawky humour, will easily be recognised as only one of his characteristic jests.

It was to 8 Howard Place, when Louis was eighteen

* *Recollections and Impressions*, by E. M. Sellar. Blackwood, pp. 105-6. Mrs. Sellar is well remembered in Edinburgh, of whose society she was afterwards to be for many years a brilliant member. See page 57,

months old, that there came the nurse who was to mean so much to him, and to be loved and immortalised by him,—Alison Cunningham, known now all the world over as "Cummy," to whom *A Child's Garden of Verses* was dedicated. She entered the Stevensons' service from that of the Rev. Professor Garden Blaikie and Mrs. Blaikie at Pilrig Manse, supplanting "a very lively active woman called Mackenzie," who had been Louis's nurse from the time he was about three months old.

Dr. Walter Blaikie, whose nurse Alison Cunningham had been from his birth till his fifth year, when she went to be Louis Stevenson's nurse, tells how after that time there was "frequent intercourse between the nurseries" of the friends, and of how Louis's favourite game in their nursery was "to play at church after the Scottish fashion." Little wonder, for in this direction lay Louis's experiences. Constant are the mother's entries of "Smout's"* churchgoing,—his behaviour during church, his comments after. And so, in the nurseries, it was all reproduced. It was his first exhibition of his love of acting. Dr. Blaikie tells of how "one child was minister and stood on a chair-made platform, while below him at floor level sat the 'precentor'—a now almost extinct functionary, who in those days led the singing of the congregation. Louis, who was fond of declamation, was generally the minister." He must have been a mere baby when he first so aspired to the Ministry, for it is on July 26, 1853—when he was aged two years and eight months—that Mrs. Stevenson records: "Smout's favourite occupation is making a church; he makes a pulpit with a chair and a stool; reads sitting, and then stands up and sings, by turns." But later on, when he was six, the Ministry was to be given up for authorship.

* Little Louis was given many pet names at home, and usually figures in old letters and diaries as "Smout" and "Smoutie" and "Lou." "Smoutie" Stuck to him till he was about fifteen.

In January, 1853, Stevenson's parents moved to another, rather larger, house, No. 1 Inverleith Terrace —a corner house across the way, on the opposite side of Inverleith Row.* This house had already a literary interest when the Stevensons moved into it, for the outgoing tenants in that January 1853 were young Professor and Mrs. Aytoun,—he, William Edmonstoune Aytoun, then Professor of English Literature at Edinburgh University, one of the famous and brilliant Blackwood coterie of that day, and afterwards author of *Lays of the Cavaliers*—she, the daughter of Professor Wilson, "Christopher North."

Witty Professor Aytoun, writing to an intimate friend, excuses himself for the extravagance of buying a house in Great Stuart Street "big enough to lodge a patriarch," by complaining of the dampness of No. 1 Inverleith Terrace. "There was a certain white silk dress," he told his friend, "which recalls indistinct reminiscences of the altar, hanging peacefully on a peg. Blight and mildew! It was spotted like a leopard's skin."

What a house for young Mrs. Stevenson, who was delicate, with always a tendency to chest troubles, and for the little two-year-old baby! It faced the north, and, being a corner house, must have had three outside walls; by the testimony of Professor Aytoun, one at least of the bedrooms was damp,—and probably the whole house was. Until this time Louis had been a healthy baby, toddling and climbing about, and learning quickly to speak; but the first thing that happened in the new house was that Louis had a severe attack of croup (and Cummy feared his "affliction" had not done him good, as she found he showed himself averse from prayer); and from then onwards every year brought its attack of some illness, weakening the little frame.

It must have been in the last days at Inverleith Ter-

*** Demolished many years ago, and a block of tenements built in its place at the end of the street,**

race that Stevenson went to his first school—Canonmills School, a distance of about a hundred yards from Inverleith Terrace. He was a pupil for a short time in the infant class, which was taught by a woman, where the small pupils learnt counting from bright beads strung on wires across a wooden frame. Smout, the idol of his home, here met his first experience of the hard outside world, for it is alleged that he was teased by the older boys on account of the oddity of his appearance. A fellow student remembers always the picture of the pathetic little mite standing by the door, solitary and appealing, with his eyes fixed on him.

In November, 1856, when he had just completed his sixth year, Smout became an author. His uncle, David Stevenson, had offered his own children and his nephews a prize for the best history of Moses, and Smout competed. His composition was dictated to his mother, who, in the notes she kept of all the doings and sayings of her idol, records:—"It was begun on Nov. 23 and finished Dec. 21st; he dictated every word himself on the Sunday evenings—the only help I gave him was occasionally to read aloud to him from the Bible to refresh his memory." Possibly R. A. M. Stevenson, "Bob," Louis's cousin and life-long friend, was also a competitor, for he spent the whole of that winter at Inverleith Terrace, and the two small boys were playmates, living together in a world of their own imaginings, with a toy theatre, and all the "realms of gold described in *A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured.*"

Louis had this year begun to learn to write, for there exists proof of this in a very small notebook, still extant, filled with Bible lessons and texts, printed in large, childish characters, and signed "R. L. B. S., 1856." But though the author could only print characters and could not read, he could draw; and the decorous manuscript in Mrs. Stevenson's handwriting is illustrated in pencil and colour by Smout himself. The realistic picture entitled "Israelites going out of Egypt" repre-

sents them as marching with vigour, all wearing tall hats and yellow trousers, some carrying[1] bundles on sticks over their shoulders, some leading or riding camels with long noses and spindle legs, and some—one of these apparently Moses himself—smoking pipes. It is almost incredible, so full of movement and extraordinary imagination is the drawing, to realise that it is the work of a child of barely six. But it was only in the illustrations that Smout let himself go: the first literary effort of R. L. S. is conscientious and serious:

"Then God told him to put his hand into his breast, and he did so and his hand became a leper, then he pulled it out again and he put it in again and when he pulled it out it was just the way it was before."

He rather revels in the various plagues that visited the unfortunate Egyptians:

"After that he sent swarms of flies which buzzed about in the most horrible manner."

Smout gained the Uncle's prize. It was a copy of "The Happy Sunday Book" (a Bible Picture Book), with the inscription written in it "A reward for his history of Moses with illustrations, From his affectionate Uncle David. Christmas 1856." Whether the author or his mother and amanuensis was the more gratified must remain doubtful; but Mrs. Stevenson records in her notes that from that time "it was the desire of his heart to be an author." And certainly from that time—if not from before it—Louis's mother believed in him, and her faith in his literary genius never wavered.

That his father also noted Smout's literary efforts at this stage is shown by a pretty story of the next year. It was on.the 23rd April, 1857, just before they moved from Inverleith Terrace, that Thomas Stevenson stood outside the nursery door listening to little Louis, after he was in bed, crooning to himself what he called "songstries"; and the doting father, with pencil and paper in hand, wrote down what he heard:

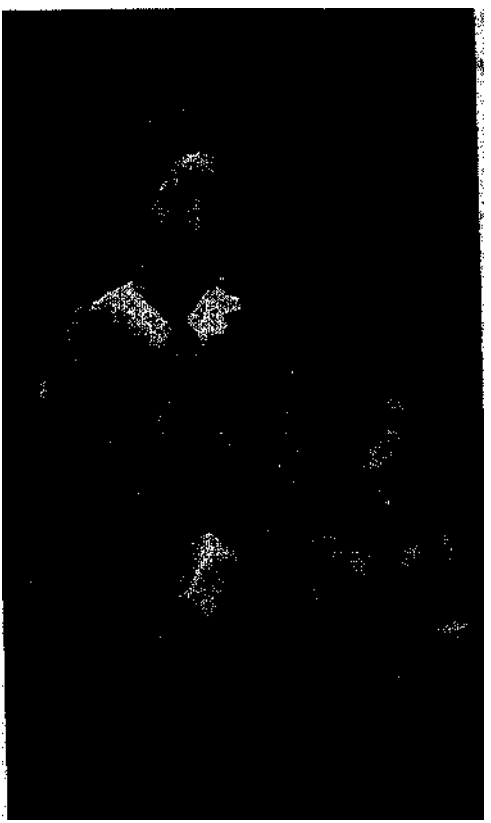
"Had not an angel got the pride of man,
No evil thought, no hardened heart would have been seen,
No hell to go to, but a heaven so pure;

That angel was the Devil.
Had not that angel got the pride, there would have been no need
For Jesus Christ to die upon the Cross."

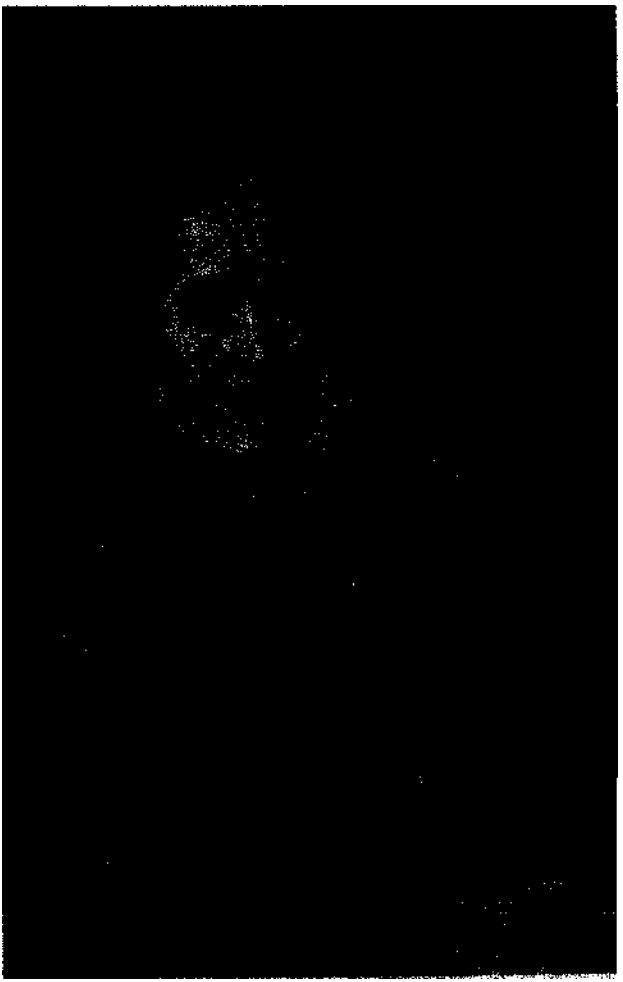
Little crooning, sleepless six-year-old denizen of the world—what did he know of evil thoughts and hardened hearts? What in pure Heaven's name had he to do with hell and the Devil!

For four years—just the same length of time as the young Aytouns had endured it, and during which the white silk dress had become mildewed on the peg,—the Stevensons lived in the cold, damp house; and here Louis, by his own showing, grew to be an "eminently religious child." "You can never be good unless you pray," he had once informed his parents when he was four years old; and when asked how he knew this, had replied with great emphasis, "Because I've tried it!" Already, scarcely six, with his weak little chest, he was fighting the Destiny of Man.

It was probably due to Professor Christison that it was realised how unsuited the house was for a delicate child, for Mrs. Thomas Stevenson's diary for February 6, 1857, records:—"Lou is still so feverish that we are alarmed. Tom gets Christison to see him. He says it is nothing but bronchitis, that he should soon be better, but this house is bad for him it is so cold from being an end house." And accordingly in May, 1857 (the Scotish house-letting Term), the Stevensons again "flitted," the flitting this time marking an increase of prosperity. Better still, the new house, 17 Heriot Row, was wisely chosen, for Heriot Row is sunny and open, faces the south, and looks on to the lawns and trees of the gardens that fill the sloping space between it and Queen Street, facing down northward above it. This house, 17 Heriot



MRS THOMAS STEVENSON AND LOUIS.



ALISON CUNNINGHAM—'CUMMY'
(IN HER OLD AGE).

Row, was the Stevensons' home **for the rest of** their days,

Louis's love **of** animals **began early.** His **mother's** diary records, in the January when he was two years old, that they took him to the Zoological Gardens, and that he was "highly pleased and very courageous," went close to the "Elinf ault," and that even in the tiger house he assured them "My not lightened." When he was a little over three his love of animals and his Covenanting instincts were strangely blended in a delicious little story also entered in Mrs. Stevenson's diary:—"Smout was distressed to hear that sheep and horses did not know about God and said 'I think somebody might read the Bible to them.' He also prayed fervently for his grandfather's horse.

When he was seven, there entered the household that factor in a child's real education, impossible to be overestimated,—a dog; for "Coolin" arrived from the West Coast,—arrived at Heriot Row in November 1857, in time to comfort Smout for having to spend his seventh birthday in bed with bronchitis.

Little wonder that Louis Stevenson in after life used to like saying he had had a "Covenanting childhood." Certainly the gloom of Calvinism hung about him in his infancy. Thomas Stevenson, his father, was a man of brilliant scientific faculty, deeply religious, grave and upright, full of strong, honest, Scottish prejudices. Mrs. Stevenson, a daughter of the Manse, thoroughly sincere in her religion, had less depth of religious feeling. She was cheerful and vivacious and "sweet as sugar," as another old friend testified. But even the lighter-hearted mother was reduced to the pious fraud of setting a pack on to a toy wooden figure so that it might represent Christian with his burden, and making her little sickly child promise to play at nothing more secular than "Pilgrim's Progress" before she would let him have his toys on Sunday.

Truly the Puritan blood seems **to** have trickled for

centuries down each long line of forbears, to mingle at last and saturate the small frail form of Smout—"the pledge of their dear and joyful union."

And his nurse, "Cummy," was equally devout. She taught her little charge his Bible and his Shorter Catechism, and steeped the little receptive mind in all the doctrines of her faith. "Alison was a very dear woman," writes Dr. Walter Blaikie, "very Scots, an innate Covenanter."

Another element of his "Covenanting childhood" cannot be ignored:—the thrilling tales of missionary travels and books of martyrology and history, like *The Scottish Worthies,* Fox's *Book of Martyrs,* &c, which were in every middle-class Scottish household, and were read every Sunday by young and old.

Stevenson himself sets no small value on the effect of such Sabbaths on Scottish character. "Sabbath observance," he assures us, "makes a series of grim and perhaps serviceable pauses in the tenor of Scottish boyhood—days of great stillness and solitude for the rebellious mind, when in the dearth of books and play, and in the intervals of studying the Shorter Catechism, the intellect and senses prey upon and test each other. The typical English Sunday, with the huge midday dinner and the plethoric afternoon, leads perhaps to different results. About the very cradle of the Scot there grows up a hum of metaphysical divinity; and the whole of two divergent systems is summed up, not merely speciously, in the first two questions of the rival Catechisms, the English tritely inquiring, 'What is your name?' the Scottish striking at the very root of life with, 'What is the chief end of man?' and answering nobly if obscurely, 'To glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.' " *

It was all perfectly natural in the Edinburgh of half a century ago—more than half the little boys who then lived in the nurseries on the top storeys of our well-to-

* *The Foreigner at Home,* in *Memories and Portraits.*

do houses, and who trudged backwards and forwards through the dreary streets between their homes and the Academy, then as now,—more than half these promising little urchins were being brought up in the same fashion. And many a man now, prosperous and professional, golfing on Sundays, spoiling his own children, can recall exactly such Sabbaths, such walks, such teachings, and such wholesome personal terror of his Satanic Majesty.

But, if the winds of Edinburgh chill the bones, Edinburgh has many days of sunshine. Was there ever such love, such tenderness, such idolatry, as were lavished on little Louis Stevenson? His mother in her diary fondly chronicled his doings and quoted his childish little sayings; his father stood outside the door to listen and take down his rhythmic croonings; and the same Cummy who taught him the Shorter Catechism, in the long nights when the poor little man lay awake and racked with coughing and prayed for "sleep or morning"—faithful Cummy used to lift him out of bed and carry him to the window, and show him one or two lit-up windows in the dark line of Queen Street above them through the trees of the gardens between, and they would tell one another "there might be sick little boys and their nurses waiting like us for the morning." "She was more patient than I can suppose an angel," he records. When the nights were worse, and led to feverish sleep broken by delirium and wild imaginative terrors, then his father would come up and soothe him, holding feigned conversations to amuse and interest the boy, till he quieted him down. And "joy came back with the day" that was heralded by the creaking wheels of the first of the train of carts coming in from the country in the dark of the winter's morning. It was of course often the gentle mother who watched through these nights. The poem, *The Sick Child,* recalls those weary nights of childhood, and of his mother's share in them:—

O Mother, lay your hand upon my brow!
Out in the city, sounds begin,
Thank the kind God, the carts come in.

Probably the happiest times of his childhood **were in** summer, for in summer he was fairly well, and most of the summers were spent in country places near Edinburgh. His grandfather's Manse at Colinton played an important part in his childhood, up to his tenth year. It was to the Manse, the home of his mother's girlhood, that Smout was taken on his first journey, when he was three months old, and the young mother "took her babe and made her boast"; and many were the childish journeys there afterwards. Always a glamour hung on Louis's memories of that Manse: "That was my golden age: *et ego in Arcadia vioci"* The presiding genius of the Manse was Miss Jane Whyte Balfour, "Auntie", who not only kept her father's house but mothered all her little nieces and nephews. Occasionally as many as half a score of them overran the Manse, chiefly sallow little people sent home from India, when their own parents could not take care of them. Aunt Jane, "chief of Aunts," had been a wit and a beauty and a wilful empress in her youth; but a riding accident had left her "nearly deaf and blind," and had turned her, as Stevenson remarks with all the unconscious selfishness of man, into "the most serviceable of women." Aunt Jane, "Auntie," as she was known to the whole connexion through all her long life, and as she is still remembered by it, well deserved the love of all the nephews and nieces to whom she made the old Manse a home and a memory. "The little country manse was the centre of the world, and Aunt Jane represented Charity."

Of his grandfather himself, the Rev. Lewis Balfour, Smout stood in great and wholesome awe; but "we children admired him: partly for his beautiful face and silver hair . . . partly for the solemn light in which

we beheld him once a week, the observed of all observers, in the pulpit."

But the beautiful and dignified old gentleman, who usually held himself in scholarly aloofness from the life of the house, must have been very kind and gentle to his youngest daughter's delicate little child. "I have often wondered what I have inherited from this old minister," Stevenson wrote long years afterwards. "I must suppose, indeed, that he was fond of preaching sermons, and so am I, though I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them."

What a joy to the solitary little boy in Heriot Row to be fetched by the old family phaeton from Colinton and driven through the familiar streets of his daily walks, out into the country and towards the hills, through the old village of Colinton and down to the Manse by the riverside! The garden, divided into portions by great hedges of beech, gay old-fashioned flowers in plots, a sloping lawn "literally steeped in sunshine"; the river between its wooded banks; the kirkyard on a level with the top of the garden wall, with tombstones visible; the yew tree* that made "a pleasing horror of shade," and under which little Louis used to hide and put his ear against the kirkyard wal! to hear "the spirits of the departed" speak to him; the "Witches' Walk" leading to the stable and coachhouse and the stone-flagged stableyard—all this, to the little band of nephews and nieces at the Manse, formed *t* world of romantic possibilities for play and "make-believe." What matter if the Manse lay in a holloa beside the river and below the churchyard—the "blacl slow water," the "draggled vegetation on the far side whither the current took everything," the "smell of water rising from all round, with an added tang of paper-mills" were all fondly remembered as part of Arcadia, and so were the "spunkies" who, undoubtedly playing among the graves, were eagerly watched for by

*** Still there.**

Louis from the safety of a Manse window after nightfall. Better all this than the dreary walks in town streets, a weary little boy dragging along by Cummy's side "gaping at the universe, and striving vainly to piece together in words my inarticulate but profound impressions." And when Louis and the troop of little cousins ran out of the sunshine on the sloping lawn into the sudden cool darkness of the interior of the Manse, or out of the murk and damp mists of the "Witches' Walk" after sunset into the sudden warmth and cosiness of firelight and lamplight—there was the long low dining-room where, after dinner, the shaded lamp was lit, and the aunt sat down to read in the rocking chair, and for the imaginative little boy guest "there was a great open space behind the sofa left entirely in the shadow" where he could crawl about stealthily, peering out at the unconscious people in the circle of lamplight, and weaving fancies and imaginary adventures. Then there was the storeroom, where his aunt used to take the little weakling in the forenoon and give him three Albert biscuits and some calf-foot jelly: "that storeroom was a most voluptuous place with its piles of biscuit boxes and spice tins, the rack for buttered eggs, the little window that let in sunshine and the flickering shadow of leaves, and the strong odour of everything that pleaseth the taste of man."

The first record of Stevenson's love for the handling of mimic armies, which he was to carry with him all through his life, is the story he tells of one of these Manse evenings. The return of "Auntie" from a day's shopping in Edinburgh had meant the unloading from the old family phaeton of many knobby bundles, one of which, handed to little Louis, contained a large box of wooden soldiers. As "I had only to drop the smallest hint of what I wanted and I had it next time the phaeton went in," it may be legitimately suspected the hint had been dropped. "So after dinner," the story goes on, "on the first day of my new acquisition, I was told to

exhibit my soldiers to grandpapa. The idea of this great and alarming dignitary stooping to examine my toys was a new one; and I ranged my wooden militia with excessive care upon the broad mahogany, while my grandfather took his usual nuts and port wine. Not only was he pleased to approve of the way in which I had marshalled my array, but he also gave a new light to me on the subject of playing with soldiers—a technical term, you observe. He told me to make the battle of Coburg. Now Waterloo I knew, and the Crimean battlefields I knew (for they were within my memory) but this Coburg was a new and grand idea, a novel vista of entertainment, an addition to my vocabulary of warlike sports; and so I have never forgotten it."

There we get the first actual instance of the passion for the scientific study of the real art of war: "Waterloo I knew, and the Crimean battlefields I knew." . . .

If Stevenson had lived in the days of the various "Who's Who" publications, he would have been obliged to enter, under "Education," "Edinburgh Academy and Edinburgh University"; but he would have smiled, with his pen poised, before he did so. For Louis Stevenson's "education," in the narrow acceptance of that long-suffering word, was a series of snapped threads of different lengths. Canonmills was his first school. Then, when he was barely seven, in the first autumn at Heriot Row, he was sent for two hours every morning to a preparatory school kept by a Mr. Henderson, in India Street, and he considered Mr. Henderson "the most nicest man that ever was." But he went for only a few weeks—possibly it was a severe attack of gastric fever that autumn, from which the poor mite nearly died, that stopped the schooling. Two years later, in October, 1859, he was sent back to the same school. India Street turns out of Heriot Row, and the neighbours used to see young Mrs. Stevenson running the little fellow up and down sunny Heriot Row after breakfast, to warm him before his school hours.

Whether or no he had reconsidered his **previous impression of** his master, it was here he sang (possibly **he may have written) the** school parody that was **popular in the school** for many **a** year after—

"Here we suffer grief and pain
Under Mr. Hendie's cane.
If you don't obey his laws
He will punish with his tawse."

"Oh shades of Cocky Henderson and the companions of my palmy days!" he cried once in after years: "I too was at this school in the days of my misspent youth."

By this time the old Manse at Colinton was no longer little Louis's second home, his Arcadia; for on April 30, **1860,** the old minister, with his beautiful face and silver hair, died. "He sought health in his youth in the Isle of Wight, and I have sought it in both hemispheres," Louis wrote long after in *The Manse,* "but whereas he found and kept it, I am still on the quest."

Lewis Balfour was within a week of completing his eighty-third year when he died, and he died in the old Manse, in view of the damp garden, the river and the graveyard, where he had lived as parish minister for almost thirty-seven years. His tombstone, in its little enclosure, has the fine legend at the head, *Umbra labitur, et 7108 umbrae,* and below his name is recorded:

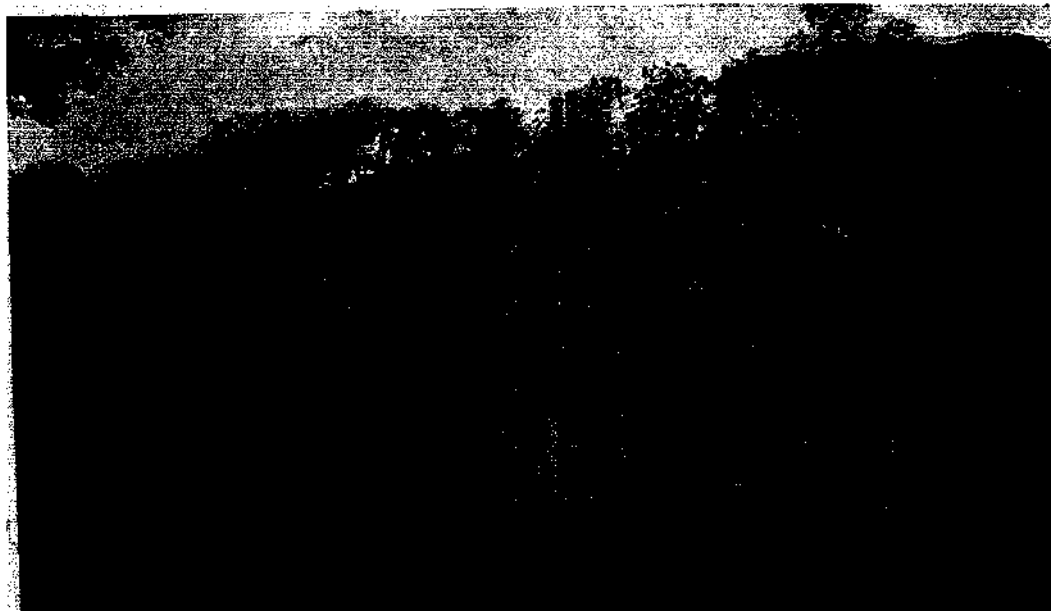
The holy cautions that he gave,
The prayers he breathed, the tears he wept,
Yet linger here. . . .

and then follow the names of his wife and those of their thirteen children, and of the sons' wives, and of grandchildren.

All the sons of the old minister, Lewis Balfour, reached high in their professions—the eldest, John, rose to be Inspector General of Hospitals; Lewis became a very wealthy merchant in India; "Mac," when head of **the** Agra Bank, was so young that important visitors

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AS A CHILD.

PAGE 40



COLINTON MANSE. PAGE 41.

would wave him aside and say, "Oh no, I wish to see the *head* of the Bank,—Mr. Balfour!" James, a very clever engineer, went out as a young man to New Zealand, and was drowned; George—Dr. George Balfour—rose to be a heart specialist, and consulting physician to the Queen.

And "Auntie"—Miss Jane Balfour? When the old home was broken up, "Auntie", no longer mistress of the Manse, went at first to live near London, and there took charge of some of her nephews who were at school. Later she returned to live at Colinton, and afterwards spent the last years of her life at 8 Randolph Cliff, Edinburgh—the home also of her younger sister, Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, when she returned to Edinburgh after Louis's death. "Auntie" survived Mrs. Thomas Stevenson for ten years, and died in 1907, in her ninety-second year; and on her tomb in Colinton Churchyard, where she lies within sound of the river and beside the Manse, her profession is recorded in the six words: "Part of our life's unalterable good."

In October, 1861, when almost eleven years old, Louis Stevenson duly joined the youngest class at the Edinburgh Academy, and was there one of between sixty and seventy boys of his own age, among them two Balfour cousins, both of them named Lewis after their grandfather, the minister of Colinton. The master of this class was D'Arcy Thompson, father of the present Professor D'Arcy Thompson of St. Andrews University.

Louis Stevenson, whether from "the oddity of his appearance" or because, as was natural with a delicate only child, idolised at home, he was sensitive, precocious, and unusual—qualities easily resented by the robust and ordinary schoolboy—seems, not only at the infant school, but also at the Academy, to have been the "butt" of his classfellows and playmates. One of these gives another pathetic picture of him, for he recollects seeing him standing one day in "a towering rage"

because some of the other small boys were "ragging" him; and the rim of his straw hat was torn down and hanging in rings round his face and shoulders. Trivial tales, but they revivify, to Stevenson lovers, the quaint, delicate little fellow, highly strung and passionate in resentment; and that sensitive thing, "the heart of a child."

The discipline on which schoolmasters insist nowadays in the apparently all-important matter of little boys' schooling, and which falls heaviest on parents and sisters, seems either not to have been enforced then, or else Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson did not submit to it. When Stevenson's parents wanted to travel, they travelled; and they took "Smout" with them. Thomas Stevenson never approved of school routine, had been a truant himself, and on principle never asked his son where he stood in his classes—perhaps very often it was as well. School was treated as entirely subsidiary to other claims.

In 1862, when he was in his twelfth year, they went to London, to the south of England, and to the Isle of Wight, for the sake of Mr. Stevenson's health. In July of the same year the boy was taken with them for a month to Homburg. The first five months of the following year were spent in travel,—it was now Mrs. Stevenson's health that in January, 1863, took them to Mentone for two months, the party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Louis, and one of his Stevenson girl-cousins. This was Louis's first visit to Mentone, to which ten years later he went in such different mood and circumstances. On leaving Mentone they went a magnificent tour, visiting Genoa, Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice, and returning down the Rhine. It was this girl cousin, afterwards Mrs. Napier, who told Sir Graham Balfour what he records in his Life of Stevenson—that Thomas Stevenson devoted his whole energies to making these five months abroad helpful to Louis's education, and that Louis enjoyed the cosmopolitan gatherings in the hotel smoking rooms, where

Thomas Stevenson's talk was the attraction, and the discussions on 'every subject, political, artistic, and theological' that ensued. Thomas Stevenson's keen love of art and architecture would lead to raptures over an old archway or a picture, and she remembered Louis's interest in Pompeii, in the Catacombs of Rome, and in Venice. But his interest in foreign tours—even in Rome and Venice—never seemed to have been retained in any readily accessible nook of his mind, nor did it re-appear in his talk in after life; and those who knew him best have noticed this. »

On their return from this tour, the mother remained in England, and "Smout," much travelled and experienced at twelve and a half, was allowed to return alone from London to Edinburgh, which he reached on the 29th day of May, when the worst of the east winds might be supposed to be over, and the sun was probably shining on the castled town and turning its grey to silver. The Academy, which could never have seen much of him, was to see him no more.

It was one day early in the following autumn that there sat, on the doorsteps of one of the houses in London Road, a small boy hugging a cat and weeping bitterly. He wept for no particular reason, but for the sorrow and weariness of life in general—the utter depression that sometimes overtakes an impressionable child. And the little stray cat came and rubbed against his legs and offered dumb sympathy; and little Robert Louis Stevenson, the lover of animals, took it in his thin little arms and was comforted. The sympathetic understanding was mutual.

"Long ago has that small heart been quieted," Louis wrote in his *Contribution? to the History of Fife,* "that small body (then rigid and cold) buried in the end of a town garden, perhaps with some attendant children . . . poor little thing of a year or two ministering to the creature of near upon a century."

Louis did not desert the cat. "For the sake of the

cat, God bless her!" he confessed at home to his weakness and his fit of weeping, and the result was that Thomas Stevenson took his little boy with him for a holiday and change of air to Fife, on a tour of inspection of the lighthouses of Fife; and on their return Mr. and Mrs. Stlvenson, again for the sake of Mrs. Stevenson's health, went back to Mentone—but this time the boy was not taken. "Auntie" was now living at Spring Gfehove, near London, in charge of some of her nephews, Louis's cousins, who attended a school there; and to this School little Louis was sent'as a boarder for one winter term. But, in spite of being allowed to visit his aunt's house, he was not happy—is it likely, after Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, and London, that he would be?

He found his English schoolfellows uncongenial. They were fond of games, and Louis was not. This i|i itself would, in an English school, have made him feel an alien. And they were unimaginative, and young for their age. Louis was never young till he grew up.

The day before his thirteenth birthday he wrote his mother a letter that began in dog-French and ended: "My dear Papa, you told me to tell you whenever I was miserable. I do not feel well and I wish to get home. Do take me with you." The appeal must have prevailed, for Thomas Stevenson came and fetched "Smout" from Mr. Wyatt's school, and he spent Christmas with his parents on the French Riviera, and they remained there until May, 1864.

Cummy was at times a member of the family touring party; but as a Continental traveller the Calvinist had her endearing drawbacks. She felt it incumbent upon her to do what she could for the saving of lost souls, and to this laudable end was wont to leave tracts against Popery on the seats in the foreign Cathedrals and churches they visited. The Stevensons were not without anxiety lest this habit should get them into trouble, but fortunately.no notice was taken by any authorities. So

Cummy had full satisfaction, and returned to Scotland feeling she had done her best,

Louis's next school, which he attended irregularly from 1864 till 1867, was a private school for backward or delicate boys, kept by a Mr. Thompson, on the west side of Frederick Street, Edinburgh. Here his classmates numbered about a dozen, aged from nine to fifteen, and there were no home lessons.

A picture of the boy at this time, and a wonderful perception of his characteristics in talk, is given in a few words by one of his schoolfellows at this school: "Fair, tall, a rather narrow figure, a very enquiring mind, and very fond of discussing all round any question that interested him, or, I should say, that did not even peculiarly interest him." * The last phrase—"or, I should say, that did not even peculiarly interest him," —will awake a smile of recollection in those who, in much later days, heard Stevenson in argumentative mood playing with any theme that was introduced, from moral problems and religious creeds to the colour of a goose's quill.

Discussion, however, was not Louis's only relaxation, nor were school hours his only hours of learning—his education was mostly acquired on holidays. He was never any good at games, and was thus cut off from a good deal of sympathy with other schoolboys; but he had a pony to ride, and always, from earliest days, in spite of his health, he passionately loved country life and open air. He knew all the beautiful and romantic country round about Edinburgh—all her seven hills—the great fortress-crowtied Rock itself, rising out of the heart of the grey city; Arthur's Seat, that couchant-lion-shaped hill,

"Gaunt shoulder to the Capital,
And blind eyes to the **bay"**;

***William McLaren, in I *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* p. 88,**

Calton Hill to the east, with the broken columns of the Nelson Monument and the Observatory, and **the winding paths and wonderful** views; the little wooded **hill beside** Craiglockhart, with the pond at its base; whincovered Blackford; the Braid Hills; and, farther off, outside the city, the whole sweep of the Pentlands.

One of his boyhood's companions, with whom the boy Stevenson used to wander on Saturdays and half-holidays in these places, records that "when a schoolboy, R. L. S. was a lover of Natural History, and a keen observer." They collected uncommon wild flowers and birds' eggs, and he tells how Stevenson "had a wonderful flair in recognising birds and finding their nests," and of one adventurous climb on Arthur's Seat which might have lost to the world the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson.*

During all these years at the Academy and at the school in Frederick Street, and right on till Louis was seventeen, school discipline continued to be broken, for he was constantly taken away from Edinburgh, either for the sake of his parents' health, or for the sake of his own. Many of the journeys were not far journeys —Bridge of Allan, Dunoon, Rothesay, North Berwick, Innerleithen, Peebles—but the springs of 1865 and 1866 the mother and son spent at Torquay. During these times away from school, Louis received teaching from various tutors. At Peebles in 1864, for instance, he had lessons with the master of the Burgh School, who reported him as the most intelligent and best-informed boy he had ever known—no doubt true! At Mentone he had French lessons, which were apparently delightful to master and pupil alike, for they developed into talk in French, and lessons in piquet and card tricks. At Torquay in 1865 he began German with a private tutor. It was all very desultory, and it had the effect that unsystematic training, combined with much freedom

***T. Inglis, F.R.C.P.** (Ed.) in ***I** *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* **p 29.**

and constant grown-up society, naturally has on a clever child;—the boy grew up precocious, interesting, affected, and egregiously egotistic. Moreover, an only child of devoted parents, in missing systematic training he missed none of the selfishness that systematic training encourages. And here his character might have ended had Louis Stevenson possessed no powers beyond those he showed as a clever, spoilt, sensitive, troublesome boy, and had his destiny shaped itself as must then have seemed most probable, and landed him in an engineer's office, or gifted him with a wig and gown and a brass plate, and added yet another prosperous citizen and dinner-table wit to the ranks of Edinburgh society. But Fate and those about him were trying to mould a creature who possessed that unmouldable and rare and incalculable quality we call "genius";—genius, that gift of God, incapable of human analysis or definition, unmistakable when it is there even in the smallest degree, irresponsible and disconcerting to the ordinary mortal who has to deal with it.

Stevenson's genius was not adumbrated in his schoolboy efforts at authorship. These took the usual form, familiar in most households of young people—manuscript magazines. "The Schoolboy's Magazine", edited when he was thirteen, he filled with the usual schoolboy adventures, lurid with horrors and destitute of heroines —save for that interjected detail which so amused Stevenson himself in after years: "But I forgot to tell you that I had made love to a beautiful girl even in one day, and from all I knew she loved me." "The Sunbeam Magazine" was a more mature effort, to which he contributed when he was sixteen, and came after an attempt at novel writing begun when he was fifteen. At this time, too, he embarked on another story, founded on The Pentland Rising, a Covenanting episode. The subject-matter of this must have been as congenial to the father as to the boy; and to the writing of it young Stevenson brought all the Covenanting enthusiasm

learned at his nurse's knee, and **all** his familiar **knowledge of** the scenery of the Pentlands and Colinton. But he **made** of it a story, and Mr. Stevenson thought this spoilt it. They must have talked it over together; and Louis Stevenson, at Heriot Row, in the last months of his fifteenth year, altered his story to please his father. It was owing to his father's sympathy with this effort and his pride in Louis that the boy had the satisfaction, before he was sixteen, of actually seeing his work in print.

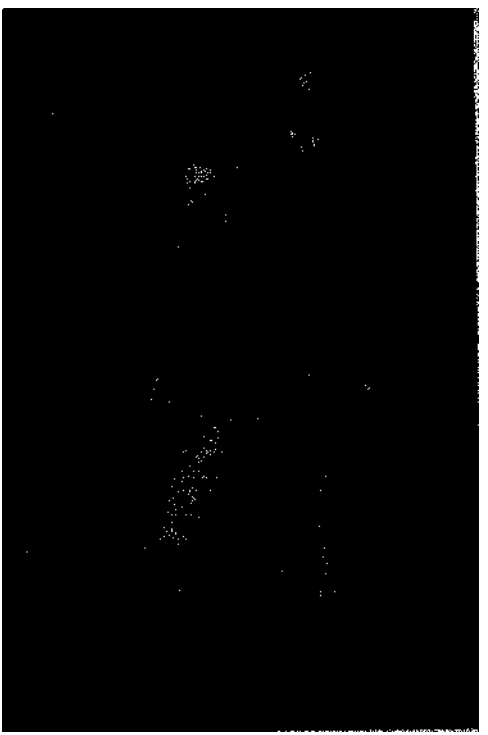
A small anonymous bright green pamphlet, entitled *The Pentland Rising: A Page of History, 1666,* was published in the early winter of 1866 by Mr. Andrew Elliot, the well-known Edinburgh bookseller. Qnly one hundred copies were printed, and the published price per copy was fourpence.* The hundred copies went well. Mrs. Stevenson bought most of them, and Mr. Gosse tells how, fifteen years later, from a little pile of the remainder sympathetic visitors to Heriot Row were invited to "take one." "Lucky visitors," Mr. Gosse calls them; and well he may—if they kept the treasures.

And so the Covenanting childhood ended in the authorship of a page of Covenanting history.

. . . A Covenanting childhood?—perhaps, in its home teachings and its home readings, and its home traditions. And these were indelible. But was it an unhappy childhood?

On the one side, ill-health and his own temperament. On the other, idolising parents, a devoted nurse, a luxurious home—two homes, if Colinton Manse, a second home till his grandfather's death, may also be counted; companionship among a troop of boy and girl cousins, his contemporaries, who followed his lead and treated him as "a small sickly prince", and some of whom were to remain his lifelong friends, and some of whom were to

* A copy of this first publication of R. L. S.'s was recently sold by auction **for forty** pounds.



THOMAS STEVENSON AND LOUIS.
PACK 48.

be his early sweethearts; a certainly not very rigid schooling in various schools; a pony to ride; a dog at heel; many holidays; much indulgence; foreign travel; and the first taste of the joys of authorship.

"Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child."

CHAPTER III

"VELVET COAT"

"Do you remember—can we e'er forget?
How, in the coiled perplexities of youth,
In our wild climate, in our scowling town,
We gloomed and shivered, sorrowed, sobbed and feared! . . .

Yet when the lamp from my expiring eyes
Shall dwindle and recede, the voice of love
Fall insignificant on my closing ears,
What sound shall come but the old cry of the wind
In our inclement city? . . ." —R. L. S.

WHEN Louis Stevenson was in his seventeenth year a new and delightful element was introduced into his life, for in May, 1867, his parents took on lease Swanston Cottage, or "Little Swanston," a stone cottage set in an old-fashioned garden—"The garden in the lap of the hill, with its rocks overgrown with clematis, its shadowy walks, and the splendid breadth of champaign that one saw from the northwest corner." The cottage faces south in a sheltered dell on the Pentland Hills. It is nowadays about half an hour's walk from the outskirts of the town—farther in Stevenson's time—and it is very little more than that from Colinton, with its Manse of many memories,—to Mrs. Stevenson of her girlhood, to Louis of his childish days.

Swanston, where for the next fourteen years, the Stevensons lived constantly from March to October of each year, was destined to have a great and lasting influence on Stevenson,—a greater influence by far than

his previous travels abroad with his parents. "The curious point about the foreign journeys," Sir Graham Balfour says, "is that they seem to have had very little manifest influence upon Stevenson, and to have passed almost entirely out of his mind."* Not so Swanston and the Pentlands. Swanston gripped his heart from the beginning, and it never lost its place in his affections.

Swanston must have brought happier summers not only to Louis but to the parents also, for after they had leased it there were fewer of the lonely times in summer that Thomas Stevenson had learnt to dread, when Mrs. Stevenson and Louis had had to go for their health to the South, and he had had to remain alone in Edinburgh, attending to his professional work. Dreary times for a man not himself over-strong, to be alone for weeks together in Heriot Row, going daily to and from his office of the Northern Lights Commissioners in George Street, and returning, often anxious about his two travellers, to a silent house and solitary meals. He had, of course, many friends in Edinburgh and was universally popular with them,—"Tom Stevenson" as they who still remember him call him affectionately,—but Edinburgh is not in social mood after the Courts rise, and the clubs are half deserted and the houses are left empty, the hotels and streets are full of tourists, and the rows of windows in the grey stone terraces and crescents are covered inside with brown paper, and—to this day—the grass grows up unrebuked between the cobbles.

But no doubt the taking of the sheltered cottage on the Pentlands was, like so many acts of the parents, chiefly for the sake of their delicate son. When they first went to it, Swanston was very small indeed; but there was one spare-room, and this was at Louis's disposal, so that he could at any time put up a friend, not only in summer, when they were in residence, but at any

*** *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Sir Graham Balfour, Vol. I I , p. 60,**

time he chose to go out there to roam over the **Pentlands,** or to read Dumas, or to practice the art of writing.

"Here aft hae I, wi' sober hairt,
For meditation set apairt,
When orra loves or kittle airt
Perplexed my mind;
Here socht a balm for ilka smart
0' human kind.

Here aft, weel neukit by my lane
Wi' Horace, or perhaps Montaigne,
The mornin' hours hae come and gane,
Abune my heid—
I wadnae gi'en a chucky-stane
For a' I'd read."

The great charms of the place to Louis were the open air life it brought him; the country sights and sounds; the country folk; the intimacy with the inspiring historic and romantic ground all round; the Covenanting scenes familiar to him from his nursery days and boyhood readings. He made new friends at Swanston—Robert Young, the gardener, whose cottage and conversation he sought on many a Saturday afternoon and evening, and whose portrait he gives in his exquisite little piece of writing, *An Old Scots Gardener;** John Tod, whom he has immortalised as "The Roaring Shepherd," with whom he used to patrol the hills,—and all the other inhabitants of the village. When Louis first came to Swanston he made the shepherd very angry by going through the sheep and lambs with Coolin, his dog; but he soon learnt country ways better, and he and John Tod became fast friends.

All the ground round about Swanston is historic. Close below Swanston was, it is asserted, the site of a Roman town; and there are still traces of the conquering race of the old world in a little Roman bridge with a

* First published in *The Edinburgh University Magazine,* 1871, **and** afterwards revised, and included in *Memories and Portraits,* **1887.**

"skewed arch" over the Powburn, and in a great unhewn battle-stone, standing awesome and lonely in a field, among grass or furrows or turnips, as the case may be, and telling to ears that hear not of a battle fought between the Picts and the Romans, watched by the selfsame hills. On these hills, many centuries later, the Covenanters, beloved by Louis Stevenson, marched and sang, and encamped before the battle of Bullion Green.

There are two ways to Swanston from Edinburgh. There is the road leading straight out south from the suburb of Morningside, and turning sharply at Fairmilehead; and there is the road from the northwest that, leading from the main road out to Colinton, climbs steeply up from Craiglockhart to Fairmilehead.

Often must young Stevenson have come up this road past "Hunter's Tryst," where, it is said, Allan Ramsay laid the scenery of *The Gentle Shepherd,* and where, in the little roadside inn which Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd knew so well, the "Six Foot Club" was wont to meet and make very merry. The quiet cart-road to Swanston turns out of this road a few steps past the sharp turn at Hunter's Tryst, and before it reaches the cross-roads at Fairmilehead. It leads straight up to the hills—to the green slopes of AUermuir, one of the Pentland range—a gentle ascent between fields, and across the tiny trickling burn fringed with willows. It is all now as it was in Stevenson's day—the big open cart-shed at the roadside, with its upturned carts belonging to "Big Swanston," the hens scraping and picking about among the shafts—and then the farm itself, once a Grange belonging to a religious house, and a fine old stone building still, with gabled side and "crow steps." The road ends with the farm, and never reveals the secret that, hidden behind, is one of the prettiest and most picturesque of villages, thatched and "harled," set round about a village green and a burn. Swanston Cottage itself stands in a cup in the slope of

the hill, and, in its leafy garden, remains almost hidden, save for its chimneys. It was built by the Edinburgh magistrates as a retreat for themselves on their own ground—for the burn at Swanston, after the middle of the eighteenth century, used to supply the town with water, and the ground belonged to the "Corporation," and the magistrates had to drive out and inspect the waterworks. These magistrates built it sheltered by a knoll from the winds off the sea, with its back turned to the north and to Edinburgh, its bow-windows at the front looking straight south to the hills. They laid out a garden and planted it with trees, brought crockets and gargoyles from poor long-suffering St. Giles's Church, which they were "restoring" (oh shade of Gavin Douglas I) and used them to ornament their doorway and gables and garden.

Of the other road from Edinburgh, by Fairmilehead, **there** is a delicious description by Stevenson himself:

"For two miles the road climbs upwards, a long hot walk in summer time. You reach the summit at a place where four ways meet, beside the toll of Fairmilehead. The spot is breezy and agreeable both in name and aspect. The hills are close by across a valley: Kirk Yetton, with its long, uprights scars visible as far as Fife, and Allermuir, the tallest on this side, with wood and tilled field running high upon their borders, and haunches all moulded into glens and shelvings and variegated with heather and fern. The air comes briskly and sweetly off the hills, pure from the elevation and rustically scented by the upland plants; and even at the **toll,** you may hear the curlew calling on its mate. At certain seasons, when the gulls desert their surfy fore-lands, the birds of sea and mountain hunt and scream together in the same field by Fairmilehead. The winged, wild things intermix their wheeling, the sea-birds skim the tree tops and fish among the furrows of the plough. . . . The road goes down through another

valley, and then finally begins to scale the main slope of the Pentlands. A bouquet of old trees stands round a white farm house; and from a neighbouring dell, you can see smoke rising and leaves ruffling in the breeze. Straight above, the hills climb a thousand feet into the air. The neighbourhood, about the time of lambs, is clamorous with the bleating of flocks; and you will be awakened, in the early grey of summer mornings, by the barking of a dog or the voice of a shepherd shouting to the echoes. This, with the hamlet lying behind unseen, is Swanston."*

This is Swanston. The description brings the living picture and the flavour of the place vividly to anyone who knows it well,—the clean-washed Lothians, the breezy upland, "rustically scented," and the curlews and sea gulls wheeling and screaming together in the ploughed field. And here is the "Kintry hame" that Louis Stevenson so loved; that he remembered so tenderly and intimately that he was able, long years afterwards in the Tropics, to describe it minutely in one of the two novels he wrote at the end of his life and left unfinished,—*St. Ives.* Readers will recollect the scene in *St. Ives* when the French prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, M. de Saint-Ives, asks Flora Gilchrist to point out where her home is, and she takes him to the southern side of the Castle.

"Thence we had a view of some foreshortened suburbs at our feet, and beyond of a green, open, and irregular country rising towards the Pentland Hills. The face of one of these summits (say two leagues from where we stood) is marked with a procession of white scars. And to these she directed my attention. 'You see these marks?' she said. 'We call them the Seven Sisters. Follow a little lower with your eye, and you will see a fold of the hill, the tops of some trees, and a trail of smoke out of the midst of them. That is Swanston

* *Picturesque Notes of Edinburgh,* **Chapter X.**

Cottage. . . . We, too, can see the Castle from a corner in the garden.' "

This was written in January, 1893, when nearly fourteen years had elapsed since he had seen it, save in his dreams. But it is exact: it is Swanston and the Pentlands, to which his thoughts towards the end of his life turned with tragic yearning, in his passionately home-sick poems:

"The Tropics vanish, and meseems that I
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again . . ."

Or, later:

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all."

In November, after the first summer at Swanston, the Stevensons returned to town and Heriot Row, and Louis enrolled at Edinburgh University, taking out two classes, Latin and Greek. But Louis Stevenson attended neither of the classes he had taken out.

The Professor of Greek in those days was Professor John Stuart Blackie, so long a picturesque and familiar figure in Edinburgh, with his plaid folded over his frock-coat, his soft white hair, his beautiful old pale face, his blue eyes, his Gaelic enthusiasms, his erratic ways and disconcerting eccentricities in public, his genial and gentle kindliness in private, his fervid renderings of Gaelic songs, and of his own famed ballad on Jenny Geddes. Professor and Mrs. Blackie (that dear and clever woman!) lived then in Hill Street, where they gave delightful dinner parties. The Greek class should have proved congenial to Louis Stevenson, for it was always said of Professor Blackie that he taught his students everything, except Greek,

SWANSTON COTTAGE.

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs Hislop & Day.

PAGE 56.

The Professor of Latin in those days was Professor Sellar, who had held the Chair since 1863. An Oxford (Balliol) man, he had been the pupil and friend there of Benjamin Jowett, and the contemporary and friend of Matthew Arnold. He had come to Edinburgh from St. Andrews, where he had held the Greek Chair—a colleague there of Professor Ferrier and Professor Lewis Campbell, and that pleasant coterie.

The Sellars' home in Buckingham Terrace was already one of the most brilliant homes in Edinburgh when Louis Stevenson took out the class of Latin in November, 1867. Edinburgh people remember it: that dark-haired, dark-eyed hostess; the host with a certain lazy dignity of Oxford scholarship of the 'sixties; the family of brilliant children, sons and daughters, then in the nurseries—but even the nurseries were brilliant. But, though Mrs. Sellar had been his mother's bridesmaid, and had herself helped to dress Louis's cradle, Louis Stevenson was not to be one of that brilliant circle in Buckingham Terrace.

Louis never enrolled in the class of English literature. In Professor Masson's old Roll Book, in which so many now great names are written, his name has been searched for in vain. The class enjoyed the distinction of being the one that Stevenson did not take out, but that he sometimes did attend. He used "to slip in and listen."

David Masson, in Stevenson's first years at the University, was one of its more recently appointed professors. He had come to it from the English Literature Chair of London University College, and from the London, and London-Scottish, literary life of that day: the Athenaeum, Garrick, Cosmopolitan, and "Our Club." He remained, for some years after coming to Edinburgh, editor,—the first editor,—of *Macmiltan's Magazine,*—Sir George Grove succeeded him,—and was, for many a day, to be welcomed back to London by his old friends there, among them John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Tennyson, Browning, Hux-

ley, Norman Lockyer, the great publisher, Alexander Macmillan and his circle.

Somehow, one literary household in Edinburgh that **would** have welcomed a boy genius,—a young hostess, an Englishwoman, bringing from the London home of her girlhood all sorts of traditions of music and pre-Raphaelite art, as well as of literature,—knew him only as the son of the Thomas Stevensons. And it was not until Mrs. Thomas Stevenson brought to that house the manuscript of *Ordered South* that it was realised that here was indeed a young writer of exceptional power. By that time, February 1874, Sir George Grove was editor of *Macmillan,* which published this, Louis's second published article, the following May. By that time also, Louis's days in Edinburgh were intermittent and pre-occupied.

All through his seven sessions at the University, Louis Stevenson was a systematic truant, and did not participate in the University life or come under the notice of its authorities. Could his father blame him? Thomas Stevenson had himself in boyhood been a "consistent idler," and, partly on account of Louis's delicacy, had never enforced discipline as regarded regular schooling on Louis through his school-life, and Louis adopted the same method in University years. As Sir James Barrie expresses it, he "now and again looked in at his classes when he happened to be that way."

But, enlarging in *The Foreigner at Home* on the differences in discipline and social values between the systems of the English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and of the Scottish Universities, Louis seems to deprecate the very liberty of which he availed himself so amply:

"The English lad goes to Oxford or Cambridge; there, in an ideal world of gardens, to lead a semi-monastic life, costumed, disciplined, and drilled by proctors . . . At an earlier age the Scottish lad begins

the greatly different experience of crowded classrooms, of a gaunt quadrangle, of a bell hourly booming over the traffic of the city to recall him from the public house where he has been lunching, or the streets where he has been wandering fancy-free. His college life has little of restraint, and nothing of necessary gentility, • . . Our tasks ended, we of the North go forth as freemen into the humming, lamplit city . . . no proctor lies in wait to intercept us; till the bell sounds again we are masters of the world. . . ." *

That was written in 1882. In 1886 he contributed an article to *The New Amphion,* the Book of the great Fancy Fair got up to raise funds to found the Edinburgh University Students' Union. Several of the contributions to this rare little volume revisualise Edinburgh University life of that day, and a day that preceded it;—Sir James Barrie's humorous sketch, *Scotch Student's Dream,* and a poem entitled "BowY'f and signed "D" by one whose scholarly and genial identity was not unguessed then, and is not forgotten now—the late Lord Stormonth Darling.

"How scattered now! Though they were then
If light in purse, as light in spirit,
But some have passed from mortal ken,
And some have seized the palm of merit,
Some wear the thorn, and some the rose,
Who munched their frugal crust at 'Bow's.' "

Stevenson's own contribution, *College Memories,* contains a description of himself in student days, given with sympathetic insight and retrospective wistfulness, and well worth quoting:

"A certain lean, ugly, idle, unpopular student, whose presence was for me the gist and heart of the whole

* *Memories and Portraits (The Foreigner at Home).*
† "Bow's" was the humble lunching "howff" of the past generation of students.

matter, whose changing humours, fine occasional purposes of good, flinching acceptance of evil, shiverings on wet, eastwindy morning journeys up to class, infinite yawnings during lectures, and unquenchable gusto in the delights of truantry, made up the sunshine and shadow of my college life." *

Unpopular, he calls himself. Yes, he was unpopular. He was not a worker, and was therefore not among the workers. And he made his own friends. He wilfully selected, sought out, and went about with companions of habits and characters that made him appear unsuited for the society in homes where he might otherwise have found sympathy and inspiration. In Edinburgh to-day we have still among us, and we had among us until yesterday, eminent citizens, men high in their professions and universally liked and respected, who were fellow-students of Stevenson, who knew his people and his companions, and whose testimony of that time in his life, given kindly but honestly, is of more value from the point of view of truth than the criticisms of those who knew him only when their judgments were coloured by knowledge of what he had become. One of thest fellow-students, speaking of Stevenson, related: "Once in later years, Dr. Whyte † said to me, 'But why, man did you not see more of Louis Stevenson when you were at the University with him?' I told him in reply that I was not at all keen to see much of him, still less of the friends who surrounded him . . . That R. L. S neglected his classes at the University was not indeec a serious matter for him. He was an only child and need never want, though he had idled througl life . . . The mass of students knew very well that we should have to earn our own living by the sweat of our brows, that our course at the University was the highest privilege we were ever likely to enjoy before

* *The New Amphion* (1886) ; reprinted in *Memories and Portraits (Som College Memories).*

† The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., Principal of New College, Edinburgt **and** Minister of St. George's U. F. Church.

buckling to life's work . . . for the most **part we could not afford to** mix ourselves up with apparent idlers."*

Here is the evidence of another who knew him well in his college days, and read with him in Classics and Philosophy later on, when Stevenson was studying for the Bar,—the late Rev. Archibald Bisset of Ratho:

"The truth is that Stevenson never was a University student in the usual sense of the word. Not only was his attendance at classes intermittent, but he followed no regular curriculum. Then he took very little part in the work of the classes which he did attend. He used to sit on a far-back bench, pencil in hand, and with a notebook before him, and looking as if he were taking notes of the lectures. But in reality he took no notes, and seldom listened to the lectures. 'I prefer,' he used to say, 'to spend the time in writing original nonsense of my own.' He always carried in his pocket a notebook, which he sometimes called his 'Book of Original Nonsense,' and not only during the class hour, but at all odd times, he jotted down thoughts and fancies in prose and verse. Of course he generally gave class exams the go-by. And thus it came to pass that, excepting among his intimates, he was regarded as an idler." †

And while Louis was idling and yawning in class, and filling his notebook with prose and verse, poor Thomas Stevenson was fondly cherishing his own ambition, an ambition as deep-rooted in his pride as the ambition of any father who has received a great inheritance from his ancestors, and treasured it and bettered it to hand on to his son. The inheritance of the Stevensons was their great business of official engineers to the Commissioners of the Northern Lights. They had made it. It was, in Thomas Stevenson's mind, as much ordained **that** his son should be a civil engineer, as had been his

*** The late Patrick W. Campbell, W. S. Lecture to The Robert Louis Stevenson Club, 1920.**

† Lecture: quoted in I *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson.*

father and his grandfather before him, and should continue their splendid work of lighting the wild Scottish coasts, as it is ordained in the mind of any great landowner with a historic name that the little son trotting proudly at his side over the coverts, with his first gun, shall one day inherit the acres and the titles, the traditions and the responsibilities. This man's regard for his son is always unconsciously aware of this and affected by it; and so it must have been with Thomas Stevenson.

In July, 1868, Louis was sent to Anstruther in Fife, to watch the harbour works there. His lodgings were carefully chosen for him in the house * of a carpenter and his wife (described by the boy as "a motherly lot"), kind and extremely pious people, with whom Louis discussed the doctrine of election and similar subjects.

Louis had neither aptitude nor liking for the engineering work. He evidently was not—the word so often heard nowadays—"efficient"; and, in spite of his boyish pride in overhearing it said, "That's the man that's in charge," he recognized this himself. He wrote to his father from Anstruther: "It is awful how slowly I draw, and how ill . . . when I'm drawing I find out something I have not measured, or, having measured, have not noted, or, having noted, cannot find."

A later letter to his mother ends: "I am utterly sick of this grey, grim, sea-beaten hole. I have a little cold in my head, which makes my eyes sore; and you can't tell how utterly sick I am, and how anxious to get back among trees and flowers and something less meaningless than this bleak fertility. Papa need not imagine that I have a bad cold or am stone blind from this description, which is the whole truth. . . . I am only anxious to go slick home on the Saturday. Write by return of post, and tell me what to do. If possible, I should like to cut the business and come right slick out to Swanston. ..." †

*** On this house, "Cunsie House," there has been placed by Miss Lorimer, subscribed for by her family and a few intimate friends, a memorial stone with carvings and stone lettering designed by Sir Robert Lorimer, R.S.A.**

† Letters. Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. 1,12-13,

Louis had never been taught, nor had he learnt, in modern phrase, to "stick it." It would be a perfectly natural but an altogether unsympathetic judgment to say that Louis was at this time a spoilt boy, visiting upon his parents all his little ailments and feelings, sparing them nothing, and trying to get his own way. It would perhaps be truer to think of him as beginning to show the irresponsible traits that go with the quality we call genius, and that make genius, so great an asset to the world at large, so trying a housemate. You can no more expect a genius to conform to other people's standards than you can expect to saddle and bridle an eagle.

After leaving Anstruther, August and the first half of September were spent by Louis at Wick, watching the works of the firm there. Here he seemed to find more inpiration and enjoyment. He stayed at a private hotel on the Harbour Brae, New Harbour Hotel, Pulteney Town, Wick. He studied types of humanity in the homes of the Highland fishermen, "lubberly, stupid, inconceivably lazy and heavy to move," who bruised and tumbled over the slender Louis, and whom he elbowed in vain; he was "forced to leave the pavement every step." He was greatly intrigued by a tribe of gipsies in a deep cave among the mighty black cliffs, a cave furnished by two or three tin pans, a truss of rotten straw, and a few ragged cloaks. "The men," he tells, "are always drunk, simply and truthfully always. From morning to evening the great villainous-looking fellows are either sleeping off the last debauch, or hulking about the cove 'in the horrors'."*

But there were pleasanter types also, for Louis visited at the house of Sheriff and Mrs. Russel and their daughters and son. "Saturday evening found me at Breadalbane Terrace" dressed in "spotless blacks, white tie, shirt, etc.,"—and "finished below with a pair of navvies' boots!" Cummy had omitted to pack his dress boots. The hotel landlady was very sympathetic, and

* *Letters,* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 15.

told Louis, to console him, that many would be glad to have such feet whatever shoes they had on. Let us hope he was consoled. Louis enjoyed himself very much that Saturday evening, he wrote to his mother. There was a little dancing, much singing, and supper. One wonders if Louis danced in his navvies' boots; or if they account for there being only a "little dancing," but "much singing."

Mrs. Russel was evidently very kind and hospitable to the lonely lad, and asked him to come back—"any night you feel dull: and any night doesn't mean no night: we'll be so glad to see you." And any night apparently resolved itself into next night, for after a wet stormy Sunday next day, which he evidently spent in letter-writing.* In the evening he went again, and this time there was hymn-singing, and general religious controversy till eight, and then the "talk was secular."

It was at Wick, also, that Louis had the thrilling experience of going down into the sea in a diver's dress, an experience he describes in wonderful language in *Education of an Engineer*. . . . ."Some twenty rounds below the platform, twilight fell. Looking up, I saw a low green heaven mottled with vanishing belts of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque, but very restful and delicious."

On coming again to the surface:—"Out of the green, I shot at once into a glory of rosy, almost sanguine light —the multitudinous sea incarnadine, the heaven above a vault of crimson."

Some of Louis's letters from Wick must have delighted his father's heart, especially the account of "roughing it," and the description he gave of watching a great storm—waves twenty feet high and spray rising eighty feet—and of his standing looking at the seas

*** A letter (published in *Letters*, Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin), dated "Sunday," belongs to this date (6th) and an (unpublished) letter to his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, bears date, "Sunday, Sept. 6, 1868."**

and listening to their monotonous roar and the shrieking of the wind, and remembering the verse:—

"But yet the Lord that is on high
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is
Or great sea billows are."

Thomas Stevenson would no doubt have readily forgiven Wick for being his only professional failure—for the sea at Wick proved too strong to yield obedience to the work of man's hands, and the harbour had to be abandoned—had it made a man and an engineer of young Louis. But he was neither, at that time;—he was such stuff as artists are made of, and was already thirsting to express himself, as all artists must thirst; and he was bound to a profession that gave him no scope for self-expression.

The next winter in Edinburgh Louis took out only one class at the University—his second year of Latin. Professor Blackie and Greek were given up as hopeless. It was during this winter that a meeting took place that led to his making one of the few congenial family friendships of his own social standing that Stevenson made for himself in Edinburgh.

Professor Fleeming Jenkin was in 1868 appointed to the Chair of Engineering at Edinburgh University. No doubt Mrs. Stevenson, Edinburgh fashion, punctiliously paid her call of welcome on the wife of the new Professor soon after their arrival, and when Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin, late one afternoon in the winter of that year, paid her first call on Mrs. Stevenson in Heriot Row, it was probably a "return call." She and her hostess sat talking by the firelight, and the conversation had probably been begun on conventional lines, and Mrs. Jenkin been asked if she liked Edinburgh. But the talk was interrupted. The incident must be told in Mrs. Jenkin's own inimitable words:

"Suddenly, from out of a dark corner beyond the fire-

place, came a voice, peculiar, vibrating: a boy's voice, I thought at first. 'Oh!' said Mrs. Stevenson, 'I forgot that my son was in the room. Let me introduce him to you.' The voice went on: I listened in perplexity and amazement. Who was this son who talked as Charles Lamb wrote? this young Heine with a Scottish accent? I stayed long, and when I came away the unseen converser came down with me to the front door to let me out. As he opened it, the light of the gas-lamp outside ('For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door/ he sings) fell on him, and I saw a slender, brown, long-haired lad, with great dark eyes, a brilliant smile, and a gentle, deprecating bend of the head. 'A boy of sixteen/ I said to myself. But he was eighteen, looking then, as he always did, younger than his age. I asked him to come and see us. He said ' Shall I come tomorrow?' I said 'Yes,' and ran home. As I sat down to dinner I announced, 'I have made the acquaintance of a poet!' He came on the morrow, and from that day forward we saw him constantly. From that day forward, too, our affection and our admiration for him, and our delight in his company, grew."

This friendship, thus begun, continued for life, and beyond,—for it fell to Stevenson, after Professor Fleeming Jenkin's death in 1885, to be his biographer. "Dear me, what happiness I owe to both of you!" says Louis's postscript to a letter to Mrs. Jenkin after Professor Jenkin's death. Happiness he certainly owed them, but he owed them much more. Their influence, and the influences to which he was subjected in their home and their circle, had undoubtedly immense value in the forming of his character. Sir Alfred Ewing, now Principal of Edinburgh University, who also became an intimate of the Jenkins' house some nine years after Stevenson first entered it, has, in his appreciation of Professor and Mrs. Jenkin and his recollections of Stevenson, described most fully all that Stevenson owed to his friendship with the Jenkins,—

"To both of them indeed he owed much happiness, and other things perhaps more important than happiness. It was a liberal education for any young man to associate with Jenkin and his gifted wife, an enriching experience, a sharpening of even the sharpest wits, a training of mind and taste, of manners and morals. The dullest visitor to the house must have been conscious of its atmosphere of distinction—intellectual, aesthetic, ethical. Some may have found the atmosphere too rare for comfortable breathing: but for Louis it was the breath of his nostrils. To the rebel of the 'seventies the Jenkin home was a haven, an oasis in a desert of convention and prejudice, whither he might bring his unrest, his self doubts, his dreams. There he was valued, encouraged, criticised in a spirit of understanding, affectionately admonished, helped."*

The outlooks in the Jenkin coterie certainly opened up wider views to Louis Stevenson at eighteen. He heard good talk; he recognised new standards; he may have gathered that he lived in an Edinburgh where mighty work was done, and whose society, even in the merely social sense, rejoiced in lovers of Literature, of Art, of Learning; some of them eminent or to become eminent in many spheres; brilliant talkers among them.

But all that influence was to come a few years later. At first Louis, on the steps of 5 Fettes Row, was only the youth of eighteen, the "Heine with a Scottish accent"; and possibly the first breath of the atmosphere brought the "danger from change of atmospheric conditions," and went a little to his head. But the congenial friendship was immediate. Professor and Mrs. Jenkin were both young in years—nearer to Louis's generation than to that of his parents—and Professor Jenkin in private life was no staid and dignified Academic dignatory, but was full of boyish gusto and enjoyment of life.

* Principal **Sir J. Alfred** Ewing in I *Can Remember Robert Louis Steven son,* **pp. 103-4.**

It was about this time—his eighteenth year—that Louis, whose customary signature up to his sixteenth year had been "R. Stevenson/' or occasionally "R. L. B. Stevenson," asked his mother to address him as "Robert Louis," and began to sign himself as "R. L. Stevenson,"—a signature he continued till 1873. This meant that he had dropped the "Balfour" from his name; and when he was eighteen he changed the spelling of "Lewis" to "Louis." "Lewis" was his (Balfour) grandfather's name, and the name of several Balfour cousins, also called after the grandfather, and the feelings of some of the family were hurt by the omission and the change; but local tradition has it that it was the feelings of Thomas Stevenson that brought about the change of spelling. There was a certain citizen of Edinburgh whose surname was Lewis, and, otherwise of blameless life, he was an extreme Radical and in his religious opinions not what in Scotland is held "sound"; and to Thomas Stevenson it was distasteful that his son should be stigmatised by a name with such associations. Be that as it may, "Louis" he became,—the spelling, but not the pronunciation, being altered. But to many of his intimates he remained always "Lewie Stevenson"—the old Scottish contraction for "Lewis," as in the song "Lewie Gordon."

During Stevenson's second session (1868-9) at the University—if his absences from the second year of Professor Sellar's class can be called a session—another memorable event happened, opening up to Stevenson yet another view of possible friendships and companionship, of intellectual *pabulum,* and stimulation. This event was his admission, on March 2nd, 1869, as Ordinary Member, to the famous Speculative Society, familiarly known in Academic Edinburgh as "The Spec", of which he was afterward to exclaim, in a moment of rapturous appreciation,—"Oh, I do think the Spec is about the best thing in Edinburgh!" It certainly was the best thing in *his* Edinburgh,

The Speculative is a society of much dignity of tradition. Its rooms, a library and a hall for debates, are within the Edinburgh University Old Buildings—a stone's throw from where Darnley was blown up (now the site of the Senatus Room). Its proud records contain the names of legal and literary world-wide celebrities, and of many men of local fame. Among all these names that of Sir Walter Scott ranks foremost. He was at one time Secretary of the Spec, and the Minute Book is still kept open, in a glass-covered case in the library with other treasures, at a page wherein the great Sir Walter spelt "Tuesday," as was his habit, "Teusday." Next in literary interest to Sir Walter's name now comes that of Robert Louis Stevenson. The names also include those of the famous Whig, Lord Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review;* Leonard Horner; Benjamin Constant; Robert Emmet. All these Stevenson mentions in his account of the Spec in *Memories and Po?~-traits;* but there may have been others of equal note with these since Stevenson's day—his name is far back in the roll now.

Stevenson, in *Memories and Portraits,* describes the rooms he loved:—

"By an accident, variously explained, it had its rooms in the big buildings of the University of Edinburgh; a hall, Turkey-carpeted, hung with pictures, looking, when lighted up with fire and candle, like some goodly dining-room, and passage-like library, walled with books in their wire cages; and a corridor with a fireplace, benches, a table, many prints of famous members, and a mural tablet to the virtues of a former secretary. Here a member can warm himself and loaf and read; here, in defiance of Senatus-consults, he can smoke."

Alas, *tempora mutantur!* The Edinburgh student now smokes where he will.

But the privileges and rights of the Society do not end in smoke. A Secretary of the University once dared to question the right of the august Speculative to give

its walls a much-needed coat of paint. Such work within the University could be done only, he explained, by the University authorities, but the Speculative Society would be accorded, by courtesy, an expression of opinion in choice of colours and of wallpaper designs. The Speculative declined the University's offer with thanks: it would refurbish its own house. The misguided Secretary of the University responded that he should be obliged to instruct the University janitors to prohibit the entrance of workmen, not ordered by the University, to the University precincts. The outraged Speculative "took Counsel's opinion", with the result that the Senatus, without committing itself to legal acknowledgment, tactfully succumbed, and the rooms of the Society were duly painted and decorated by the Society itself.

But there is an even greater privilege that the Speculative enjoys than that of choosing its own mural decorations and paying its own bills. Its right to its local habitation not being held under University regulations, its hours are independent. It can indulge, like the House of Commons, in an "All Night Sitting." Its Opposition can "obstruct."

Here, in the famous "Spec," would-be orators learn and practice their craft, and clerics and lawyers and statesmen are made. Many a Government has been condemned in the Hall of the Spec, many an international question solved, many an ethical or moral problem discussed, much clever folly talked, much brilliance and wit flashed in the candle-light, dying with the burnt-out embers. If Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, certainly the Reform Bill was passed on the Turkey carpet of the Spec.

To-day, the speaker's raised desk still stands facing the breadth of the hall and the wide fireplace opposite, with its Adams mantel-piece and its brass fender. The President's chair is raised high on a dais at one end of the hall. The walls, surrounded by benches for mem-

bers, are hung with portraits and prints of past members. The two largest frames are on either side of the speaker's desk—on the left, Sir Walter Scott; on the right, a soft Raeburn of dark-eyed Horner. In the daytime, the couches shrouded, the grate empty, the place looks dull and disconsolate; at night, the fire glowing red, the soft light of the wax candles in their brass sconces over all, it lights up to meet the eloquence and the raillery and jest. And to-day, over the "glow of the great red fire" Stevenson remembered so well when he described it in *Weir of Hermiston* in Samoa in the last year of his life, there is hung, framed, the ensign of the *Casco,* Stevenson's schooner yacht, in which he made his first voyage to the South Pacific,—the ensign that was over him, with the Union Jack, when he lay dead at Vailima.*

Alas! The vandalism of youth has touched even the Spec. The "wire cages" Stevenson remembered that enclosed the books in the library are, at the moment of writing, being torn out with pincers to be substituted by glass. The "mural tablet to the virtues of a former secretary" has been removed from its time-honoured place above the bench in the corridor where members loafed and smoked at the entrance to the library, and is now irreverently "skied," high out of the line of sight, in the library. Thank God, the candles remain.

What else remains in the Hall of the "Spec" to-day that was not there in Louis Stevenson's day?

Much has happened. At the beginning of the winter session 1914-15 it was thought desirable that a meeting of the Speculative should be called in order to suspend the Society's meetings during the Great War. But no meeting could be held. So many of the members had gone to the War that a quorum could not be obtained.

One day, during the years of the War, an old mem-

*** The ensign was presented to the Speculative Society by Charles Baxter in *1906.***

ber, coming for a book from the library, found the Speculative rooms silent and empty and deserted, just as they had been left, the dust thick on carpet and benches, the candle ends guttered in the sockets. And so he, and one or two other old members, had the place cleaned and put in order, that it might be ready for those who should return.

And to-day, and for all time, on the wall behind the speaker's chair is the long Roll of Honour of those who did not return. . . .

The summer of 1869, after Louis's second session at the University, brought again a holiday of a "professional turn"; but this time it was of a more social and exhilarating kind than his weeks the previous summer at Anstruther and Wick. He went with his father, in the *Pharos,* the steamer the Northern Lights Commissioners, to Orkney and Shetland and the Fair Isle, the self-same voyage that fifty years before had given Walter Scott the material for his *Pirate,* and had made him acquainted with Louis's grandfather, "the official chief of the expedition," when Scott had found him "a most gentlemanlike and modest man, and well known for his scientific skill."

Louis's letters home during this tour are described by his cousin and biographer, Sir Graham Balfour, as "somewhat disappointing," and are altogether omitted from Sir Sidney Colvin's published collection. All record that remains is of his remembered pride in moments spent in the possession of a boat cloak, and of being wrapt in "that romantic garment" in the stern sheets of the boat; and of another ecstatic moment when he stood on the waterstairs at Lerwick and signalled with his pocket handkerchief for a boat to come to him. It is not the recognised and seaman-like way to signal from waterstairs for a boat to come: but that is immaterial.

It was in this year, 1869, that Coolin died,—the little terrier who had arrived on Louis's seventh birthday

THE HALL OF THE SPECULATIVE SOCIETY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.
PAGE 72.

when he was ill in bed with bronchitis, and had comforted him then, and been his faithful friend for twelve years. Coolin met his death at the familiar cross-roads at Hunter's Tryst, on the road to Swanston, and was buried in the garden at Swanston, and Louis wrote a Latin inscription for his tombstone:—

COOLIN*

Miti ac blando, qui viridi senectute apud trivium ubi venatores convenire solent, casu quodam infelici diem supremum obiit.
Hunc lapidem in memoriam posuerunt moerentes amici.

1869
R. L. S.

In the garden of Swanston Cottage to-day there is a wooden panel with a copy of the inscription, but the tombstone itself was built into the wall of Skerryvore, at Bournemouth, when Stevenson went there in 1884, and thought it might be his final home. That was fifteen years after Coolin's death.

Back in Heriot Row for his third University session (1869-70) Louis's classes were still in the Faculty of Arts—Mathematics (Professor Kelland), Natural Philosophy (Professor Tait); and he worked at the Physical Laboratory. He attended both classes and laboratory irregularly, earning the criticism of "madcap" from the keener students in the laboratory, whose experiments he interrupted by enquiries as to what had taken place in his absence, or by starting arguments on the age of the Earth or the Destiny of Man.

During this session, on March 1st, 1870, he, like his hero in *Weir of Hermiston*, opened in the affirmative in a debate at the Speculative Society on "Is the Aboli-

***To Coolin, the gentle and friendly, who, in a green old age, by some unhappy chance, met with his death at the place where three roads meet, where the hunters are wont to gather. This stone has been set up to his memory by his sorrowing friends. 1869. R. L. S.**

tion of Capital Punishment Desirable?" And, also like young Hermiston, he failed to find a seconder to his motion.

"I have never forgotten the effect his speaking made upon my mind, indeed that single appearance of his has proved the most indelible of many memories of the Meetings of the Speculative. How am I to account for this? It is true that here was the man who was one day to be acclaimed as our greatest writer since Sir Walter Scott; but his earliest book did not appear till two years later. My impression was therefore entirely derived from his own personality, and even at this long interval of years I can attribute it to the almost vibrating effect which the intense seerlike spirit of the speaker made upon myself. And the whole attitude and movements of his body answered to the intensity of his spirit. I even remember distinctly the strained nervousness of his outstretched fingers. 'In a state of nervous exaltation' is how Stevenson himself has described his feeling at his first speech in the Speculative . . . and transferring that portrayal of the young Hermiston scene in the identical hall to our present occasion, I think we can add just the finishing touch from Stevenson's own words . . . for it was under the 'shine of many wax tapers' and facing the 'glow of the great red fire' that Stevenson's arresting vivid countenance looked out on that contemporary group of youth."*

Louis read a second paper before the Speculative Society, the week following his first in favour of the Abolition of Capital Punishment. This was an essay on one of his favourite themes, "The Influence of the Covenanting Persecution on the Scottish Mind." It was followed in that same year by his first literary contribution—he moved that the Revival of Letters, begun early in the Nineteenth Century, was on the wane.

The following summer session (1870) Louis took out

***The late Mr. Robert Douie Urquhart in *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* pp. 163-4.**

Professor Jenkin's engineering class (Surveying, Levelling, etc.) which entailed expeditions with the class. He was at Swanston in June, spent a week at Dunoon, looking after engineering work there, and three weeks in August on the little island of Earraid, off Mull, which was then being utilised as the headquarters for the building operations in connexion with the deep-sea lighthouse of Dun Heartach. Stevenson used it for other building purposes, for Earraid figures, in *Kidnapped,* written sixteen years later, as the scene of David Balfour's shipwreck. The trip to Earraid, via Oban, was greatly to Louis's taste, entailing as it did open air and sea, Scottish scenery, cheerful company, and good talk. The last two items were supplied variously. In a letter from Earraid to his mother, dated Thursday, August 5th, 1870 (one of his few fully-dated letters!) he tells her that from Edinburgh to Greenock "I had the Ex-Secretary of the E. U. [Edinburgh University] Conservative Club, Murdoch." Louis Stevenson was a member of the Edinburgh University Conservative Club, and they no doubt found much in common to talk about. Then next day, on board the *lona,* "I had Maggie Thomson to Tarbet," as the dear young Scot expresses it, and he also "had to Ardrishaig one Craig," described as a "well-read, pleasant medical," and Professor and Mrs. Jenkin and their sons "to Oban." At Oban he fell into talk with a "pleasant Englishman" and his sister, who took an evident fancy to him, proved to be wealthy people of good family in Sheffield, invited Louis to visit them, and parted "huge friends." "Hitherto," writes Louis, with boyish enthusiasm, "I had enjoyed myself amazingly; but to-day has been the crown."

The "crown" was supplied by several persons, first by Sam Bough, the artist,—"with whom I am both surprised and delighted. He and I have read the same books, and discuss Chaucer, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster, and all the old authors. . . . I

was very much surprised with him, and he with me. "When the devil did you read all these books?" says he; and in my heart I echo the question." But Sam Bough was not the brightest jewel in the crown of that day, for "my social successes of the last few days, the best of which is yet to come, are enough to turn anybody's head." What had happened was that Louis, espying an old gentleman talking to two young girls, had sidled up to the group, got into talk with the old gentleman, and "having used the old patriarch as ladder, I kicked him down behind me." The patriarch so irreverently treated proved to be Sir Tollemache Sinclair, and the daughter whose sweetness and prettiness had caught Louis's roving brown eyes was Miss Amy Sinclair, and he "kept her the whole way to Iona, taking her into the cave of Staffa, and generally making myself as gallant as possible." The simple, naive friendliness of this girl of sixteen or seventeen, "so innocent and fresh, so perfectly modest without the least trace of prudery," amazed and enchanted Louis Stevenson. It is a pretty foreground—and in its nature a familiar one—to the opal seas round Oban.

When the *Clansman* called at Portree, in Skye, Louis went on board her in the rear of a troop of persons, and caught the eye and fixed the interest of a young man, a year his senior, who watched them come on board. This was Edmund Gosse. So they met, in those dear Western seas,—met, and were mutually attracted,—and then lost sight of one another for some seven years. Mr. Gosse described Louis, at the rear of the "singular troop of persons," as a "rather ugly youth." He described Professor Blackie, one of the singular troop, as "a venerable figure, with long white hair and remarkable cap." The remarkable cap—possibly it was a "bonnet" —we accept. Midnight had arrived before Mr. Gosse and Louis Stevenson spoketo one another: "Inthe course of the voyage we entered a loch at midnight, and by the light of flickering torches, took on board a party of

emigrants who were going to Glasgow *en route* for America. As they came on board an eerie sound of wailing rose in the stillness of the night, which pierced my heart; it was a most extraordinary sound. In the dark I saw that at my side was the young man from Portree, and we exchanged reflections on this extraordinary movement of human beings. I do not think we had any more conversation than that." * . . .

And so the rest of Louis's tour in the Hebrides fades away into the mists of those seas, to the sound of the eerie wailing—those unforgettable Western islands, to be recalled, no doubt, not only in the meeting some years later at the Savile Club, not only again so vividly in the writing of *Kidnapped,* but still longer afterwards, by Louis in his own exile, as well as by those exiled emigrants who left their loch by torchlight at midnight:—

"From the lone shieling and the misty island
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas,
But still the heart is true, the blood is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Always the open-air duties of his ordained profession were thoroughly congenial to Louis Stevenson; but the office routine, a necessary part of his branch of the profession, he loathed—as he afterwards loathed the office routine part of his legal training.

"Hanging about harbour sides, which is the richest form of idling" was much to his taste, and for the sea he of course had a passion, inherited; a passion also for "wild islands," possibly also inherited; and well he loved what he calls, with so apt and characteristic a choice of phrase, "the roaring skerry and the wet thwart of the tossing boat." These things, he held, would go far to cure a youth "of any taste (if he ever had one) for the miserable life of cities." But Louis Stevenson had a taste for what is an inseparable and deplorable part in

* Address given by Mr. Edmund Gosse to the First Animal Dinner of The Robert Louis Stevenson Club, held in Edinburgh, on 13th November, 1920,

the miserable life of cities, and before he had reached full manhood, the miserable life of cities had already exacted its toll from him. His parents, probably with anxious intentions for good, kept their son on very short allowance of pocket money. He was treated as many a man treats a dependent wife, and as many parents treat grown-up dependent children; he was allowed to share, and even to command, what money can buy; but he was not allowed to handle money. The town house and the country cottage were both at his disposal; dinners his parents were delighted to give for him and his friends; foreign tours were undertaken lavishly; he might, had he wished, have run up many accounts for clothes and harmless luxuries, and his parents would have paid them; but his sense of freedom and his individual tastes in spending had to be restricted to a pound a month pocket money. "My monthly pound was usually spent before the evening of the day on which I received it, and as often as not, it was forestalled," Stevenson tells.

One result of this was that empty pockets aggravated Louis's predilection to Bohemian society, where sixpence went further in payment of hospitality and conviviality than would five shillings among his own social equals, and where shabbiness and eccentricity in dress were no deterrents. And so young Stevenson, with no strong purpose in his life to steady him, with an uncongenial professional outlook, with a young man's love of life and a young man's eager curiosity concerning all its bypaths, gave full play to his Bohemian nature, and became a frequenter of what is called "low society," "scraping acquaintance with all classes of man and womankind."

"... My acquaintance was of what would be called a very low order. Looking back upon it, I am surprised at the courage with which I first ventured alone into the societies in which I moved; I was the companion of seamen, chimneysweeps, and thieves; my circle was

being continually changed by the action of the police magistrate. I see now the little sanded kitchen where Velvet Coat (for such was the name I went by) has spent days together, generally in silence and making sonnets in a penny version book; and rough as the material may appear, I do not believe these days were among the least happy I have spent. I was distinctly petted and respected; the women were most gentle and kind to me; I might have left all my money for a month, and they would have returned every farthing of it. Such indeed was my celebrity, that when the proprietor and his mistress came to inspect the establishment, I was invited to tea with them; and it is still a grisly thought to me, that I have since seen that mistress, then gorgeous in velvet and gold chains, an old, toothless, ragged woman, with hardly voice enough to welcome me by the old name of Velvet Coat."

"Petted and respected,"—"celebrity." There is a touch in this that reminds one of the Miltonic Lucifer, with his "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." Without inferring comparison between Hell and the hospitalities of that sanded parlour—or even of its comparatively respectable colleagues, "The Green Elephant," "The Twinkling Eye," and "The Gay Japanee"; or that shebeen at the end of Waterloo Place, kept by an unfrocked Divine, frequented by rowdy medical students, after hours, and occasionally raided by the police,—without inferring comparison with these haunts, and equally without inferring comparison between what Sir Sidney Colvin calls "the polite entertainments of ordinary Edinburgh society" and the celestial regions;—it may be submitted that Louis Stevenson recognised the incompatibility of reigning in one and even serving in the other.

But into the sanded parlour and its society, be it remembered, Stevenson took not only his eager interest in the byways of life and in the character of the Devil; but his notebook and pencil. What did he go for? For

human experience, but also for "pabulum"—and to write verses and take notes. Surely that penny version book explains much and stands evidence—circumstantial evidence—to this day. Whoever heard of a young **man** going into the vortex with a notebook and a pencil?

In an article published in the *Century Magazine* for December, 1922, entitled "The Stevenson Myth," a love story is attributed to this time of Stevenson's life. Nobody can affirm or deny the private love-affairs of any man or woman, especially after half a century has passed; nor is it always seemly or needful, even in the case of public characters, that they should be given to the public. But Stevenson is no "myth" in Edinburgh.

The romantic story told in Mr. Helman's article in the *Century* is an altogether incorrect deduction from the fragments of manuscript material at Mr. Helman's disposal. The name of Claire, found on the margin of one of Louis's MSS., and therefore connected by Mr. Helman with the heroine of his story, is misplaced and misapplied; while the poem, the first and last verses of which are quoted in the article, belongs to a much later date than is here assigned to it.

These days of the very early 'seventies, however, were certainly the days of revolt and of the "hot fits of youth." Hot fits of youth are not unusual in a temperamental boy emerging into manhood: hot fits and cold fits also,—aggressive outbreaks of revolt, and equally aggressive times of depressed and morbid egoism. With a nature so complex and so finely wrought as Stevenson's, both the hot fits and the cold fits were accentuated. And Stevenson liked to study all his moods, and to present them as of interest; and, as he was Stevenson, they were of interest, especially as presented by him. Moreover, it should be taken into account that he was a *poseur,* prone to exaggerate himself, even to himself. When he went into the grim Calton Cemetery "to be unhappy" in the shade of the prison walls and by the grave of David Hume, he really did feel

miserable, but it was what another poet has called "congenial woe." He distorted his misery and cherished it. When he saw a housemaid signalling to him from a window of the grimy hotel that overlooks the cemetery and the prison, she was to him "beautiful" and a "wise Eugenia" and "kept my wild heart flying." But he recognises the *poseur* in himself, for he presently confesses "And yet in soberness I cared as little for the housemaid as for David Hume."

It was probably in these early days of revolt and, in the modern phrase, of "self determination", when his circle "was continually changed by the action of the police magistrate"—or he liked to think it was—that one day Miss Balfour,—"Auntie" as she was always known in the family,—and her youngest sister, Mrs. Stevenson, Louis's mother, were driving, with another relative, down the High Street of Edinburgh. Mrs. Stevenson was lamenting the escapades of her son, and telling her troubles to "Auntie" when suddenly the eyes of the other relative were attracted by a queer-looking ragamuffin walking along the pavement with a bag of bones over his shoulder.

"Do look at that queer old-bones-man!" she cried. Auntie looked, and heaved a sigh. "Oh, Louis, Louis! What will you do next!" was all she said.*

By the winter of 1870-71 Louis Stevenson had become more popular with several of his old school classmates who were his fellow-students at the University, and from whose fraternity he had hitherto held somewhat aloof, as "they and he looked upon various matters of importance from different points of view."

This growing popularity was furthered by his taking a leading part in the formation of a club among them, a club destined to become well known—the D'Arcy

*There were two humble street trades familiar in Edinburgh in those days, that have since died out. There were these old rag and bone sellers, with bags on their shoulders, and there were old women who bought and sold rabbit skins, and went about with bunches of raw, furry skins **ov$r** their arms.

Thompson Class Club. Several meetings of old members of D'Arcy Thompson's Academy class were held, generally at "Rutherford's" [a public house, and a well-known resort of students before the luxurious "Union" was founded in 1886,] and then the Club was formally constituted, on the fourth of December, 1870, in the more sober quarters of one of the halls at 5 St. Andrew Square. Thus the winter, Louis's fourth year in Arts at the University, ostensibly spent in non-attendance of the classes of second Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Engineering, and Mechanical Drawing, was enlivened by more congenial occupations.

During November, three Edinburgh students of brilliant promises—George W. T. Omond, Robert Glasgow Brown, and J. Walter Terrier—dining in Dean Terrace, Edinburgh, with Mrs. Ferrier, the caustic-tongued and witty widow of Professor Ferrier of St. Andrew's University, and mother of Walter Ferrier, had during dinner evolved the idea of founding an Edinburgh University Magazine; and Louis Stevenson was soon to be drawn into this scheme also. Within a few days of the dinner talk the three promoters had secured a publisher in Livingstone, one of the University booksellers, and promises of contributions from Professor Blackie, Lord Neaves, and others; and a week or so later, chatting together over the great enterprise in front of the corridor fire at the "Spec," they were watched with great respect by a junior student who sat alone smoking a meerschaum in the library. Louis Stevenson was "a very humble-minded youth" at the moment, according to his own account, and felt elated when asked to join the three, "and when they made me a sharer in their design, I too became drunken with pride and hope. . . . We four were to be conjoint editors, and, what was the main part of the concern, to print our own works; while by every rule of arithmetic—that flatterer of credulity—the adventure must succeed and bring great profit. Well, well; it was a

bright vision. I went home that morning walking upon air. To have been chosen by these three distinguished students was to me the most unspeakable advance; it was my first draught of consideration; it reconciled me to myself and to my fellow-men; and as I steered round the railings of the Tron, I could not withhold my lips from smiling publicly. Yet, in the bottom of my heart, I knew that magazine would be a grim fiasco; I knew it would not be worth reading; I knew, even if it were, that nobody would read it; and I kept wondering how I should be able, upon my compact income of twelve pounds per annum, payable monthly, to meet my share in the expense. It was a comfortable thought to me that I had a father." *

A week or so later, at lunch at "Rutherford's," the four conspirators met, and Stevenson was added, with solemn rites, to the editorial staff.

The Edinburgh University Magazine, like the Roman Empire, declined and fell. "It ran," Stevenson records in *Memories and Portraits,* "four months in undisturbed obscurity, and died without a gasp. The first number was edited by all four of us, with prodigious bustle; the second fell principally into the hands of Ferrier and me; the third I edited alone; and it has long been a solemn question who it was that edited the fourth."

But, though it lived only four months, the little yellow rag lived not wholly in vain. In its lifetime it was sold at sixpence a copy, and, not sold, was used for lighting editorial meerschaums. And now—after three of its editors, then so full of youth, hope and promise, are long since dead,—its rare numbers are treasured, bound and under lock and key, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; and in the book market stray copies are valued at ten guineas and more.

Stevenson's contributions were six in number, and are all to be found republished in *Juvenilia* with the excep-

* *Memories and Portraits: A College Magazine.*

tion of the best of them—*An Auld Scot's Gardener,* which has been given place, in revised form, in *Memories and Portraits.* Those in *Juvenilia* are *Edinburgh Students in 1824, The Modem Student Considered Generally, The Philosophy of Umbrellas* (with J. W. Ferrier), *Debating Societies,* and *The Philosophy of Nomenclature.*

But alas for editorial dignity! In that same winter in which Louis first saw himself in print, he was "run in'' by the police in a Town and Gown snowball riot, and bound over by the City Magistrates to keep the peace. Stevenson, talking over the incident, confessed that as long as the police officer was marching him up "the Bridges"* he felt ashamed of himself; but as soon as the prisoners and their escort—and no doubt the rabble following—wheeled into the High Street, he realised that he was a hero. Whether this realisation came through the sympathetic attitude of the rabble, or through his own historical sense, and the recollection of all the like scenes that the High Street had witnessed for five or more centuries, he did not say.

Two incidents, both in March, 1871, must have given Louis's much-tried father sympathetic pride. One was that Louis stood true to his Conservative principles, and voted in the Speculative Debate want of confidence in Gladstone's Ministry. Thomas Stevenson was a Tory, and ever denounced Gladstone and all his works; and in this father and son were at one. Louis remained a Conservative in politics all his life. His cousin and biographer, Sir Graham Balfour, says he "probably throughout life would, if compelled to vote, have always supported the Conservative candidate."

The other flame of pride and hope to Thomas Stevenson was kindled when Louis (only twenty years and four months old) read a paper on March 27th to the

* **The** thoroughfare between Princes Street and the Old Town of Edinburgh, formed by the North Bridge and the South Bridge, where the yniversity stands.

Royal Scottish Academy of Arts on "A New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," which was adjudged "well worthy of the favourable consideration of the Society and highly creditable to so young an author," and won him a £5 medal from the Society of Arts. Poor Thomas Stevenson! It may well at that moment have seemed to him as if the wayward son had really inherited some of the family form of genius, and that his feet were to follow in the family footsteps.

Professor Pleeming Jenkin would have thought otherwise. He knew young Stevenson well—had known him for over three years, ever since that winter afternoon in 1868 when Mrs. Jenkin had discovered him, "a young Heine with a Scottish accent," and asked him to her house. In that very spring of 1871 Louis was helping, as prompter, in the Jenkins' private theatricals, and so was constantly at their house; but when he applied to Professor Jenkin at the close of the session for his certificate of attendance the reply was quite firm: "No, Mr. Stevenson. There may be doubtful cases; there is no doubt about yours. You have simply *not* attended my class."

Less than a fortnight after, on the 8th of April, father and son took a walk to Cramond together—"a dreadful walk"—for, as they walked, Louis Stevenson told his father that he wanted to give up the profession of engineering, and all the prospects open to him in that profession, and to devote himself to literature. He must have made up his mind long before about this, and that he would have to tell his father—all the months of winter it must have been hanging over his head. And the opportunity came that April day as they walked to the sea that they looked at so differently. No doubt the subject had arisen by some talk of Louis's Intermittent Light paper.

It is easy to decide after the event. We know now who and what he was that thus wished to devote himself to literature. But what had the father to judge from

in April 1871? Ever since he could write at all, Louis had always been writing—writing—writing. He himself tells how, through boyhood and youth, when he was pointed out as an idler, he was no idler, but always busy on his "own private end, which was to learn to write." He always kept two books in his pocket, one to read, one in which to write. His mind, even during solitary walks, was always busy fitting the appropriate word or phrase to the scene before him, and the ideas it aroused. "Thus I lived with words," he says. At home, he studied the styles of his favourite authors, and their standards of achievement, and, as he expresses it in that oft-quoted passage, he "played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann." Possibly some of all this sedulous ape business had already been indulged in before he was one-and-twenty—it continued later—but if so, it was done in secret, as practice in the art he loved, and he had shown his literary attempts to no one, and had destroyed, as not being up to his own standards, much of what he wrote. And so all the outward and visible signs that he had to show that April of 1871 in justification of his wish to dedicate himself to literature were his childish efforts, some of them taken down in his father's or his mother's handwriting and cherished by them; his schoolboy magazines; a pile of deprecated manuscript—essays, notes of his ramblings and travels, a life of his hero Hackerston of Rathhillet; the little "Pentland Rising" pamphlet written when he was sixteen, which his father had published; a poetical play, *Semiramis;* some dramatic verse dialogues, *"Voces Fidelium";* and his latest work, the six articles in the *Edinburgh University Magazine.* None of these, read then, or read now without prejudice, would justify the notion that Stevenson would become an author of front rank. Nor would they even justify the prophecy that he would be able to earn his living by his pen. The best

of them from a literary standpoint is, perhaps, his contribution to the *University Magazine, "An Old Scots Gardener,"* now included in *"Memories and Portraits,"* That is pure literature; and it was inspired by all the depth of feeling and the truest that was in Stevenson. It is character-drawing and description that arrest the reader and hold him. There is no doubt about it, nor about many passages in the boy's brilliant, egotistic, voluminous letters; but even his undeniable gift of letter-writing was at this stage a very uncertain and unreliable one. Many of his early letters are thoroughly disappointing.

The date of Stevenson's clever little skit called "The Charity Bazaar" has always been given in Bibliographies as 1868.

Mr. Gosse, in his preface to the Pentland Edition *Juvenilia* (vol. xx) says: "I believe that this date is a conjectural one. My own impression is that it may be discovered some day that the Charity Bazaar for which this very charming trifle was composed was held some years later than 1868."

I have made many enquiries among Edinburgh people who bought the little brochure at the time, or who remember the Stevensons at the time, or who have recollections of bazaar activities at the time; and the conclusion that I am led to by these enquiries is that there were two bazaars at which R. L. S.'s brochure was sold,—one a sale of work held in the diningroom at 17 Heriot Row, at which Louis was present, actively engaged in helping; and the other a big bazaar held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh. Both of these bazaars were later than 1868. I have had evidence that the Sale of Work in Heriot Row could not have been much before 1872, and that the big bazaar in the Music Hall must have been one after 1875. It is of course quite natural that unsold copies should have been kept and presented to another bazaar. So, though R. L. S.'s *Charity Bazaar* brochure cannot be dated, it is sufficiently

proved that it must belong to a date at least four years later than 1868, and that Mr. Gosse's contention is absolutely correct.

So, take it all in all, what had the father to judge from? And the decision was important, and Thomas Stevenson was conscientious. How did he take the blow? He "met the request with calm," and was "wonderfully resigned." He assented to Louis's giving up engineering; but, the pursuit of literature not being a regular profession, he wished him to read for the Bar. The one thing did not clash with the other, the training for the Bar would all add to his mental stock-in-trade as an author—it was, indeed, a case of "continuity of policy." Was the father unsympathetic in his moment of bitter disappointment?

Moreover, the profession of Advocate, esteemed in Edinburgh as on a high level of social respectability, may, with the addition of brains or influence, in due time be made lucrative; but Thomas Stevenson, when he proposed this career to his son, must have known that his son, like all young advocates without private means, would have to be supported for an indefinite number of years after he was nominally in practice. Was the father hard to him?

Louis Stevenson agreed to read for the Bar; and life went on as before, and the summer—a summer that lingered in its coming, as Edinburgh summers will—passed at Swanston, with occasional holiday journeys to Cumberland and elsewhere, and was enlivened by much jotting in notebooks, and nice selection of word and phrase.

It must have been just after that "dreadful walk" that Louis had his fortune told by "the Witch-Wife," for it was when "the new-fired larches were green in the glens, and pale primroses hid themselves in mossy hollows" that Louis came off the steamboat at Dunoon. "An odd-appearing fellow he was," Mr. Stephen Chal-

itters says in his account of the incident; "narrow-chested, bright-eyed, long-haired, wearing on his back a knapsack, which, no doubt, contained a volume of Hazlitt and some bread and cheese." * And "daft Leezie," the Witch-Wife, came to the tap-room of the hotel, and told Louis's fortune. "All that I could gather may be thus summed up shortly," Louis says, in his unfinished paper, "A Retrospect," "that I was to visit America, that I was to be very happy, and that I was to be much upon the sea . . . two incidents alone relieved the dead level of idiocy and incomprehensible gabble. The first was the comical announcement that 'when I drew fish to the Marquis of Bute, I should take care of my sweetheart,' from which I deduce the fact that at some period of my life I shall drive a fishmonger's cart. The second, in the middle of much nonsense, had a touch of the magic. She suddenly looked at me with an eager glance, and dropped my hand, saying, in what were tones of misery or a very good affectation of them, 'Black eyes!' " That is the story of the Witch-Wife. "The old pythoness was right. . . ."

Though during that spring Louis made several of these holiday journeys and devoted a good deal of his time to his duties as prompter in the Jenkin theatricals, he did also devote time to his writing, and during the summer the article on Colinton Manse was shaped.

In October, 1871, according to his arrangement with his father, he took out Law Classes at the University—Civil Law, Public Law, and the Law of Nature and Nations.* He seems to have given more serious attention to them than he had bestowed on his Arts and Engineering classes, for he came out third in the Public Law class.

On the 24th of November he spoke against Communism at the Speculative. Charles Guthrie (after-

* Author of *The Penny Piper of Saranoc,* etc., and Hon. Secretary *of* the Stevenson Society of America.

† The chair that was held for twenty-five years by his great-great grandfather, Professor James Balfour of Pilrig.

wards Lord Guthrie), who had been Secretary from **1871** till **1872,** was succeeded by Charles Baxter, and in 1872 Stevenson was elected one of the five Presidents of the Society. But he was evidently not a very popular member, for his name came fifth on the list.

When, about this time, his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, returned to live near Edinburgh, Louis rejoiced greatly, and in his own exaggerated phrases says he felt at last "able to breathe" and "began to be happy." To this cousin he could speak his thoughts, and with him could indulge in the senseless absurdities of idle youth for which they adopted the name "jink." Set down in cold blood these jinks seem dull, and not redeemed by any spark of real cleverness. They seem to have consisted in pawning goods in the fictitious name "John Libbel," in the hope that the practice of so using the name might extend, and one day a great German statist be mystified when he examined the books of pawnbrokers. They also printed off hundreds of visiting cards with the name 'Mr. Libbel,' and left them all over Edinburgh, with occasionally "manuscript additions which did not tend to improve the moral character of Mr. Libbel." And Louis spent whole days in going about Edinburgh anxiously enquiring at all the lodging houses if Mr. Libbel had yet arrived. It was not very funny; and one does not see that it led to much, except —again in exaggerated phrase—"one flash of infernal glory" when a shop assistant whose time they were wasting exclaimed suddenly: "I know who you are, you're the two Stevensons!" and asked them to return in the afternoon to tea with his master and his master's sister, who had also heard of them and wished to meet them. But even this "infernal glory" was a *cul de sac,* for they never went to tea.

In those days Mr. John H. Lorimer R. A. was a very young student of Art, drawing beside Bob Stevenson at the Board of Trustees School of Art, and he recollects how Louis used to call almost daily to take his cousin

out to lunch, "his alert face beaming with some story or huge joke which he had been reserving for his companion, and the two would depart chortling and laughing.' ' These were the things they were chortling and laughing at.

Six young bloods formed "a mysterious society" which they named the L. J. R. The meeting place was a public house in an Old Town close; the constitution and aims of the society, carefully drawn up, simply petrified poor Thomas Stevenson with horror when they fell into his hands; the meetings the society held were five in number, and what it achieved for Humanity in the way of Liberty, Justice and Reverence remains unrecorded.

In the winter of 1871-2 Louis's health was not good, and on March 4, 1872—before the session had ended—he went to Dunblane for a month's change and holiday, and next day, intoxicated with his love of the country and with the call of Spring, wrote in ebullient spirits to Charles Baxter, telling him he had walked three miles, "a good stretch for me," and that all the way along he was thanking God that He had made "me and the birds and everything just as they are and not otherwise," for, although there was no sun, the air was "so thrilled with robins and blackbirds that it made the heart tremble with joy. . . . When I am a very old and respectable citizen with white hair and bland manners and a gold watch, I shall hear three crows cawing in my heart, as I heard them this morning. I vote for old age and eighty years of retrospect. Yet, after all, I dare say, a short shrift and a nice green grave are about as desirable."

Four days later—apparently in reply to an answering letter from Charles Baxter—he writes again; and this time: "My character for sanity is quite gone, seeing that I cheered my lonely way with the following, in a triumphant chaunt: 'Thank God for the grass, and the fir-trees, and the crows, and the sheep, and the sunshine, and the shadows of the fir-trees.' "

Office work, which he hated, was awaiting him shortly after his return to town, for on May 9, 1872, he began, at the office of Skene, Edwards & Bilton, W. S., the study of conveyancing. Part of his tasks consisted in "copying"—"just enough mind work necessary to keep you from thinking of anything else," was his opinion of it. But play as well as work awaited him, for during the Spring months he was again a member of the Jenkin theatricals company, and a sharer in the brilliant cheerfulness of those days of rehearsing. He was not this year merely prompter, but was promoted to a "part in *The Taming of the Shrew,* albeit a silent and suffering part, for he was 'the inarticulate recipient of Petruchio's whip.' "

Nor were the hours of rehearsal at Fettes Row the only antitheses from the dullness of office routine. It was on the evening of the third day of the study of conveyancing that, after being "in all day at the office," he dined with his comrade and cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, and met "X——, who was quite drunk, and spent nigh an hour in describing his wife's last hours," and then, it being a splendid moonlight night, R. A. M. Stevenson—"Bob"—walked out with him as far as Fairmilehead on the way to Swanston, and they danced and sang all the way up that steep hill without "sensible fatigue" or "actual conversation"—or none that was remembered. "Such a night was worth gold untold," Stevenson records. Which was as well, for, although "copying" work at the office was paid for, Stevenson's entire earnings, paid him in July, 1873, for all he had done in the office up to that date, amounted to six pounds.

The unpromising pupil learning conveyancing and doing copying, and dancing and singing like a very follower of Pan himself in the moonlight on the walk home to Swanston, did not come under the notice of the senior partner of the firm, William Forbes Skene, the Scottish historian and Celtic scholar, son of that Skene of Rubis-

law who was the friend of Sir Walter Scott. In after years Skene regretted that his notice had not been attracted to the young man idling in the office. It was assuredly not the senior's fault. He might have helped Stevenson—who knows? In the 'seventies, Skene was an old bachelor—he was born in 1809—was a devout Scottish Episcopalian, tolerant, gentle, courtly of manner like all the family of Skenes of Rubislaw, and was eminently a member of cultured life in Edinburgh, devoted to the children of one of his sisters, and surrounded by his books. He had long been known for his works upon Highland Scotland, and must at that time have been preparing for his chief work, *Celtic Scotland,* which was to appear in 1876-80, and to win for him the position of Historiographer Royal for Scotland.

Only two months were spent in Edinburgh at office work, for at the end of July Louis went to Brussels with Sir Walter Simpson,* whence a letter describes with enthusiasm the joys of "drinking iced drinks and smoking penny cigars under great old trees," the band, the "lamplit foliage and the dark sapphire sky, with just one little star set overhead in the middle of the largest patch," and the dark walks and white statues and the summer lightning blinking overhead.

From Brussels they went on to Frankfort, where they spent all August, studied German, and went every night to the theatre or opera.

In October, 1872, Louis was back in Heriot Row, and back, with winter weather, to his struggle—the misery of ill-health. At the University it was now the classes of Commercial and Political Economy, Scots Law, and Medical Jurisprudence. On the 12th of

*** The eldest son of Professor Simpson, the inventor of Chloroform. Until 1870 the Simpson family had lived at 52 Queen Street, which looks down towards the north, across the trees and lawns of the Queen Street Gardens, to Heriot Row, and theirs had been a house in which Stevenson had been intimate. Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, daughter of the house, wrote three books on R. L. S.**

November he read before the Speculative Society an essay on "Two Questions on the Relations between Christ's Teaching and Modern Christianity," and that same month passed the General Knowledge examination for the Scottish Bar (Greek, Logic, Ethical and Metaphysical Philosophy, Mathematics, Latin, French, **and** German). The night before the examination he went to his mother and asked if she had a French grammar in the house. She hunted for one, brought it to **him,** and asked for what he wanted it. It appeared that he had found that questions on French grammar would be asked, and that as, though he spoke the language fluently and idiomatically, he had never learnt much grammar, he proposed to study it in preparation for next day's ordeal. His mother's anxiety was extreme; but the examiner proved a man of metal, and Louis, the unconventional, passed.

During this winter (1872-73) grave differences embittered the relations between Louis and the father he loved. The son's mind had grown since the days when he was sixteen, when he and his father had pored over the pages of *The Pentland Rising* together. The Covenanting writers of his early boyhood had even then had keen rivals, and in turn he had had his favourites among authors—Dumas when he was thirteen, the Gospel of St. Matthew, Balzac, Herbert Spencer, Walt Whitman. He had read, all those years, precociously and omniverously and critically—English poetry, both in verse and fiction; the essayists, both French and English; French fiction; history, chiefly Scottish. By the time he was twenty he, like any other young man with brains—with originality, character, emotions—had wandered far from the faith set for him, intellectual as well as social, to taste and discover and decide for himself. And now, at two-and-twenty, he had for at least two years revolted from conformity in religion as well as **in** all else, and he refused to accept the Christian dogma which he had been brought up to believe in,

It seems now inconceivable that his parents should not have recognised that this son of theirs would have to build up his own faith, and that the bricks he built it with would not be beliefs accepted from others, but those made by his own observations and searchings and probings, readings and discoveries. "To present to him the blunderbus of conformity, and bid him stand and deliver, were an attempt at intellectual highway robbery."* He was always observing and searching and probing, his eager intellect was always questioning and discovering,—was it at all likely he would stop short at investigation of the very problems most dear to the soul of the metaphysical Scot? But, whilst Calvinistic doctrines were first responsible for sending Louis to the opposite extremes in faith and conduct, the Calvinism in which he had been born and nurtured made him take himself in deadly earnest, and rack himself on the wheel of conscience. Louis Stevenson was already, in his twenty-fourth year, one of those who by nature are impelled to look beyond the limitations of human experience and knowledge, and strain their eyes to discover what lies beyond, to penetrate the inscrutable mystery that fascinates or baffles our finite minds. But to Thomas Stevenson, simple and upright and pure-hearted, these unimaginable conceptions were all answered by his religious convictions—convictions as deeply and securely rock-bedded and as immovable as the foundations of his own deep-sea lighthouses, and he steered his course in the rough seas of life unquestioningly, by their faithful light.

But it was not only their different outlook in matters of religion that caused the scenes and the estrangement between Thomas Stevenson and Louis Stevenson. What a series of anxieties Louis's life had been to his father! How much he had taken from his parents, how little he had given them in return! Thomas Stevenson had borne with equanimity the disappointment of barely

* *The Faith of R. L. Stevenson,* by the Rev, John Kelman, D.P,

two years before, when his son had, as it must have seemed to the father, flung away his birthright for a mess of pottage; but since then he had had more to bear. He intensely disapproved of Louis's ways of life and choice of companions. And now this last divergence from his own standards shocked all that was dearest to him in his notions of right and wrong. His son was, in his eyes, an atheist.

Perhaps some day it may be discovered that the whole system is wrong which allows the children—daughters or sons—to develop into maturity of opinion and character, and to remain economically dependent under the parents' roof, compelled to live their life and think their thoughts. Stevenson at two-and-twenty was not only absolutely dependent on his father's generosity, but had no outlook save the same dependence for years to come. He no doubt felt himself, and was in the eyes of his companions, and to his little world, a man, in all the approaching dignity of wig and gown in professional hours, and with all the present charm of brilliant wit and new thoughts and gay bearing in his social hours; and yet he had ever the consciousness that, with liberty to lead a luxurious life and have his bills paid for him and his friends entertained, he had only a pound a month pocket-money to call his very own. As long as the system prevails which allows one grown-up person to be economically dependent on another, so long will stone or brick walls hide tragedies, and within them will spirits be daily broken on the domestic knife-cleaning machine, and talents rot and be thrown aside with spent tea-leaves and empty egg-shells; and the most sacred relationships—that of husband and wife, or of parent and child—be subjected to ignoble conditions.

It was Stevenson himself who saw the affinity between himself and that luckless son of Edinburgh, poor misspent, drink-sodden Robert Fergusson, the poet. He accounts in somewhat occult and mystic fashion for his own morbid and sinister Bohemian strain, for there

were actually moments when he believed himself to be the reincarnation of Fergusson. In his dark hour, when he was writhing under all this morbid self-analysis and regret at the unhappiness of the estrangement his religious outlook was giving to the parents he loved, he wrote of himself and Fergusson "born in the same city; both sickly, both pestered, one nearly to madness, one to the madhouse, with a damnatory creed."

Stevenson might—it is conceivable, if we look sympathetically and straightly at what he was then, and at the warring influences for good and evil that were surrounding him at home and abroad,—he might have followed the fate of Fergusson.

A crisis arrived on the last day of January, 1873, when father and son were sitting together at Heriot Row—it must have been late, for Louis had returned home from spending the evening with his friend Charles Baxter, to whom the following Sunday he wrote a wildly agonised letter about it all:

' "In the course of conversation, my father put me one or two questions as to belief, which I candidly answered. I really hate all lying so much now—a new-found honesty that has somehow come out of my late illness—that I could not so much as hesitate at the time; but if I had foreseen the real hell of everything since, I think I should have lied, as I have done so often before. I so far thought of my father, but I had forgotten my mother. And now! they are both ill, both silent, both as down in the mouth as if—I can find no simile. You may fancy how happy it is for me. If it were not too late, I think I could almost find it in my heart to retract, but it is too late; and again, am I to live my whole life as one falsehood? Of course, it is rougher than hell upon my father, but can I help it? They don't see either that my game is not the light-hearted scoffer, that I am not (as they call me) a careless infidel. I believe as much as they do, only generally in the inverse ratio; I am, I think, as honest as they can be in what I hold.

I have not come hastily to my views. I reserve (as I told them) many points until I acquire fuller information, and I do not think I am thus justly to be called 'horrible atheist.[5]

. . . O Lord, what a pleasant thing it is to have just *damned* the happiness of (probably) the only two people who care a damn about you in the world. What is my life to be at this rate. . . . If all that I hold true and most desire to spread is to be such death, and worse than death, in the eyes of my father and mother, what the *devil* am I to do? Here is a good heavy cross with a vengeance, and all rough with rusty nails that tear your fingers, only it is not I that have to carry it alone; I hold the light end, but the heavy burden falls on these two. . . ."*

Of course it is exaggerated and neurotic, but it is written only two days after a scene that must have tortured him; and Louis was not physically strong enough to endure such mental torture without wincing. There is a real cry of agony in it, for the boy loved his father, and understood him. And the pathos of it!

Many such letters of Louis's, written at this time, have been given to the public, in part or in full. And the fine and lovable character of Thomas Stevenson has, by many, been misjudged by them. Is it right to judge the whole position by the letters Louis wrote to his intimates at the time? The letters were written in the heat and exaggeration of tormented moments, they are—those to Charles Baxter—written with the same strong force of language Louis used habitually about every trifle in letters to Charles Baxter and Henley and others, and they were written as safety-valves—outpourings, without restraint, addressed where he knew he would be sympathised with. Thomas Stevenson, downstairs, wrote no letters. Had he done so we might realise another side. The artistic temperament is in high heaven one day, in deepest hell the next. It exag-

*** *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin.**

gerates and distorts, in either place. Another factor that was potent was the high-strung, nervous excitability, the passionate emotions, not only of the son, but of the father. In this they were alike; and each played on the other. The great force of feeling in each acted differently on the different character—in the father it propelled his intensity of dogmatic religious belief, and in the young man it propelled his artistic and emotional cravings, his rebellion and desire for self-expression. But the result, as between father and son, was the same—the two diverse torrents, forcing their separate channels, when they met rose and swirled and lashed and roared into a whirlpool. And this was the boiling surface that the mother, with her peace-loving, more placid nature, and her intense love for both, tried to smooth over. She was possibly—as was the way in that day and before it—left ignorant, and was content to be left ignorant, of some of her son's life, though she so intimately shared the rest, good and ill; and the father bore his burden alone and shielded her. Without doubt, all those first months of 1873, there must have been hours of much wretchedness and misunderstanding in the house, Louis dashing off his almost illegible letters, hot from his seared heart, in the study upstairs; Thomas Stevenson with his head bent, and his great broad forehead in his hands, downstairs; Mrs. Stevenson, not intellectually strong enough to cope with the situation, pitifully anxious to see the two men she loved good and happy. But it must not be imagined that there were not also days of love and good cheer; and perhaps, to reach a just appreciation of how much it all really meant, one might turn to what were Louis's occupations during the months that followed his cry, "O Lord, what a pleasant thing it is to have just damned the happiness of (probably) the only two people who care a damn about you in the world. What is my life to be at this rate. . . ."

It was on February 11th that Louis Stevenson be-

came an Extraordinary Member of the Speculative, **but he** did not discontinue his attendances, and Tuesday evenings saw him at the gatherings of the Society. He was, that session, re-elected, without a contest, one of **the** Society's five Presidents, and on March 25th he read his well-known and witty Valedictory Address.

All through this Spring he was rehearsing at Professor and Mrs. Jenkin's house in Fettes Row for the theatricals to be held there in May. The Playbill for that year announced:

MY SON-IN-LAW

Comedy in Four Acts

Translated expressly for this occasion from
Le Gendre de M. Porier (E. Augier)

To conclude with

Scenes from THE FROGS

Translated from the Greek of Aristophanes
by J. Hookam Frere

In the first of these Louis Stevenson was "Vatel, a Cook," and in *The Frogs* he took the part of iEschylus. The three performances—after the many rehearsals—were held on May 3rd, 5th and 6th.

To late that same month belongs an episode that must have been a great pride and happiness to Thomas Stevenson. On the evening of May 19, 1873, Louis Stevenson read a paper, "On the Thermal Influence of Forests," before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It was a full meeting of the grave and reverend members who gathered on stated Monday evenings in the Society's buildings at the foot of the Mound; and Louis's paper, the first on the billet, was to be "Communicated by Thomas Stevenson, Esq."; but Thomas Stevenson, on the Chairman's right, rose and stated that as his son was himself present "he would respectfully suggest that the Society errant permission for the author to read the paper himself." Permission being granted by acclamation, the eyes of all present were turned on a

"somewhat lanky figure with pale face and dark hair," dressed immaculately in evening dress, who came forward and "with perfect grace and calmness took his place at the Reader's desk," and faced the Chairman (Dr. Milne Home, Vice-President) at the far end of the table, and the Secretaries and Members of Council seated round it (Professor J. Hutton Balfour, Professor Tait, Professor Turner, Sir Douglas Maclagan, Lister, Buchan) and read his paper from beginning to end. He was to the elder men present a scarcely known youth, but belonging to the well-known family of the "Lighthouse Stevensons"—the son of the much-liked friend of many of them, "Tom Stevenson." To some of the younger men who had known him in Professor Tait's laboratory he was merely "a madcap," who interrupted their work by talking; but to one present—Thomas Stevenson—he was the son of his love and his prayers, and it is good to remember that the father had that hour of fatherly pride in an achievement after his own heart, a triumph in so dignified a setting, before his fellow townsmen whom he most respected. For the bitter hour of "ordered South—alone" was drawing very near in that May of 1873.

A hot English July, and Robert Louis Stevenson, a slim, narrow-chested youth, in his inevitable black velvet coat, a straw hat, and a knapsack on his back, trudged along the road from Bury St. Edmunds to Cockfield Rectory, in Suffolk. It was his method of arriving on a visit to one of his Balfour cousins, who had become the wife of the Rev. Professor Churchill Babington, Disney Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge. He arrived, hot and dusty and shy, to find two ladies awaiting him, one of whom, his cousin and hostess, came out through an open French window to welcome him. The other, whose little boy, with the instinct any child has for a child-lover, promptly claimed Louis and carried him off to see the moat, was Mrs. Sit well (now

Lady Colvin), a connexion and an intimate friend of Mrs. Babington's.

When he lost his shyness, Louis Stevenson's talk was like nothing that the walls of that old English Rectory had ever heard before; nor had young Mrs. Sitwell heard such talk—she who had listened to many brilliant talkers. She forthwith wrote to Mr. (now Sir Sidney) Colvin, then a Resident Fellow at Trinity College, Cambridge, who was due as a guest at the Rectory, and urged him not to delay his coming, that he might meet the "fine young spirit." Mr. Colvin came very soon; and so was begun, in that old Suffolk Rectory, at the psychological moment when a friend was so sorely needed, the friendship that meant so much to Stevenson, and that was to last to the end of his life.

Mrs. Sitwell's immediate influence on him and in his life may be best told in Sir Sidney Colvin's own words:

"He had thrown himself on her sympathies in that troubled hour of his youth, with entire dependence almost from the first, and clung to her devotedly for the next two years as to an inspirer, consoler, and guide. Under her influence he began for the first time to see his way in life, and to believe hopefully and manfully in his powers and future."

Of his own share Sir Sidney does not speak so explicitly, merely adding deprecatingly, "To encourage such hopes further, and to lend what hand one could towards their fulfilment, became quickly one of the first of cares and pleasures." But it is not difficult to see what that helping hand did for Louis Stevenson—the helping hand of a man only about five years his senior, who yet had already made himself a recognised position as a literary and art critic, had that very year been appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge, and in whom young Stevenson found not only one who could set him on his feet both as a man and as a writer, but a friend such as it is given to few men to make, and

whose friendship never failed Stevenson through life. "I don't know how to thank you," Stevenson wrote to him, only about two months later, "and I am afraid I do not even feel grateful enough—you have let your kindness come on me so easily."

Stevenson stayed a month at Cockfield Rectory, "too happy to be much of a correspondent." He had evidently intended to do a little work there, for he tells his mother in a letter, "I got a little Law read yesterday." Dear Scot!

When he left, he spent a few days in London, staying with Mr. Colvin, and seeing Mrs. Sitwell, who had returned there. Then he went back home full of new hope and heart, for he had at last an acknowledged purpose in life, a goal ahead. His new friends had had the experience as well as the sympathetic discernment that made them able to see that "if he could steer himself or be steered safely through the difficulties of youth, and if he could learn to write with half the charm and genius that shone from his presence and conversation, there seemed room to hope for the highest from him." So they sent him north buoyed up in his literary aspirations, and full of schemes for work. It had all been planned out in the warmth of the Suffolk Rectory; he was to read for the Bar, as his parents desired, but he was also to "get ready for publication" some essays—one on "Roads," one on Walt Whitman, and one on John Knox. Plenty of change of atmospheric conditions in the three subjects!

Stevenson wrote almost daily to Mrs. Sitwell after his return home, egotistical letters, as always; brilliant letters, the continuance of all the talk at the Rectory; hopeful letters, about his essays he was working at; intimate letters, the outpouring of all his thoughts arid doings; pathetic letters, for gradually they concentrated on the misery of the home trouble, which he had found waiting again for him. Before he had been home three weeks he writes: "I have just had another dis-

agreeable night. It is difficult indeed to steer steady among the breakers; I am always touching ground; generally it is my own blame, for I cannot help getting friendly with my father (whom I *do* love) and so speaking foolishly with my mouth. I have yet to learn in ordinary conversation that reserve and silence that I must try to unlearn in the matter of the feelings."*

And having written this, he went down to supper, and came up again to tell his friend: "I can scarcely see to write just now; so please excuse. We have had an awful scene. All that my father had to say has been put forth—not that it was anything new; only it is the devil to hear. I don't know what to do—the world goes hopelessly round about me; there is no more possibility of doing, living, being anything but a *beast,* and there's the end of it. . . . I say, my dear friend, I am killing my father—he told me to-night (by the way) that I alienated utterly my mother—and this is the result of my attempts to start fair and fresh and to do my best for all of them." †

And the saddest of all was written next day. He had lain in bed in the morning, he tells her (probably after a sleepless night), and heard his father go out for the papers; "and then I lay and wished—Oh, if he would *whistle* when he comes in again! But of course he did not. I have stopped that pipe."

The continual fretting and depression and excitement told steadily on his health. He was weighed, and found "the gross weight of my large person was eight stone six!" A month later, to Mrs. Sitwell: "I am no1 at all ill . . . with tonics, decent weather, and a little cheerfulness . . . I shall be all right again." Next day, October 15th, he wrote to Mr. Colvin: "Of course I knew as well as you that I was merely running before an illness; but I thought I should be in time to escape However, I was knocked over on Monday night wit!

† ***Letters.*** **Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin.**
* ***Letters.*** **Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin.**

a bad sore throat, feVer, rheumatism, and a threatening of pleurisy, which last is, I think, gone. If I can't get away on Wednesday at latest, I lose my excuse for going at all, and I do wish to escape a little while."

The "excuse" was that the Lord Advocate, Edward Strathearn Gordon (afterward Baron Gordon), had strongly advised him, in his father's hearing, to go to the English Bar; and so it had been quickly arranged that he should go up to London and present himself for admission at one of the Inns of Court. An unlooked-for escape came; for when Stevenson arrived in London, towards the end of October, he was so ill that it had to be a medical examination instead of legal examination. Louis's London friends suggested his consulting Sir Andrew Clark, whom they privately informed beforehand of Louis's home troubles. Sir Andrew Clark found Louis suffering from nervous exhaustion and threatening of pthisis, and ordered him straight off to sunshine and peace—to "the Riviera *alone,* without anxiety or worry."

He left at once. His mother came up to London and saw him off on November 5th. He travelled by slow stages to the South, arrived at Mentone on November 12th, the day before his twenty-third birthday, and wrote next day to his mother to tell her he had found "a charming room" in the Hotel du Pavilion, one window to the south and one to the east, with a "superb view of Mentone and the hills."

CHAPTER IV

R. L. S.: "NEW ARTIST OF FIRST PROMISE"

"I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door."
R. L. S.

STEVENSON at Mentone was at first too sick a man in mind and body to do anything but sit and steep himself in the sun, read Horace among the olives, and feel that he was an old man at three and twenty; that as an intellectual being he had not yet begun to exist; that his immortal soul was nearly extinct.

Under the sunshine of foreign skies, amid the mingled scents of hot pine trees, lemon and orange gardens and salt sea, he went through a period of what Catholics of the Church of Rome call "re-collection." But the peaceful reorganisation of "the records of the mind" that should have ensued was disturbed by the Calvinistic conscience that was his, which seized the moment to suggest to him that, as he was going to die—and he firmly believed he was going to die—he would have no means of repaying to mankind what he had cost. All that had been expended on him,—that huge loan which, by the hands of his father, mankind had advanced him for his sickness, would in the case of his death be lost money. So Stevenson spent as little as he could and "grudged himself all but necessaries." He tells Mrs. Sitwell, in a letter, written on the 30th of November, after he had been only a few weeks at Mentone, that he is living at the rate of more than three pounds a week and is doing nothing for it; that he has now received

£80, some £55 of which still remain unspent; and that all this is more debt on his part to civilization and to his fellow men. Thomas Stevenson is not even mentioned in the character of middleman.

"It is an old phrase of mine," he writes, "that money is the *atmosphere* of civilized life, and I do hate to take the breath out of other people's nostrils."

The artist in him,—whether at the time, or afterwards when writing,—turned all his qualms and conduct into good account as *pabulum,* and it is all to be found in *Lay Morals,* thinly disguised as the qualms and conduct of "my friend."

After he had been only a few weeks at Mentone he wrote to Mrs. Sitwell:—

". . . Being sent to the South is not much good unless you take your soul with you, you see; and my soul is rarely with me here. I don't see much beauty. I have lost the key; I can only be placid and inert, and see the bright days go past uselessly one after another; . . . Go south I why, I saw more beauty with my eyes healthfully alert to see in two wet windy February afternoons in Scotland than I can see in my beautiful olive gardens and grey hills in a whole week in my low and lost estate, as the Shorter Catechism puts it somewhere. It is a pitiable blindness, this blindness of the soul. . . . If you knew how old I felt! I am sure this is what age brings with it—this carelessness, this disenchantment, this continual bodily weariness. I am a man of seventy: O Medea, kill me, or make me young again!" *

So thoroughly was Stevenson the artist, that this very cry for his lost soul and lost sense of beauty and lost youth was presently to be used as "copy" for his article, *Ordered South.*

The winter at Mentone did much for him. He gradually felt the improvement in health, and, once having got rid of the belief he was dying, "felt justified in spending more freely." "If I can only get back my health, by

* *Letters.* **Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. 1,87-8.**

God!" he wrote to Charles Baxter, "I shall not be as useless as I have been." Nor was he.

He also soon lost his "blindness of soul" where beauty was perceptible:—

"I am concerned about the plane leaves. Hitherto it has always been a great feature to see these trees standing up head and shoulders and chest—head and body, in fact—above the wonderful blue-grey-greens of the olives, in one glory of red gold. Much more of this wind, and the gold, I fear, will be all spent." *

Such passages show the artist in the making,—eyes that see, and the exact selection of fitting words to express.

And again the sheer love of beauty, and a touch of the sensuous, always present in Stevenson the artist:—

"If you had seen the moon last night! It was like transfigured sunshine; as clear and mellow, only showing everything in a new wonderful significance. . . . When the moon rises every night over the Italian coast, it makes a long path over the sea as yellow as gold." †

And the rhapsody over the first violet, written evidently under the influence of opium taken in the morning after a night of illness, gives even more of the purely sensuous ecstacy over beauty—this time of scent, not sight:—

"The first violet. There is more sweet trouble for the heart in the breath of this small flower than in all the wines of all the vineyards of Europe. I cannot contain myself. I do not think so small a thing has ever given me such a princely festival of pleasure. I feel as if my heart were a little bunch of violets in my bosom; and my brain is pleasantly intoxicated with the wonderful odour. . . . No one need tell me that the phrase is exaggerated if I say that this violet *sings;* it sings with the same voice as the March blackbird; and the same ador-

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 89.
† *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. 1,91.

able tremor goes through one's soul at the hearing **of it." ***

The opium gave him a day of "extraordinary happiness," but fortunately it did not make him "write a good style", some verses turning out "not quite equal to Kubla Khan . . . which is just as well, lest I should be tempted to renew the experiment."

At the end of November,—a fortnight after Stevenson's arrival in Mentone,—there appeared in print his first contribution to regular periodical literature—his essay *On Roads,* inspired at the Suffolk Rectory, written at Swanston, discussed in letters to Mrs. Sitwell, refused by the *Saturday Review,* accepted, through Mr. Colvin's help, by P. G. Hamerton, the editor of the *Portfolio,* and printed in the December issue. This publication of the first of R. L. S.'s essays marked the real beginning of his lifework. Emancipated and free to follow his own bent, he also began his heroic life-struggle,—to write despite constant weakness and ill-health. During the first month at Mentone, spent at the Hotel du Pavilion, he made a brave effort to overcome his mental stagnation and to take up his "Walt Whitman" article again; he had to give up the attempt for a time, but presently he wrote to Mrs. Sitwell that he had again tackled it, and that it "at last looks really well." The paper, however, was not destined to be completed till a later period. He set it aside, and began his *Ordered South.*

Early in December he announced that his body and soul were both somewhat more valid than they had been, and that life was beginning again to be agreeable to him, but that he might as well have been buried for nearly a week, as far as concerned any pleasurable or even strong sensation.

In the third week of December Mr. Colvin joined him, and together they spent a few days at Monte Carlo, awakening surprise at their unnatural conduct in not

* *Letters.* **Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, pp. 121 & 126.**

devoting their evenings to the gambling tables. On their return to Mentone, a more cheerful and congenial coterie was discovered at the hotel to which Mr. Colvin took Stevenson. Especially delightful was the society of two Russian ladies, Madame Zassetsky and Madame Garschine, also travelling for their health, and their children. Stevenson, always a lover of children,—"children are certainly too good to be true," he said,—was absolutely captivated by a fascinating little maiden of barely three, who spoke in six languages (no doubt not a large vocabulary in any one of the six!) "a little polyglot button," he calls her. She won him at first by her offended dignity at his watching with amusement the process of her being fed at lunch, and by her shrill and emphatic announcement to the whole table,—this time choosing German for her medium,—that he was a "Madchen—Madchen—Madchen!" "The little Russian kid," or, more properly, Nelitchka, figures in all his letters, and she took so great a hold on his fancy that he, after his return to Edinburgh, favoured a girl cousin and his mother, in the drawing-room at Heriot Row, to "a long dissertation on a little child belonging to a Russian princess whom he had met abroad," showing them her photograph, and then pacing up and down the room whilst they sat together on the sofa listening for quite an hour. Mrs. Stevenson, intent and devoted, held the girl-cousin's hand in hers and whispered "now we shall listen," to enforce silence from the somewhat bored young guest.

But there were other yields to Stevenson's searches for "anyone conversable" at Mentone. Two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and their little girl of eight, Marie; Robinet, the French painter; a clergyman who had a wordy quarrel with Stevenson; an American who did likewise; and, perhaps best metal for his steel,—for he also was "capable of talking two hours upon end"—Prince Leon Galitzin, a cousin of the two Russian ladies, who joined the party, and with whom Louis had

philosophical, scientific, and artistic discussions, and who tried to persuade Louis, and half succeeded in persuading him, to attend a summer course of lectures in Gottingen.

Mr. Colvin, save for a short absence in January, remained with Louis for about three months. During the absence in January he had been commissioned, as Stevenson had "no adequate overcoat," to buy him one in Paris. Mr. Colvin, with due consideration of Stevenson's taste for what was picturesque and conspicuous, selected a cloak "piratical in appearance, ... in the style of 1830-40, dark blue and flowing, and fastening with a snake buckle." It brought warmth to Stevenson's body and joy to his soul, figures constantly in his letters, and gave him even more satisfaction than had that other "romantic garment" four years previously, the boat-cloak in which he had lain wrapt in the stern sheets of a boat off the coast of Orkney.

"My cloak is the most admirable of all garments," he wrote to his father, "for warmth, unequalled; for a sort of pensive, Roman stateliness, sometimes warming into Romantic guitarism, it is simply without concurrent; it starts alone. If you could see me in my cloak, it would impress you." *

And again, to his mother:

"It is a fine thought for absent parents that their son possesses simply THE GREATEST vestment in Mentone. It is great in size and unspeakably great in design; *qua* raiment, it has not its equal." †

The boy is as innocent a *poseur* as a peacock spreading its tail.

But alas! the unequalled garment did not favourably impress the fastidious Andrew Lang, who was staying in the Riviera and came to call on Mr. Colvin at Mentone. He found Stevenson, on first meeting, "girlish-looking" (so Nelitchka's "Madchen Madchen!" was not far wrong) with his smooth face and long hair; and the

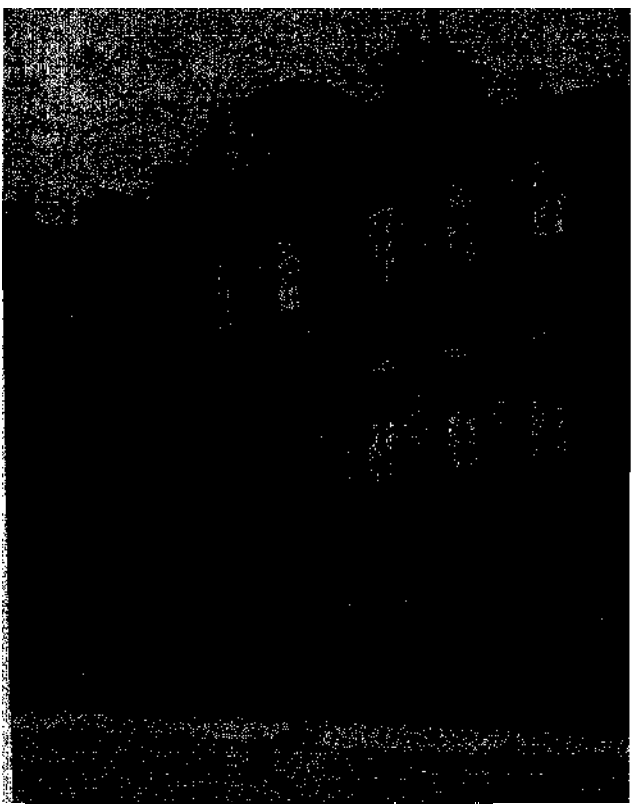
* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. 1,119. † Ibid.,1,123.

"wide blue cloak" he condemned as un-English and even, less Scottish. Stevenson, probably sensitively alive to Andrew Lang's unfavourable impression, wrote home next day to his father that they had had a visit from one of whom he had often heard from Mrs. Sellar,*—Andrew Lang. "He is good-looking, delicate, Oxford-ish, etc." is Louis's summing-up.

But the acquaintance, thus begun so unpromisingly in Mentone when Louis was three and twenty, ripened into a friendship that lasted for life, a friendship strong enough to even resist various shocks that Stevenson's choice of clothes was liable to inflict. It was many years later that "Dear Andrew, with the brindled hair" and Sheriff Maconochie, walking together along Bond Street, met Louis Stevenson dressed in a black shirt, red tie, black brigand coat, and velvet smoking cap. "No, no; go away, Louis, go away!" cried the scandalized Andrew Lang. "My character will stand a great deal, but it won't stand being seen talking to a 'thing' like you in Bond Street." †

In January Louis thought *Ordered South,* at which he was working, would have to be "ordered to Jericho"; but he was in full freakish humour—"I feel very humorous and inclined to stand up and wink at myself in the mirror." ‡ On February 5th he finished *Ordered South,* and Mr. Colvin sent it off the very next morning to the then editor of *Macmillaris Magazine,* Sir George Grove. It was accepted. The young author had criticized his *Roads* as "not particularly well written": *Ordered South,* he wrote to Mrs. Sitwell the day it was sent off for editorial verdict, had given him "some pleasure and contentment"; but, when he re-read it in proof, just before he left Mentone, he found it only "pretty decent, I think, but poor, stiff, limping stuff at best—not half so well straightened up as *Roads"* §

***** See Footnote, p 27.
† Sheriff Maconochie, in I *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* **p. 80.**
‡ From unpublished letter.
§ *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, pp. 121 & 126,



17 HERIOT ROW, EDINBURGH.

' For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door.'

to cover all his personal expenses,—such things as "petty cash," books, postage, presents, tobacco, lunches, clothes and travelling,—all, in fact, save his board and lodging when he was at Heriot Row or Swanston,—it will be seen at once, by anyone who knows what would be the ordinary and legitimate expenses of a young man of his position in Edinburgh, that it was not nearly sufficient. Moreover, it was paid to him in monthly instalments of seven pounds at a time,—a method that made it almost impossible for him to keep out of debt. Seven pounds would not have been enough to pay any comparatively big call,—a ticket to London or a suit of clothes,—and to leave him enough in hand to last till the next seven pounds became due. The result of the system was inevitable; constant supplementary help from his parents, and the immediate utilization of any sums that came from editors. Thus he never learnt to manage money. Probably—being Louis Stevenson—he never would have learnt; but, if he had been given an allowance sufficient for his legitimate needs, even Louis, "careless as the daisies," generous and open-handed as a sailor, might have learnt the ease of mind that, living from hand to mouth, he never enjoyed; and he might have learnt not to trust to being always able to call upon supplementary supplies from his parents. But these habits were taught him in his youth and remained with him, and were the cause of a great deal of his constant anxiety and worry over money troubles.

Ordered South was published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May, 1874, at the psychological moment of his return home. Louis reported that it had "passed muster," and his parents think it "heathen" but take it quietly. He had returned home too late to take part in the Jenkin theatricals *(Mademoiselle de la Gergliere* and *Only An Actress),* which this year were held at the end of April in their new house, 3 Great Stuart Street, where Professor Jenkin had engineered the dining-

room wall to let down on hinges into the room behind to form a stage. Soon after his return home, Louis went to Swanston, and wrote thence of cold and sleet, of Roman Law and Calvin; and all the rest of May he, at Swanston, worked very hard. He finished his Victor Hugo article, and, whilst "looking round what next to take up," received an order from John Morley, then editor of *The Fortnightly,* for a notice of Lord Lytton's *Fables in Song.* Louis did not like to accept the order till he had seen the book, and that devoted father of his, Thomas Stevenson, went to all the libraries to try and get it for him; but the book was only just published and none of the libraries had an available copy in, and so his father bought a copy and brought it home. Louis, from the first diffident and critical about what he wrote, "struggled" with his notice, and "I am much afraid I am going to make a real failure, the time is so short, and I am so out of humour"; but a day or two later came a letter from Leslie Stephen, then editor of *Cornhill,* not only accepting the Victor Hugo article which had been sent him, but giving—on four sides of his note-paper—a careful, kind, respectful criticism of the article to the young unknown author. This letter is of peculiar interest, for the article it accepted was the first of Stevenson's many essays and contributions to the *Cornhill,*—those essays signed by "best-beloved initials" R. L. S., now famous in English literature.

Louis confessed that Leslie Stephen's letter ought to have made him gay, but it did not, for he had finished "some of the deedest rubbish about Lord Lytton's *Fables* that an intelligent editor ever shot into his waste-paper basket." But John Morley thought otherwise: it was not shot into that convenient receptacle, but appeared in the June—the next—number of the *Fortnightly.*

But all of this literary success,—*Macmillan* accepting his *Ordered South* and its appearance in May, followed by his critique of *Fables in Song* in the *Fortnightly* for

June, and Leslie Stephen's letter in accepting *Victor Hugo's Romances* for the *Cornhill,*—did not seem to exhilarate Stevenson. He was in a strange mood that **May, 1874,** at Swanston, after his absence of ten months from the place, following his breakdown of October, **1873. He** writes that he leads "such a funny life," without interest or pleasure outside his work; that he works all day long, save for a walk alone on the cold hills, **and** "a couple of pipes with my father in the evening." This is the life of an old man, not of a young man of three and twenty. And the strangest part of it is that "it is surprising how it suits me, and how happy I keep."

At the beginning of June (1874), this life was broken into. Louis heard that he was elected for the Savile Club in London, and further that this meant the payment of ten guineas. Poor Louis, having, as usual, parted with all he had to a needy friend, was not unduly troubled. "I must get advances, I suppose," was his casual comment. Advances were always available to him, and evidently were in this case, for he was duly elected on June 3rd, 1874, his proposer Mr. Colvin, his seconder Professor Fleeming Jenkin, and among his backers W. K. Clifford, Andrew Lang, and Basil Champneys. He accordingly went to London at once, paid a short visit to Mr. Colvin in the cottage at Hampstead Mr. Colvin then rented, and fully enjoyed his membership of the Savile during the visit, meeting there many of the young literary men of the London of that day, and being by them recognised as one of themselves.

The Savile was then only five years of age, and was in Savile Row, its first premises. Stevenson's description of it is:—"It was green. It was tastefully decorated with play-bills and umbrellas; and the coats and hats of many rising authors depended at regular intervals upon the walls."

It speedily became his London base of operations, **and** he greatly appreciated it and the opportunities it

gave him, and he was also appreciated there. Sir Sidney Colvin tells of how "on his visits to London he generally lunched there, and at the meal and afterwards came to be accepted and habitually surrounded as a radiatory centre of good talk, a kind of ideal incarnation of the spirit of the Society." *

Louis himself viewed the Society with keen appreciation of its humours as well as its brilliance: "this is the place known by fame to many; to few by sight. Now and again, Gladstone, or Hugo, the Primate of England or the *Prince de Galles,* may tread, not without awe, its hallowed flooring. But these, great though they are, are not its true inhabitants. Here gather daily those young eaglets of glory, the swordsmen of the pen, who are the pride and wonder of the world, and the terror and envy of the effete pensionaires of the Athenaeum. They are all young; and youth is a great gift. They are all clever authors; and some of them, with that last refinement of talent, old as Job but rare as modesty, have hitherto refrained from writing. They are old friends, though they may slate each other in annoymous *(sic)* prints. And they are all Rising."

Not only at the Savile, but through introductions from Mr. Colvin, Leslie Stephen, and others, he met various interesting people, some of them notabilities or afterwards to arrive at notability. And it was during this visit that he got the idea for his next essay:—*Notes on the Movements of Young Children,* which came out in the *Portfolio* the following August, the same month that saw his Victor Hugo paper in *CornhilL*

But the stage of life's drama is not always well managed. Carlyle in Edinburgh in 1821, by an adverse chance never met Scott, in spite of Goethe's attempts from Weimar to bring about a meeting: Stevenson in London in 1874, by an adverse chance never met Carlyle, in spite of Leslie Stephen's attempts to bring about a meeting. The bait offered by Goethe had been Car-

***Memories and Notes of Persons and Places,* by Sir Sidney Colvin.**

lyle's intelligent interest in German literature; but Scott did not respond: the bait offered by Leslie Stephen was Stevenson's intelligent interest in Knox; but the sage of Chelsea did not respond. The fact is, Carlyle did not like Leslie Stephen.

This is Leslie Stephen's account, written to Mr. Norton:

"Last May I met an Australian, who had a letter to me, and who was very anxious to see Carlyle. I said 'I don't know T. C. well enough, but I will introduce you to Allingham, and probably A. will introduce you to the prophet.' A. did so, but introduced him as my friend. Well, I made acquaintance with a youth of some literary promise, who has been working at Knox, and was anxious to talk to Carlyle about him. I thought the old man would like to see this young Scotch zealot, and the same afternoon I met C. walking with Froude. He instantly began to blow me up about my Australian. I—rather foolishly, I must admit—took the opportunity of mentioning the youthful Scot. Hereupon the revered Thomas gave me a bit of his mind, asking why people wanted to see his wretched old carcase, &c, &c. . . ."* And so, because of Scott's forgetfulness of a letter from Carlyle, then a young man "of literary promise," and because of Carlyle's being in ruffled mood when Leslie Stephen untactfully pressed the claim of that other "youth of some literary promise," Robert Louis Stevenson, these three great literary Scots,—Sir Walter, Thomas Carlyle, and Louis Stevenson—never touched hands.

Back at Swanston in that same month of June, 1874, Louis received bad news of his cousin, It. A. M. Stevenson,—his beloved and intimate "Bob." "He has come home from his sister's marriage and fallen ill of Diphtheria" he wrote. Louis was at once interested in the effect of the news on himself, and noted with curiosity that he was calm, awaiting further news with com-

* *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen,* by Frederic William Maitland.

posure—and, because he could do nothing more than he had done—he had gone to see the doctor, and been told he could not see the invalid for risk of contagion,—"why should I disturb myself?" This would appear callous and egotistic; but in reality it must be taken as merely the curiously introspective temperament of the artist,—the subjectivity that results from probing into human character and motive and the workings of the human mind. The human mind most ready of access and always handy for study is the mind of the thinker himself, and so artistic temperaments are prone to egoism. Louis, during the time of R. A. M. Stevenson's illness, was in reality harrowed by anxiety, and as usual it showed in acute nervous sensibility. "Why should I disturb myself?" he wrote. He went out into the windy, whin-scented garden at Swanston, and gave way to meditation,—very happy, noting the powder of white apple blossom that blew over the hedge onto the grass at his feet, the blink of sunshine and the whistle of a bird; stretching himself "for very voluptuousness," and then looking down "ugly vistas in the future, for Bob and others." In a day or two the news came. "Bob" was worse. "I am so tired; but I am very hopeful. All will be well some time, if it be only when we are dead. One thing I see so clearly. Death is end neither of joy nor sorrow." The strain shows in all his letters—in his confession of irritability, so foreign to him, in his morbidity of theme, in his neglect of work.

As soon as R. A. M. Stevenson was better, and Louis had seen him, Louis, thoroughly shaken by the strain he had been suffering, and unfitted for work or anything else, went off on a yachting cruise in west coast waters with two of his friends, Thomas Barclay and Walter Simpson, to recuperate.

June among the Hebrides sent him back brown and apparently fit again, but *minus* his portmanteau "with Walt Whitman in it and a lot of notes." Presumably any clothes that the portmanteau may have contained

were no loss; or possibly whatever variety of clothes he had taken were on his person.

That summer he was full of schemes for work, one being for a volume of essays, ethical and expository, "on the enjoyment of the world." He saw, in his mind's eye, the type of book, "a little book with narrow print in each page, antique, vine leaves about." But the book never saw light. Stevenson's fancy, to his last days, was always teeming over with visions of subjects for books and articles; but often his "first fine careless rapture" over his idea was spent on a letter,—and there it stopped.

In antithesis to the enjoyment of life, expressed in the "narrow print, antique, vine leaves about" and the Omar Khayyam suggestion thus given, Stevenson plunged into hard study of Scottish ecclesiastical matters, wrote his tract "An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland," and was moreover immersed for months in "Reformation work" for his articles on "John Knox and His Relations with Women"—which in private he called "Knox and his females."

"An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland" was to appear as a pamphlet, published by Blackwood, in February next year, but was to make no appeal to either the Clergy of the Church of Scotland or to anyone else, save to the young author's father, Thomas Stevenson, who took great interest in the writing of this pamphlet, and defrayed the cost of printing it. It is a pamphlet of twelve pages, and was sold, without wrappers, at 3d a copy.*

In view of recent efforts towards Church Union in Scotland, it is interesting now to remember that Robert Louis Stevenson saw the opportunity given by the Church Patronage Act of 1874, which removed the original *casus belli* that led to the Disruption of the Church in Scotland in 1843, and made his unnoticed

***In July, 1923, for a copy of this now rare pamphlet the sum of £460 was paid at Sotheby's, and it has gone to a collection in America.**

appeal to the Scottish clergy to use the opportunity, and to unite the various denominations into one Scottish Church. It is interesting also to note that this pamphlet was the one writing of Louis Stevenson's published by Blackwood, one of the great Edinburgh publishers. Louis, like his father, was Conservative, and the well-known house of Blackwood, whence issues *Blackwood's Magazine,* is notably and distinctively Conservative. But Louis never saw the name "Blackwood" on his covers, never occupied space in the double columns of *"Maga"* His *Portraits by Raebum* (afterwards in *Virginibus Puerisque)* was, indeed, refused by *Blackwood;* but *Blackwood* was not alone in this distinction—*Cornhill* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* also refused it.

August of 1874 was spent by Louis with his parents in a holiday in England and Wales,—Chester, Barmouth, Llandudno,—working at the John Knox articles while he was away, the subject having "expanded damnedly," as subjects will. He then returned to Swanston, and there corrected the proofs for *Macmillan,* in which the articles appeared in September and October.

October found him still in restless and morbid mood. October is the beginning of winter and of winter work in Edinburgh, and the Law Classes lay in front of Louis. But in October he was contemplating a journey to Poland, to visit the friend he had made at Mentone, Prince Galitzin; and he was anxious too to stay *en route* in London, in order to see Mrs. Sitwell before "I tackle this sad winter work." Poland proved impossible; and so, instead of "tackling this sad winter's work," he went off to England, there tramped about in the Chilterns in Buckinghamshire (describing them afterwards in *An Autumn Effect)* achieved his visit to London to see Mr. Colvin and Mrs. Sitwell, and finally returned to Edinburgh at the end of November, arriving three hours late because of a block on the line, and finding his father waiting for him in the snow.

It was certainly in no mood to tackle work that

Stevenson began the next winter (1874-5), took out law classes at the University—his last Session there—Scots Law, Conveyancing, and Constitutional Law and History, and again went back—nominally—to work at the office of Skene, Edwards and Bilton. His mind was running on themes other than Law work and office routine. His whole spirit was set on the desire of the moth for the candle. "God help us all, it is a funny world," he had ejaculated, in a letter to Mrs. Sitwell, in October, before he went to England. The letter goes on to tell her he finds the world full of people "with their eyes sealed up with indifference, knowing nothing of the earth or man or woman, going automatically to offices and saying they are happy or unhappy out of a sense of duty."* How could the young self-absorbed artist know what lay behind each one of the masks of these men and women? There is, he goes on,—and he becomes ungrammatical through excess of feeling—"a person with their heart broken and still glad and conscious of the world's glory up to the point of pain." And these people, he complains, know nothing of it.

He was certainly in the first stage of heartbreak or the last of longing. "Oh, I do hate this damned life that I lead. Work—work—work; that's all right, it's amusing; but I want women about me and I want pleasure. John Knox had a better time of it than I, with his godly females all leaving their husbands to follow after him; I would I were John Knox; I hate living like a hermit." †

And again, this time on a higher note of craving, there is his criticism, given to Mrs. Sitwell, of the Elgin Marbles he had been to see with her while he was in London, and of which he had brought home photographs for his rooms. "I want to say something more to you about the three women. I wonder so much why they should have been *women*, and halt between two opinions in the matter. Sometimes I think it is because they

**Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 158. † *Ibid.*, 1,161.

were made by a man for men; sometimes, again, I think there is an abstract reason for it, and there is something more substantive about a woman than ever there can be about a man. . . . And think, if one could love a woman like that once, see her once grow pale with passion, and once wring your lips out upon hers, would it not be a small thing to die? Not that there is not a passion of a quite other sort, much less epic, far more dramatic and intimate, that comes out of the very frailty of perishable women; out of the lines of suffering that we see written about their eyes, and that we may wipe out if it were but for a moment; out of the thin hands, wrought and tempered in agony to a fineness of perception, that the indifferent or the merely happy cannot know; out of the tragedy that lies about such a love, and the pathetic incompleteness."*

It was in the pathetic incompleteness the heartbreak lay. It is obvious that at this time Stevenson's emotional condition had undergone a change; for this is no longer youth's "green sickness," but the far greater tribulation of maturer passion, evoked by "lines of suffering" and "thin hands wrought and tempered in agony to a fineness of perception." There is here nothing of the glad irresponsibility of a boy's romance for a girl. He himself set twenty-five as the age that marked the end of youth. It is significant.

It was a cold winter of frost and snow, the winter of 1874-5 in Edinburgh, and the great loch of Duddingstone, at the foot of Arthur's Seat, was bearing for weeks. Louis wrote to his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson:

"My dear Bob . . . I keep wonderfully well together on the whole, though Edinburgh is not the gayest place of sojourn on this wicked world of ours. We have had now near a fortnight of frost and I have skated every afternoon—I can't skate more. . . ."

He is remembered by others who saw him skating on Duddingstone Loch . . . a slender figure with a **muf-**

**Letlers.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 170.

fler about his neck; darting in and out among the crowd, and disappearing and reappearing like a melancholy minnow among the tall reeds that fringe the Loch."

In January, he was already looking forward to another flight South, "impossible until the Session is over," he says with dignity; but it was want of coins and not his classes that made the impossibility. He was, however, busy with his own literary work, and he was hearing a good deal of music,—concerts, the Halle and Neruda recitals. But his writing affected him "more perhaps than is wholesome," he tells Mr. Colvin: "I have only been two hours at work to-day, and yet I have been crying and am shaking badly." And, at the same time that he was planning and writing a book of stories, he confessed that he could not get over "a damned affecting part in my story." None of the stories came to anything. And in February, his mental and nervous mood aggravated by a cold in the head and an east wind, he cried out, in a letter to Mrs. Sitwell: "Oh, I have such a longing for children of my own; and yet I do not think I could bear it if I had one. I fancy I must feel more like a woman than like a man about that. I sometimes hate the children I see on the street—you know what I mean by hate—wish they were somewhere else, and not there to mock me; and sometimes, again, I don't know how to go by them for the love of them, especially the very wee ones."* The cry recalls Charles Lamb's *Dream Children*—the children of the soul.

It was on February 13th, 1875, the day after this impassioned outburst of feeling, that an incident occurred that led to much result in Stevenson's life. Leslie Stephen had come to Edinburgh on February 9th to give two lectures on the Alps, and on the 13th wrote home to Mrs. Leslie Stephen:

". . . I had an interesting visit to my poor contributor. He is a miserable cripple in the infirmary, who

***Letter*. Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 179.**

has lost one foot and is likely to lose another—or rather hopes just to save it,—and has a crippled hand besides. He has been eighteen months laid up here, and in that time has taught himself Spanish, Italian, and German. He writes poems of the Swinburne kind, and reads such books as he can get hold of. I have taken one of his poems for the *Cornhill.* I went to see Stevenson this morning, Colvin's friend, and told him all about this poor creature, and am going to take him there this afternoon. He will be able to lend him books, and perhaps be able to read his MSS and be otherwise useful. So I hope my coming to Edinburgh will have done good to one living creature. . . ."*

Stevenson did go with Leslie Stephen that Saturday afternoon to the Old Infirmary. He went to see "a poor fellow, a sort of poet who writes for him"—for so he described the pathetic creature who had come to Edinburgh to be under the great Edinburgh surgeon, Joseph Lister, and had been a year and a half in hospital. And there, in a little room with two beds,—two sick children in the other bed,—Leslie Stephen and Louis Stevenson sat on a couple of chairs, whilst the "sort of poet" sat up in his bed "with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a King's palace."

The stage of this meeting is described in Henley's sonnet:—

> Here in this dim, dull, double-bedded room,
> I play the father to a brace of boys,
> Ailing, but apt for every sort of noise,
> Bedfast, but brilliant yet with health and bloom.
> Roden, the Irishman, is "sieven past",
> Blue-eyed, snub-nosed, chubby and fair of face;
> Willie's but six, and seems like the place,
> A cheerful little collier to the last.
> They eat, and laugh, and sing, and fight all day;
> At night they sleep like dormice. See them play

* ***The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen,*** **by Frederic William Maitland.**

> At operations:—Roden, the Professor,
> Saws, lectures, takes the artery up, and ties;
> Willie, self-chloroform'd, with half-shut eyes,
> Holding the lint and moaning—Case and Dresser.

"Roden, the Irishman,"—Roden Shields, grew up and emerged, years later, as a working-tailor, *minus* a leg, in Glasgow; and when W. E. Henley died, Roden Shields wrote his recollections of those hospital days, and published them in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

In the little room with the two beds and the flaring gas, where R. L. S. had ever a kind or cheery word for the "brace of boys" in the other bed, a friendship began between Stevenson and W. E. Henley which was, as Sir Graham Balfour says:—

"Based on common tastes in literature and music, the talk of a true poet, the insight of one of the freshest and clearest and strongest of critics, whose training had been free from academic limitations, and whose influence was different in kind from the criticism on which the younger man had learnt to rely, though not less full of stimulation and force."*

It was a friendship which wr.s to last unbroken for many years, to influence for good and for ill both Stevenson the man and Stevenson the writer.

In April, as soon as the University classes were over, Stevenson went to London, and thence to Paris to join his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, then settled in Paris, one of the community of art students there. Another art student, and a friend of R. A. M. Stevenson's, was Mr. Will H. Low. These two were starting together one evening for a walk and dinner, when, as they passed the porter's lodge, a letter was handed to R. A. M. Stevenson, which he tore open. "Louis is coming over," he announced, and handed the note to Will H. Low.

"I fancy I can see it yet," Mr. Low records, "the blue-grey paper with the imprint of the Savile Club in Lon-

*Life *of Robert Louis Stevenson,* by Sir Graham Balfour. Vol. I, p. 124.

don, the few scrawled words to the effect that the writer was "seedy," that the weather was bad in London, and that he would arrive the next morning in Paris to seek sunshine and rest, and at the end the three initials, R. L. S., which now are known the world over." *

The two friends met Louis at the St. Lazare Station on his arrival next day. Mr. Will H. Low remembers his first impression of an "unspeakably slight" youth, with widely-spaced eyes and slightly aquiline nose, and the high cheek bones of the Scot,—not handsome until he spoke, and then came "the appeal of the vivacious eyes, the humour or pathos of the mobile mouth, with its lurking suggestion of the great god Pan at times." † And the artist,^ Mr. Will H. Low, settles the colour of Louis Stevenson's hair,—that subject over which controversy has raged, as it has over the hair of his beautiful compatriot, Mary Queen of Scots. "His hair never was black," he affirms, "though it grew darker with advancing years, and became brown, of the deepest hue, but at the time of our first meeting and for some years later it was very light, almost of the sandy tint we are wont to associate with his countrymen. In proof of this, I have a little colour-sketch, painted in the autumn of '75, which shows him with his flaxen locks; 'all that we have,' as his wife once said sadly, 'that will make people believe that Louis's hair was ever light.' "

That soft spring morning in Paris,—"a filmy sky, the sunshine softly veiled, the trees in the fresh glory of their new attire, and the life of the streets partaking of the joyousness of the renouveau," and three young men, one in a velvet jacket and a knitted jersey, one in a frock-coat and a smoking cap,—heaven knows what R. A. M. wore—wandered aimlessly to a bench in the sun on the Pont des Arts bridging the Seine by the Louvre, and there talked till noon brought the discovery

*A *Chronicle of Friendships,* by Will H. Low
† Ref. to same footnote as above.
‡ Ref. to same footnote as above.

they were hungry, when they "came down to earth, **hailed an** open carriage and rode in state to Lavenue's."

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!"

The next morning the two Stevenson cousins went to Barbizon. This was Louis's first visit to the artist haunts of the forest of Fontainebleau, afterwards so dear and familiar to him. The place charmed him at once, but he could not stay long,—the rehearsals for *Twelfth Night,* the play chosen by Professor and Mrs. Jenkin for this year's theatricals, were in progress, and were to be taken seriously. Stevenson was again a member of the cast, and had been assigned the part of Orsino. He returned to Edinburgh, went for a short visit with his father to Bridge of Allan, and then had his friends Sir Walter Simpson and Mr. Charles Baxter both with him for a week-end at Swanston.

But the event of the month was the Jenkin theatricals. The rehearsals, the performances themselves, the "thrill of admiration" that "me and the clothes" produced in the audiences, and especially the brilliant suppers that followed the performances, when Stevenson, the Jenkin family recollect, "continued to 'play on' in superb ducal manner, improvising lines which Shakespeare might have mistaken for his own,"—all were thoroughly enjoyed by Louis. The theatricals supplied him with three of the things he loved best,—acting, clothes, and conversation. The days passed in glory and glamour.

"The pride of life could scarce go further. To live in splendid clothes, velvet and gold and fur, upon principally champagne and lobster salad, with a company of people nearly all of whom are exceptionally good talkers; when your days began about eleven and ended about four—I have lost that sentence, I give it up; it is very admirable sport, anyway. Then both my afternoons have been so pleasantly occupied—taking Henley drives. I had a business to carry him down the long

stair, and more of a business to get him up again, but while he was in the carriage it was splendid. It is now just the top of spring with us. The whole country is mad with green. To see the cherry-blossom bitten out upon the black firs, and the black firs bitten out of the blue sky, was a sight to set before a king. You may imagine what it was to a man who has been eighteen months in an hospital ward. The look of his face was a wine to me. . . . Henley has eyes and ears and an immortal soul of his own."*

In June Louis listened to the talk of another man,—only one talk, and no other meeting; but that one talk was destined to influence Stevenson's after-life. There stayed at his parents' house in Heriot Row "an awfully nice man," the Hon. J. Seed, formerly Secretary to the Customs and Marine department of New Zealand. Late that evening Stevenson added to a letter he had written earlier in the day to Mrs. Sitwell a hurried postscript with his first enthusiastic reflection of Mr. Seed's talk:

"Telling us all about the South Sea Islands till I was sick with desire to go there: beautiful places, green for ever; perfect climate; perfect shapes of men and women, with red flowers in their hair; and nothing to do but to study oratory and etiquette, sit in the sun, and pick up the fruits as they fall. Navigator's Island is the place, absolute balm for the weary" . . .†

And so that evening, the idea was planted in the fertile soil of Louis Stevenson's imagination. It lay dormant, but that the idea had not died is shown by the allusion in *The Hair Trunk,* written two years later; and by a letter he was to write fifteen years after Mr, Seed's visit.

It was in this summer that Louis's taste for yachting began,—afterward to be commemorated in his *Inland Voyage.* His friends Charles Baxter and Sir Walter

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 185.
† *Letters,* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 188.

Simpson and he were among the first to canoe on the Firth of Forth, and the roomy canoe, "built of mahogany, with a deck of either cedar or mahogany/' which Mr, George Lisle remembers R. L. S.'s using must have been Walter Simpson's, let to him; and if of mahogany must have been a predecessor of the *Cigarette,* for she was "of solid English oak." Stevenson himself had no canoe of his own at this Firth of Forth period,—the *Areihusa* came later, in Grez days, and was "of cedar."

The canoeing craze was the outcome of John Macgregor's canoeing exploits, and his book *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe.* Mr. George Lisle has given the best description there is of these days on the Firth of Forth. His first meeting with R. L. S. was when "One lovely afternoon of brilliant sunshine and strong west wind two canoes were seen by many anxious eyes . . . struggling up the Forth from Granton in the teeth of the wind. There was a very good telescope on the island and this was at once brought to bear on the canoes, which certainly seemed to be in difficulties. The sea was washing over the tiny craft, but the occupants were very persevering, and instead of running before the wind for Granton Harbour, seemed determined to come to the Island for shelter, although they were evidently getting exhausted. At one time they appeared to be in such distress that two flags were run up the flag staff at the cairn to let the boatman at Cramond know that he was urgently required. Soon, however, it was seen that the canoeists were in calm water, and the S. O. S. signal was withdrawn. The whole available population of the island were not long in running down to the rocky south-east shore of the island to give the shipwrecked mariners a welcome. The first canoe to land was occupied by a lanky, cadaverous, black-haired, black-eyed man, apparently six feet in height but very slim, in a velveteen coat". * . . .

Another remembrance of him in these canoeing days

*** See *J Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* pp. 148-157.**

on the Forth is from the pen of Sheriff Scott Moncrieff. He tells of going on a summer's evening "to the Hawes Inn, Queensferry,—immortalised by Scott and Stevenson,—as the guest of the Court of Session Law Reporters, who were having a dinner there. Lounging at the door of the inn was a slim figure—probably in a velveteen coat—certainly destitute of stockings—he was wearing slippers. It was Stevenson, who was at that time going in for canoeing on the Forth. He was no doubt asked to be one of our party, but I do not think he joined us." *

The Hawes Inn, Queensferry, "immortalised by Scott and Stevenson." Yes; Scott used the inn as his stage in *The Antiquary,* and Stevenson took his hero there in *Kidnapped.* And it was Lord Rosebery to whom this suggested the mystic notion that the spirits of Scott and Stevenson thus met once,—at the Hawes Inn, Queensferry.

Stevenson's final examination for the Bar was to take place in July; but in June, instead of "grinding" for it, he wrote an article, inspired by his days at Fontainebleau —an article published afterwards as *Forest Notes* in *Cornhill.* All this time he was constantly writing—constantly full of literary plans and projects. He was a thorough artist in temperament, and to him his work was the one thing real; and in homely phrase, "it took a good deal out of him."

In the first joy of literary conceptions, he would write ecstatically and commend what he was composing; but, soon after, much of what he wrote would be by himself condemned and destroyed; and thus it is that much work he tells about as being on his anvil is now lost. He was, as well as being an indefatigable worker, a nice critic of his own work, his reach ever exceeding his grasp.

"Oh, when shall I find the story of my dreams, that shall never halt nor wander nor step aside, but go ever

*** J *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* p. 147.**

before its face, and ever swifter and louder, until the pit receives its roaring?"*

On July 14th, 1875, Stevenson went up for his final examination in Law for admission to the Faculty of Advocates, and was duly—sober, academic phrase—"found qualified and recommended." The sidelight to his qualification comes in a story of jest and laughter in a law-student's rooms in Hamilton Place, Edinburgh, one evening of that July, when Louis Stevenson dropt in and entertained his host, and another law-student who was present, and who tells the tale to-day, with a full account of the humours of the examination,

"What is marriage?" had been the examiner's first question; and Stevenson, who had had a shrewd suspicion of what questions would be asked, had replied glibly in the exact words of Erskine's textbook:—"The conjunction of man and woman in the strictest society of life till death shall separate them." The second question, "What is demurrage?" was treated also to the full textbook definition. The petrified examiner † had been silenced.

Little wonder that Lord Shaw, who recollects seeing Louis come out of the examination-room—now the Dean of Faculty's room—in the company of the examiners, says that they were "all of them looking very jolly."[1]

Louis's note of triumph to Mrs. Sitwell is well known. It was written on the note-paper of the Speculative Society.

Madonna,
Passed
Ever your
R.
L.
S.

**Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 175.

† It was probably Professor Norman Macpherson, who was in that day the Professor of Scots JLaw.

The final S. terminates in a rapturous wiggle-waggle, coiled all round the three initials.*

It was the custom for the Stevensons' carriage to go into town twice daily from Swanston—in the morning to take the men of the family to their work, and anyone else who wanted to go, and then again in the afternoon. On some of these occasions it was that Louis used it to take Henley drives. On this day of the law examination it had taken Louis in the morning to Parliament House for his examination. When he was starting, one of his girl cousins, Miss Etta Balfour of Leven, and another girl-guest, Miss Ellie Boddam, ran down the little shady path to the gate at Swanston to cheer him as he left, and they threw their slippers after the carriage. Louis sprang out, picked up Ellie Boddam's slipper, put it in his breast pocket, and drove off waving triumphantly to the two laughing girls at the gate.

When the carriage went in again in the afternoon, it took parents and guests into town, on the *qui vive* to see Louis and hear the result—which is always, the examination being purely formal, communicated to the candidates before they leave the hall. The story comes from the pen of Miss Etta Balfour (now Mrs. Younger):—

"Well can I remember the afternoon in which we drove into town from Swanston to hear the result of the examination. The excitement and joy were tremendous when we heard that he *had* passed, and was a full-blown advocate. We were driving in the big, open barouche, and nothing would satisfy Lou but that he would sit on the top of the carriage, that was thrown back open, with his feet on the seat, between his father and mother, where they were sitting;—and he kept waving his hat and calling out to people he passed, whether

This letter was presented by Lady Colvin (Mrs. Sitwell) to the Red Cross Sale which was held in London in 1918, and was bought (with the other Stevenson letters) by Mr. James Cathcart White, Advocate, who was called to the Bar the same day as Stevenson. Mr. Cathcart White gifted this letter and two others to the Faculty of Advocates, arid they are to-day among the treasures of the Advocates Library, Edinburgh,

known or unknown, just like a man gone quite mad. I often wonder what impression it made on the passers-by, as Uncle Tom always used to have good horses and liked them to go very fast." *

Louis was duly called to the Bar two days later, on the 16th July. It was, in spite of its being July, a very cold day, and Louis, bereft for once of his velvet coat, and perforce clad in the conventional evening dress suit then required of advocates, was "the picture of misery, blue with cold, and with his tie all awry," and a different man altogether from the shouting maniac at the back of the carriage driving out to Swanston. Lord Shaw, in a letter to me from which he permits me to quote, says, "It was then that seeing him I noted the whiteness of his wig and complexion, and the glossy darkness of his hair and of his gleaming eyes,—eyes in which even then anxiety and merriment were having a battle."

When a man is called to the Bar he is presented to the Lord President of the Court, generally at the luncheon hour, sometimes by the Dean of Faculty, sometimes by a senior to whom the junior is known. This ceremony over, three hungry young men, Louis Stevenson and the two others who were "called" with him—Mr. James Marshall and Mr. Cathcart White,—went to Spiers and Ponds' refreshment rooms at the Waverley Station, and had luncheon together.

A week later, on the 25th, Louis received his first (complimentary) brief. Next day, the 26th, he sailed for London, *en route* for France and the artist haunts on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau, discovered by him for the first time in his April visit that same year with R. A. M. Stevenson. This time his companions were R. A. M. Stevenson and Sir Walter Simpson. Louis has described, in the essay *Fontainebleau*, Siron's inn, "that excellent artists' barrack," to which you could return at any hour of the night from wandering in the forest, and go to the billiard room and

*** I *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson*, pp. 64-65.**

help yourself to liquors; or to the cellar for beer or wine, payment being exacted by a pleasant and friendly system of "a varying share set down to every lodger's name under the rubric, *estrats.* Upon the more long-suffering the larger tax was levied; and your bill lengthened in a direct proportion to the easiness of your disposition. At any hour of the morning, again, you could get your coffee or cold milk and set forth into the forest. The doves had perhaps awakened you, fluttering into your chamber; and on the threshold of the inn you were met by the aroma of the forest. Close by rose the great aisles, the mossy boulders, the interminable field of forest shadow. There you were free to dream and wander. And at noon, and again at six o'clock, a good meal awaited you on Siron's table. The whole of your accommodation, set aside that varying item of *estrats,* cost you five francs a day."*

But, if the *estrats* lengthened according to the easiness of the lodger's disposition, Louis Stevenson's bill may have been a long one. In those bills, the names and relationships of the cousins were mis-stated,—they appeared as "Stennis aine and Stennis frere," and the names clung to them.

From "Chez Siron, Barbizon" Louis wrote to his mother in August. He had been three days at Grez. As so often happens, with places as well as with people destined to become of great significance in one's life, the first impression was one of aversion. The sensitive Louis found Grez, with its graceful bridge over the river Loing, its fields of white and yellow water-lilies, its "poplars and willows innumerable," full of sadness, and he and Bob walked back over twenty miles to Siron's,—"Simpson and the rest drove back in a carriage" (and sang all the way, one of them confesses)—and all got soaked in a thunderstorm, and "I was very glad to be back again in this dear place, and smell the wet forest in the morning."

*Essay, *Fontainebleau* (R. L. S.).

One of "the rest" was Will H. Low, the artist, whose acquaintance, made that spring in a day of serene enjoyment in Paris, was to ripen into intimacy and to continue for life.

The first aversion from Grez wore off, as the place threw its fascination over Louis; and though he found "no such enduring ardours, no such glories of exhilaration, as among the solemn groves and uneventful hours of Barbizon," yet he allows that Grez is "a merry place after its kind; pretty to see, merry to inhabit."

Louis did a good deal of tramping alone, going from place to place on foot, and carrying his pack on his back, as Wordsworth did in his French wanderings in youth. He found it hot, walking with a pack in this weather. "I am burned in horrid patches of red: my nose, I fear, is going to take the lead in colour; Simpson is all flushed, as if he were seen by sunset."

Under the influence of the place he saw not only Simpson but much else of a roseate hue, and occupied himself, according to Mr. Colvin, "chiefly with studies of the French poets and poetry of the fifteenth century, which afterwards bore fruit in his papers on Charles of Orleans and Francois Villon." He sent Mrs. Sitwell a couple of graceful rondeaux, composed as he walked in the sunshine of the road, or the shade of the poplar trees, "pitting my own humour to this old verse."

After a few Arcadian weeks, he joined his parents at Wiesbaden and Homburg. In September he dates a letter (unpublished) to his cousin, Bob Stevenson, from Llandudno; but he was back in Edinburgh at the end of September.

Late that summer he seems to have gone out to Swanston to indulge in a fit of introspective bitterness, —a prey once more, as in the May of the year before (1874) at Swanston, to the mood of depression,—almost of contrition. With ever the artist's need of expression, he pours it all out on to sheets of paper in a long letter to Mrs. Sitwell,—his feeling of desire to leave the house

and "begin life anew in the cool blue night," and never to come back there again, "never, never. Only to go on for ever by sunny day and grey day, by bright night and foul, by high-way and by-way, town and hamlet, until somewhere by a road-side or in some clean inn clean death opened his arms to me and took me to his quiet heart for ever."

A beautiful rhapsody; but—how egotistic it all is! It is all I—I—I. Excusable because, as the "I" is Stevenson, it is interesting. But had the "I" been a nobody, and the expression unliterary in choice of word and phrase, conveying nothing but the morbidity of distempered youth,—how pitiable such egoism to those who cared for him, how intolerable to those who did not I

But the egoism of an artist is part of his stock in trade. To the artist the *esse* of things is not what they are, it is the *percipi*—it is what effect they produce on the artist's own mind. As Stevenson himself says in *The Wrecker,* "The eyes of the artist are turned in; he lives for a frame of mind."

The winter that followed—the winter of 1875-6,—was begun with the virtuous resolve of pleasing his parents by leading the life of a conventional young Edinburgh advocate. The conventionality of that state is not always insisted on; but Stevenson kicked against the very smallest pricks. A brass plate was put up on the door of 17 Heriot Row, a wig and gown were purchased, and Stevenson had to order a new dress-suit and relegate his old one for day use, as was then the custom, under the advocate's gown. He had a fractional share, with other briefless brethren, in the services of a law clerk, and he received four briefs, and thereby earned four guineas. His first guinea, sent him with "instructions", was easily earned, for his sole duty was to stand up at the Bar and ask the presiding Judge a question in three words: "Intimation and Service?" But Louis, it is told, was too nervous to utter them, and the late (Professor) John Rankine spoke them for him. His nerves attacked

him again in about a week's time, and again the same good friend acted as his *locum tenens.*

A well known story of another of these briefs is worth repeating, as it sums up Stevenson's contribution to the stories of eloquence and wit of the Scottish Bar. It is told that Louis Stevenson, casually issuing from a public-house and clad in some extraordinary ancient raiment—possibly the garments of the old-bones-man—came face to face with one of the learned Lords of Session. The Judge looked a little surprised at being saluted by this object, but courteously returned the greeting. Meantime there was lying on the hall table at 17 Heriot Row a brief awaiting Louis, and it proved to be instructions to "revive" a case—a purely formal proceeding, involving no "getting up" of the case;—but it was to come up next day before the very judge whom Louis had just met under rather undignified conditions. Next day the Court, generally empty, was crowded, for Louis Stevenson's friends had heard of his brief, and had all come to hear him. The Judge, seeing the amused and expectant crowd, and recognizing in the young Counsel, in dignity of wig and gown, the disreputable youth who had claimed his acquaintance the day before, entered—as Scottish Judges sometimes do—into the spirit of the joke. He leant over his desk and proceeded to ask unexpected questions about the case, to evince great interest in all its details, and to require much quite superfluous information. Poor bewildered Louis, having no information whatever to give, looked round in vain for his solicitor; but the solicitor, also playing his part, was keeping hidden and hugely enjoying himself. At last that "roving eye" of Stevenson's marked down the solicitor, far in the shadows of the back benches, and he at once referred the Judge to him for all information; the fun subsided, and Louis breathed again.

Whatever traditions hang round Louis's briefs, the **four** guineas,—the sole income derived from his legal

education,—are no tradition, but solid fact. Mrs. Thomas Stevenson herself told Professor Rankine of this, and that she knew, because she had had a bargain with Louis that if any guineas came, he should keep the pounds and she should get the shillings,—and she only got four shillings!

They teased him at Parliament House, calling him "Chatterton," and "The Marvellous Boy," and he retaliated by—

> And at the Court, tac aft I saw
> Whaur Advocates by twa and twa
> Gang gesterin' end to end the ha'
> In weeg and goon,
> To crack o' what ye wull but Law
> The hale forenoon.

For a few months he was an Edinburgh Advocate, nominally in practice at the Bar, and "lost his forenoons" at Court, cracking with the others—certainly not of Law,—and "gesterin' end to end the ha'."

"The ha' "; that is to say the great Parliament Hall, once the meeting place of Scottish Parliaments, now thronged by a crowd of pacing, loitering, whispering, gossiping advocates, solicitors, agents, clerks, and litigants—Parliament House, with its wonderful arched black oak roof high overhead, its statues and portraits, its huge fireplace, its great painted window representing James V, the founder of the Court of Session, presenting Pope Clement VII's Charter to the first President of the Court of Session. A dignified setting the Law has inherited in Edinburgh.

But the profession of the Law appealed to Louis Stevenson no whit more than had the profession of engineering. He was not fixed and entranced by the working out of a case; each man, from judge to lawyer's clerk, knowing his business, till the intricacy and mystery is unravelled and the truth revealed—sometimes. He was not impressed and held by all the dignity and

tradition of the Law, the rustling of papers, the bending of bewigged heads, the keen, remorseless ingenuity of the cross-examiner, the infinite variety of human character and type in the witnesses, as one by one they ascend into the box and are sworn. All this exercised no fascination on Stevenson, incited him to no effort. It bored him. He felt it waste of time. He preferred to carry home books from the Advocates' Library to Heriot Row, run up to the two rooms on the top storey that had been his nurseries, and were now his bedroom and study, and there lock himself in to write.* When the fever of writing was on him, he was safe in his little study. When he did not come down for a meal his mother would send it up to him, and it had to be left outside the locked door, and long afterwards would be found still there, cold and untouched.

A dinner-table story belonging to this time has been told by one of the guests present. Two girls who had been bridesmaids at the wedding of one of Louis's cousins were asked to a young people's dinner party at Heriot Row. They were shy and *gauche,* and this shyness was increased by the eccentric appearance of the son of the house. Their surname was *Riach*—a name of Gaelic origin; and Louis Stevenson—always living with words—wanted to know the meaning of it. Now it had a meaning, and they knew it. It had, in fact, several meanings, after the manner of Gaelic names; but there was one special meaning that they were not fond of mentioning. So, when Louis asked one sister the meaning of the name *Riach,* she turned down her eyes and murmured, "Ella knows." Of course Louis, scenting a mystery, appealed to Ella across the dinner-table:—"What is the meaning of the name *Riach ?'* The reluctant Ella proffered the less objectionable meanings of the word—which Louis airily refused to accept—and

*The smaller room to the East was R. L. S.'s bedroom, the larger, to the West, his study. The roof had been raised and the front of this whole storey altered about 1873, therefore the windows are not now the same as in the nursery days.

at last, when the attention of the whole tahle was drawn to her, she blurted out—nearly in tears—"Some people say its means the *Devil"*

Louis Stevenson drew himself up and sat for some moments with his hand at the salute, as in the presence of Royalty; and kind Mr. Stevenson came to Ella's rescue by making everybody talk about something else.

Biach: Am Fear Beabhach: the brindled or grizzly one; nay, even the *Singed One.* Louis would have revelled in the abstraction of every shade of sinister suggestion that clung about that name. But, to the shy and *gauche* bridesmaids, it was *their* name, and they did not "live with words." One of them has all her life remembered how very cruel it was of Louis Stevenson to make her say the word "Devil" at a dinner-party. To lovers of words—and Devils—the interest of the little story lies in the fact that Louis Stevenson took the name *Biach* for the mate of *The Covenant* in *Kidnapped.*

But all the "young dinners" at Heriot Row were not so dull. Here is another described:—

"Diagonally opposite, across the flowers and silver of that hospitable dining-table, I could see Sir Walter Simpson on Mrs. Stevenson's right hand; and I have still in my memory the picture of the pretty mother, sitting at the head of her table, gently vivacious, and of the young Sir Walter, somewhat languidly attentive to her all dinner-time.

Our end of the table was, to me, almost uncomfortably brilliant. Mr. Stevenson had taken me in, and Louis Stevenson was on my other side. Father and son both talked, taking diametrically opposite points of view on all things under the sun. . . . Louis Stevenson, on my other side, was on that evening in one of his most recklessly brilliant moods. His talk was almost incessant. I remember feeling quite dazed at the amount of intellection he expended on each subject, however trivial in itself, that we touched upon. He worried it, as a dog

might worry a rat, and then threw it off lightly, as some chance word set him thinking, and talking, of something else. The father's face at certain moments was a study —an indescribable mixture of vexation, fatherly pride and admiration, and sheer bewilderment at the boy's brilliant flippances, and the quick young thrusts of his wit and criticism.

Our talk turned on realism as the duty of the novelist. Louis Stevenson had been reading Balzac. He was fascinated by Balzac; steeped in Balzac. It was as if he had left Balzac and all his books locked up in some room upstairs—had turned the key on him, with a "Stay there, my dear fellow, and I'll come back as soon as I can get away from this dinner!" . . . It may have been Balzac's vocabulary that set us talking about the English language; the father and son debated, with some heat, the subject of word coinage and the use of modern slang. Mr. Stevenson upheld the orthodox doctrine of a "Well of English undefiled," which of course made Louis Stevenson rattle off with extraordinary ingenuity whole sentences composed of words of foreign origin taken into our language from all parts of the world—words of the East, of classical Europe, of the West Indies, and modern American slang. By a string of sentences he proved the absurdity of such a doctrine, and indeed its practical impossibility. It was a real feat in the handling of language, and I can see to this day his look of pale triumph. . . ." *

Though Stevenson was constantly writing during that winter of 1875-6—his article *Fontainbleau* among other things—nothing of his appeared in the magazines after *John Knox and His Relations to Women* had come out in *Macmillan* for September and October, until spring. He did some reviewing for *Vanity Fair* and the *Academy*—reviewed Browning's *Inn Album* for *Vanity Fair* in December—"I have slated R. B. pretty handsomely," he said.

*** Flora Masson in *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson*, pp. 126-8.**

In November, "I have got back a good deal into my old random, little-thought way of life," he writes. Indeed, at this time, as Sir Graham Balfour says, he was not generally looked upon as likely ever to bring honour to his native city. His manner of life was, to say the least of it, reprehensible. He still "scraped acquaintance with all classes of men and womenkind," and he still went about with the two or three companions intimacy with whom cut him off from other society.

He was living all this time entirely dependent on his father, not only for his board and lodging, but for his allowance of "two thousand one hundred francs" for personal expenses, augmented by the stray guineas he made by writing or by his four briefs. The allowance was often supplemented by his parents; but in spite of this he had by the end of 1875 very naturally managed to get through all his cash save six shillings in hand and to be deep in debt. But though he acknowledged this impecunious state as his reason for refusing all Mr. Colvin's invitations to London, he did manage to spend a month there during the course of that winter, 1875-6, besides going in the second week in January, 1876, a walking tour in Ayrshire and Galloway—Ayr, Maybole, Girvan, Ballantrae, Stranraer, Glenluce, and Wigtown.

The walking tour did him good, and got him into writing form again. *Fontainebleau* had already been finished and sent to Leslie Stephen, who had been "worse than tepid" about it, and had proposed to shorten it; "and I, who want *money*, and money soon, and not glory and the illustration of the English language, I feel as if my poverty were going to consent." Then Louis took up his *Charles of Orleans*, later to be laid aside, and he made his walking tour into a paper, *A Winter 's Walk in Carrick and Galloway*, which was published in the summer number of the *Illustrated London News*.

In February he indulged in another of his favourite

avocations, reading the part of Richard I I . at the Shakespeare Union in Edinburgh on the 22nd and 29th of the month, when he is reported to have worn, for the occasion, an embroidered smoking cap and, over his omnipresent velvet jacket, a long cloak with clasps. Was this the "simply THE GREATEST vestment in Mentone," grown three years older but no whit less impressive than when it met the eye of Andrew Lang? Later on in spring, Louis saw Salvini in Edinburgh, as *Macbeth.* A comic incident in the performance was long afterwards recollected and described by Louis. There was a little stage mismanagement, with the result that Banquo's ghost rose twice, slowly and solemnly, before it was wanted, each time quickly lowered again. By the time that the proper moment for its appearance came, the stage hands were nervous, and it failed to appear. Then finally the ghost shot up suddenly with a terrific and violent jerk. The incident seems to have stuck in It. L. S.'s mind, for in *An Object of Pity,* written in 1892, there occur the words:—"Much as Salvini has been seen to do when the ghost of Banquo failed him at the tryst."

In spite of the want of dignity displayed on the occasion by Banquo's ghost, Salvini's rendering of *Macbeth* impressed Stevenson—the lover of acting—more than anything he had before seen in any theatre, and he wrote a critique of it, which came out in the *Academy* on the 15th of April. In May, June, and August he had essays in *Cornhill—Forest Notes* in May, *Walking Tours* in June, and *Virginibus Puerisque,* Part I., in August.

In April, Louis went to London and stayed at the Savile Club; and Mr. Will H. Low recalls, in his *Chronicle of Friendships,* that "he was with us at Montigny in the spring and early summer." Montigny-sur-Loing, two miles from Grez, was then unbuilt-over, and there Mr. and Mrs. Low had their first home, shortly after their marriage the previous autumn. In Steven-

son's *Fontainebleau* it is affectionately remembered as where they entertained their friends "in a leafy trellis above the weir, in sight of the green country and to the music of the falling water. It was a most airy, quaint, and pleasant place of residence, just too rustic to be stagey; and from my memories of the place in general, and that garden trellis in particular—at morning, visited by birds, or at night, when the dew fell and the stars were of the party—I am inclined to think perhaps too favourably of the future of Montigny."*

The later summer of 1876 was a very critical time in Stevenson's life. It was during this time that he was wrestling with difficulties that might have overwhelmed or embittered him, and was indeed ill, and "in a sort of hiding for the nonce."

Henley, in his notorious article in the *Pall Mall Mag azine,* says he "nursed him in secret, hard by the old Bristo Port, till he could make shift to paddle the *Arethusa/'* "Hard by the old Bristo Port" sounds much more mysterious than 21 Lothian Street, but describes it quite accurately. Lothian Street is a rather grimy and unattractive street close to the University, and on the second floor of No. 21, in the 'seventies, several of Louis Stevenson's student companions lodged, and others, including Stevenson, frequented the many gatherings held there.†

It is good to think that Henley did at that time, when Stevenson was ill and troubled, repay in kind what Stevenson had done for him and been to him a year before, and that he had a friend in Henley then. "The waves go over my head, pretty free," Stevenson wrote at this time; "however, I don't mind. . . . I am just steering through all sorts of breakers with my tongue in my cheek and a faint smile on my expressive countenance." ‡

In July, Louis was at home-like little Swanston.

*Essay on *Fontainebleau.*
† No. 21 is now demolished.
‡ From unpublished letter.

"**Well,** here **I** am, at last"; he writes to Mrs. Sitwell; "it is a Sunday, blowing hard, with a grey sky with the the leaves flying; and I have nothing to say. I ought to since it's so long since last I wrote; but there are times when people's lives stand still."*

At Swanston, he was busy reading "a great deal of fifteenth century: *Trial of Joan of Arc,* Paston Letters, Basin, etc.; also Boswell daily by way of a Bible; I mean to read Boswell now until the day I die." Busy writing also *A Defence of Idlers*—"which is really a defence of R. L. S."—and in August, *Virginihus Puerisque* out in *Corrihill, Charles of Orleans* finished and sent to Leslie Stephen (for *Cornhill), An Apology for Idlers* finished and sent to Grove (for *Macmillan)*—Stevenson, apparently satisfied with his work, went to stay with the Jenkins near Loch Carron in the West Highland. Thence he went to Antwerp, and sailed in September with Sir Walter Simpson on the famous canoe journey in the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette*—from Antwerp to Brussels, and from the French frontier by the Oise almost to the Seine—the journey which gave Stevenson material for his first book, *The Inland Voyage.*

On his previous two visits to this artist haunt of Grez, in the April and the autumn of the year before, Louis had found only men artists there—a cosmopolitan assemblage, English, Scottish, American, French, Scandinavian, an occasional Spaniard or Italian—"artists, artists' models in *villegiature,* or students of Art in painting and sculpture, or in music, literature, or the drama.f But this year there was an innovation in this "gay, picturesque, and genuinely Bohemian community," which Louis had found so congenial.

One evening, earlier in the summer, Mr. Will H. Low, on arriving at Grez, had seen, at the opposite end of the table, two new faces—the faces of women.

***Letters.** Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin, I., 213,

† ***With** Stevenson at Grez,* by Birge Hurrison, *Century Magazine,* **December, 1916.**

R. A. M. Stevenson, who was next to him at table, told him they were his—Mr. Low's—compatriots, Californians, art-students, friends of one of the men with whom Mr. Low had only slight acquaintance; and "questioning Bob on this delicate subject I was at once assured that the newcomers were 'of the right sort'; that they had quietly taken their places, and shared the life led around them with easy toleration; joining in some of its activities and avoiding others in very sensible fashion."*

During the remainder of that summer, however, Mr, Low's own acquaintance with Mrs. and Miss Osbourne was but slight: it was not till later years that he became intimate with the wife of his friend. After this whispered conversation at table with R. A. M. Stevenson, Mr. Low, back in Paris, met Louis on his way to Grez—it must have been in September—and reported to him what had happened there. Mr. Low still remembers Louis's "start of surprise and alarm," and how he, Mr. Low, tried to comfort him by retailing R. A. M. Stevenson's information, supplemented by his own observations; but all in vain. "It's the beginning of the end!" had been Louis's cry.

Robert Louis Stevenson, all unconscious of what "the end" was to be, came sailing Grez-ward in his little canoe. Sir Walter Simpson had preceded him. Louis reached Grez in the dusk of a September evening, moored his craft on the shores of the Loing, crossed the strip of garden that lies between the river and the old Pension Chevillon, and, according to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's account, made dramatic entrance by vaulting through the open window into the lamplit *salle-a-manger,* where all the artist throng were seated at the long table. "The whole company rose in an uproar of delight, mobbing the newcomer with outstretched hands and cries of greeting." † But what Stevenson must at once have noticed was that among the eighteen or

***A *Chronicle of Friendships,* by Will H. Low.**
† Lloyd Osbourne, in Introduction to the Vailima Edition.

twenty men at the table there were two women. Who were they?

Mrs. Osbourne, when Stevenson first met her, was a woman over six-and-thirty, with nearly nineteen years of married life, of stirring romance, and of varied and rough experiences behind her. Her eldest child was a daughter of about seventeen, her son a boy of eight-and-a-half. She had lately suffered the poignant grief of losing her youngest child, a little boy of five, in circumstances of poverty and loneliness. Mrs. Osbourne was an American of Dutch and Swedish extraction. Her life has been written by her sister, Mrs. Van de Grift Sanchez. She traced descent from two early settlers; on the father's side, from one Jacob Leendersten Van de Grift, a Dutchman who settled in Pennsylvania at the end of the seventeenth century; and on her mother's side from a Swede, Joran Kyn, called "The Snow White," who went out to America in 1642, acquired land, and "was the progenitor of eleven generations of descendants born on American soil." Mrs. Osbourne's own description of her life to an old friend, given when once he urged her to write it, was that her life had been "like a dazed rush on a railroad express." She was born in March, 1840, and her childhood had been spent in the backwoods of Indianapolis. An account of this childhood, found among her papers after her death, gave her sister, Mrs. Van de Grift Sanchez, material for her description in her *Life of Mrs. B. L. Stevenson.* It tells of the loom and the spinning-wheel which provided their clothing, of the kitchen garden which stocked the larder, of carpets made of old cast-off garments torn into strips sewn together, of the maple tree tapped for sugar, and of "sassafras tea," wild honey, and of herbs for healing ailments, for tanning and for dyeing. It tells also of the "National Road," the only real means of communication with the outside world, and of the "mud wagon," that left by it for the unknown, and returned with letters from Phila-

delphia; of bands of Indians wrapped in blankets; of a canal that "languidly crawled beside us, breathing fever and ague as it passed." In all this romantic and primitive life little Fanny Van de Grift had grown up, undisciplined and precocious. We see her, olive-skinned and black-eyed, a quaint little figure, dressed in "pantalettes" to her ankles, her short sleeves supplemented by long nankeen mittens sewn on to prevent her spoiling her hands, her low-necked frock supplemented by a gingham sunbonnet sewn onto her hair to protect her from sunburn. The mittens and the sunbonnet must have been irksome at times, for Fanny was high-spirited —"a tiger lily," and a "tomboy," preferring boys' sports and adventures, and boys' companionship. Among her childish comrades were a cousin, Tom Van de Grift, and another boy, George Marshall, described as dark and handsome, with large melancholy eyes, and as not only attractive in looks, but with many other graces—a born artist who could act and dance and "sing like an angel." Nothing annoyed George Marshall and Fanny Van de Grift more than to have their games interrupted by Josephine, Fanny's little sister. "But boys change, and when he grew up he married Josephine."*

Romance "budded early in that time and place," and soon the youthful Orlandos of the backwoods began carving Fanny Van de Grift's name on the trees, till there was scarcely a tree in the place that was not thus amorously defaced. In December, 1857—when little Louis Stevenson was 'gaping at the universe as he trotted along by Cummy's side in chilly, wind-swept Edinburgh —Fanny Van de Grift was married to a Kentuckian youth of twenty, by name Samuel Osbourne, described as an"engaging youth . . . with all the suavity and charm of the Southerner," a youth of "a truly romantic ancestry, for, through John Stewart, who was stolen and brought up by Indians, and never knew his parentage, he was a collateral descendant of Daniel **Boone."**

Life of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson,* **by Mrs. Van de Grift Sanchez.

The marriage of these two very young people took place in the house at Indianapolis that had been furnished for **their** occupancy. The bride wore a handsome gown of white satin and rich lace bertha, and the bridegroom **a blue** coat with brass buttons and a flowered waistcoat, and "carried a bell-topped white harn hat," and they "looked like two children."

When the Civil War broke out, Samuel Osbourne left his wife and their baby girl and went to fight on the side of the North. There went also the young George Marshall, Fanny's playmate and now her brother-in-law. The hardships of the war sent George Marshall back a victim of tuberculosis, and the doctors prescribed the climate of California. Samuel Osbourne left his own wife and child and took him there; but George Marshall died on the journey at Panama. Samuel Osbourne continued his journey, and wrote home from California to Fanny to sell her property and follow him, and Fanny took her little baby girl and set forth to a strange new world to join her husband, and on the way stopped at Panama to visit and shed tears at the grave of her old playmate, the young George Marshall.

She found her husband had gone on to Nevada to try his luck at the silver mines; she followed him there, and for the next six or seven years her life was spent in a little mountain-side cabin in a mining camp, Austin. The men here were adventurers, young, bold, roughly dressed: the women in this raw mining camp and its vicinity were only six in number. Mrs. Osbourne found the rough pioneer life interesting, and threw herself into its necessities. Nor was the life without its excitements. One night the signal fires blazed out on the mountain tops, and the women and children were huddled together in one cabin, to lie on the floor in silence and fear.

Fanny Osbourne and her husband moved on to Virginia City, then a wild mining town, where gambling went on night and day, and there was little regard for

life and none for law, and industry and vice flourished like green bay trees.

After Mr. and Mrs. Osbourne had been barely nine years married he again left her and her child, this time to go into mountain country, out of reach of letters. Again his wife, in spite of knowing him to have been unfaithful to her, took her child and went to join him at San Francisco. Here she received news that he had been killed by Indians, and she bought widow's weeds, and found a situation at a small dressmaker's, which enabled her to earn a living to support herself and her little girl. The widowhood was not of long duration, for one day the husband suddenly reappeared; and the wife returned to him.

They lived in San Francisco for some years. On April 7, 1868, their second child was born—their son, Lloyd Osbourne. Very soon after, Mrs. Osbourne, finding her husband again unfaithful, returned to her parents. But, after nearly a year of separation, she again went back to him. They lived at Brooklyn, in a rose-covered cottage, Mrs. Osbourne painting in a studio she had built, photographing, becoming a "famous cook," sewing, and gardening; and later, she and her daughter studied art under Virgil Williams at the School of Art at San Francisco.

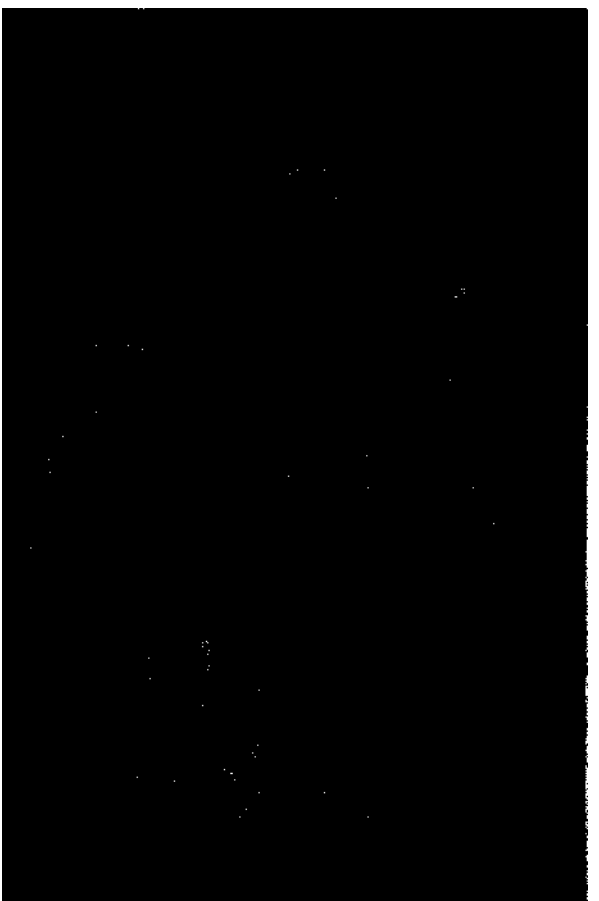
%The third child, another son, was born in 1871 at this rose-covered, unhappy home—a child ethereally beautiful, with great dark eyes and yellow curls, but delicate and doomed. When he was four years old, her husband's infidelities having become open and flagrant, Mrs. Osbourne decided to leave him—this time finally—and in 1875 she took her three children and sailed for Europe. After three months at Antwerp they went to Paris, and mother and daughter studied at the Julien School of Art under M. Tony Fleury, and the son was sent to school. They lived in dire poverty, their meals "often consisting of smoked herring and brown bread." Mr. Lloyd Osbourne tells, in his preface to the

Vailima Edition, how they were miserably poor, how it seems in his recollections of that time (he was then eight years old) that he was "always hungry," and that he remembers how he used to glue himself to the bakers' windows and stare longingly at the bread within. Then came further misery. Little golden-haired, five-year-old Hervey fell ill. It was a lingering disease, baffling diagnosis, and he lay dying for weeks, the poor mother nursing him, pawning her trinkets to buy delicacies and toys. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne tells of the "intolerable pathos" of that "little ebbing life," of "the wasted baby hands, the burning eyes, the untouched toys, the untasted hothouse grapes lying on the counterpane." And then he died, and they followed him to Pere Lachaise, where the mother could only afford one of the temporary French graves, "surely the crudest in the world," from which the bones are flung out, after five years, into the catacombs.

It was from this agony that Mrs. Osbourne, listless and broken in health, went for change and open-air life to the little village on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau, fifty or sixty miles from Paris—Grez, that Stevenson had the previous spring and summer found so pretty and congenial. They were told of the place and the inn, with its secluded garden running down to the river, by a friendly art-student whom they knew in Paris. He told them that it was economical and retired; but he warned them that later in the summer it was monopolized by wild artists and Bohemians. They went early, and had the inn to themselves.

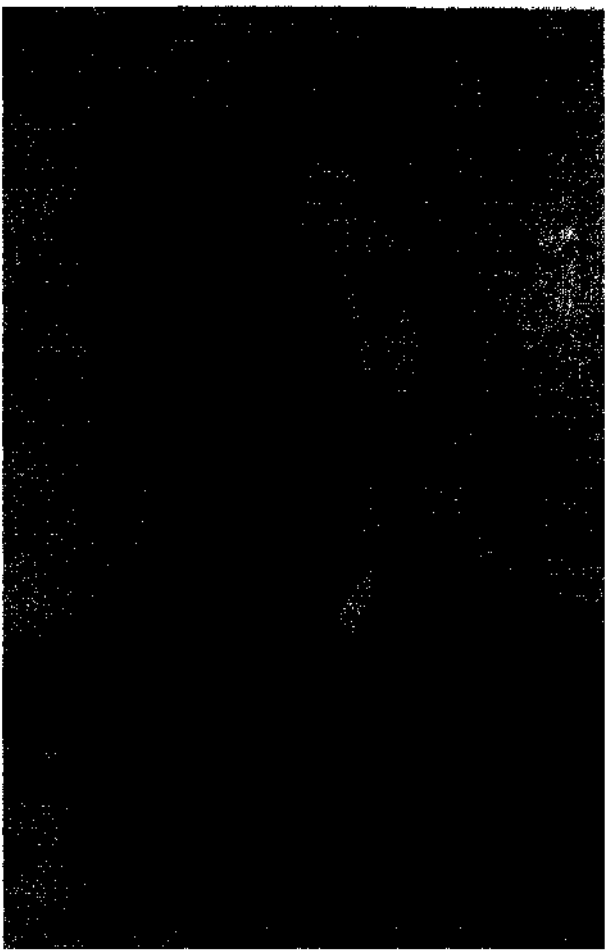
The days grew warmer, the artists arrived, the inn gradually filled, umbrellas grew up in the forest like mushrooms—and then came the soft September evening, doors and windows open onto the dusk, and the slender dusty figure that vaulted into the lamplit room, to be greeted by the uprising of the company and an uproar of welcome.

Stevenson, looking round, saw two women among



FANNY MATILDA VAN DE GRIFT OSBOURNE.

PAGE 152.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
From a portrait in the possession of Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D.

PAGE 153

sixteen or eighteen men, the elder woman short of stature, with vivid, sombre, penetrating eyes beneath a mass of dark hair.

Fanny Osbourne, looking at the newcomer, saw a man of five-and-twenty, appearing younger than his age, slender, fair of complexion but sunburnt, with his little deprecating bend of the head, his mocking smile, his hair long, his dark eyes brilliant and magnetic.

Were ever two outlooks on life more diverse, or experiences more opposite? Louis, with his line of gentle Scottish ancestry, his traditions of civilized life and strict upbringing, his irrepressible joyousness and youth, and this woman with her memories and her much-tried courage? Two traits certainly they had in common, and these drew them together. They were both rebels, with the rebel's indignant contempt of conventionality; and they were both artists, with the artistic outlook on life.

In an article published in December, 1916, in the *Century Magazine,* Mr. Birge Harrison gives a graphic account of the artist community at Grez that summer. It certainly, to those readers of Stevenson who remember his descriptions in *The Wrecker* of the *Quartier Latin* in Paris, reads as if Grez were the *Quartier Latin* on holiday—which is just what it was. And so this extract from Mr. Birge Harrison's article may be quoted as probably a very fair description:

"I would not give the impression that the artist colony of Grez during that memorable summer was wholly masculine in its make-up, for this was far indeed from being the case, and most of the unforgettable dramatic quality of the place and the time would have been lacking but for the presence of a very fair proportion of the female element. There was a certain return to primitive standards in the relation between the sexes, but primitive standards, nevertheless, in which honour and a regard for the square deal held a high place. In matters of morals Stevenson was the least censorious of judges,

providing there was no infringement of the law of nature or the law of friendship; though perhaps it would be truer to say that he entered no judgment either for or against the accused, preferring to leave the decision in such matters to the Maker of all laws. But if he heard of anything mean or underhand, any tricky blow beneath the belt, he was a very firebrand, flaming with a fury which nothing could quell. . . . I would not, however, by any means have it understood that there was in the colony no sense of decency or morality in the ordinary acceptance of those terms, for that would be a misstatement as manifestly unfair and untrue as to claim a standard of rigid puritanism for the whole region. If there was a fair sprinkling of the grisette and the model element, which had followed the painters down from Paris, there were also a certain number of very serious women-painters, who were studying hard, and some of whom were destined to make an enviable place for themselves later on."

Among the latter Mr. Birge Harrison mentions two Swedish women-painters of genuine talent, and, more particularly, Mrs. Osbourne.

With regard to what Mr. Birge Harrison says of Stevenson's being himself the least censorious of judges, and preferring to leave decision in such matters to the Maker of all laws, I was once told, by a friend who knew Stevenson and all his doings very intimately indeed, that, whilst he lived among this Bohemian colony, he used his influence to try and right some of the relationships based on these "primitive standards."

But all this motley crowd was not within the leafy garden of Maison Chevillon, where they gathered by the big tree after dinner, Mrs. Osbourne swinging in the hammock, the others grouped round her on the grass.

"Of the events of the next few weeks I was not a witness," Mr. Low records in his *Chronicle of Friendships;*—he was in Paris, at work; "but on my return to the little house at Montigny, and on my subsequent

visits to Grez, an inkling of the state of affairs, in so far as my friend was concerned, dawned on me . . . and on my return to Paris, when later in the season Louis appeared, his daily pilgrimage from our quarter to the heights of Montmartre told the story clearly, and for male companionship Bob and I were left alone." This autumn, says Mr. Low, saw the end of the constant daily meetings and companionship of the young men friends, of their "material identity of life", for he and the cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, both realized how serious a passion held Louis, and how impossible seemed its realization; and so, like true friends, they showed their sympathy mutely, "in respectful recognition of that greatest problem in life which a man must solve for and by himself."

It was from all this that Stevenson returned to Edinburgh and home life, with everything outwardly unchanged.

It may have been about this period that Louis became possessed of a certain amount of capital of his own; for his father "followed the precedent set in his own case, and paid to Louis as an instalment of his patrimony a considerable sum, amounting, I believe, to not less than a thousand pounds. The fact is certain, the date and exact details have been lost."* This may have been the thousand pounds of which Louis wrote to Mr. Colvin from Edinburgh in January, 1875, "I am to get £1,000 when I pass Advocate, it seems; which is good." But it certainly had not been paid him when he "passed Advocate," for four months after that event he had reported to Mr. Colvin that he was deep in debt and had only six shillings in hand. Of this payment of £1,000 to Louis very little notice has been taken by commentators, whilst they have said much of Thomas Stevenson's method of keeping his son, as a youth, on an insufficient allowance, and also of Louis Stevenson's poverty after he cut himself adrift from home in 1879. How did Louis Steven-

* *Life of Robert Louis Steven8on,hy* Sir Graham Balfour, Vol. I., p, 150.

son deal with money when he had it? With a generosity that would have been more laudable had he not been otherwise entirely dependent on his father. If, as Sir Graham Balfour considers, the payment was made about this time, then Louis must have spent two hundred or so in the first year, for by 1877 only £800 remained. **And** within less than two more years it was all gone.

"The little money he had," Mr. Colvin once said, "was always absolutely at the disposal of his friends." And so his patrimony had been disposed of to friends who had suffered misfortunes, "in none of which," says his biographer, Sir Graham Balfour, "he was under any obligation to intervene." One is reminded of that winter morning in 1871 when he returned home from the "Spec" "walking upon air," and "it was a comfortable thought to me that I had a father." Louis Stevenson, reckless and generous to a fault, always had, as long as his father lived, the comfort of this thought, and thought it lightly as does a child.

For three years after his return from that memorable visit to Grez Louis Stevenson spent his time between Edinburgh, London, and France—very greatly in Paris (usually the *Quartier Latin)* and Fontainebleau. "Indeed, throughout that period," Mr. Clayton Hamilton asserts, not without a certain poetic truth, "it would not be incorrect to consider as his home, or permanent, address, the Forest of Fontainebleau." Certainly, after that winter of 1875-6, when he was nominally supposed to be practising at the Bar, he came to Edinburgh only as an occasional visitor.

* It was at the Savile Club, in London, in January, **1877,** two or three months after his return from the momentous second visit to Grez, that Louis was introduced by Mr. Colvin to Mr. Edmund Gosse, whom he had met nearly seven years previously on board the *Clansman* at Portree, in Skye. An "extraordinary prevision" had then made young Edmund Gosse, a **youth** of one-and-twenty, take an intense interest in "a

rather ugly youth'' who slouched on board in the rear of a troop of persons, among them Professor John Stuart Blackie and Sam Bough the artist; and the opportunity for speech had come later, in a loch at midnight, when a party of Highland emigrants had come on board by the light of flickering torches that broke the ripples of the dark loch, and to the sound of eerie Celtic wailing that broke the stillness of the night. In the less beautiful precincts of the Savile Club Edmund Gosse and It. L. Stevenson met again, recalled their former meeting, lunched together, and talked all afternoon in the Club smoking-room. Stevenson walked across Hyde Park with Gosse on his homeward way, and Gosse turned and walked back again across Hyde Park with Stevenson; and so, amid talk that "dazzled" Mr. Gosse by its brilliancy and gaiety and its revelation of Stevenson's many-sided outlook on life, there was begun that close friendship between the two young men that was to last till Stevenson's death. Oh, these literary and artistic friendships, begun in such talks! How rich Stevenson was in them!

This was in January. By the end of the month Stevenson was back in France.

Perhaps the kind little deed described by him in a letter to his mother dated (from Paris) on February 1, 1877, may have been one of these acts of friendship and have disposed of some of the last coins of his fortune. He tells his mother of a hard-up artist who wanted to give him a sketch, "So I took the first word and offered him 50 f. for one." Louis was so embarrassed he could not finish a single phrase, and could only ejaculate "You know—" "You understand—" and "Look here—" Suddenly the artist made a dive at him and took him in his arms. It is possible Louis laid up for himself treasure out of the spending of his money that no bank interest or investment would have brought him, or have made his memory more beloved?

On his return from France he was rehearsing with the

Jenkins at 3 Great Stuart Street, for the theatricals to be held there on May 21st, 22nd and 23rd. The plays this year were *Deianira* (the first part of Professor Lewis Campbell's translation of Sophocles's tragedy, *The Maids of Trachis),* followed by *Art or Nature* (adapted from Charles Reade's *Masks and Faces).* In *Deianira* there were only six characters and the Greek chorus, and Stevenson had a small part as "A Messenger." In the comedy that followed he had the principal man's part, that of Sir Charles Pomander, an eighteenth-century fop. But the real comedy was enacted behind the scenes, and during Sophocles's tragedy, when " 'the streak of Puck' that was in Louis got the better of him and he raised the curtain on a scene not in the play." The incident is told by one who was present. When the curtain fell after a scene of much unrelieved tragedy, reaction overtook two of the young men actors, who, "oblivious of their classic draperies, threw themselves into one another's arms, performed a rapid war-dance, and then flung themselves onto opposite ends of a couch at the back of the stage, with their feet meeting in a kind of triumphal arch in the centre. Louis Stevenson, who had been officiating at the curtain, took one look at them. He touched a spring—and up went the curtain again. The audience, scarcely recovered from the tragic scene on which the curtain had fallen, gave one gasp of amazement, and then broke into a roar of applause. That roar was the first thing that showed the two luckless acrobats that something had happened. They leapt to their feet, only to see the curtain fall once more. Professor Jenkin, who was host and stage-manager in one, had been watching this particular portion of the play from the front. Without a word, he left his seat and went behind the scenes. "Mr. Stevenson," he said, with icy distinctness, "I shall ask you to give me a few minutes in my own room." Anybody who ever saw Louis Stevenson can imagine the little enigmatic flutter of a smile, the deprecatory bend of the head,

with which he followed the Professor. What happened in that stage-manager's room? There was some trepidation among the members of the company, and a furtive whisper circulated among them: "Can it be corporal punishment?" And there was a general feeling of relief when Louis Stevenson sauntered into the drawingroom with a look of absolute unconcern.*

In June, Stevenson was back in France, and stayed there through part of July. During these months, whilst he and Sir Walter Simpson were at Nemours and Moret, they conceived a wonderful scheme of a leisurely life in romantic waters on a novel craft—nothing less than a barge, reconstructed into luxurious habitable condition, with bedrooms, studio, lounge, glass roof and awnings, and withal well stocked with such necessities of life as tobacco and books, and old Burgundy "as red as a November sunset and as fragrant as a violet in April." The barge was actually purchased, and moored near Grez. She was to rejoice in the name of "The Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne"; but she never survived her christening. It was celebrated with champagne, but was apparently attended by the bad fairy godmother who had been forgotten—a financial difficulty. Not only "The Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne," but her predecessors, the *Arethusa* "of cedar" and the *Cigarette* "of solid English oak," had ignominiously to go to the hammer. And Louis had to wean his mind from French waterways and Burgundy red as a November sunset and fragrant as an April violet.

He was back in Edinburgh in July, in time to attend the marriage of his *fidus Achates,* Charles Baxter, on the 24th of that month, and he wrote next day to Kingero Fugicura, a Japanese Civil Engineer who had been staying in Edinburgh, and whom both Thomas Stevenson and Louis knew. The letter is interesting as illustrating the political bent of Louis Stevenson's mind, and

*** Flora Masson in I *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* pp. 131-132.**

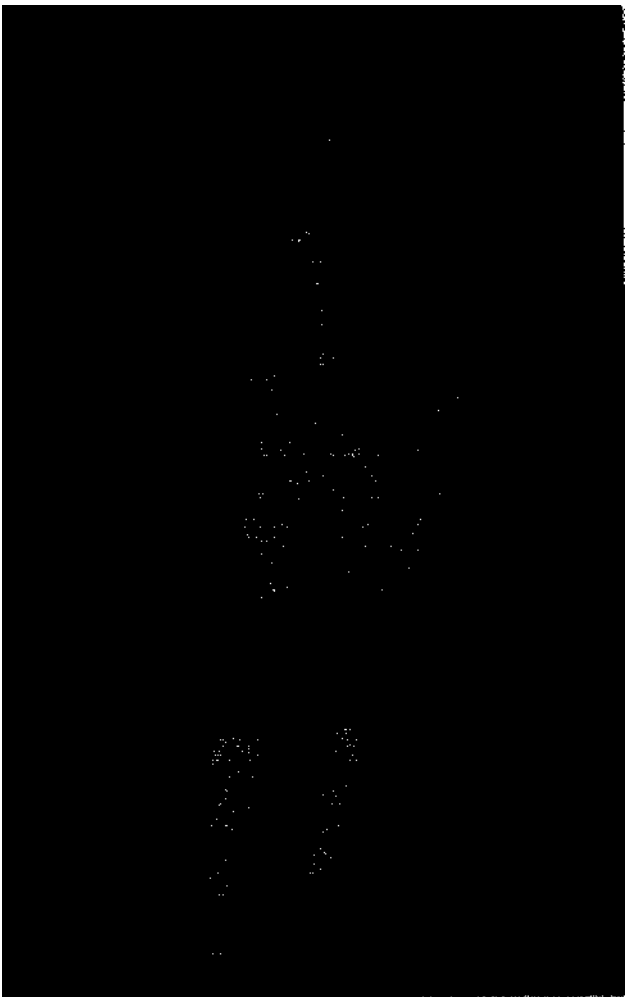
showing how, even at a time when he was absorbed in the perplexities of his own life, his moods were not always subjective. He was, all through his life, keenly and actively—as far as his health permitted—interested in the public life, not only of his own country, but of other countries—Ireland, France, Central Europe. When he went to the Pacific, he at once became immersed in the political situation at Hawaii. Later, he identified himself with the political troubles of Samoa. At the moment of writing the following letter to his Japanese correspondent, what interested Louis more than even the conditions looming in Central Europe was the excitement in France, which he had just left. It will be remembered that at this time (July, 1877) MacMahon, then President of the French Republic, had just dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, with what was to prove a mistaken confidence in the result of an appeal to the People. It is curious and significant to find Louis Stevenson, the Conservative, with his military fervour, carried by the ebb tide of feeling against the once popular Soldier-President.

17 Heriot Row.
[July 25, 1877.]

My dear Mr. Kingero:

I thank you heartily for the trouble you have taken; my mother is greatly delighted and begs to add her thanks and remembrances. . . .

The war between Russia and Turkey has indeed begun, and hangs in a queer state. The Russians, who are brutal fighters, and hold all war as a sort of forlorn hope to be carried against reason by sacrifice of life, carried all before them for a while. But in Asia they have been swept back again to their own frontier with many disasters. In Turkey, they seem to be more successful, and after all, numbers must tell in the long run; so I suppose the Turks must go to the wall. I shall greatly regret it, for one.



R. L. S. AS SIR CHARLES POMANDER, IN THE JENKIN THEATRICALS OF 1877.

Reproduced by permission from an unpublished photograph in the possession of Mr David A. Stevenson, C.E.

PAGE 160.

In France, you will doubtless have heard that Marshal President MacMahon has discharged the Republican ministry, dissolved the Chamber, and put in a tag-rag ministry of his own, all pointing towards the recall of the Bonapartes, and all executed with circumstances of small tyranny and sublime stupidity which made it the more irritating to the country. His popularity seems quite extinct. There was a review the other day while I was in Paris, and scarcely a cheer was given him by the people,. I may add another little sign of the times: that among the foreign generals who were present, the English and the Turkish General seemed to keep together all day.

I am glad to hear you are so well employed. You make me feel a little ashamed of the small matter that I can find to do. It is a very fine thing to be born at a moment of your country's history, when there are such great things to be done for her; and above all, to be able to do them. But this is what incapacity always thinks. If I were worth my meat, I could look round on this old country of mine, and find some great want to supply, or some pertinent word that should be spoken; and so see my own work as plainly as you can see yours.

Jevons Logic is a good piece of work; and I am delighted to know that you have still the stories before you. Remember to command me in anything I can do about them. These are not words, of course, you understand. I am really as much interested in that idea as you can be yourself; perhaps since it is I who am to learn, even more so.

Our papers are full of the movements of troops and the equipment of ironclads. Before long, we may also be in a war, without very clearly knowing why. But I daresay you will wish us well in it, for the sake of your Scotch and English friends.* Remember I shall always be glad to hear the news from Japan; it is a country that we all take great interest in, even when we have no friends there; and so, if I have not altogether disgusted

you of our correspondence by this dull letter, I shall hope to hear of its progress from time to time through you. *

My father has gone to the North on business; and yesterday I married a friend of mine—I mean I was present at his marriage—whom you once met at Swanston: a funny fellow called Baxter. These kinds of ceremonies make me feel unpleasantly old; and perhaps the gloominess of our diversions, on which I remember you used to remark, is nowhere shown to such advantage as at a marriage. Another point in our country, which is even gloomier than our amusements, is the climate—and really I must congratulate you on being safe in Japan. Never have we had so deplorable a summer. It has positively rained every day since spring came in; and we have had something in the nature of a gale, either from East or West, every week for nine months.

My two cousins, Davie and Charlie, have made a professional tour of some weeks in the United States of America, which they seem to have enjoyed very well. But they complained of the heat: a complaint which I can never understand. I have been complaining of the cold ever since I was born; and if this is the sort of weather we are to have, I suppose I shall go on complaining of the cold until once I get warmly into my grave.

With best thanks and wishes from father and mother and myself, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.*

It was evidently in search of warmer weather that "father and mother and myself" all migrated, a few days after this letter was written, to Cornwall. Then, after a short time in the Scilly Isles with his mother (Thomas Stevenson probably gone back to his business), Louis returned to France in August, and remained there

*** Unpublished letter.**

till November. Apparently his July letter to Japan had brought a reply requesting information pamphlets about the war. Here is Louis's answer, written shortly after his return home from France. It mentions his anxiety about "very dear friends" he had left in Paris. These included Mrs. Osbourne.

17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh,
6th Dec, 1877.

Dear Mr. Kingero:

I should long ago have answered your letter, but I have newly returned from France, where I had many very pressing occupations and, in the thick of them, my eyes gave way so effectually that, for near a month, I could neither read nor write. They are better now, but must still be used with caution at night. . . . About pamphlets and the war, I am to write to a friend of mine in London, who has been all this while on the staff of a journal and obliged to keep himself well-informed. He will be able to advise me what I should send, so as to represent the two sides of opinion, which has run very high in England; and I hope to send you something by the mail following this.

I was in Paris during the elections for the Chamber, when a triumphant majority was returned, as of course you know, against that very bad, or very stupid, or else both, person, Marshal MacMahon. It was an interesting time, you may imagine. On the morning of the elections, a manifesto of the President's came out. I was living at that time in what we call Bohemian style, buying and cooking my own food, and had occasion to go out early for some chocolate. When I read the proclamation, which was on all the walls, I would have beaten MacMahon with my cane. It was a scandalous attempt to insult the poor people and so drive them to the barricades: if that was not the intention of the document, it was either written by a man out of his mind, or I do not know the meaning of words when I see them.

They disappointed him for one while; but how is it all to end, who can foresee? I often have troubled moments **over** that; it touches me more immediately than the butcheries in Turkey; for I have very dear friends there, **who** may suffer inconvenience or even hurt.

I am so much afraid of missing the post that I must here conclude. With best wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.*

Through this whole year of 1877, as is not to be wondered at, Louis Stevenson had not accomplished much in the way of writing, his literary output being chiefly stray journalism, two or three essays in the *Cornliill,* work done for *The London,*† and, in October, his first piece of fiction, *A Lodging for the Night,* which appeared in *Temple Bar. A Lodging for the Night* is a story of Paris life—not the Paris of Stevenson's own day, but of mediaeval times—a Paris equally familiar to Stevenson, the student of French history, the lover of Dumas.

The following year, 1878, was again spent between England and France—Scotland practically left out, save for fleeting visits. The days spent this year in Edinburgh might have been counted on the fingers of two hands. Stevenson was, however, several times in London, where the Savile Club was an attraction.

But most of his time was spent in France: he began the year there, for New Year's Day, 1878, found him working at the *Inland Voyage* at a hotel in Dieppe, and writing to Mr. Colvin that he hopes "the thing" will be taken, as he wants "coin so badly." Wanted coin badly? He was penniless, and at bay. "There was absolutely not a halfpenny going," he wrote to some one who had sent timely help. That same January: "Three days

* Unpublished letter.

† A weekly review, edited first by Glasgow Brown, an old friend of "Spec" days, and one of Stevenson's joint editors of the short-lived *Edinburgh University Magazine,* and afterwards by W. E. Henley.

from hence I shall know where I am, and either be well off or quite a beggar."*

At this juncture, Louis Stevenson had decided to tell his father how matters stood with him, and the complications in his life, and had asked his father to come to him in Paris. And Thomas Stevenson went.

After Thomas Stevenson's return to Edinburgh, Mr. Colvin stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson at Heriot Row when he came to give a lecture in Edinburgh. Louis was still in Paris. His father had not failed him, for at this time he was writing him the kindest letters; and Louis was writing to his parents. The following extract is from a letter written to his father from a cafe in the *Quartier Latin* on February 15th:

"People must be themselves, I suppose. I feel every day as if religion had a greater interest for me; but that interest is centred on the little rough-and-tumble world in which our fortunes are cast for the moment. I cannot transfer my interests, not even my religious interest, to any different sphere. . . . I have had some sharp lessons and some very acute sufferings in these last seven-and-twenty years—more even than you would guess. I begin to grow an old man; a little sharp, I fear, and a little close and unfriendly; but still I have a good heart and believe in myself and my fellow-men and the God who made us all. . . . There are not many sadder people in this world, perhaps, than I. . . . I have written letters to-day that it hurt me to write, and I fear it will hurt others to receive. I am lonely and sick and out of heart. . . . There is a fine text in the Bible, I don't know where, to the effect that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord. Strange as it may seem to you, everything has been, in one way or the other, bringing me a little nearer to what I think you would like me to be. 'Tis a strange world, indeed, but there is a manifest God for those who care to look for him. . . . While I am writing gravely, let me say one

*From unpublished letter.

word more. I have taken a step towards more intimate relations with you. But don't expect too much of me. Try to take me as I am. This is a rare moment, and I have profited by it; but take it as a rare moment." *

Here we seem to be prying into Louis's very heart, looking into the most sensitive part of his shrinking spirit, lying thus dissected by his own hand. We almost turn away.

In this same January of 1878, whilst Louis was in Paris, *Will o' the Mill* appeared in *Cornhill,* and *The Sire de Maletroifs Door* in *Temple Bar.* These two and *A Lodging for the Night,* which had come out in *Temple Bar* three months previously (October, 1877), were Stevenson's first fiction, and from this time onward his genius found its expression more and more in fiction, instead of in the essays that were its first vehicle. *The Sire de Maletroifs Door,* like its predecessor in October's *Temple Bar,* is a story set in France and in mediaeval times. *Will o the Mill* is a curious, rather morbid, character study, and epitomizes a mood with which Stevenson himself was not unfamiliar,—a mood that overtook him in the first days at Mentone in 1873, and again was expressed in his letter to his father, written just before he sailed to New York in the *S. S. Devonia* in August 1879.

In April Louis came back from France, and he and his parents were together, in the quaint little English inn at Burford Bridge. While there, he met and made friends with George Meredith, "long honoured." A perfect setting, Burford Bridge, for the meeting. The inn there had for Stevenson, or so he says in *A Gossip on Romance,*† a romantic suggestiveness. That inn was to him, "a fitting place for something to happen in." Things had happened in it. Keats had there written

"Letters, Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin I., 224-5. Also given in Sir Graham Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* I., 155-7.

† Written four years later, after his second visit to Burford, in 1882.

part of *Endymion.* Nelson had said good-bye to Lady Hamilton there, in the old wayside inn, or in its leafy garden, or by the "silent, eddying river." But Nelson's romance was to Stevenson not enough; the inn still waited its hour; "some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, should rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford." "Some day, perhaps," he adds, in a footnote, "I may try a rattle at the shutters." He never did. Stevenson never wrote of a place when he was there present in the place, with it before his bodily eyes. He described it afterwards, when the insignificant had faded from his picture, and the significant stood out in proper focus. He described always through the transition medium of his own mind and memory, not direct from nature. And so, at Burford Bridge, he wrote of his *Arabian Nights*—and he met George Meredith.

Meredith's home was close to Burford Bridge, in the little village of Dorking, and Stevenson sought his permission "sensitively and shyly, not without fear of a rebuff, to pay him his homage, as that of a beginner to a master." But the great novelist offered no rebuff to the young writer: the meeting was the beginning of a friendship. Truly Stevenson was fortunate above many in some of the friendships he made, if equally unfortunate in others.

It was just after this time with his parents at Burford Bridge in May, 1878, that Stevenson saw his first book published, *An Inland Voyage,* the publishers being Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.

"I have a curious recollection," Mrs. MacCunn (daughter of Professor and Mrs. Sellar) wrote to me once, "of meeting Mrs. Thomas Stevenson on the Dean Bridge shortly after Louis's early successes in the *Cornhill,* and the publication of *The Inland Voyage.* I was with my mother, and she in her gracious way—she dearly loved her friends' successes—began congratulating her old friend on her brilliant son.' Mrs. Stevenson smiled

a little enigmatically and said: 'Fortune often sells dear what she gives lavishly.' And I went on wondering what she meant."

For a short time in that Summer (1878) Louis had the experience, for the one and only time in his life, of finding himself in regular employment and official position, for his friend Professor Jenkin went to Paris to act as juror in the International Exhibition held there, and took Louis with him as his private secretary. "I had many letters from Jenkin in Paris," Principal Sir Alfred Ewing tells; and caustically adds, "but none were written by the Secretary."

At the close of his secretarial duties Louis was off to Monastier, spent three weeks there finishing his *Arabian Nights* and his *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh,* and then, being "a free man," purchased a mouse-coloured donkey for sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy, and on September 23rd started on a walking tour with this sole and adorable companion, "Modestine," through the Cevennes to Florae. This tour with the donkey gave him material for a second book, to be begun that same autumn.

Meantime, on his return from the Cevennes, he stayed for a little time at Cambridge, occupying Professor Colvin's rooms in his absence. But the classic atmosphere did not inspire Louis's muse. "I cannot work—*cannot!'* he wrote to his absent host. "Even the *Guitar* is still undone; I can only write ditch water. Tis ghastly. . . . Do you think you could prepare the printers for a possible breakdown this week?"

The *Guitar—Providence and the Guitar,* was built on the pathetic story of some strolling foreign actors, husband and wife, whom he had met at Grez. It was afterwards taken by *The London;* and Stevenson, always generous and warm-hearted, sent the money he received for it straight to the poor actors.

During all this time Mrs. Osbourne, with her daughter and her young son, had continued to live in France;

but by the end of this year, 1878, she was back in California. Marriage remained impossible, for she was as yet not free, "the interests and feelings of others" having deterred her from seeking divorce. Mrs. Sanchez, in her Life of her sister, tells how, on Mrs. Osbourne's return to California, she, "finding a reconciliation with her husband to be quite out of the question . . . decided to bring suit for divorce, which was eventually granted without opposition." Whilst awaiting the granting of her suit she and her children and her youngest sister (afterwards Mrs. Sanchez) lived at Monterey, that old Californian town on the coast of the Pacific, which Stevenson's pen has made so well-known to-day, and such beautiful word pictures of which are given by Mrs. Sanchez in her Life of her sister.

Louis Stevenson, this autumn of 1878, was not yet eight-and-twenty, and he had been barely five years a professional and recognized author—that is, since the appearance, in the *Portfolio* of December, 1873, of his first regular publication, his essay *On Roads.* And what point had he reached in the career he had chosen?

In spite of his uncertain health, he had so overcome the persistent idleness of his student days that he had, in these five years, out of the literary *jjabulum* he could command, written and published twenty-eight of his best critical and social essays, thirteen of them in the *Cornhill,* the others in *Macmillan, The Portfolio, The London, The Fortnightly, The Academy, Temple Bar, The Illustrated London News,* and *The New Quarterly.* Many of these essays were afterwards included in his three world-renowned volumes of essays, *Virginibus Puerisque,* published in 1882, and *Juvenilia,* not published till 1896, two years after his death. He had also written his first five ventures into fiction and published them—*A Lodging for the Night* in October 1877, in *Temple Bar; Will o' the Mill* in January 1878, in *Cornhill; Sire de Maletroifs Door* the same month (January, **1878)** in *Temple Bar; New Arabian Nights,* in **June-**

October 1878, in *The London;* and *Providence and The Guitar* in November 1878, also in *The London.* These five stories afterwards appeared in book form, *The Arabian Nights* in 1882, and *The Merry Men* in 1887. Besides all this, he had achieved his first two books, *An Inland Voyage,* published in May 1878, by Kegan,Paul, Trench & Co., and *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh,* written in France in summer, Brought out in *The Portfolio,* in press by the end of the year, and published in book form in December by Seeley & Co. And he had written a large amount more, either to be rejected by himself, or to be used later. He had, by the end of 1878, done some of his best work.

The literary quality of his work had not, in the case of his published books, appealed to "the general," and they therefore had not an extensive recognition or sale either in London or elsewhere; but they had won him respect from the reviewers, and had caused literary judges and critics to hail him as "a new artist of first promise in English letters." In the case of his essays—especially the frequently appearing essays in such a medium as the *Cornhill*—the quality of his work had made him known to the best reading public of the day, and had won him instant recognition among that public. The essays over the initials "R. L. S." were looked for eagerly as literary delights. His writings showed surprising range of subject, and in every subject he dealt with, what is very noticeable is Stevenson's own mentality. The amount of his subsidiary thinking, his packed intellection, at times astounds and bewilders. In whatever he wrote, moreover, there was the magic delicacy of his touch: whatever matter he handled was irradiated with the brilliancy of his style. The same might have been said of his talk; and this accounts for his talk being remembered when what he said is forgotten.

Stevenson was already at this time a "stylist," and Stevenson's style was the result of his continuous and

laborious self-education in the art of writing—his notebooks, his "sedulous ape" exercises, his "living with words"—in fact, of his lifelong study of the technique of his trade. But not only this. They marked, to discerning readers, a new vista in English literature, the dawn of a new era, the breaking in of the lighter, more intense and polished French method, in contradistinction from the German influence that had predominated in the earlier nineteenth century writers, who were under the influence, direct or indirect, of Goethe and the German metaphysical school of thought and style. This German influence had never touched Stevenson: it was alien to his nature, and his earliest work showed at once the result of his early French studies. Stevenson's style was the reed music of Pan, thin and fine and emotional, piping through the shining trees and awakening, with a sudden intensity, the soul of the hearer. "A new artist of first promise"; so Stevenson stood in the eyes of his friends and literary contemporaries at the end of that year 1878; and they watched him for the fulfilment of the promise.

During the winter that followed the publication of his second book he was busy with his third, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*, and with planning the play *Deacon Brodie* with Henley in London. This play was a piece of work which he had first conceived when he was a boy of fifteen. It was founded, as all Scots people know, on a gruesome old story of the Edinburgh of the past,—one of Edinburgh's picturesque criminals, a most excellent cabinetmaker,* a singer of after-supper songs, a respected citizen, and a pious Deacon. All this by day. By night he was a burglar, "pickeering among the Closes by the flicker of a dark lamp"; and his career ended in "a great robbery, an escape, a Bow Street runner, a cock fight, an apprehension in a cupboard in

***As a cabinet made by him, which in Lord Guthrie's lifetime and tenancy of Swanston was part of the furniture there, still exists to testify. The cabinet is now in Lord Guthrie's collection, on loan to The Robert Louis Stevenson Club.**

Amsterdam, and a last step into the air off his own greatly-improved gallows drop." *

The story had gripped Stevenson's imagination from boyhood. He brought to his task, when he took up the work this winter in collaboration with Henley, many early drafts, dating from 1865. But the play never proved a success. The outcome of all his study and thought and his hundreds of letters on the subject to Henley about the story of Deacon Brodie may have found better outcome in his *Dr. Jehyll and Mr. Hyde* —that marvellous conception of dual and opposing human characteristics existent in one and the same human being.

During this winter, while working with Henley in London, Louis took a holiday from his work in his favourite method—a walking-tour. This time it was down the valley of the Stour, between Essex and Suffolk; but it was cold weather for a walking-tour, and he returned to London and the work with Henley, with whom he stayed at Acton, and took his relaxation by shocking the suburban sensibilities of the good people of London by going abroad "simply attired in a sleeve-waistcoat." He succeeded thereby in crushing his own sensibilities also by the discovery—afterwards to be embodied in the *Amateur Emigrant*—that, although "In my normal circumstances, it appeared, every young lady must have paid me some passing tribute of a glance," in his "humble rig" it was withheld, and this "caused a certain shock of surprise and a sense of something wanting." Louis Stevenson was always subjective, in this as in all else. It was he who expected the "passing tribute of a glance," who wore conspicuous garments—whether the garments of a rag-and-bone man; or a floating cloak with a snake buckle, of a "pensive, Roman stateliness"; or a black flannel shirt, grey trousers and a blue tie at a dinner party; or "splendid Francis I clothes, heavy with gold and stage jewellery"; or a velvet coat and a smok-

**Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh,*

ing cap in Bond Street;—it was he who expected the "passing tribute of a glance" from the fair sex, whereas normally the tribute is given, not expected. That is Louis Stevenson—a very marked characteristic. It is, moreover, but the outward and visible sign, in his relations with the other sex, of an inward and inherent attitude.

And so ended, for Stevenson, the year 1878—he busy writing his third book, and working with Henley on the Deacon Brodie play; his only other piece of writing during the winter being an obituary notice for the *Academy* of November 30th of Sam Bough, the artist.

In the spring, still at Swanston, he and Henley were wild with enthusiasm over Deacon Brodie, proclaiming the finale of Act III, just completed, as the most passionate thing in the English drama since the Elizabethans. Neither he nor Henley slept on the night of its completion, and they joined their voices in a chorus of delirious exaltation.

In that same spring of the year in which Stevenson broke up his life, he and Mr. Edmund Gosse had planned to collaborate in a book of "old murder stories retold," and had gone together on a visit to the scene of one of these murders. The book was one of the many of Louis's literary projects that never went further than the stage of planning.

In April, Louis Stevenson wrote to Mr. Gosse from Edinburgh: "How, and why, do you continue to exist?" he asks him. "I do so ill, but for a variety of reasons. I sit waiting and waiting, and people bring me meals (I'm sure it's very kind of them) and sometimes I whistle to myself. . . . The sun continues to rise every day, to my growing wonder. 'The moon by night thee shall not smite.' And the stars are all doing as well as can be expected."

He was "waiting and waiting," not for meals, but for letters. "I want—I want—I want—a holiday; I want

to be happy; I want the moon, or the sun, or something. I want the object of my affections badly, anyway." *

In spite of all this, Stevenson was, in the spring **of 1879,** doing good literary work. It was during this spring that he wrote his *On Some Aspects of Burns,* for *Cornhill* (published in the October issue, and afterwards (1882) included in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books)*; and in March he had drafted, and laid by, his *Lay Morals.* These were, owing to subsequent happenings, laid aside unfinished; and *Lay Morals* was not published till after his death, when it was included in *Juvenilia* (1896).

In April he went with his parents to Shandon Hydropathic on the Gareloch—a Hydropathic was perhaps not a very happy choice at such a moment! Louis simply hated it. The following letter, undated as most of Louis Stevenson's letters are, clearly belongs to this time, and was probably written in the incongruous surroundings of the Hydropathic,—hence the studied vagueness as to his address. The allusions to the publisher are on a level with the immortal phrase of Byron regarding the same profession: "Now Barabbas was a Publisher;'

17, Heriot Row.
Edinburgh.

My dear Gosse,

Though I date from Edinburgh, I am in the country, hard at work on—a work on morals. What next? you will exclaim. I should not care to prophesy. Perhaps a work on Manners. I expect proofs of the Donkey book daily. The foul publisher has dodged me all round. I am shorn and bleating: a poor, lone, penniless man of letters. You will be pleased to know that my news keeps better or at least as well as can be expected. But my health ran low; hence am I here, tinkering myself with solitude, fresh air, tonics of a poisonous description,—and the work on morals,

*** Unpublished letter.**

How about your work? Is it not out yet? Has the vile———deceived another? Let us two, although we are not Comtists, have a commination day, and comminate publishers to the sound of a religious music. I think I hear the stage directions:—

"Here shall a fair white publisher's body be laid upon the altar"

or:—

"In choirs and places where they sing, here shall a publisher be shot out of a gun."

Will you write to me? It's business, mind!

Yours very much,

It. L. S.*

Next month, May, Louis went on more congenial holidays,—first to London, then to visit George Meredith, and then to France, whence, had he found anyone to go with, he had thoughts of going to the Pyrenees. But, finding no companion, he remained at Cernay la Ville most of the time, and was back in London by the end of June.

This month saw the publication of *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.* On a June day from the old surroundings of Swanston Cottage he wrote in a presentation copy of his new book the following inscription to Miss Jane Balfour, the "Auntie" who had mothered him in his childish days at the Manse of Colinton:

"My dear Auntie: If you could only think a little less of me and others, and a great deal more of your delightful self, you would be as nearly perfect as there is any need to be. I think I have travelled with donkeys all my life; and the experiences of this book should have been nothing new to me. But if ever I knew a real donkey, I believe it is yourself. You are so eager to think well of everybody else (except when you are angry on account of some third person) that I do not believe you have ever left yourself time to think properly of

*** Unpublished letter.**

yourself. You never understand when other **people are unworthy,** nor when you yourself are worthy in the **highest** degree. Oblige us all by having a guid conceit o' yoursel, and despising in the future the whole crowd including your affectionate nephew R. L. S."

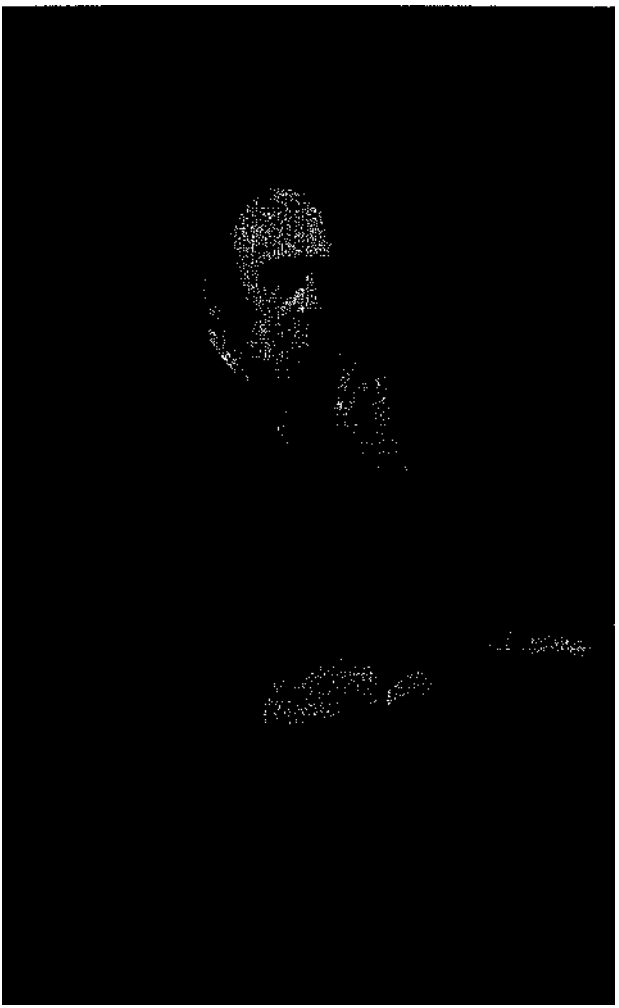
Of the merits of *Travels with a Donkey* Stevenson had no greater praise to give than he had had for his previous work. He was always a sane—even a stern—critic of himself in his literary work. The reviewers gave it the same respectful attention as they had given to the *Inland Voyage,* and the public the same scant notice,—though it had a slightly better sale. The autobiographic interest of the book lies in the fact that, as Louis owns in a letter to his cousin "Bob," "Lots of it **is** mere protestations to F., most of which I think you will understand. That is to me the main thread of interest. Whether the damned public— But that's **all** one."

But "the damned public," or whoever of it runs, may read.

"I heard the voice of a woman singing some sad, old, endless ballad . . . I went on upon my invisible woodland way, weaving, like Pippa in the poem, my own thoughts with hers. . . . How the world gives and takes away, and brings sweethearts near only to separate them again into distant and strange lands; but to love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden; and 'hope, which comes to all,' outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death." *

And Louis Stevenson, in this last month before he broke up his life, was, he said, happier than ever before in spite of all his troubles, for he felt he had mastered them, and that the tenor of his life was easy to him, for he knew what he ought to do, "and that's the important knowledge." He says he does not write letters because he can't now talk to almost anyone of what really con-

* *Travels with a Donkey in the CSvcnnes.*



THOMAS STEVENSON.
From a photograph by Moffat, Edinburgh.

cerns him, nor straight from his heart, and one phrase, used by him at that time, is strangely illuminating: "Perhaps I have more in my heart; perhaps I have been spoilt by a very perfect relation."* And equally illuminating is his declaration that: "to F. I never write letters. To begin with there's no good. All that people want by letters has been done between us. We are acquainted; why go on with introductions? I cannot change so much, but she would still have the clue and recognise every thought." *

That July, spent by Louis in Edinburgh and at Swanston, he was, in spite of all he had on his mind, full of literary interests,—writing to Mr. Gosse about an article of his that he, Louis, had "greatly enjoyed"; about "Meredith's story"; about the reviews of *Travels with a Donkey;* about his paper *On Some Aspects of Bums,*—to appear two months later in the *Cornhill,* and to evoke a storm of horrified criticism from Burns devotees,—"the inspired poet is a very gay subject for study," Louis confesses to Mr. Gosse, ". . . But hang me if I know anything I like so well as the *Twa Dugs.* Even a common Englishman may have a glimpse as it were from Pisgah, of its extraordinary merits!"

From Ileriot Row, four days later, he writes to Mr. Colvin:—"I'm three parts through Burns, long, dry, unsympathetic but sound, and, I think, in its dry way, interesting. Next I shall finish the story, and then perhaps Thoreau. Meredith has been staying with Morley, has been cracking me up, he writes, to that literary Robespierre; and he (the L. R.) is about, it is believed, to write to me on a literary theme. Is it Keats, hope you? My heart leaps at the thought." †

This on July 29th. Next day, to Mr. Gosse:—

"My enthusiasm has kind of dropped from me. I envy you, your wife, your home, your child—I was going to say your cat. There would be cats in my home too,

* Unpublished letter.

† *Letters.* **Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 238.**

if I could but get it. I may seem to you the 'impersonation of life,' but my life is the impersonation of waiting, and that's a poor creature. God help us all, and the deil be kind to the hindmost." *

That was the end of his waiting. Next day, July 30th, he went to London. There he found all his friends strongly disapproved of what he contemplated doing. They tried their utmost to dissuade him, but without altering his decision. He knew, of course, that his parents could not be consulted, and so, without returning home to say good-bye, and without any money save what he had in hand,—he refused the help of friends who offered it—he took his passage for California to join Mrs. Osbourne.

The day before he sailed, August 6th, 1879, he wrote the following to Charles Baxter:—"I am under way. It is a bleak, cold day in Glasgow: my portmanteau is aboard: and tomorrow I am on the seas. F. seems to be very ill; at least I must try to get her to do one of two things. I hope to be back in a month or two; but indeed God alone knows what may happen: it is a wild world. . . . Take this scratch, my dear old man; 'tis my sixth letter; not to mention a last will and testament, since breakfast. I hope we may all meet once more and be happy, and that soon. But God knows, who made us, and the kettle in which we are a 'boiling.' " †

He also wrote a tragic little note to his father, just before sailing, but not one that dwelt on the grief he was causing, but rather—as always—on the state of his own feelings, a state he described as of death rather than life, without regret or hope or fear or even inclination. What did Thomas Stevenson feel on reading it? Who was with him to comfort that great, unselfish, broken heart?

Stevenson had taken his passage in an emigrant ship, the *Devonia.* It was done for necessary economy; but

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 239.
† Unpublished letter.

he comforted himself with the thought of literary "copy." He took his passage in the second cabin in order that he might have a table to write on, for he was intent on the thought of testing his power of supporting not only himself by his pen,—as he never had done,—but others besides himself. So eager was he to prove this possible that he at once got to work, and amid all the discomforts on board, wrote, during the ten days of that voyage *The Story of a Lie.*

As the *Devonia* neared New York Louis wrote to Mr. Colvin: "Thirty-one pages in ten days at sea is not bad. . . . If I fail in my great purpose, I shall see some wild in the West and visit both Florida and Labrador ere I return. But I don't yet know if I shall have the courage to stick to life without it. Man, I was sick, sick, sick of this last year." *

He arrived at New York on a Sunday night, August 18th; he spent most of the day in a vain search for his friend, Mr. Will H. Low,—alas, absent from New York,—spent the night in a "shilling Irish boarding-house," and Monday afternoon was on his way again in an emigrant-train to San Francisco. The emigrant train was worse than the emigrant ship. After he had been forty hours in the train, where it was impossible to lie down, he wrote, "I had no idea how easy it was to commit suicide. There seems nothing left of me; I died a while ago; I do not know who it is that is travelling. . . . No man is any use until he has dared everything; I feel just now as if I had, and so might become a man."

He reached San Francisco on the 30th, "looking like a man at death's door." Here he received news from Mrs. Osbourne that she was better, but he at once started off again on his journey to her at Monterey, and working his way onward, attempting the work of cowboy on a ranch about twenty miles from his destination, lost his way, fell from his horse, and lay out in the open for three days and nights.

*** *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 243.**

"I was pretty nearly slain; my spirit lay down and kicked for three days; I was up at an Angora goat-ranche in the Santa Lucia Mountains, nursed by an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, and I scarcely slept, or ate, or thought for four days. Two nights I lay out under a tree in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but getting water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat bells ringing and the tree-frogs singing when each new noise was enough to set me mad. Then the bear-hunter came round, pronounced me 'real sick' and ordered me up to the ranche. It was an odd, miserable piece of my life; and according to all rule it should have been my death; but after a while my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success." *

Arrived at Monterey, he found a good Samaritan in a Frenchman, one Jules Simoneau, who kept a cafe in a little old adobe building. In this cafe, Stevenson, "an almost dead man," was "nursed, fed, bathed, watched over and cheered," and in that little cafe Stevenson, the irresistible, gained another lasting friendship. " I f there ever was a man who was a good friend to me it was Jules Simoneau," he wrote afterwards on the flyleaf of one of his books.

Louis Stevenson never recovered from that emigrant journey to California. Up to that time he had been very far from being a robust man. From infancy his health had been an anxiety to those who loved him. He had inherited chest weakness from his mother and his maternal grandfather; but both those lived to an old age. He was a victim, also, to acute nervous excitability, for which a quiet life, free from mental worry, would of course have been best. But his constant breakdowns in health had always been met by his favourite cure,—open-air treatment. One of his walking-tours or visits abroad had always put him onto his ordinary level again, and

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 248-9.

his nervous excitability had been counterbalanced by his temperamental joyousness and irrepressible gaiety, and, latterly, by his energy and delight in his writing. But by the long physical fatigue and exposure of the journey to Monterey, by the mental and emotional strain he endured, and the "self-imposed penury" that followed, his always precarious health was shattered. He was henceforth an invalid.

CHAPTER V

R. L. S.: MAN OF LETTERS

"These familiar initials are, I suppose, the best beloved in recent literature, certainly they are the sweetest to me."—J. M. Barrie.

THREE months Louis Stevenson spent at Monterey, from September to December, 1879. The little Spanish-Californian coast town and its charm have been described with wonderful touch by Mrs. Sanchez, in her life of her sister, Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. She makes one breathe the warm air, laden with the heavy scent of flowers, see their gorgeous colours peeping through the trees of the secluded gardens; see also the narrow, crooked streets, and the "long beach of clean white sand that stretches unbroken for many miles around the great sweeping curve of Monterey Bay," where, in Stevenson's own words, they "watched the tiny sandpipers, and the huge Pacific seas."

Mrs. Sanchez, Mrs. Stevenson's youngest sister, then Miss Nellie Van de Grift, was with her sister at Monterey, and remained with her nearly a year, till after their marriage the Stevensons sailed for Europe. "Those were *dolce-far-niente* days at Monterey," Mrs. Sanchez writes, "dreamy, romantic days, spent beneath the bluest sky, beside the bluest sea, and in the best company on earth, and all glorified by the rainbow hues of youth." So it may have been for the young and irresponsible girl; but it was not so for others, for whom the rainbow hues of youth had been stained by storm and stress,—for Mrs. Osbourne and Louis Stevenson,—Louis Stevenson, who at twenty-nine had left youth's irresponsibility far behind him. He had before this

laid it down that twenty-five years was the limit of youth; and perhaps he had found it so. For the chief actors, those months at Monterey, and the first months of the following year (1880) at San Francisco, were months of great trouble in, as the old words have it, "mind, body, and estate." Both Mrs. Osbourne and Louis were very far from being well,—indeed, it was sometimes a question whether one, and sometimes a question whether the other, would survive long enough to attain what they were waiting for—the divorce, and the marriage to follow. Early in the time the doctor pronounced Louis to be suffering from what he diagnosed as inflammation of the brain from anxiety and wretchedness; and very shortly after his arrival Louis tells of Mrs. Osbourne's illness being very alarming, and is anxious for news of her and will not hear it for some hours. "I think all should go on kind of well, though, if anything can be called well in the midst of such a mess." And again: "By or before the end of January there is some chance of all being well, in the fullest sense and the most legitimate."* And later: "You see I'm in a sort of hole; as thus: Fanny has divorced her master: he behaved well and was to support her till we married, . . . and now he has lost his Government appointment, and, as he never saved anything, is on his back. . . . I have upwards of £40 in hand. . . . Well, now that I come to put it down that's not so bad. That gives us I believe nearly—well,no, but say it gives us four months clear, which it must amply. O, we'll do. Before that time, it's the devil if I can't have made another £50 more, or if it could only be another £100! God, how that would float us. Lemme see. Pavilion; well, surely 20. Thoreau, well surely 15. If the Emigrant can't make up the balance, why, damn the Emigrant, say I . " †

He worked as he had never worked before; and, above all, he pined for letters. His letters to all the

*** Unpublished letter.**
† From unpublished letter.

friends he had left are pathetic: his irresistible gaiety and brave spirit show in them all, but always comes the cry for home news. To Mr. Colvin, in October: "I received your letter with delight; it was the first word that reached me from the old country." * Later, to Henley: "Do keep me posted, won't you? Your letter and Bob's made the fifth and sixth I have had from Europe in three months." † Again to Mr. Colvin: "I am now all alone in Monterey, a real inhabitant, with a box of my own at the P. O." ‡ To P. G. Hamerton, in November: "A letter will be more than welcome in this distant clime, where I have a box at the post-office —generally, I regret to say, empty." § Again to Mr. Colvin in December: "I have never seen my *Bums!* the darling of my heart! || I await your promised letter. Papers, magazines, articles by friends; reviews of myself, all would be very welcome." H

During the three months at Monterey he wrote the essay on Thoreau, afterwards included in *Familiar Studies;* wrote his story, *The Pavilion on the Links,* afterwards accepted, to his frank amazement,—for he called it "blood and thunder"—by *Comhill;* he planned his *Prince Otto;* he drafted, from the notes he had made {hiring it, an account of his journey, to be called *The Amateur Emigrant;* and he wrote a story, *A Vendetta in the West,* which remained unpublished, as he was not satisfied with it. Eighty-three pages of this last, and about sixty pages of the draft of *The Amateur Emigrant* were done before the end of the first month at Monterey, October. But it was money he wanted; he was writing in feverish anxiety to make money. He accepted work at two dollars a week as reporter for the *Monterey Californian.*—R. L. S.!

"It is dibbs that are wanted," he tells Henley.

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. 1, 247.
† *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 251.
‡ *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 254.
§ *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. **I,** 255.
II In *Cornhill.*
¶ *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 258.

". . . . Dibbs and speed are my mottoes. . . . At times I get terribly frightened about my work, which seems to advance too slowly. I hope soon to have a greater burden to support, and must make money a great deal quicker than I used." *

Some of Louis Stevenson's cheeriest hours of relaxation at Monterey were spent at Jules Simoneau's little restaurant, "where much merry, racy, picturesque and vivid talk was unleashed by and between Stevenson, Simoneau, and sundry Lascar sailors and Castilian cow-punchers . . . as merry, appreciative, and stimulating an audience in that tiny cafe as ever listened to him, applauded him and talked right back to him." So the genius who at the Savile Club in London had been "accepted and habitually surrounded as a radiating centre of good talk" among the younger literary men who gathered there, adapted himself to another audience, an audience greatly differing, who yet perhaps had something in common in their love of good talk and its stimulation, and their appreciation of the irresistible charm of Louis.

With Simoneau himself, Louis played chess and discussed the Universe.

Forty years after Stevenson's Monterey days, Mr. Frank 1ST. Holman, speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Stevenson Society of America, told of how he in 1907 had sought out and found old Jules Simoneau, then eighty-seven, at Monterey, and had talked to him of Stevenson.

"Monsieur Jules Simoneau came to the door of the little rose-covered bungalow; a small, slightly bent man, broad-browed, white bearded, racially and personally courteous. His eyes were very blue, wide apart and deeply set. 'A friend of Louis Stevenson is always welcome,' he assured me. . . . I told him that I knew he had been 'a good friend' to a great many men. He deprecated the compliment smilingly, then after a moment's

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 250-251.

silence said with rather wistful sadness:'Yes, I 'ave been good fren' to good many men. Only one nevaire forget. Louis Stevenson, 'e nevaire forget.' "

Mr. Stephen Chalmers * gives the following story of Jules Simoneau:—

"A lover of Stevenson, visiting Monterey, California, was deeply touched by the reminders there of a very dark and discouraging period in the master's life. To old Jules Simoneau, Stevenson's friend in that hour of pain and unhappiness, this visitor remarked:

" 'Strange it is to think of these personal sorrows—personal sufferings, and that he yet could rise like the lark in all he wrote.'

" 'Ah!' cried old Jules in his Gallic way and with many a Gallic gesture, 'Zat was Louis! Louis 'e was brave. Wat you t'ink? 'E was ver' poor. 'E was ver' seeck. Oui! sometam' 'e was ver' *ongry.* But always 'e laugh. Always 'e keep ze smile! Always 'e try to work, even w'en it seem 'is heart break. Zat was Louis. 'E was *Brave!' "*

Yes, he was *brave,*—always. An indomitable and cheerful fighter against almost unconquerable odds. But sometimes the human cry broke from the tortured frame:—*If things cannot be arranged soon, and a little peace be given us, I believe both F. and I will say good-night to this world." †

This was just before he left Monterey, and went, at the close of December, to San Francisco, where he lived in a workman's lodging of a single room, fed at cheap restaurants, and lived in "self-imposed penury" on seventy cents a day. But he would accept no money help; "this is a test; I must support myself," he said.

For a month he allowed himself a 50 cent dinner, and a 10 cent breakfast of coffee, rolls, and butter; ekeing out the butter that it and the roll might be finished

***Author of *The Sick Man Who Smiled,* and Hon. Secretary of the Stevenson Society of America,**

† Unpublished letter.

simultaneously, for he could not afford a second pat. But at the end of January this amplitude was reduced to a 25 cent dinner; and he wrote to Charles Baxter at home to sell his books and send him the proceeds.

But there were good times, too, and encouragement and sympathy to buoy him up, for he was not alone. Over the bay at Oakland Mrs. Osbourne lived with her sister, and they met daily, and dined together somewhere about twice a week. "It is a waiting race; slow, but that is all," Louis said.

Little wonder if the work he sent home at this time was not up to his best standards. His literary friends and advisers at home—Mr. Colvin, W. E. Henley, and others,—jealous for his reputation, sore at heart also about his flight to America and what they thought had caused his work to deteriorate, told him what they felt about it; but their criticisms came inappropriately.

"You and Henley both seem to think my work rather bosh nowadays," he writes to Professor Colvin, "and I do want to make as much as I was making, that is £200; if I can do that, I can swim; last year with my ill-health I touched only £109, that would not do, I could not fight it through on that; but on £200, as I say, I am good for the world, and can even in this quiet way save a little, and that I must do.

"The worst is my health. . . . But I don't know; I managed to write a good deal down in Monterey, when I was pretty sickly most of the time, and by God, I'll try, ague and all. I have to ask you frankly, when you write, to give me any good news you can, and chat a little, but *just in the meantime* give me no bad." *

And again: "Everybody writes me sermons; it's good for me, but hardly the food necessary for a man who lives all alone on forty-five cents a day, and sometimes less, with quantities of hard work and many heavy thoughts. If one of you could write me a letter with a jest in it, a letter like what is written to real people in

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 268-9.

this world—I am still flesh and blood—I should enjoy it . . . man alive, I want gossip." *

And to Henley he writes: "Do not damp me about my work; *qu'elle soit bonne ou mauvaise,* it has to be done. You know the wolf is at the door, and I have been seriously ill . . . I have now £80 in the world and two houses to keep up for an indefinite period. . . . My spirits have risen *contra fortunam;* will fight this out, and conquer." †

Did anyone send him the news—it might have cheered him, as showing he was not forgotten by all in his native Edinburgh,—that he was, this very January, appointed their "Laureate" by the Thomson Class Club,—the Club of his old Academy Class that he had helped to form? The appointment was made with the request that he would have his first poem ready for their next meeting; but it was not ready for some three years, and now, for a copy of that poem, fourteen stanzas by "Their Stammering Laureate," sums of £180 and even £250 have been secured in sale-rooms. And their Laureate, when appointed, was penniless and starving.

All these letters home were in January. But Louis was working with a goal ahead. To one friend he writes: "By what you say about marriage you leave me in wonder. I marry her certainly, what else should I do? Do I not want to have all rights to protect my darling?" ‡

And to another and very loyal friend:—

"I am now engaged to be married to the woman whom I have loved for three years and a half. I do not yet know when the marriage can come off; for there are many reasons for delay. But as few people before marriage have known each other so long or made more trials of each other's tenderness and constancy, I permit myself to hope for some quiet at the end of all. At

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 273.
† *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 269.
‡ Unpublished letter.

least I will boast myself so far; I do not think many wives are better loved than mine will be." *

In March, he reports, "My dearest Fanny is as bright, well and happy as ever," and that they are both content to wait awhile, though they will not feel perfectly relieved till the marriage can take place,—"but when we meet we laugh at each other for our apprehensions." †

In March—did any one send him a copy?—his *Yoshida Torajiro* appeared in *Cornhill,* the story that had so impressed Stevenson when he heard it told by a Japanese official at Professor Jenkin's dinner table in 1878.‡

But the long strain—overwork, penury, and the constant anxiety about Mrs. Osbourne's health and his own,—had of course told. A mere touch is all that is needed to send fluttering to the earth a leaf that has been scorched by sun and nipped by frost, and yet, frail and yellow, hangs persistently by its stalk. The touch, in Stevenson's case, was supplied by the illness of the four-year-old child of his landlord and landlady. Stevenson, so passionately devoted to little children, sat up with it, and helped to nurse it:—"And O, what he has suffered! It has really affected my health. O never, never any family for me! I am cured of that." §

The child recovered; but Louis broke down. For six weeks in March and April he was dangerously ill, "pleurisy, malarial fever, and exhaustion of system," and was nursed back to life by the doctor who attended him, Dr. Bamford, and by Mrs. Osbourne. On his recovery he reports in letters that Mrs. Osbourne is in capital spirits and health and that he is "ditto and indomitable in hope"; that his friends may write what they please now and need not fear so much neglect as he

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 274.
† From unpublished letter.
‡ See article by Principal Sir J. Alfred Ewing in I *Can Remember* ***Robert Louis Stevenson,*** p. **125**
§ *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I, 284.

has given them in the past; and he reminds them, with forgivably conscious pathos, that they must remember that not only was he in great misery and besieged with apprehensions, "but I may say I was dying of starvation. I suppose if I ate two ounces of food a day for nearly two months it must have been the extreme outside. . . . I am afraid you fellows over in the dear old country are not only a little hurt, but despise me into the bargain. I think the last is a mistake. I have come through a severe illness on my feet and without ceasing to work, I have had great anxieties to make things worse . . . I am now so well and strong and have so good a prospect of happiness . . . I have come through the physical and moral tempest, and I do not think I am a hair the worse." *

Louis's recovery was slow, but he was cheered in it by telegrams and letters from home, and the knowledge that his parents had realized the true position of affairs. His parents had been very miserable all this time,—miserable and mortified. The father had even contemplated leaving Edinburgh, where he was so well known, respected and loved, and surrounded by friends and relatives,—leaving it to seek seclusion and privacy among strangers. But the news of Louis's poverty and ill-health brought immediate letters to Louis from his father to tell him it was preposterous for him to economise—he had only to let him know what money he needed and it would be sent at once—by telegram if necessary.

In April, Louis Stevenson wrote to tell Mr. Colvin that "My dear people telegraphed me in these words, 'Count on 250 pounds annually.' " And his parents did more. They promised to receive and welcome his wife.

On May 19th, 1880, Robert Louis Stevenson was married to Fanny Van de Grift (Mrs. Osbourne) at the house of the minister who married them, the Rev. Mr. Scott. Only two persons were present at the marriage,

*** From unpublished letters.**

Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Williams, the wife of Virgil Williams, the artist. Mrs. Virgil Williams was an old friend of the bride's, for both she and her husband had known her in the years when Mrs. Osbourne and her daughter Isobel had studied in the School of Design at San Francisco under Virgil Williams; and five or six years later, when Louis Stevenson came to San Francisco in 1879, Virgil Williams was one of his few friends during those hard days before his marriage. Two years later Stevenson spoke, in a letter to Henley, of "the Williamses,—you know they were the parties who stuck up for us about our marriage, and Mrs. W. was my guardian angel, and our Best Man and Bridesmaid rolled in one." *

Mrs. Sanchez records that the marriage was a serious, rather than a joyous occasion, for both Louis and his wife realized that the future before them was overcast with doubt. Stevenson called it a marriage *in extremis,* and himself "a mere complication of cough and bones, much fitter for an emblem of mortality than a bridegroom." Mrs. Osbourne's health was also precarious, but Louis Stevenson, in the days preceding that "marriage *in extremis"* had the comfort of knowing that if (as Mrs. Sanchez says her sister felt certain might be the case) the woman he loved was left a widow in a few months, he would not leave her as she was-before she married him,—penniless, with her daughter and son to support; but that she would at least be the recipient of the small pension which she would receive as the widow of an Edinburgh Advocate.f

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. II, 77.

† Louis Stevenson—or Thomas Stevenson for him—had paid the £50 entry money to the Widows' Fund on November 1st, 1872, the month Louis passed his General Knowledge Examination for the Bar. Louis, when admitted, in July, 1875, to the Faculty of Advocates, duly paid an "Age Tax" of nine pounds, and thereafter his annual contribution (as a bachelor) of five guineas. On his marriage in 1880, he paid his Marriage Tax *of* fifteen pounds, and his annual contribution was raised to seven guineas. After his death in 1894 his widow accordingly received a small annuity from the Fund of the Faculty of Advocates of Scotland annually until her death.

The marriage seemed problematical at the time, **but** what Louis said of it twelve years later—two years before he died, was,—"As I look back, I think my marriage was the best move I ever made in my life. Not only would I do it again; I cannot conceive the idea of doing otherwise."

After all, the characters of the "contracting parties" are the most important and the most fateful of all the ingredients that go to make or mar a marriage. Mrs. Louis had, in the words of Mr. Colvin, "a character as strong, interesting, and romantic almost" as Louis's own, and it cannot be doubted, on the one hand, that her influence on her husband was from the day of their marriage the greatest personal influence in his life, and on the other hand that after his marriage Louis Stevenson grew better and manlier as a man, and greater in power as a writer. Let those talk who will of the "Shorter Catechist" and the "artist in morals"; the real test is this:—had Louis Stevenson died in the year 1880, what would the memory of him be today?—and what the estimate of him in the annals of literature?

The memory would be dim enough probably save among the survivors of his own particular coterie,—a memory very tender and lovable, of a joyous and brilliant talker, a light-hearted, dark-eyed, slender, Bohemian idler, rolling thin cigarettes in his long fingers, loving life in general and sunshine and good talk in particular; a loyal friend, and exercising on those he met that indescribable quality we call "charm." And the memory of him might survive among literary men of today who were his colleagues in youth; and the knowledge of him might survive with literary epicures who delight to dip and taste in back numbers of magazines or to take down and read little volumes from bookshelves;—their estimate might be that he was a writer with the same quality of "charm" imparted to his writings, who had left the world some fugitive essays of French brilliance and distinction of style, and two slender volumes well worth

reading. But all that Louis Stevenson is today, to thousands who never knew him in the flesh, to whom his memory is not only tender and lovable and brilliant, but is held in reverence and earnestness; to whom his writings, the delight of them, the message they give; his life and the lessons it teaches; all that "R. L. S." stands for today, and that the word 'Stevensonian" awakes in brotherliness and sympathy between those who are divided by "mountains and a waste of seas,"—all this is accorded to the Robert Louis Stevenson that he became, to the Robert Louis Stevenson that died fourteen years after his marriage.

That is the best,—and from any outsider the only—criticism of the marriage.

Louis and his wife went straight to that Californian mining town left in deserted ruins up in the mountains, now so familiar from Stevenson's *Silverado Squatters*, taking Mrs. Louis's young sister and Mrs. Louis's son, Lloyd Osbourne, with them. Mrs. Louis's daughter had married (becoming Mrs. Strong) a few weeks previous to the marriage of her mother.

Up winding mountain paths the four travellers ascended, breaking the hot journey in one of the palm-shaded cottages attached to a hotel at the Calistoga Hot Springs; then a wild drive in a six-horse stage whirling up the mountain, and another break at the "Toll-House"; then a climb up a "stiflingly hot footpath running through a tangle of thick undergrowth, to the old Silverado mine truck-house, where the Stevenson family took up their headquarters." . . . .

"The Stevenson family" they had already become: Louis's responsibilities to his wife's relatives had begun.

Mrs. Louis was naturally a little fearful as the meeting with her husband's parents drew near,—"quite terrified,"—not so much about Mrs. Stevenson as about Thomas Stevenson, who, she thought, might be stern and forbidding. It was quite understandable that her

mother-in-law seemed less formidable. Not only had they lately corresponded, and Mrs. Stevenson's letters been reassuring and gentle, not only were they both women and both mothers, but it happened that, as Mrs. Thomas Stevenson was twelve years younger than her husband, there was only eleven years difference in age between her and her daughter-in-law. In this year of 1880 Thomas Stevenson was sixty-two, Mrs. Thomas Stevenson fifty-one, Mrs. Louis Stevenson forty, and Louis Stevenson twenty-nine;—in fact, the two women were a little nearer each other in age than either was to her husband. And the mother and the wife had the bond between them of their mutual love for Louis,—a love neither concealed in her letters. There was, from the first, something of motherliness and protectiveness in Mrs. Louis's love for her young husband. She—a mother herself—speaks of him in her first letters to his mother at home as "my dear boy." She wrote to Mrs. Stevenson with sympathy and dignity as one woman to another. She had had, she told her, a sad time through it all, but realised it had been worse for his parents; and she dared, with the fearless frankness that those who knew her well later say was a marked characteristic of her, tell the parents that their son had come out of his illness a better man than before, for "the atmosphere of the valley of the shadow is purifying to a true soul." She wrote with no effort to conciliate, with no bid for favour, honestly and very simply,—as when she told them her photograph flattered her, and that she did not want them to be "disappointed in the beginning in anything about me."

At home Mrs. Stevenson was also full of trepidation. Louis had described his future wife as being "a first-rate nurse, cook, and general manager," and his mother had said to a young cousin of hers (now Mrs. Dale), "I would have liked him to tell me a little more than that, and doubtless she is not the daughter-in-law I have

always pictured to myself; but I shall hope to feel always now that Lou is being well cared for." *

But the meeting and the fuller knowledge were drawing near. At the end of July Louis and his wife, with her sister and the boy Lloyd Osbourne (known in those days as "Sam Osbourne") all returned to San Francisco, and preparations for the voyage filled their time.

On August 7, 1880, Stevenson, his wife and his stepson, sailed from New York. Mrs. Louis's sister was left in California.

Was the day chosen? Was it a coincidence? August 7th was actually the anniversary of the day Louis had sailed in the emigrant ship *Devonia* for New York, and had left behind him a note to be given to his father telling him, "I seem to have died last night," and signing himself "the husk that once contained R. L. S." And now, after one year, when Louis arrived at Liverpool, it was to find his father and mother, and Mr. Colvin with them, waiting to meet and welcome him home.

Mrs. Louis's fears were soon set at rest. Her parents-in-law, far from being "disappointed in the beginning in anything about me," were attracted at once. The father, whose character for sternness rested chiefly on the shape of his upper lip, soon became "Uncle Tom" to her, as to his adoring nieces. Mrs. Louis made every effort to please him, and Louis was heard to say that he had never seen his father so completely subjugated. The truth is, Thomas Stevenson, chivalrous and magnanimous, forgave and forgot. He instantly recognised her worth and her cleverness, rejoiced in them, and called her by pet names; but he combined with his old-world chivalry and homage his pawky humour and insight, for "I doot ye're a besom" was a frequent and admiring comment.†

* Mrs. Dale, in *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* **p. 10.**

† Mrs. Sanchez translates the word as "In American phrase, a 'bossy' person.[1]" But the meaning of the Scotch word "besom" is a broom, **and** the word applied to a woman indicates that she is a little tart in temper, **and** what might be described as "a handful."

Swanston, the "kintry hame" that Mr. Stevenson had taken in Louis's boyhood "to be so happy in"—no doubt too full of memories, glad and bitter, of their absent son—had been given up early that summer. So Louis and his parents, his wife and her son, merely passed through Edinburgh—Edinburgh was doubtless deserted in August—and went straight up to the Highlands—Blair Atholl and Strathpeffer.

Louis, during the voyage from California, had added another to his congenial friendships. The beginning of it may be given in Mr. James Cunningham's own words:—

"The tedious Atlantic crossing, the more tedious perhaps on account of its brevity, meant for me on that occasion nine or ten days of Stevenson's talk, such talk as I had never before heard, and now do not expect ever to hear again. To the accompaniment of endless cigarettes, or sometimes, it might be, of a perilous cocktail which he compounded with much zest from a San Francisco recipe, the streams of his romantic and genial talk flowed on. . . . It was noticeable that he, great stylist as he was, concerned himself more with the matter than the manner of his favourite authors. With all his wide tolerance and his sympathy with the shady sides of life, he had the sound moral judgment of the Scot: he was a citizen of the world, but a native of Edinburgh. He was glad to think that the great teachers among men of letters, men like Carlyle and Browning, were men of good character." *

To Mr. Cunningham Louis wrote from Blair Atholl telling him that he was sending him "my *Burns*" (the article in the *Cornhill* of the previous October), and that in Edinburgh as he had passed through he had forgotten his promise to send it, as he was so overwhelmed with affairs, "my whole family having to be rigged out with wedding garments—what my mother significantly calls

* Mr. James Cunningham, in J *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson*, pp. 194-195.

'getting a few things together in the meantime.' " One sees in a flash that Louis and his "whole family," straight from the Silverado mine truck-house, were probably very strangely attired on arrival.

Louis tells Mr. Cunningham that they have been to church, but "Sam" (Lloyd Osbourne) and he sat together and gently "elapsed" from the gathering about midway. And, in a postscript, "Man, I liked the Scotch psalms fine. And, man, of a' 'at ever I saw, I think I ne'er saw the beat o' Tummelside."

From Blair Atholl the whole party went on to Strathpeffer, where they stayed at Ben Wyvis Hotel, a large hotel standing high above the little Spa; and Stevenson wrote thence to Mr. Colvin in ecstasy, "Near here is a valley, birch woods, heather, and a stream; I have lain down and died; no country, no place, was ever for a moment so delightful to my soul. And I have been a Scotchman all my life, and denied my native land!" *

But though the prospect pleased, man was vile. In a few days Mr. Baxter, addressed as "My dear Cherls," was the recipient of two dozen or so lines of verse denouncing "a wholly bestial crowd."

The essay on *Thoreau* had appeared in *Cornhill* in June, the story *The Pavilion on the Links* in *Cornhill* in September, and *The Old Pacific Capital* and a poem in Scotch were both to come out in *Eraser's* in November. But *The Emigrant* from which Louis had hoped to "make up the surplus" in his time of poverty at Monterey, was not now to see light. Almost the first thing that Thomas Stevenson did—it was done from Strathpeffer—was to stop the publication, from which both he and Louis were now averse, of *The Amateur Emigrant.* The MS. was in publishers' hands, and Louis had received payment; but his father repaid the publishers, and the book was withdrawn. It was here, at Strathpeffer, that Stevenson, no doubt partly to please his father, evolved the plan of another and very different

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. II, 6.

book—a History of the Union, and talked it over with Principal Tulloch, who was at Strathpeffer. But all plans and talks were soon cut short.

The year of ravage had done its work too well. Stevenson's health had been shattered. He now suffered from lung trouble, acute chronic catarrh, and extreme weakness, and was told by his uncle, Dr. George Balfour, that he must pass his winters at Davos on the Alps. Sir Andrew Clark, whom Stevenson again saw, confirmed this; and so to Davos, late in October, Louis Stevenson and his wife, with her son, and a little, very-devotedly-loved Skye terrier of many names, all went. In the two months before they left, Mrs. Louis Stevenson had completed the capture of her father-in-law's heart, and, in Sir Sidney Colvin's own words: "Parents and friends—if it is permissible to one of the latter to s&y as much—rejoiced to recognize in Stevenson's wife a character as strong, interesting, and romantic almost as his own; an inseparable sharer of all his thoughts, and staunch companion of all his adventures; the most open-hearted of friends to all who loved him; the most shrewd and stimulating critic of his work; and in sickness, despite her own precarious health, the most devoted and most efficient of nurses."

During the winter of 1880-81, spent at Davos, though Stevenson found there only "a dream of health," and a "dear hallucination," and fretted constantly at the cage of hills that shut him in, and the wearisomeness of the snows, yet there was much that he enjoyed in the life—the skating and the tobogganing, the walks with that best of comrades, his dog, and the toy printing-press that he and his stepson played with like two boys together. And once more, as in the days when "Auntie" had brought home the box of toy soldiers to the small boy-visitor at the Manse of Colinton, and his grandfather had bade him come in after dinner and marshal his armies on the mahogany table among "the walnuts and the wine." and "make the Battle. of Cobunro"—once

again Stevenson played with toy soldiers, a boy again with the boy, his wife's son. But it was not a mere game: it was a scientific study of the real art of war, which had for Louis all his life, from those days at the Manse, a strong fascination. An old General, a friend of Thomas Stevenson's, had given Louis a copy of Hamley's *Operations of War.* Louis had brought it with him to Davos, and wrote to his father: "I am drowned in it a thousand fathoms deep; and O that I had been a soldier, is still my cry!" It is pathetic as the words of a man who loved action and adventure, but was doomed to the life of an invalid.

He handled his mimic armies and played at war with his little stepson in the chilly Davos attic, reached by a ladder. "A war took weeks to play," Lloyd Osbourne tells. "Upon the attic floor a map was roughly drawn, in chalks of different colours, with mountains, rivers, towns, bridges, and roads of two classes. Here we would play by the hour with tingling fingers and stiffening knees, and an intentness, zest and excitement that I shall never forget. The mimic battalions marched and countermarched, changed by measured evolutions from column formation into line, with cavalry screens in front and massed supports behind. . . . It was a war in miniature, even to the making and destruction of bridges, the intrenching of camps, good and bad weather, with corresponding influence on the roads, siege and horse artillery proportionally slow as compared to the speed of unimpeded foot, and proportionally expensive in the upkeep."

Among the dwellers at Davos were Mr. and Mrs. John Addington Symonds, and Louis writes: "It is such sport to have a literary man around . . . eternal interest in the same topics, eternal cross-causewaying of special knowledge. That makes hours to fly." And again, in December, to Mr. Colvin: "I like Symonds very well, though he is much, I think, of an invalid in mind and character." But the inevitable sadness of

such a place was impressed by Symonds's presence, for he too was there for his health, and his heroic endurance of his fate, "his consumptive smile, very winning t<J see," kept his own lot constantly before Stevenson's imagination.

Louis was allowed to write for two or three hours a day; but, though full of literary projects and dreams, he was too ill to carry them out. Considering how weak he was, and that he had no ready access to books, it was wonderful he achieved as much as he did. He wrote several essays—one on Samuel Pepys, for the *Cornhill,* one *The Morality of the Profession of Letters,* for the *Fortnightly,* and four descriptive of Davos, which were printed later in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in February and March, 1881, as *Essays on Travel.* He also wrote several poems, long afterwards to be included in *Underwoods.* Some of these were in Scotch dialect. This was all he wrote; but he prepared for press his book of collected essays, *Virginibus Puerisque* (published in April), and added to his plan of writing *Scotland and the Union* a further ambitious scheme of a history of the "Transformation of the Highlands." This he planned out in full detail, in December. "It seems to me," he wrote to his parents, "very much as if I were gingerly embarking on a *History of Modern Scotland/'* But it was destined to be one of his many discarded literary projects—indeed, it was a hopeless one, for it would have involved his spending much time in the Highlands.

He also fully elaborated, with Addington Symonds, a report of their views and recommendations concerning English odes, and their reasons for advising their inclusion in, or exclusion from, a collection of English odes which Mr. Gosse was editing; and this he sent to Mr. Gosse. One can but marvel at Louis's literary industry and keenness, shown not only in his own work, but in his real literary sympathy with his friends' work, and this too at a time when he was living the life of an

invalid, and feeling, in his own words, "seedy," and "fit for little."

The high altitude of Davos did not suit Mrs. Louis, and she was never well there; but she endured it for the sake of her husband. And that important member of their party, Woggs the terrier, was ill also; and Louis and Fanny Stevenson took it in turns to sit up with him. Fanny Stevenson considered Woggs, as an invalid, ill-tempered (he had excuse—cankered ear), obstinate and sly, but lovable and intelligent; and she adds the philosophic reflection that "it is with dogs as with people—it is not for being good alone that we love them." Presently—this from Louis—"We have our Wogg in somewhat better trim now, and vastly better spirits."

The life of course was monotonous,—possibly even more so to Mrs, Louis, whose life had been so full, than to Louis, who at any rate had his hours of work; she reported, among the great events of their life, badly acted plays during a snowstorm, a quarrel between a lady and her son's tutor, and the loss of a lady's ring; and her own occupation,—making "two pretty caps for a ladies' bazaar." Poor transplanted exotic! She owned in letters to feeling the depression of living with the dying and suffering, but against that found a sanatorium developed much human interest and sympathy; and "there are always little kindnesses going on that warm the heart."

At Christmas Louis wrote what he called "about a Cornhill page of sermon" to his mother, and then he and Mrs. Louis bought Christmas gifts and had "quite a Santa Claus feeling on Xmas Eve," seeing the boy Lloyd Osbourne so happy.

In January (1881) Mr. Colvin came, to find Louis but little better in health, and depressed by, in Mr. Colvin's words, "a sad turn of destiny which had brought out his old friend Mrs. Sitwell to the same place, at the same time, to watch beside the deathbed of her son." And so Mr. Colvin's visit, long looked forward to, came

and went in a time of much grief; and the grief continued, for, after months of anxious nursing, Mrs. Sitwell lost her son. Louis Stevenson's tender little poem, beginning "Yet, O stricken heart," was written after the young boy's death, and it is now included in *Underwoods.*

The first improvement in Louis's health had not been continued in the last months at Davos, for he had lost in weight, pulse, respiration. He had been at Davos long enough, he felt, and had been reckoning up that for the last seven years—since, that is, he was "ordered South" in 1873—he had not remained so long in any one place as he had at Davos. The hopeless illness of Mrs. Sitwell's son, and watching her sorrow and anxiety, were telling on Louis.

At the end of April (1881) Louis left Davos. Mrs. Louis was already in Paris, and the young stepson had some time before been sent to school in England.

Once again Louis Stevenson and his wife found themselves "Chez Siron, Barbizon." Thence they went to Paris and St. Germain, looking up old scenes and associates among the studios. Finally, after a month in France, they reached Edinburgh on May 30th, spent but three days there, and then the whole party, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, Louis and his wife, and Woggs, journeyed to Kinnaird Cottage, Pitlochry, and spent June and July there.

It was in July (1881), while he was at Pitlochry, that Stevenson's restless nature showed itself in a singular effort. He, hearing that Professor iEneas Mackay was about to resign the Chair of Constitutional Law at Edinburgh, actually offered himself as candidate. He tried for the Chair because, as he frankly explained to the friends whom he asked for testimonials, the professor was required to lecture only for three months in summer, and this would suit him well. Also, the emoluments would make him "independent at once." How he longed and chafed for independence! He collected

thirteen testimonials, mostly from Englishmen who knew not Scottish Universities; all of them from men who loved Stevenson with a love that took no cognisance of his knowledge or otherwise of Constitutional History and Constitutional Law; which knowledge, as Sir Graham Balfour most truthfully says, "was probably limited to what he had learned during one session from an infrequent attendance at the lectures of the Professor' '—Professor Æneas Mackay.

The thirteen names on the little printed copy of Stevenson's Testimonials (a rare Stevenson treasure now!) are all names of interest; and the testimonials themselves—"a tribute to the ingenuity of human intellect," as Sir Graham Balfour calls them,—read strangely enough today. Leslie Stephen speaks of the "very remarkable talent" of R. L. S.'s *Cornhill* papers; Professor Meiklejohn of St. Andrews speaks of his keen and true insight into the life of man, and of his strong sympathy with all forms of it; Professor Lewis Campbell of St. Andrews follows bravely with testimony of R. L. S.'s knowledge of Scottish history and his powers of imagination (dangerous if combined); Mr. Gosse sends a friendly note of literary praise from the Savile Club; Mr. Addington Symonds does the same from Davos heights—but he rather "praises with faint damns" by saying that though R. L. S.'s compositions do not touch the province of a Chair of Constitutional Law, this is "no proof of incapacity to deal with severer intellectual subjects." Mr. Colvin expresses the same more positively; Andrew Lang is very guarded; Professor Churchill Babington, in his eagerness to conciliate the Scottish Bar by the introduction of a word of their own language, is beguiled into this unfortunate sentence:—"there could not be the least danger of his being a 'stickit' Professor in any Chair in which he might sit." Professor P. G. Hamerton (he who had printed R. L. S.'s first article, in *The Portfolio)* praises his style in conversation and writing; both Professor Baynes

of St. Andrews and The Very Reverend Dr. Cameron Lees of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, wrote him careful and strong testimonials on general and intellectual grounds; Professor Sellar's is gracefully limited to appreciation of his literary powers; and finally it remains for Dr. Alexander Whyte of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, to give the warmest-hearted testimony and the fullest criticism: ''Among your many delighted readers and attached friends few can have appreciated your work more highly than I have done, or predicted for you a more distinguished place in literature"; and he would hail his appointment as "a step that would help to perpetuate the proud distinction of our ancient city." One hears the deep melancholy voice of the man, and remembers how—many years before that day—when he was quite a young minister, he had electrified Thomas Stevenson, to whom he was introduced at a dinner, by his enthusiastic admiration of the early literary efforts of the wild and wayward Louis.

But all this gathered-in harvest of "ingenuity of human intellect" failed to convince the electors, who knew him well, of Louis Stevenson's knowledge of Constitutional Law and History. Mr. (now Lord) Shaw seconded his nomination, solely on the strength of the one and only thing (he afterward confessed) that he knew about the candidate,—that *Virginibus Puerisque* was "quality at last—English literature." The Patrons of the Chair are the Faculty of Advocates and the Curators of the University, and when the vote was taken the count was easy, for only nine supporters of Stevenson's qualifications walked into the Committee room to be counted. Among them, however, were at least four future judges—Lord Guthrie, Lord Kyllachy, Lord Shaw, and Lord Sands.

Stevenson did not hear—though he must have foreseen—the result till December, when he was again at Davos. Meanwhile, at Pitlochry, he wrote other things besides letters asking for testimonials and thanking the

senders of them. It was here, at Kinnaird Cottage, on the road above Pitlochry, that Stevenson wrote *Thrawn Janet* and *The Merry Men* and *The Body Snatchers*—all fiction, all planned in collaboration with Fanny Stevenson, and each going into the realms of the supernatural, and—the first two at least,—touching Stevenson's highest reach. He knew it himself. He once asked Sheriff Maconochie which he liked best of the stories he had published, and when Sheriff Maconochie answered *"Thrawn Janet,"* he replied, "I don't know you are far wrong." And in his last year, with his final judgment, he claimed that, had he never written anything save *Thrawn Janet,* and the *Tale of Tod Lapraik* in *Catriona,* he would yet have been a writer.

The series of stories, as planned by Louis and his wife at Pitlochry, was to be called *The Black Man and Other Tales,* and the volume was to contain eight stories, but *Thrawn Janet* and *The Body Snatchers* were the only two then written. Of the volume, "This is the new work on which I am engaged with Fanny," Louis wrote.

He sent *Thrawn Janet* to Leslie Stephen for *Cornhill,* because—though he knew that it was unsuitable, being all in Scotch—"It was *so good,* I could not help sending it." Mr. Leslie Stephen thought the same, accepted it, and printed it in October. *The Body Snatchers* Louis laid aside, as "being horrid." (Reduced to one, *The Body Snatcher,* it appeared in the Christmas Number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1884.)

Mrs. R. L. S. was at work too, and finished *The Shadow on the Bed.* When *The Merry Men* was drafted it was sent to Henley for criticism, and there followed the correspondence about it, the discussion of each detail, nice criticism of ideas, words, and phrases, and warm interest in each other's work, that is seen in all their correspondence, and that shows the close literary companionship there was between these two men.

On August 2nd (1881) the whole party left Kinnaird

Cottage, Pitlochry, and went to Braemar. "One thing that rejoiced Uncle Tom exceedingly,'* a favourite niece relates, was that their address was "The late Miss McGregor's Cottage," for, as he said, "it was not everyone who could be addressed round by Heaven!" *

It was while they were at Braemar that Louis began the two of all his books which have perhaps brought him most popularity, his *A Child's Garden of Verses* and his *Treasure Island.* It was bad weather that August at Braemar, as Fate would have it,—"blighting weather," Louis describes it in a letter to Mrs. Sitwell; "the wind pipes, the rain comes in squalls, great black clouds are continually overhead, and it is as cold as March." Louis spent his days writing, and in the evening read aloud what he had written to the assembled family,—his parents, his wife and her son Lloyd, "Auntie," on a long visit to them, and Louis's cousin, Etta Balfour. So they heard the first chapters of *Treasure Island.*

Louis had other diversions—he played chess, and, after he had launched his extraordinary effort, his candidature for the Chair of History and Constitutional Law, he rehearsed for the Academic duties which, he must have known in any sober-minded moments, he would never be called on to perform. He perched his stepson, thirteen-year-old Sam Osbourne, on a chair in front of him, and gave him lectures on Constitutional Law, stopping every now and then during the hour to ascertain that the class was following the lecture with intelligent understanding. There is no record as to whether the class did so, or whether it yearned to follow the example set by its professor, and play truant. At Kinnaird Cottage the sweep of honey-scented moors, stretching purple into the shadows of Ben Vrackie, must have been tempting; and at Braemar even in the rain,

*** Mrs. Etta Younger, *rite* Balfour, in *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* p. 65.**

the dark pine woods and the Dee "in spate" would have provided sport.

But it is perhaps to the polite weariness of a bored little boy who had listened to an hour's lecture on Constitutional Law that the world owes *Treasure Island,* for it is said that it was inspired by his stepson's asking Stevenson "[1]to try and write something interesting."

Dr. Alexander Hay Japp—personally unknown to Stevenson, but who had written to him about his essay on Thoreau in *Cornhill,* and had proposed a meeting—was asked to come to Braemar, where "I can offer you a bed, a drive, and necessary food." He came, was an early guest at "the late Miss McGregor's Cottage," and was among those who listened to the first chapters of *Treasure Island;* and when he left he took a copy of the manuscript of these first chapters with him, to show to an editor. Mr. Colvin also came, and Charles Baxter, and Mr. Gosse. Of his visit Mr. Gosse tells delightfully in *Kitcats,* speaking of the attraction to him of the society of Thomas Stevenson, "a singularly charming and vigorous personality, indignantly hovering on the borders of old age." Louis he found a wreck, but "a wreck that floated every day at nightfall." All the mornings Louis spent in bed and forbidden to speak, but he sat up and played chess with Mr. Gosse. When he was tired he rapped on the board, the game was stopped, and his writing materials were brought, and no more was seen of him till dinner; after which, every evening, they gathered in the cottage parlour, and there by the lamplight, with the wind soughing outside, Louis Stevenson read aloud his *Treasure Island* chapter by chapter.

Late in September (1881) the weather grew worse, and Louis was obliged to leave at once for Davos. Moreover, Dr. George Balfour had prescribed a respirator, designed for the inhalation of pinewood oil. It was not becoming, and poor Louis appealed in doggerel verse to Henley for sympathy:—

"Dear Henley, with a pig's snout on
I am starting for London.
• • • • •
My pig's snout now upon my face
• • • • •
And I inhale with fishy grace,
My gills outflapping right and left . .
Ol, *pin. sylvest.* I am bereft
Of a great deal of charm by this—
Not quite the bull'seye for a kiss."

They passed through Edinburgh, London, and Paris, and arrived at Davos on October 18th. This winter (1881-82) they lived, not at the invalid hotel of the year before, but in a chalet of their own, "Chalet am Stein," close to the hotel at which Mr. and Mrs. Addington Symonds lived; and Mrs. Louis was involved in "servant difficulties."

This winter of 1881-82, the second winter spent at Davos, was a record year for bad health and good work. Stevenson was constantly suffering, and Mrs. Louis Stevenson was very seriously ill, and was obliged to leave him to go to Berne to consult doctors. Stevenson, helplessly left behind, missing her companionship and anxious about her health, wrote for solace to Charles Baxter:—

"We have been in miserable case here; my wife worse and worse; and now sent away with Lloyd for sick nurse, I not being allowed to go down. I do not know what is to become of us; and you may imagine how rotten I have been feeling, and feel now, alone with my weasel dog and my German maid, on the top of a hill here, heavy mist and thin snow all about me, and the devil to pay in general. I don't care so much for solitude as I used to; results, I suppose, of marriage.

"Pray write me something cheery. A little Edinburgh gossip, in Heaven's name. Ah! what would I not give to steal this evening with you through the big, echoing college archway, and away south under the

street lamps and away to dear Brash's, now defunct. But the old time is dead also, never, never to revive. It was a sad time too, but so gay and so hopeful, and we had such sport with all our low spirits and all our distresses, that it looks like a kind of lamplit fairyland behind me. O for ten Edinburgh minutes—sixpence between us, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, or dear mysterious Leith Walk! But here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling; here in this strange place, whose very strangeness would have been heaven to him then; and aspires, yes, C. B., with tears, after the past. See what comes of being left alone." *

He went "down" and met his wife and stepson, and brought them back on Christmas Day; but Mrs, Louis Stevenson's illness continued a great anxiety. It was not till February that Stevenson reported: "My wife is better again. . . . But we take it by turnsj it is the dog that is ill now."

And yet, the winter was one of achievement, for during it Stevenson finished *Treasure Island*^ wrote most of *Silverado Squatters,* and several of the essays which were to be printed later in summer. In March Chatto and Windus, to whom Henley had introduced Louis Stevenson, published *Familiar Studies of Men and Boohs.* By April he was able to say that since December he had written "ninety *Cornhill* pages of magazine work, essays and stories; 40,000 words, and I am none the worse—I am the better. I begin to hope I may, if not outlive this wolverine upon my shoulders, at least carry him bravely like Symonds and Alexander Pope. I begin to take a pride in that hope."

But the work which had entranced him all this winter in the lonely snow heights was the toy printing-press, "Davos Press," set up the previous year at Davos to

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. II, 60.

f *Treasure Island* (under the title *The Sea Cook,* and signed Captain George North), appeared first in serial form in *Young Folks,* from October, 1881 to January, 1882, and was not published in book form until 1888.

amuse and occupy his stepson, Sam Osbourne. Thence again this year issued those unique little booklets, verses written by R. L. S., printed by the boy, and illustrated by woodcuts designed and cut by R. L. S. The Davos Press in its second year is dignified by its full designation in the heading of letters to Mr. Gosse, Henley, and others:—"Davos Printing Office, managed by Samuel Lloyd Osbourne & Co., The Chalet." R. L. S. was the "& Co." *"Not I, and Other Poems,* by Robert Louis Stevenson" and a leaflet *To F. J. S.,* belong to the Davos time in the previous spring; but *Moral Emblems (A Collection of Cuts and Verses),* and *Moral Emblems (Second Collection); Hotel Belvedere; A Martial Elegy; The Graver and the Pen; Robin and Ben: Or The Pirate and the Apothecary; Lord Nelson and The Tar; To M. I. Stevenson: The Marguerite ("Lawks! What a beautiful flower!!" T. S.)* all belong to the months spent at Davos in 1882, or to after the return to Scotland in April. The price of some was the modest sum of one penny; others, more ambitious, were sixpence. They afforded infinite delight and pride to author and illustrator as well as to printer.

The printer and publisher was a shrewd man of business, for when Louis Stevenson enclosed, in a letter to Dr. Japp, a present from "Lloyd" of "a work of his own," "I hope you feel flattered," he added, for this is *simply the first time he has ever given one away.* I have to buy my own works, I can tell you." And Mr. Gosse was informed in a letter, "I would send you the book" *(Black Canyon,* by Samuel Lloyd Osbourne, Price 6d), "but I declare I'm ruined. I got a penny a cut, and a halfpenny a set of verses from the flint-hearted publisher, and only one specimen copy, as I'm a sinner." *

The quaint little Davos publications, with their comic self-advertisements, their clear woodcuts—somewhat reminiscent of the illustrations to the "History of

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. II, 73-4.

Moses," and all their little by-gone jokes, are rare and precious today.

In a sale at Sotheby's in May, 1923, *"Not I. and Other Poems,* by Robert Louis Stevenson," was bought for £53; *Moral Emblems* for £54; *Moral Emblems, Second Collection,* for £47; a trial copy of *A Martial Elegy* for *£55;* a leaflet announcing as forthcoming *The Graver and the Pen* ("with four proof illustrations") for £46; *The Graver and the Pen* itself for £41; *Robin and Ben: or The Pirate and the Apothecary,* with its three woodcuts, for £60.

It seems a hard law of God and Nature that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children of those that transgress; but it is almost harder that the sales and royalties of authors should be paid to the heirs and executors of those who write works of genius in poverty and anxiety.

But Stevenson himself would have smiled—albeit a crooked smile. For he has said "About any art, think last of what pays, first of what pleases. It is in that spirit only that an art can be made." But given the art made, Stevenson enjoyed the labourer's hire, and knew the labourer worthy of it. At the very same time that he was helping his stepson with the work of the Davos Press, he was seeing *Treasure Island* through press. For *Treasure Island* (as *The Sea Cook)* he had received from *Young Folks* at the rate of £2:10^{s} a page—"That's not noble, is it? But I have my copyright safe," he had written from Braemar to Henley, who by then, and for the next three or four years acted (informally) as Stevenson's literary agent. "I feel pretty sure the *Sea Cook* will do to reprint, and bring something decent at that." When it was in its sixteenth chapter, he calculated gleefully, "So we've £12:10^{s} already." Later, to the same, Stevenson wrote: "I remember I have never formally thanked you for that hundred quid, nor in general for the introduction to Chatto & Windus, and continue to bury you in

copy as if you were my private secretary . . . gratitude is a tedious sentiment." *

And one further product of Louis's humour and pen was written at Davos during this winter. It is certainly a "gem of purest ray serene," and it seems a pity it should remain unseen, in the midst of one of Louis's long, untidy, almost undecipherable letters to Henley.†

"My name is Andrew Lang
Andrew Lang
That's my name,
And criticism and cricket is my game.
With my eyeglass in my eye
Am not I
Am I not
A ladv-dady Oxford kind of Scot
Am I not?"

The family left Davos in May, 1882, with the doctor's opinion that it would not be necessary for Louis to return, but that he might live in France, "fifteen miles, as the crow flies, from the sea, and if possible near a fir-wood." They broke the journey north in England, Louis staying first at Weybridge and then at Burford Bridge, where he again met George Meredith. Then Edinburgh, reaching it on May 20th, and remaining till June 26th with a week of the time spent in a trip with his father to Lochearnhead and the Braes of Balquhidder to collect fresh material about the Appin murder for *Kidnapped;* and they did discover some local traditions still existing.

Of this time in Edinburgh, in late May or early June, it was told that: "The last time Louis Stevenson visited Swanston Cottage he drove out from Edinburgh with his wife to show the place to her and to bid it good-bye. While Mrs. Louis Stevenson was talking to their hosts (Dr. Taylor was then the tenant of Swanston Cottage)

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin.
† From unpublished letters.

Louis Stevenson, then, as always, an invalid—slipped out of the house and into the garden by himself. As the time passed and he did not return, his wife went out to find him and beg him to come indoors again; but she discovered him standing on the old knoll, above the quarry garden, high up among the wind-blown fir-trees —standing as if in a dream, looking out upon the hills; and, seeing him there, his wife came softly away—a little vexed—back into the house without him . . . he was taking his last long look at the Hills of Home." *

On June 26th all the family went to Stobo Manse, near Peebles. Many places for the summer had been discussed at Heriot Row, and letters written to Louis at Davos had contained many propositions—Innerleithen, Cramond, Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Selkirk. Evidently they were not to go far from home. Louis wrote that he "leant to Cramond," but would be pleased anywhere, "any respite from Davos." What made them decide on the Manse of Stobo is unknown. People in those days seem to have been unwise in their choice of houses suitable for invalids. The Manse proved damp and sun-less. Stevenson, who had appeared to be a good deal improved in health, found the improvement was merely transitory—"a dreaxn of health," and the rude awakening came at Stobo. In a fortnight Louis, any little good that may have been gained at Davos all undone, went hurriedly down to London to consult Dr. Andrew Clark, and by his advice went, on July 22nd, to Kingussie.

And meantime, all this Spring and Summer, from April to August, one after another of his Davos articles, —the "90 *Cornhill* pages of magazine work, essays and stories, 40,000 words"—had appeared in *Cornhill,* and the initials "R. L. S." had been eagerly looked for, when each new *Cornhill* appeared, by the literary readers of the day. In April the first number of *Talk and Talkers*

* From *Scottish Homes and Haunts of* JR. *L. Stevenson,* **by Flora** Masson. *Cornhill Magazine,* May, **1911.**

was printed; in May *The Foreigner at Home;* in June and July *The Merry Men;* in August the second number of *Talk and Talkers.* In August also *New Arabian Nights* was published, in two volumes,—also, as was the previous March volume, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books,* by Chatto and Windus. But all these publications were of work he had in hand,—matter written at Davos or before. He wrote not at all from April through the summer. That second article on *Talk and Talkers* ended his brilliant connexion with the *Cornhilly* under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen, begun with his *Victor Hugo,* accepted in May, 1874, with the gracious editorial letter of recognition. The readers of *Cornhill* were to see the "beloved initials" no more.

A word may here be said concerning the signatures of Stevenson's published writings. The first of all, the little pamphlet of 1866, *The Pentland Rising,* was anonymous; the first real article, published in 1873, *On Roads,* was signed "L. S. Stoneven." This may have been owing to his father's objection to his publishing under his own name,—an objection very soon given up. *Treasure Island* and *The Black Arrow,* on their first appearance as serials in *Young Folks,* were published with the *nom de plume* "Captain George North." But all his twenty-six contributions to the *Cornhill* were signed with the "beloved initials," "R. L. S.", and all his other writings with his own name in full:—"Robert Louis Stevenson."

At first Mr. Colvin was at Kingussie with Louis, and they spent good hours together among the heathery heights high up behind the little town, by the burnside, and Louis was in good spirits and full of invention. Later on, Louis's family came North and joined him. There, at Spey View, Kingussie, Louis spent the last full month he was to spend in Scotland, and during it he wrote the great part of *The Treasure of Franchard.* And that last month of Scotland was brilliant weather,

and all the lovely country was golden and glorious; but it was of no avail.

In early September Stevenson was felled by another haemorrhage. He hurriedly left Kingussie and again sought Dr. Andrew Clark's advice in London. His constant attacks of haemorrhage had left great weakness; but Dr. Clark's opinion was that Davos was unnecessary. This was good news, for not only were both Louis and his wife weary to death of the place, but it had proved bad for Mrs. Louis's health. She had been seriously ill there, and was now unfit to travel. Accordingly, in October (1882) Louis and his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, went to France together to find a home on the shores of the Mediterranean in which both Louis and his wife might live with some chance of better health.

The quest did not begin auspiciously. At Montpellier Louis Stevenson had another attack of hemorrhage; his cousin was obliged to leave him; and he returned alone to Marseilles, where his wife came to him. Together, in three days, they found the house, "Campagne Defli," a sheltered one with a garden, near S. Marcel, a suburb of Marseilles; they were settled there within a week, and had sent for their worldly goods and chattels. It was, they supposed, to be their home—an abiding place at last. Instead, they were there only till the end of the year, and the ten weeks or so at Campagne Defli was a time of misery. The attacks of haemorrhage continued, and were followed by fits of fever and exhaustion. He could not work, and for a whole month was too weak to go beyond the garden. Twice in one day he was insensible, and "was for a long time like one dead." The neighbourhood was evidently unhealthy, for not only was Stevenson never well, but in December (1882) a terrible epidemic of fever broke out, and Mrs. Louis Stevenson insisted on her husband's going off immediately to Nice, while she—there not being enough money in the house to permit of their both making the journey—remained to pack up. For

four days no news came; then the distracted wife went to Marseilles, telegraphed to stations and to the police, and was gently informed by the police that her husband had probably died and been buried—it often happened. More days passed—no news. At last she received a letter, and went to Nice to find Stevenson, equally anxious, reading the first letter he had received from her.

The two artistic temperaments calmed down after all this agitation, and Louis and his wife went together to Hyeres, stayed at an hotel, and, finding the place suited them, looked for a house there. They found what proved a perfect one—La Solitude, a chalet built after the Swiss fashion, "with a garden like a fairy-story and a view like a classical landscape." * It is strange to find Louis enumerating, among its advantages, not only that it was healthy and cheerful, but that it was near to "shops, society, and civilisation."

By the middle of February (1883) they got the Campagne Defli off their hands—"Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson were yesterday safely delivered of a Campagne," was how the invincible invalid announced it to Professor Colvin.

By the end of March (1883) they were established at La Solitude, Hyeres; and the same month Professor Colvin came to them—their first visitor.

In May, 1883, Valentine Roch entered their service, and, as Sir Graham Balfour says in the *Life*, "their material comfort was further increased" by this event. It must have been a great relief after the discomforts and changes of the little chalet housekeeping at Davos. Valentine Roch (now Mrs. Brown) was "an extremely clever and capable French girl," and gave devoted service, remaining with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson for six years,—in her native France, then going with them to England for the three years at Bournemouth, and finally casting in her lot with them when they sailed to America in 1887.

Quoted in *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* by Sir Graham Balfour.

"I was only happy once, that was at Hyeres," wrote Louis afterward;—for here, where the climate suited him and the beauty of the view satisfied his soul, his health improved so much that he hoped he was recovering, and here his writing was a joy and no fatigue. He wrote to Cummy to tell her of his Child's Verses, and that the book was to be dedicated to her. He was full of the book—choosing and rejecting name after name for it, trying to arrange illustrations for it; and then, in April, his head was "singing with Otto"—he had written four chapters in two weeks, and seven more next week. When, in May, he received £100 for *Treasure Island* he was in hilarious spirits, for he began to hope not only that he was recovering health, but that his ambition was at last to be fulfilled: "It does look as if I should support myself without trouble in the future," he wrote to his father, from whom, barely two months previously, he had acknowledged *£50* with careless brevity. "If I have only health, I can, I thank God. It is dreadful to be a great big man, and not to be able to buy bread." But it was yet to be two or three years before he was able by his pen to support himself and his wife and stepson, and during these years, as had been the case from the hour of his marriage, his father sent help whenever it was needed, "amply and ungrudgingly."

But neither Louis Stevenson nor his wife was a good practical manager of money. If ever there were a case where a literary man should have been endowed by a grateful world with a liberal income, and set free to write, without having to trouble his poor head about money, that case was Stevenson, "willow-slender and as careless as the daisies." Every cheque was needed badly and used as soon as it came. "I don't like trying to support myself. I hate the strain and the anxiety; and when unexpected expenses are foisted on me, I feel the world is playing with false dice." So he wrote to Henley, who was acting as his "unpaid Agent." And no doubt all that summer of 1883 "unexnected expenses"

were "foisted" on him, for riot only had the two flittings —to S. Marcel and then to Hyeres—left him in debt, but his health must often have caused sudden expenses, and he had the education of his stepson to look after— and what were his earnings? "This year, for the first time, I shall pass £300," he wrote in September. Three hundred!

In May—the £100 for *Treasure Island* was probably not to be received till publication—he wrote to Professor Colvin: "As usual, penniless—O but penniless: still, with four articles in hand (say £35) and the £100 for *Silverado* imminent, not hopeless. Why am I so penniless, ever, ever penniless; ever, ever penny—penny —penniless and dry?"

In the autumn *Treasure Island* was published, and brought him his "first breath of popular applause." "To live reading such reviews and die eating ortolans— sich is my aspiration."

In September Stevenson heard of the death of one of his early friends, James Walter Ferrier—he who had been one of his fellow-members of the "Spec," and part-editor with Stevenson of the *Edinburgh University Magazine*, and who had shared with Stevenson many of the days of his "weather-beaten, Fergussonian youth." Ferrier had been a young man of brilliant promise, and his later life was a tragedy, and his death—coming after a period of separation—made a deep impression on Stevenson's mind. "He is the first friend I have ever lost," he wrote to Miss Ferrier; and to his father, Thomas Stevenson:—

"Nothing that I have ever seen yet speaks directly or efficaciously to young men; and I do hope I may find the art and wisdom to fill up a gap. The great point, as I see it, is to ask as little as possible, and meet, if it may be, every view or absence of view; and it should be, must be, easy. Honesty is the one desideratum; but think how hard a one to meet. I think all the time of Ferrier and myself; these are the pair I address. "

And after this "great awakening," as Stevenson himself called it, there came into the happy, hopeful, hard-working days at Hyeres a cold breath of anticipation, to chill Stevenson's soul. His father's health showed symptoms of failing, and he was subject to moods of depression. The characters of father and son were antagonistic even in this; and the son, who, well or ill, was ever a delightful and cheering companion to those about him—"The gay and vivacious Louis, whom, even in the worst of health, I never once saw depressed" *—writes with puzzled playfulness to the parents:

"I give my father up. I give him a parable: that the Waverley novels are better reading for every day than the tragic life" (Lockhart's *Life of Scott).* "And he takes it backside foremost, and shakes his head, and is gloomier than ever. Tell him that I give him up. I don't want no such a parent. . . . What is man's chief end? Let him study that; and ask himself if to refuse to enjoy God's kindest gifts is in the spirit indicated. Up, Dullard! It is better service to enjoy a novel than to mump."

This letter was dated "last Sunday of '83." The next, dated "January 1st" (1884), tells the parents that the year closes leaving him with £50 in the bank, "owing no man nothing," £100 more due to him in a week or so, and £150 more in the course of the month; and that he can look back on a total receipt of £465.0.6d for the last twelve months, and "When I think of how last year began, after four months of sickness and idleness, all my plans gone to water, myself starting alone, a kind of spectre, for Nice—should I not be grateful? Come, let us sing to the Lord!" And, within a matter of days, all his bright things had again come to confusion.

Charles Baxter and W. E. Henley paid him a week's visit at Hyeres, and at its conclusion, early in January, the tiny house being rather overcrowded, he accompanied them to Nice. There he was felled by an attack

***Lord Guthrie. Article in *Scotsman* on "Curamy."**

of severe congestion of the lungs, complicated later by-acute internal congestion, and he lay at death's door, and at one time was given up. He struggled back to life, and was taken, partly recovered, back to Hyeres. Was his spirit beaten out of him? Not at all; by March he was writing mad, brilliant, cheery letters to his friends, and signing himself "The loquacious man at peace"; and signing it upside-down, to indicate he was writing from the horizontal. Two chapters of *Otto* remained, he told Professor Colvin, one to re-write and one to create; but he was not yet able to tackle them, and his restless, prolific mind was teeming with literary criticisms—"The incredible Barbey d'Aureville", Lockhart's Scott, the Waverleys, the Bible—"the Bible, in most parts, is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowie" —St. Augustine, the Shorter Catechism, and Charles Lamb;—all in one brilliant letter.

It was in a letter to his mother, written at this time, that he suddenly broke into praise of his wife:—"My wife is in pretty good feather; I love her better than ever and admire her more; and I cannot think what I have done to deserve so good a gift . . . my marriage has been the most successful in the world . . . she is everything to me: wife, brother, sister, daughter, and dear companion; and I would not change to get a goddess or a saint. So far, after four years of matrimony." *

But Fate had not done with him. To think of it is like seeing some horse, with wide eyes and straining muscles, patiently and bravely trying its best to pull too heavy a load up a steep hill, and being cruelly beaten and tugged by its driver.

In April he was again attacked by haemorrhage and sciatica, and he suffered with his eyes.

"I am too blind to read, hence no reading; I am too weak to walk, hence no walking; I am not allowed to

*** *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* by Sir Graham Balfour. I, 205.**

speak, hence no talking; but the great simplification has yet to be named; for, if this goes on, I shall soon have nothing to eat—and hence, O Hallelujah; hence no eating."

During this miserable time they had the comfort of Miss Ferrier's presence, for she came in April to Hyeres to stay with them;—"Coggie Ferrier"—as she was always called, and as she is still called by those who were her friends, and they were many—"Coggie Ferrier, the clever and delightful. Louis had known her for many years, and her warm friendship was soon gained also by Mrs. Louis.

At the end of the month Louis wrote the following letter to Henley:—

"April 20th., 1884.

. . . . I have been really ill for two days, hemmorhage, weakness, extreme nervousness that will not let me lie a moment, and damned sciatica o' nights; but today I am on the recovery. Time; for I was miserable. It is not often that I suffer, with all my turns and troubles, from the sense of serious illness; and I hate it as I believe everybody does. And then the combination of not being able to read, not being allowed to speak, being too weak to write, and not wishing to eat, leaves a man with some empty seconds. But I bless God, it's over for now: today I am much mended.

Insatiable gulph *(sic),* greedier than hell and more silent than the weeds of styx, have you or have you not, lost the dedication to the Child's Garden? Answer that plain question; as otherwise I must try to tackle it once again.

. . . . I, too, do smart. And yet this keen soprano agony, these veins of fire and bombshell explosions in the knee, are as nothing to a certain dull, drowsy pain I had . . . at Nice; there was death in that; the creak of Charon's rowlocks, and the miasmas of the styx. I may say plainly, much as I have lost the power of bearing

pain, I had still rather suffer much than die. Not only the love of life grows on me, but the fear of certain odd end-seconds grows as well. Tis a suffocating business; take it how you will; . . .

Well, this is an essay on death, or worse, on dying: to return to daylight and the winds, I perceive I have grown to live too much in my work and too little in life. 'Tis the dollars do it; the world is too much. Whenever I think I would like to live a little, I hear the butcher's cart resounding through the neighbourhood; and so plunge again. The fault is a good fault for me; to be able to do so, is to succeed in life; and my life has been a huge success. I can live with joy and without disquiet in the art by which I try to support myself; I have the best wife in the world (apologies to the Chatelaine; *accessit proocime)*; I have rather more praise and nearly as much coin as I deserve; my friends are many and true hearted.

Sir, it is a big thing in successes. And if mine anchorage lies something open to the wind, Sciatica, if the crew are blind, and the captain spits blood, we cannot have all; and I may be patched up again, who knows? 'His timbers yet are (indifferently) sound and he may float again.'

Thanks for the word on Silverado. . . .

Yours ever,

THE SCIATICATED BAUD." *

Surely this is Stevenson advancing to his best and his finest. The man who wrote this letter was no longer the "Indelicate Ariel," the "old riotous, intrepid, scornful Stevenson" Henley "knew and loved." Did Henley not see it coming? "Intrepid" he still was; but he was fighting other odds, with other weapons and other armour. "My life has been a huge success," he says, and he an invalid, poor, ill, in pain, his literary genius as yet unrecognised, writing for coin, the butcher's cart a

*** From the original.**

menace. But this is the Stevenson known and loved and read today. This is the lesson he has left behind him, "aggressive optimist" as Mr. Archer once called him, preaching what he lived.

In May, 1884, he was again dangerously ill; the haemorrhage was the worst he had ever suffered. He lay choked by it late at night when it came on, unable to speak. His wife ran to him and he signed to her that he wanted pencil and paper, and when she gave them to him, he wrote in clear firm writing: "Don't be frightened—if this is death, it is an easy one." Mrs. Stevenson brought the bottle of ergotin and the minim glass—always in readiness—but she was very agitated, and Louis, seeing this, took them from her, and with steady hand measured his own dose, and gave her back the bottle and the empty glass, smiling at her as he did so.

Yes, old Simoneau was right; he was *Brave.* It is the courage of the man we remember now—his intrepid fight with disease, his contempt for the pains of death, his invincible joyousness and bravery. These are the things that make the Stevenson we honour—not the vapourings of the unformed and emotion-rent boy of the early 'seventies.

For weeks, that May of 1884, he lay between life and death, and when recovery came it was slow and painful,—ophthalmia, sciatica, restlessness. But his spirit was unquenchable. And it was while he was lying thus, in the half dark, with his right hand tied to his side to prevent the recurrence of haemorrhage, that he wrote with his left hand some of the verses for the "Child's Garden," those enchanting little poems—written not so much for the child as by the child. So he must have been re-living, in those dark, silent hours, the old childhood of the nurseries in Heriot Row. But the *Child's Garden of Verses* was not all. While he lay in the valley of the shadow, unable to move, speechless, blind, Louis composed the poem we call the *Requiem:*

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill"

No doubt he had the joy of creating while he lay there and perfected those verses, and the pain was forgotten. He used a line that he must have liked and often repeated to himself,—a line he had used before, in a little adumbration of the "Requiem":

"Now when the number of mv years
Is all fulfilled and I
From sedentary life
Shall rouse me up to die,
Bury me low and let me lie
Under the wide and starry sky,
Joying to live, I joyed to die,
Bury me low and let me lie."

There is not one of Louis Stevenson's poems that is finer or more finished than his little *Requiem.* In its beauty and simplicity and strength it compares—and contrasts—with two other poems: Tennyson's last words:

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!"

and Browning's last courageous message, beginning:

"At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time."

But Louis's *Requiem,* unlike the others, was not to be his last words to the world. He was to be nursed back to life, if not to health. Mr. Charles Baxter and Mr. Henley, who had been with Louis at Nice, on their own responsibility sent their London doctor to see their

La Solitude
Hyères-les-Palmiers
Var Dec 31st 1883

My dear Davie,

at the beginning of the end of this year, I had many thoughts of the past, many of yourself, and many of your mother, who was the idol of my childhood. I had it in my mind to write to Uncle David, but I thought it might be merely an importunate intrusion, and decided to write rather to yourself.

The way in which life separates people is very painful. It is nine a year since we had a new Years word; but I have not forgotten the past, and your mother I shall never forget. I am just proudly a Stevenson in the matter of not giving presents

PHOTOGRAPH OF AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF R. L. S.'S.
Original lent for reproduction by Mr David A. Stevenson, C.E.

friend and report on his condition and what could be done to try and save him. The doctor gave it as his opinion that, if Louis could be kept alive till he was forty, then he might, "although a winged bird," live to ninety, but that till he was forty he would have to live the life of an invalid, "as though he were walking on eggs," no matter how well he felt—and to lead until then a life of absolute tranquillity, no troubles, no excitements, neither pleasurable nor painful, neither too much to eat nor too much to drink, neither too much laughing nor too much talking, and only a little writing. The prescription was a hard one indeed to which to ask Louis Stevenson to submit for six years!

He took a humorous view of his illness as soon as he had struggled back to life. "From my bed, May 29th/' he writes to Mr. Gosse: "This has been a fine, well-conducted illness. A month in bed; a month of silence; a fortnight of not stirring my right hand; a month of not moving without being lifted. Come! *Ca y est:* devilish like being dead."*

And he adds, in a postscript: "I am soon to be moved to Royat; an invalid valet goes with me! I got him cheap—second hand."

At Royat the weather was cold, and Louis found the "imitation of Edinburgh" deceptive, and "a note among the chimney pots that suggests Howe Street." After a few weeks there they went by slow stages to England, arriving on July 1st, 1884. Next day, *Deacon Brodie,* the play written by Henley and R. L. S. in collaboration, written and rewritten, polished and repolished, discussed and criticised line by line and character by character—*Deacon Brodie* was produced on the London stage: and Louis was unable to be present. He wrote to Henley, beginning "Dear Boy" as usual, exclaiming how he envies him—and yet not envy, he hastily adds, but—if only he could be there too! If he can save anything off his month's expenses (Mrs. R. L. S. did not

* *Letters.* **Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I I , 187.**

encourage the hope) it is to help to pay for Henley's journey South to see their play, but anyhow the journey is to be a charge on their profits. He tells Henley that it is a shame he is to have all the fun, but his heart "chortles with joy" that he is to. And then he goes back to the past, and to the "golden dream" that visited a little room in the Infirmary, and still further back to his own "old schoolboy scheme"; and he entreats Henley to write him long letters about the triumphant consummation Henley is to see alone. This was written probably from Royat when he first heard the play was to be actually staged, and from Royat also he writes of it to Mr. Colvin, evidently answering a letter from him about it, critical of it and its chances. He tells Mr. Colvin "I get miserable when I think of Henley cutting his splash and standing, I fear, to lose a great deal of money. It is about Henley, not Brodie, that I care." And another to Henley exclaims: "But O! that the last tableau, on from Leslie's entrance, were rewritten! We had a great opening there, and missed it."

Was this "the last tableau" of which, in the spring days at Swanston five years before, the two authors wrote a joint letter in mad ecstasy to say that it was "the most passionate thing in the English drama since the Elizabethans"?

The first days in England Louis and his wife spent at Richmond, at a hotel. The doctors consulted were all hopeful of ultimate recovery; but it was impossible to return to Hyeres, both on account of Louis's health, and also because cholera had broken out there. In September Louis and his wife went to Bournemouth, where Lloyd Osbourne was at school. They went first to a hotel, till they found lodgings—Wensleydale, on the West Cliff, and there, and at other lodgings also on the West Cliff, they remained till November, when they took a furnished house in Branksome Park—Bonallie Towers. One suspects Louis Stevenson of having been biased in its favour because of "Bonaly Tower" at Colin-

ton, once Lord Cockburn's house, and in Stevenson's day belonging to Professor and Mrs. Hodgson. It would be interesting were it ever discovered that there were any connexion between the two.

Bonallie Towers stood among heath and pine trees, and the place was not unlike Scotland, and the English Channel was not far off. Stevenson liked it, and at Bournemouth, as it proved, they were to make their home for the next three years—till August 1887.

For the first two months in Bournemouth, while they were still in lodgings, Henley and his wife had been there, and he and Stevenson had been again hard at work together, collaborating in two new plays, *Beau Austin* and *Admiral Guinea. Deacon Brodie* had been, to a certain extent, a success, sufficient to fill them with hope for the reception of the new plays, and full of schemes—old schemes that they had talked about together in the past, and new schemes that cropped up in their fertile brains now when they were together again. The plays, *Beau Austin* and *Admiral Guinea,* were finished by October. Their reception, and that of *Macaire,* also a work of collaboration between the two friends, belongs to a later period.

The plays finished and set up in type, and Henley gone, Stevenson set to work on the *New Arabian Nights,* this time working in collaboration with Mrs. Louis. Indeed, the stories were more hers than his, for she had invented them in those hours of darkness at Hyeres, when she had sat beside him and tried to amuse him and take his mind off the pain he was suffering. Sir Graham Balfour says in his *Life* that Louis wrote the passages relating to Prince Florizel and collaborated in the remainder, but that the only complete story of his own invention in the book is *The Explosive Bomb.* To Henley Louis wrote of the stories—"the Arabs/' as he calls them: "We are all to pieces in health and heavily handicapped with Arabs." He did not enjoy writing them, and spoke of them in terms of great distaste.

At the end of October they had a visit from Mr. John S. Sargent, who painted the first of his two portraits of Stevenson.

On November 13, 1884, his thirty-fourth birthday, Louis writes again to Henley, beginning, as usual, "My Dear Boy," and telling him—boy that he was himself!—"my birthday was a great success," that he had received "delightful presents," and also an order from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that in the evening "Bob" had arrived, "a simple seraph." But the rest is about Henley and their friendship. It is full of affection and intimacy and reminiscence, of pride in his friend and his friend's record of work and achievement. He tells him that when he saw him ten years before he looked "rough and—kind of stigmatised, a look of an embittered political shoemaker," and that he now comes "waltzing around like some light-hearted monarch; essentially jovial, essentially royal, radiant of smiles," and he, Stevenson, has "by a complementary process" turned into a "kind of hunchback with white hair." "Long life to our friendship," he ends; and signs himself "your old and warm friend."

And the friendship was to be dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel in little more than three years.

The order Stevenson received on his birthday was from Mr. Gosse, for a Christmas short story for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Gosse offered him £40 for it. Stevenson accepted, but found himself incapable of writing, partly owing to his ill health, partly, he told Henley in a letter, he thought to the morphine he had been taking for his cough, which "moderates the hay" but "sews up the donkey." He therefore sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in place of a new story, *The Body Snatcher*—that piece of melodramatic work written during the summer months at Kinnaird, Pitlochry, in 1881, and then laid aside as "being horrid." But he refused to take the full £40 for it. Henley seems to have

remonstrated with him for this, and received a wholesomely indignant lecture from Stevenson in return:

". . . What are we? Are we artists or city men? Why do we sneer at stockbrokers? O nary; I will not take the £40. I took that as a fair price for my best work; I was not able to produce my best; and I will be damned if I steal with my eyes open."*

In December, "I never sleep," he wrote; but he managed from five to seven hours' work a day.

The following (undated) letter to Henley also belongs to this period, at Bonallie Towers—probably to November or December:

"Your sublime views of money amuse me. Do you suppose I can count on my parents for ever? I have bled them handsomely this year, I promise you; but now the supplies are over. I have a little ready, that I fear to count, some bills outstanding;———not paid; a second rent coming due in January, another in March; and life to live in the meantime. And I have really been out of sorts for some time." †

On January 4, 1885, Stevenson wrote in great joy to Professor Colvin to tell him he had been commissioned to write a volume on the Duke of Wellington for Longman's *English Worthies*,‡ and asked Professor Colvin for many books he needed for it. This life of Wellington was doomed to be one of many literary projects for which Stevenson prepared the material, but which he never accomplished. Stevenson had, in January, been on the eve of writing to Gladstone about this Wellington book, and had become aware "of an overwhelming respect for the old gentleman . . . by mere continuance of years, he must impose." But Stevenson was ever a Conservative, with firmly implanted Conservative principles, ever since the days when at the "Spec" he had voted want of confidence in Gladstone's

*** *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. II, 220.**
† From the original letter.
‡ Ed. by Mr. Andrew Lang.

government; and moreover, in his heart he was a soldier, though fate had ordained he was only to conduct campaigns in play. In February came the news of the abandonment of General Gordon and his heroic death; and among the thousands who were bowed by shame, no one felt it more bitterly than the invalid Robert Louis Stevenson.

"I do not love to think of my countrymen these days; nor to remember myself. Why was I silent? I feel I have no right to blame anyone; but I won't write to the G. O. M. I do really not see my way to any form of signature, unless '*your* fellow criminal in the eyes of God.' "*

And again:

"We believe in nothing, Symonds; you don't, and I don't; and these are two reasons out of a handfull of millions why England stands before the world dripping with blood and daubed with dishonour." †

Mr. Gosse has expressed his view that Stevenson's "passionate interest in the game of military tactics" dates from the time he was considering this idea of writing a Life of the Duke of Wellington. It may, however, be submitted that his "passionate interest in the game of military tactics" dates from much earlier in his life—was evidenced indeed as far back as when he was a child of four years old and prayed of his own account for the soldiers at Sebastopol, and, distressed at being made to wear a shawl above the toy sword he had been given for a Christmas present—invalid and soldier already!—asked: "Do you think it will look like a *night march,* Mama?" Evidenced again in the old Manse of Colinton, "Smout" marshalling his toy soldiers on the mahogany table, while his grandfather watched him "across the walnuts and the wine"—and "Waterloo I knew, and the Crimean battlefields I knew." Evidenced at Davos, when he sat, a pathetically feeble figure, on

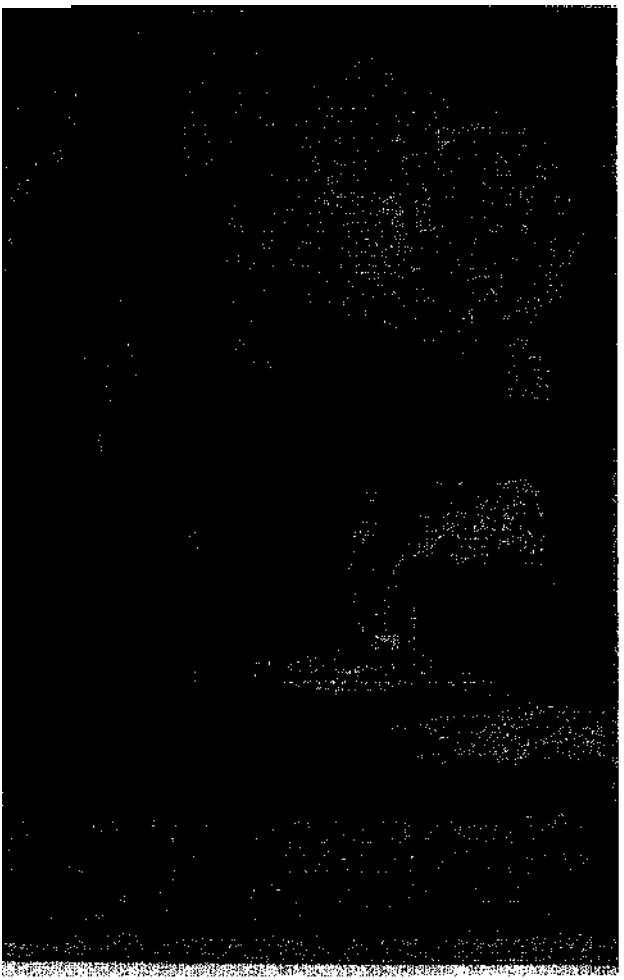
*** *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I I , p. 226, and pp. 228-9.**
† *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. I I , p. 226, and pp. 228-9.

the hotel veranda absorbed in a volume of Hamley's *Operations of War,* and exclaimed in impotent longing, "O that I had been a soldier, is still my cry!"—or when he crouched in the Davos attic conducting his scientific war-game "with intentness, zest and excitement." But certainly the passionate interest was again keenly evinced in his plans for the Life of Wellington he talked about for years but never wrote. "One had," writes Mr. Gosse, of this passion of Stevenson's, "the most pleasing recollections of table campaigns where the meal was endlessly prolonged while General Stevenson marched his troops between the mustard pot and the salt box, and dashed out to crush a flanking party from behind a dish of olives."

At the end of January (1885) it was decided that the winter had been fairly successful, and that Bournemouth might be safely chosen for permanent residence. So Thomas Stevenson bought a house for them—a brick, ivy-clad house, with a view of the sea from its upper windows, standing in half an acre of garden sloping down at the back through a bank of heather and past a lawn, into a small ravine of rhododendrons, with a little burn trickling at the foot.

Thomas Stevenson presented this house as a gift to his daughter-in-law; but in spite of the Married Women's Property Act, then in robust and healthy infancy, "I shall call my house Skerryvore when I get it," Louis writes.

It was not much of the pretty garden with its lawn and heather and rhododendrons that Stevenson could enjoy. He was to be mostly a prisoner in the house, a great part of his time spent in bed. Ever since the mad emigrant journey and the months of starvation and mental and emotional strain that had followed it, he had been a chronic invalid, submitting to an invalid's life—at Monterey and San Francisco; in the Highlands—Pitlochry and Braemar; at Davos; at Stobo Manse; at Kingussie; again at Davos; in France—



SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH.

Reproduced by permission from an etching by Leslie Ward, R.E.

PAGE 232.

Skerryvore were the parents, who had spent the previous winter (1884-5), before the gift of Skerryvore, at Bournemouth to be near Louis, and had returned and rented a house there during the next winter. Mr. Colvin came several times; Henley came also more than once after he and his wife had spent the first two months there in lodgings, before Bonallie Towers was rented, whilst Louis and he were busy together with the two plays. Other visitors were Professor and Mrs. Jenkin, and later, Mrs. Jenkin alone, to work with Louis on the Life of her husband; Miss Ferrier; Charles Baxter; William Archer; John S. Sargent; Henry James; Louis's cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, and his wife; R,. A. M.'s sister, Mrs. de Mattos, with her children; and many more.

And there were one or two congenial friendships made in Bournemouth among the residents there. Of Dr. Bodley Scott, his doctor, Louis Stevenson says in his dedication to *Underwoods,* "But one name I have kept on purpose to the last, because it is a household word with me, Dr. Thomas Bodley Scott of Bournemouth." There were Mrs. Boodle and her daughter, Miss A. A. Boodle, who, with the *sobriquet* "Gamekeeper"—because she looked after their pet animals when they were away from home—was a frequent and devoted visitor to the house. The two families in Bournemouth with whom Stevenson and his wife became intimate were that of the late Sir Percy Shelley, son of the poet, and Lady Shelley, and that of the late Sir Henry and Lady Taylor. Sir Percy Shelley shared Louis's love for the sea and his taste for the drama, and Lady Shelley's liking for Louis was so great that she insisted on his resemblance to Shelley the poet, and claimed him as son. Sir Henry Taylor's death occurred during Louis's time at Bournemouth, but the friendship of Lady Taylor and her two daughters continued to be one of Louis's alleviations during all the time spent at Skerryvore. Miss Una Taylor was one of the few really musical friends

Louis Stevenson had in his life—he who so loved music. Mrs. Jenkin, as far as sympathy went, may be counted another; and of his men friends, Henley and "Bob" Stevenson were both skilled lovers of music. Perhaps it was partly because all of these friends, intermittently, came about him in the Bournemouth days, that in these days his interest in music seemed to take shape and to possess and greatly occupy him—"music, which is my leading ignorance and curiosity," he once said. Perhaps another encouragement to his music is explained by his boast, "We are getting a pianna." He tried to learn to play on it, with indifferent success. "I write all morning, come down, and never leave the piano till about five; write letters, dine, get down again about eight, and never leave the piano till I go to bed. This is a fine life."

He also vigorously attacked the intricacies of the science of musical composition, and wrote pages about it to Mrs. Jenkin and to R. A. M. S. Louis always craved sympathy and required it, in all he did and felt. Probably Mrs. Jenkin was gentle; but "Bob" snubbed him soundly. Poor Stevenson, this was another pathetic incompleteness in his life—his starved love for music. But the enjoyment of music and talk with musical friends and their sympathy about music—a sympathy of which he had so little in his life—served to brighten the invalid life at Bournemouth.

During these Bournemouth years Mrs, Louis, herself far from being strong, and constantly ill, nursed and tended Louis, and her companionship and shrewd criticism of his literary work kept him up to the high level of his writing.

Stevenson's brave spirit never yielded. To his father, whose failing health had produced characteristic fits of depression, he wrote in half-humorous reproof:

"Fanny is very much out of sorts, principally through perpetual misery with me. I fear I have been a little in the dumps, which, as you know, sir, is a very great

sin. I must try to be more cheerful; but my cough is so severe that I have sometimes most exhausting nights and very peevish wakenings. However, this shall be remedied. . . . There is, my dear Mr. Stevenson (so I moralise blandly as we sit together on the devil's garden-wall), no more abominable sin than this gloom, this plaguey peevishness; why (say I), what matters it if we be a little uncomfortable—that is no reason for mangling our unhappy wives."*

To his friend Charles Baxter he is more explicit, but humorous still:

"We are all vilely unwell. I put in the dark watches imitating a donkey with some success, but little pleasure; and in the afternoon I indulge in a smart fever, accompanied by aches and shivers. I at least am a regular invalid. I would scorn to bray in the afternoon; I would indignantly refuse the proposal to fever in the night." †

To Miss Ferrier he wrote about the same time:

"Butwe'll'no gie owre jist yet a bittie. We've seen waur; and dod, mem, it's my belief that we'll see better." ‡

In February, 1885, Louis, inspired by the delight of writing a tale of adventure by sea, *(Treasure Island),* set forth on a tale of adventure by land,—a highway novel, *The Great North Road,* but threw it aside the next month in favour of *Kidnapped.* This also was laid by, but was finished later. *The Great North Road* remains a tantalising fragment.

In March, 1885, *A Child's Garden of Verses* was published, with its dedication to his old nurse, "Cummy." A very critical review of it by Mr. William Archer led to a friendship between Stevenson and him. Mr. Archer's review was anonymous; but Stevenson pierced the anonymity by four words, sent through the publishers: "Now who are you?" This was irresistible; correspon-

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. II, 207. † *Ibid.,* II, 209.
‡ *Ibid.,* II, 210.

dencc followed, then visits to Bournemouth; and another close personal and literary friendship was gained.

In June Stevenson heard of the death of Professor Fleeming Jenkin, his former professor, one of his kindest friends, whose friendship had, in Sir Alfred Ewing's words, done much "to temper with sweetness and sanity Stevenson's early years of struggle and revolt."

Stevenson, to a second letter written to Mrs. Jenkin after he heard of Professor Jenkin's death, added a postscript: "Dear me, what happiness I owe to both of you!" He undertook, at Mrs. Jenkin's request, the grateful task of writing the Life of his friend, and this Life, one of Stevenson's best pieces of work and his only big biographical work, remains as his tribute to his friendship for Jenkin. But his debt is also summed up enthusiastically in a letter to Sir Sidney Colvin, written four years after Professor Jenkin's death: "I owe you and Fleeming Jenkin, the two older men who took the trouble and knew how to make a friend of me, everything I have or am."

This summer of 1885 Stevenson had several breaks away from Bournemouth. In June he went to London, and then he and Mrs. Louis Stevenson both paid Mr. Colvin a visit in Cambridge. In August, Stevenson having felt for some months that he could write only with effort and exertion, they went for change of air to Dartmoor. They had with them Stevenson's cousin, Mrs. de Mattos, and also Mrs. Stevenson's son, Lloyd Osbourne, by this time a youth of about seventeen. On their way to Dartmoor they went for a day or two to Dorchester, putting up at the King's Arms Hotel, and Louis Stevenson paid an unannounced visit to Thomas Hardy. Next day Mr. and Mrs. Hardy called on the Stevensons at their hotel before they left. From Dorchester the Stevenson party went to Exeter, but there, at the hotel, Louis was stricken with violent haemorrhage and laid up for several weeks until he was well enough to travel back to Skerryvore.

A month or more after their return there, in October, 1885, Mr. John S. Sargent paid his second visit to them—his previous one had been in October, 1884, when they were still at Bonallie Towers—and painted the well-known portrait; "walking about in my own dining room, in my own velveteen jacket, and twisting as I go my own moustache." "Dam queer as a whole," Louis calls it; but Louis Stevenson was dam queer as a whole, and Mr. Sargent has caught it—the charm, the genius, the long fingers, the thinness, the restlessness, the damn queerness, the very spirit of the man himself.

At Bournemouth, in the last months of this year, Stevenson wrote the book that was to be his first really popular success—an enormous popular success—and to make his name known beyond the circle of his friendly admirers in this country. His publishers were pressing him to write something of the nature of a "shilling shocker," as the phrase then was, to suit the public taste for that form of reading. Louis, naturally, was not in love with the* idea; but it was a case of "I hear the butcher's cart resounding through the neighbourhood; and so plunge again." In other words, he was in financial straits, and " 'tis the dollars do it." His letter to Henley (April 20, 1884) was prophetic—even to its being "the dollars"; for the success came chiefly from America.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jehyll and Mr. Hyde was born in a dream, and it is indeed "such stuff as dreams are made of." It is mystic.

Perhaps it would be truer to say it was born in a nightmare; for Mrs. R. L. Stevenson was awakened in the early hours by cries of horror, and when she wakened the sleeper it was to be asked indignantly why she had done so, for "I was dreaming a fine bogey tale." He was dreaming the full details, and she had wakened him at the first transformation scene. It was a real case of "Oh, do not wake me!—Let me dream again!"

Dr. Thomas Bodley Scott, Stevenson's doctor and

valued friend, tells that **on** his morning visit he was greeted by Louis with the words, "I've got my shilling shocker!" He was writing it already, at fever heat. The first draft, ready in a few days, was criticised in detail, in writing,—this was their custom—by Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. Louis had drawn Jekyll as a bad nature, and Hyde as only a disguise of this nature, and Mrs. Stevenson's criticism was to the effect that the tale was really an allegory, whereas he had made of it a story, another *Markheim.* Stevenson recognized the worth of her criticism and acted on her opinion. When his bell rang and she returned, it was to find him sitting up in bed with the clinical thermometer in his mouth, "pointing with a long denunciatory finger to a pile of ashes." He had burnt his draft to prevent his yielding to the temptation of using it instead of wholly rewriting the tale. In three days it was rewritten; and for the next month or more he worked at it till it was ready to be offered to Longmans.

Stevenson dedicated the book to his cousin, Mrs. Katharine de Mattos, with the four lines:

"We cannae break the bonds that God decreed to bind,
Still we'll be the children of the heather and the wind,
Far away from home, O, it's still for you and me,
That the broom is blowing bonnie in the North Countrie!"

The book, issued by Longmans as a small paper-covered shilling volume—a veritable "shilling shocker" in form—was too late for the Christmas sale, in spite of all Louis's haste, and was withdrawn till January, 1886. It was not regarded with any favour by the book-trade, and the first thing that heralded its success was when a review appeared in the *Times* on January 25th. The "shilling shocker" received another notice—a sermon was preached in St. Paul's Cathedral with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr, Hyde* for its text. It "caught the attention of

all classes of readers, was quoted from a hundred pulpits, and made its writer's name familiar to multitudes both in England and America whom it had never reached before."*

Forty thousand copies sold in Britain in the first six months. An American edition was largely supplemented by pirated copies, and thus the American sales rapidly reached to many thousands more.

Better than all this, it was noticed and criticised by men of letters, read and enjoyed by lovers of books. To F. W. H. Myers, in reply to criticism, Stevenson confessed: "But the wheels of Byles the Butcher drive exceeding swiftly, and Jekyll was conceived, written, re-written, re-re-written, and printed inside ten weeks."

It was for the "Thompson Class Club" Annual Dinner this winter that Stevenson, their Laureate, sent the second of the two poems he wrote them. The first had been sent in 1883. This second one is written in broad Scotch,*and was submitted to the Secretary of the Club to have the spelling corrected,—a task probably impossible to Louis in Bournemouth, and which was by no means an easy one to the Secretary in Edinburgh. The poem is in ten stanzas, and begins:—

"Dear Thampson Class, whaure'er I gang
It aye comes ower me wi' a spang
Lord sake! they Thampson lads—(diet hang,
Or else Lord mend them!)
An' that wanchancy, annual sang
I ne'er can send them!"

In January, 1886, Stevenson was already busy preparing to write his Life of Professor Jenkin—"the enquiry in every detail, every letter that I read, makes me think of him more nobly. I cannot imagine how I got his friendship; I did not deserve it," he wrote to his

* *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. II, 195.

parents. And to Mr. Gosse: "I am very full of Jenkin's life; it is painful, yet very pleasant, to dig into the past of a dead friend, as I find him, at every spadeful, shine brighter. I own, as I read, I wonder more and more why he should have taken me to be a friend."

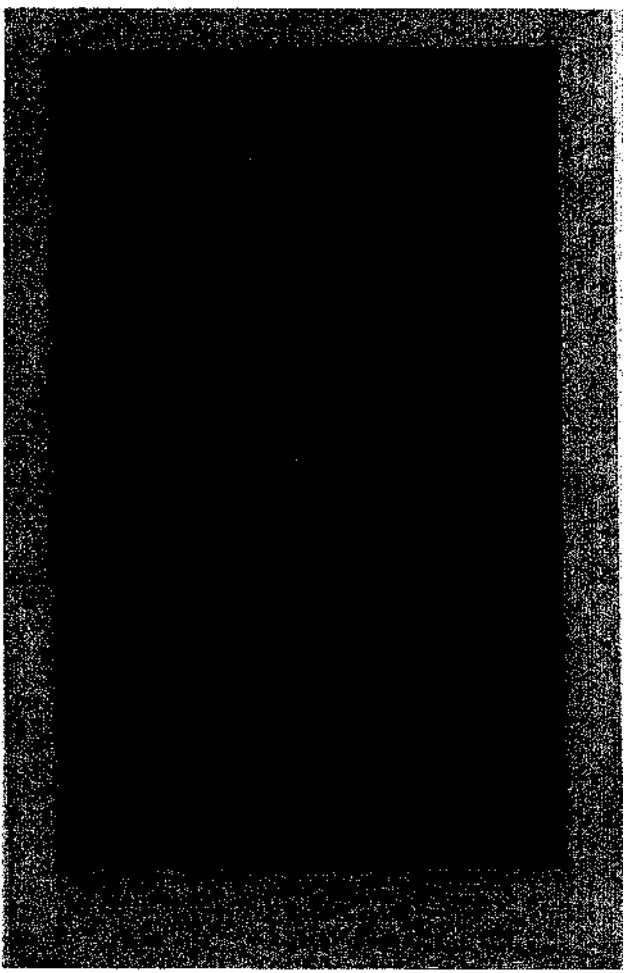
Later in January, Stevenson resumed the writing of *Kidnapped*, which he had begun the previous March (1885) as a story for boys, and set aside.

In this same January Stevenson wrote his poem addressed "To Will H. Low," *Youth now flees on feathered foot.* In the MS. there was a sub-title, "Damned bad lines in return for a beautiful book." The "beautiful book" was Mr. Low's illustrated edition of Keats's *Lamia*, dedicated to Stevenson, "in testimony of loyal friendship and of a common faith in doubtful tales from Faery-Land."

Stevenson's parents were at this time living in Bournemouth, to be near their son. Thomas Stevenson's health was greatly failing, and he had suffered an attack of jaundice, and was, Louis wrote to Mrs. Jenkin in March, 1886, "very old, and very weak, but yesterday he seemed happier, and smiled, and followed what was said: even laughed, I think. When he came away, he said to me, 'Take care of yourself, my dearie,' which had a strange sound of childish days, and will not leave my mind."

Louis and Mrs. Louis went with his parents that March—or early in April—first to London, where they put up at a hotel in Fitzroy Square, and then on to Matlock, in Derbyshire, where they all stayed at a hydropathic. Fellow guests there were the late Rev. J. C. B. Geddes, then a student, and his mother—Edinburgh friends; and Mr. Geddes recollected how Thomas Stevenson and Louis used to walk up and down a Ions passage, arm in arm, deep in talk, and in enjoyment of one another.

Zola's *L'Œuvre* had just come out, and Louis Ste-



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From the portrait painted at Bournemouth, in 1886, by John S. Sargent, R.A.

PAGE 240.

venson had evidently got it, and, fresh from reading it, wrote the following letter to Henley:*

Smedley's Hydro,
Matlock Bridge,
Derbyshire.
Dam fools!

Get Zola's L'Œ*uvre!* it is dreary, but—it is youth and art.

No: it is dam fine—I say it—and sign myself by my name JOHN MARCUS DODD.

The first four or five chapters are like being young again in Paris; they woke me like a trumpet. Does Bob remember the martyrdom of St. Stephen with petits-pains? the man who misused his old mistress? The very double of him is in here." †

Stevenson had taken *Kidnapped* to Matlock with him, but had not done much to it there; and it was on Mr. ColvinY advice that he decided to end the story where it ends—at the parting between Alan Breck and David Balfour at Rest-and-be-Thankful, looking down at the view of Edinburgh spread in the plain, and David's descent into the city, alone. So the book was finished, and sent off to Mr. Henderson at Red Lion House, to appear serially in *Young Folks* from May 1st to July 13th; and in July Cassells published it in book form. It at once p.roved another popular success, though a different kind of popular success.

In June and August (1886) Louis Stevenson was able to journey to London, there to visit Mr. Colvin at the British Museum, and to meet many of the people well worth meeting in the literary and artistic London of that time: among them Robert Browning.

It was from the later visit of 1886, in August, after two or three weeks with Mr. Colvin at "the Monument,"

* From *the* original letter.

† The story is told in *The Wreckers,*

as Louis called Mr. Colvin's quarters at the British Museum, that Louis Stevenson and his wife went to Paris, on what was to be their last visit to that city.

A story of this Paris visit, as pathetic as it is amusing, has been told by Mr. Will H. Low in his *Chronicle of Friendships.* The holiday had been made possible in the old way—Thomas Stevenson, finding that the doctors would not allow his son to come North to Scotland in summer, had sent Louis a cheque for a hundred pounds, with the message that it was to be used for a trip to Paris. Accordingly, to Paris Louis and his wife hastened, went for one night to the Hotel Jacob, *rue* Jacob, where Henley and his wife were staying, and next day were established as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Low, at their Paris house, 12 *rue* Vernier, where also was another guest, Theodore Robinson, an old comrade-in-art of Grez days. It was a delightful break to poor Louis, from that "weevil in a biscuit" existence he was leading at Bournemouth, and all was going well in the sunshine of Paris, when, at the end of a fortnight, Louis announced to Mr. Low that the visit must end. "Why?" asked the hospitable Mr. Low. "Coin," was the laconic reply.

In old penniless bohemian days, Mr. Low would have, he says, examined Louis's budget without ceremony, but the presence of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson made such a proceeding impossible. Mr. Low was puzzled, for, as his guests, Louis and his wife were having no expenses except an occasional cab, and some slight outlays at shops. However, there was nothing to be said. It appeared there was not even enough money for the journey home, and Mr. Low took Louis to his own bankers, where Louis drew a small draft on England to meet their travelling expenses back to Bournemouth; and hosts and guests parted with equal regret and disappointment.

* Not until two years later was Mr. Low to learn the truth, when Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, talking to him in

New York, chanced to say something about what a pity it was Louis's happy visit to him in Paris had been cut short by his "absurd mistake." Finding Mr. Low knew nothing of it, she explained.

Louis had forgotten to cash the father's cheque for £100. And not only had he forgotten to cash it, but he and his wife had supposed themselves to be spending it all that fortnight, whereas they had simply been spending the small supply of ready money they had in hand. Little wonder that they had appeared "visibly disturbed" when they suddenly discovered themselves at the end of their resources.

It was Thomas Stevenson who, noticing too large a balance in his bank account, wrote to Louis about it; and Louis, after much protest that the hundred pounds had been spent on the trip to Paris, found the uncashed cheque among his own papers, "beautiful and inviolate," as Mr. Low says, "with all its possibilities. . . ." Alas! Too late! That visit might have been extended to months in sunny France among old scenes, and with old friends. But the friendly hours, painter and writer together, ended abruptly. That visit was Louis's last glimpse of Paris.

He returned to Bournemouth and to another winter of ill-health. Part of this winter his parents came again to be near him, spending some of their time at Bournemouth in a house they rented there, and some at Torquay. On April 1, 1887, they returned from Torquay to Bournemouth, but, as Thomas Stevenson's health grew much worse, on April 21st the parents travelled back to their own comfortable home in Edinburgh.

During this very week that was to be his last week on earth with his father, a curious Quixotic project took possession of Louis's restless spirit.

He felt strongly about the lawless oppression exercised by the Fenians in Ireland, and his indignation was especially aroused by their persecution and boycott of the widow and daughters of Mr. John Curtin, a Kerry

farmer whom the "Moonlighters" had foully murdered. Stevenson conceived the idea of going to live on the farm, in Kerry, and would probably have done so, in spite of all the protests of his friends, and Mrs. Louis Stevenson was prepared to go with him, though under protest; but the scheme was abandoned because of the precarious state of his father's health. Indeed, it was now evident that his father was dying.

On May 6th, a fortnight after his parents had left Bournemouth for home, Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife also travelled to Edinburgh. They went in haste; but Louis was too late for recognition. Thomas Stevenson died on May 8, 1887, at 17 Heriot Row.

He lies buried in the new part of the Calton Cemetery, with his kith and kin, close beside the Old Calton Cemetery, where Louis used to "go to be unhappy." The funeral was the largest private funeral that had ever been seen in Edinburgh; "he would have liked that," Louis said. But his son was not one of the mourners. His father's death, his dying without recognising him, had been a great shock. Louis was ill, and was not allowed to attend his father's funeral. And as he lay ill in the darkened room, he was glad, for his father's sake, that the "fine, suffering, altered face had gone, and no longer was he to hear "that stumbling tongue looking in vain for the old brilliant words." Louis never left the house for three weeks—not till he left it to return to Bournemouth—the familiar house of his childish days and his youthful discontents, of the "young dinners" downstairs, and the hours with his books and papers in his little study up atop.

Louis, before he left Edinburgh, was under the impression that, though his mother was left better off than he had thought would be possible, he himself had inherited nothing. He had expected this; but, as events proved, he was wrong. What he regretted was that his father had died without receiving any public recognition such as was his due. There were others who had been

given the F. R. S., had been knighted—"And my father nothing—because he lived in Edinburgh." "I will never forgive the London clique for that," Louis said.

During his last days in Edinburgh Stevenson wrote an article about his father for the *Contemporary.* "I shall do more for his memory in time," he said. The article appeared in the *Contemporary* for June, and was afterwards included in *Memories and Portraits.*

Late in May, two friends walking along Princes Street saw an open cab, piled with rather untidy luggage, coming slowly towards them westward along the broad roadway, a man and a woman in it. As it passed, a slender, loose-garbed figure stood up in the cab, waved a wide-brimmed hat, and called out "Good-bye!" It was Louis Stevenson. The cab passed as they waved back to him, and as he stood, looking back at them over the back of the cab, still waving his hat, the long line of Princes Street, with the grey and green of the Castle Rock and the gardens on one side, and Princes Street itself, glittering in the sunshine on the other, was at its very best. It was Edinburgh's last sight of Louis Stevenson, and Louis Stevenson's last look back at the city of his birth.

Two months were passed in Bournemouth in illness, suffering, black depression—and work. He prepared a collection of his poems for press, *Underwoods,* and the collected essays, *Memories and Portraits.* He also was still busy with his Life of Professor Jenkin, which was in press and to be published in January of the following year. And in these two months plans for the future were settled.

While his father lived, Louis Stevenson had been unwilling to travel beyond reach of the Edinburgh home. But after his father's death it was felt that the life he was leading in Bournemouth need not be prolonged, and that a lpnger journey might reach a climate where his life could be lived with some degree of health and happiness.

ness. So it was decided to give up Skerryvore, and try a totally new climate and manner of life. The Colorado mountains were spoken of, and the Pacific. It was arranged with Mrs. Thomas Stevenson that she also should give up her house in Heriot Row, and be ready to accompany Louis and his wife to America and whatever lay beyond. This was a brave adventure for his mother, the gentle and conventional "Maggie" Stevenson, now fifty-eight, to be willing to root herself up from all her associations and traditions of life, to leave relations and friends, and seek fresh woods and pastures new in another and unknown Continent. But she went with her son.

They left Skerryvore on Saturday, August 20th, and went to London, where Louis's last two nights in England were spent at Arnfield's Hotel, near Finsbury Circus. There, on Sunday, he said good-bye to a large number of friends who came to see him. One of the very last of these friends was Mr. Archer,, who arrived at eight o'clock on the last night—to be immediately told that Louis was in difficulty—he wanted legal advice as to a codicil he proposed to add to his will. After consultation with Mrs. Louis Stevenson, Mr. Archer set forth "in quest of a nocturnal jurisconsult," and returned later in triumph, bringing Mr. A. H. Spokes (afterwards Recorder of Reading). The picture must be given in Mr. Archer's own words, for it is in them an indelible one:

"The scene of the following half-hour is graven on my memory. Mrs. Stevenson and I sat talking at one end of the room, while in the further corner Mr. Spokes, at the bedside, engaged in close confabulation with the testator. Louis . . • still wore his hair rather long, and, as it was not very abundant, it fell in straggling wisps round his long, lank, ivory face. A claret-coloured blanket, faded and stained, hung round his shoulders; I am not sure that it was not a poncho, or blanket with a hole cut for the head. His knees were drawn up as a

rest for his writing-materials; and, with all its gauntness, there was a certain grace about the curves of the figure/' *

Next day, August 22nd, 1887, Robert Louis Stevenson, his wife, his mother, his stepson, and the trusted and faithful French woman-servant, Valentine Roch, sailed from London in S.S. *Ludgate Hill* for New York. On the day itself, it was the friend of all his friends, Mr. Colvin, who went to the docks to see him off. And of that parting Sir Sidney Colvin records: "Leaving the ship's side as she weighed anchor, and waving farewell to the party from the boat which landed me, I little knew what was the truth, that I was looking on the face of my friend for the last time."

It was exactly eight years before this that Stevenson had started on his first journey to America. He was now a very different man from the man who had sailed from Glasgow in August, 1879. He had won through. What had the eight years, and all they had held, done for him? Th'ey had not brought him health—his former journey had shattered his health, and he had never regained it. Eight years before, he had gone alone, in great mental distress, facing an unknown, problematical future; penniless; groping in darkness. He had arrived in America an outcast. He had slept in shilling lodgings; had been put to sleep in a barn; he had lain out in the open. He had been glad to accept two dollars a week to act as reporter on a small local news-sheet. And when he had left America at the end of the year, he had been no whit better off, but was provided for from home. But he had returned home bringing his wife, reconciled to his parents. He had returned home to win through, with his wife's courage and his own, her sympathy and literary judgment, his own genius and his unconquerable joyousness.

Eight years later, when the *Ludgate Hill* steamed out of the London Docks into the Channel, she had on

*** See I *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* pp. 219-20,**

board her one of the most popular authors of the day, **the** author of *Treasure Island,* of *The Strange Case of Br. Jehyll and Mr. Hyde,* of *Kidnapped;* the **"R. L. S."** of **the** *Cornhill;* a man of established reputation at home, and of immense popularity in the America to which he was once more on his way across the Atlantic.

such obvious points of his itinerary the lines might be full, and between dotted. Thus the line (full again) descends [from the top Balquidder] thro' Glen Ogle to Strathire, strikes over Uam Var, hits Glen Water Glen Ruffendaine, descends Glen Water to the Forth, along the south bank of Forth to Stirling Bridge, and then by road by Alloa, Clackmannan & Culross, till it issues from the map; for I fear we don't reach Limekilns; which we really should have done. for at that point my hero crosses the Firth to Caraiden, and thence to Queensferry. Terminus malarum.

If you can be found all the places above named, might be named upon the map, except Glen Lyon, Glen Lochy, Glen Dochart, & the Dunan & Creaman Rivers, & Ruadha Rad Beithe, & Ben Mac Glashan, & Meannarclach. The impossibility of the itinerary is not so great as it appears. for my hero was trying to

escape – like all heroes.

My father is pretty well, better than for a long time, and Mary are the same of myself. ~~Please~~ I send a piece of Endymion with so much of the itinery marked thereon.

It should be lettered "Sketch of the cruise of the ~~canoe~~ Brig Covenant, and the probable course of David Balfour's Wanderings."

By which you will see that both my families have been robbed to give a name.

Your aft cousin

Robert Louis Stevenson.

P.S Rippon & Balfour should be marked two as they are referred to in the text, & it should have been the Forth & not the Teith. (as) falsely directed you) that was marked; but we had incidents, & changed our proposed itinerary.

CHAPTER VI

TUSITALA

"Out over the great plain of the Pacific was a sky of such starlight as we do not see at home; the tropical forest all about us was profoundly silent, and far away came the unvarying sound of the waters breaking on the coral reefs. He revelled in the beauty of the scene, but he admitted that he would gladly have exchanged it for the mist-enfolded coasts of the little islands he had left far away in the wintry seas."— S. R. Lysaght.

"To go on for ever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with the eyes:
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough?"—R. L. S.

THE 7th of September, 1887, and the *Ludgate Hill* off Eire Island, and to dock that afternoon. The voyage just over had done Stevenson good,—it had been a sudden change, from the four walls of Skerryvore and despondency, from being "very seedy indeed, quite a dead body," and "I had literally forgotten what happiness was," to the briny winds and free life on board the tramp-ship, where "we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea." All this in spite of "the beastliest weather, and many discomforts," and the discovery that the ship was a cattle ship, took on a cargo of about a hundred horses at Havre, and carried also a cargo of monkeys. Mrs. Thomas Stevenson,

always the very soul of amiability, had at once suggested **her** old plan that they should "look upon it as an adventure." All through his childhood, whenever a discomfort or a trial had to be faced, she and Louis had agreed "to make an adventure of it";—good training for Louis, for his after-life was to prove a series of such adventures. So the cattle ship, regarded as an adventure, had been a success. Mrs. Thomas Stevenson proved a good sailor, Mrs. Louis a bad one. Jocko, a large ape, took a great fancy to Louis Stevenson; they struck up a hearty friendship, and the baboon's embraces nearly cost Louis a coat. Henry James's parting gift—a case of champagne for the journey—may have helped in the "Adventure." The women of the party spent much of their time in knitting; and as to Louis:—"I was so happy on board that ship I could not have believed it possible. . . . My heart literally sang."

"Stevenson ahoy!" was the greeting Mr. Will H. Low felt the most appropriate when he,—Mr. Burlingame, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* with him,—climbed up the ship's ladder and boarded the *Ludgate Hill* as soon as she was docked. They found Louis Stevenson on deck surrounded by a dozen or more American reporters, whom Louis scattered as he came forward to greet his old friend and his new one, and to be welcomed by them to America. He was indeed in a New World, and in a new atmosphere.

America can claim to have been the first to recognise more than one of our literary geniuses, and was certainly the first to accord to Robert Louis Stevenson the dues of the great. It accorded them in characteristically American fashion. The Pilot it was who brought him first vivid intimation of the celebrity that awaited him; for the Pilot, it transpired, rejoiced in the nickname of "Hyde," whilst the Pilot's companion was "Jekyll." Then there came the crowd of reporters, whom he chatted to and chaffed, and spoke of as "nice lads," and from whom he was rescued by Mr. Low.

It was the first meeting between Mr. Low and Mrs. Thomas Stevenson; but he and Mrs. Louis were already acquainted, and the stepson Lloyd Osbourne Mr. Low had seen when he was a small boy in Grez days. Introductions and greetings over, Mr. Low stayed to look after the transfer of luggage, and the rest of the party drove to a hotel. Stevenson, tired out by all the excitement and fatigue of arrival, lay down, seeing only his own party, now completed by Mrs. Low's arrival; and the reporters, who followed him persistently, were forbidden, all save one, whose pencilled card was shown to Louis:—"a Scot, from my own townl" he cried. The reporter was shown up—proved a young Edinburgh University man, and they were at once plunged in reminiscences. So do the East and West meet; and how could it be otherwise, when the West is peopled from the East? Where will not an Edinburgh University man be found?—wherever a spire points up to Heaven, with a pulpit below it; wherever illness and pain have to be tended; wherever a newspaper is set up or printed. And when they meet, these Scotsmen, it is said that if you listen you will hear each question prefaced by the words "D'yeraclac'?"

Next day, Louis, Mrs. Louis, Lloyd Osbourne and Valentine Roch all went to Newport, there to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairchild. But Stevenson, on the voyage, had caught a chill during a heavy fog on the Newfoundland Banks, and the journey to Newport aggravated it, and at Newport it was a case of "to go to bed and to grow worse, and to stay in bed until I left."

After ten days of luxury and kind nursing at Newport, he was sufficiently convalescent to return to New York. There Mr. and Mrs. Low had taken rooms for them at Hotel St. Stephen in Eleventh Street; and here again the evidences of his popularity poured in upon him. Enthusiastically eager admirers of his books called and wished to see him, and his own people—this

term including Mr. Will H. Low, who was at the hotel daily,—had to protect him from seeing too many people; but it was diflficult, for Louis loved talk and human companionship and new discoveries of character.

They stayed in New York for the rest of September, and into the first week of October. It was a fortnight crowded with event and excitement and new atmosphere. Stevenson met a few old friends and made several new friends. The new friends included, besides Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild ("liked hugely") Mr. Gilder, the editor of the *Century,* who had already printed articles of R. L. S.'s—the *Century* had indeed been the first American magazine to do so;—Mr. Charles Scribner; Mr. Burlingame, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine,* who also had already printed R. L. S.'s work; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. McClure; and Mr. Saint-Gaudens the sculptor.

Mr. McClure, who had just launched a great new venture in his Syndicate, received a call one day at his office from a young man who introduced himself as Lloyd Osbourne, the stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. McClure had, in the February of the previous year, when in England getting material from English writers,* written to Louis at Bournemouth, having had his attention called to "a very remarkable story of adventure, *Kidnapped"* But his letter had remained unanswered. Lloyd Osbourne called to explain this,—the letter, he said, had been mislaid,—and to tell Mr. McClure that his stepfather was in New York, and would be glad to see him at Hotel St. Stephen. Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. McClure called, were received by Louis in bed, "very much in the attitude of the St. Gaudens medallion, for which he was then posing." But nothing practical came of the call: that was to follow later. At Stevenson's interviews with Mr. Charles

• He went on the tracks of a "beloved rival and enemy" who had preceded him on the same quest, and so Mr. McClure went under an assumed name.

Scribner before he left New York, Stevenson promised Scribner control of all his work that should appear in America. "The sons of the deified Scribner are henceforth the men for me," said Louis; and the arrangement holds to this day.

Mr. Saint-Gaudens had been for some years so great an admirer of Stevenson's writings that he had said if ever he had the chance he would gladly go a thousand miles for the possibility of a sitting. He had missed seeing Stevenson in Paris, and now welcomed the opportunity of modelling his portrait. The meeting, brought about by Mr. Will H. Low, their common friend, resulted in instant liking on both sides,—and the portrait. The sculptor's easel was set up by the bedside of the invalid, the studies began, and "it was continuously gay by Stevenson's bedside as Saint-Gaudens' work grew apace," chronicles Mr. Low, who was always present, one of the coterie of good talkers. It was generally "continuously gay" wherever Louis Stevenson was, even though he were suffering whilst he irradiated gaiety. He believed in happiness. Even the "Shorter Catechist" in him responded the most readily to that answer (which he called noble but obscure) "To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." Mr. Saint-Gaudens imbibed the lesson in those talks, for he wrote in September to Mr. Low saying that his meeting with Stevenson had been an event in his life, leaving him in a "beatific state," "and as the pursuit of happiness is an 'inalienable right, God-given, one and indivisible' *(vide* Constitution of the United States), I'm damned if I don't think I've a right to be, provided I don't injure anyone." * . . . . Not Mr. Saint-Gaudens' "beatific state" only, but even his language, reflects his talks with R. L. S.

One of the two American dramatized versions of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* that by Mr. T. Russell Sullivan, was produced in New York during Louis's stay there; but he was not well enough to be present. Mrs. Thomas

[#] **Mr. Will H. Low's *Chronicle of Friendships.***

Stevenson and Mrs. Louis went to the First Night—(September 10th)—escorted by Mr. Low,—Mrs. Thomas Stevenson in her conventional widow's weeds and cap. When the cries of "Author!—Author!" came, Mr. Low remained seated in happy oblivion between the two ladies, till he suddenly realised that he was being mistaken for the author, when he as suddenly collapsed from sight onto the floor of the box.

Besides these two versions of the all-popular *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Deacon Brodie* was produced in Philadelphia. All this further increased the commercial value of Stevenson's work, and the terms that he was to be offered were in proportion.

By Thomas Stevenson's will his widow inherited, over and above the provision of her Marriage Settlement, the life-rent of the entire estate, after payment of a legacy of £500 to a Magdalene Society in Edinburgh, in whose work Mr. Stevenson had always taken an interest, and a legacy of £100 to a nephew and godson. On Mrs. Stevenson's death or marriage the estate was to go to Louis if alive, or to his issue, if any, if he had predeceased his mother; and if Louis were dead and had left no issue, one-half was to go to the Church of Scotland, and the other half to the widow of Alan Stevenson for life-rent use, and on her death to the Established Church of Scotland. Thomas Stevenson died "worth," as the phrase is, a considerable sum of money, and therefore Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, from the time of her husband's death, had a handsome income.

The original will was made by Thomas Stevenson at the end of October, 1873,—the very time when, after all the painful misunderstandings between the father and the son, Louis went to London and thence to Mentone. But Thomas Stevenson had added a codicil to it on January 24, 1883,—at the time when Louis was at Nice recovering from a very severe illness and they were going to Hyeres. By this codicil Thomas Stevenson left a further sum of £2,000 to Mrs. Thomas Steven-

son,—not life-rented but at her own disposal, and other small legacies, and an annuity of £20 a year to "Cuminy," and he revoked the whole clause in which he dealt with the residue of his estate, modifying the arrangement under which Mrs. Thomas Stevenson received the life-rent of it. Louis, who, had he survived his mother, would have inherited the capital, had power to dispose of the capital, subject to his mother's life-rent, and did so in the wills he made.

By Scottish Law, one third of a man's estate goes to his widow, one third to his children, and only the remaining third can be disposed of as he will. Louis Stevenson might therefore, had he so desired, have refused the deferred inheritance, and instead of the amount of the expectancy on his mother's death, have claimed the third of the estate. This would have meant a smaller sum (the expectancy, at the time of Louis Stevenson's own death, was valued at £16,717) but payable to him at once. He did not do this; and as his mother outlived him, he never personally inherited the expectancy, and on Mrs. Thomas Stevenson's death it went, by Louis's will, to his own heirs.

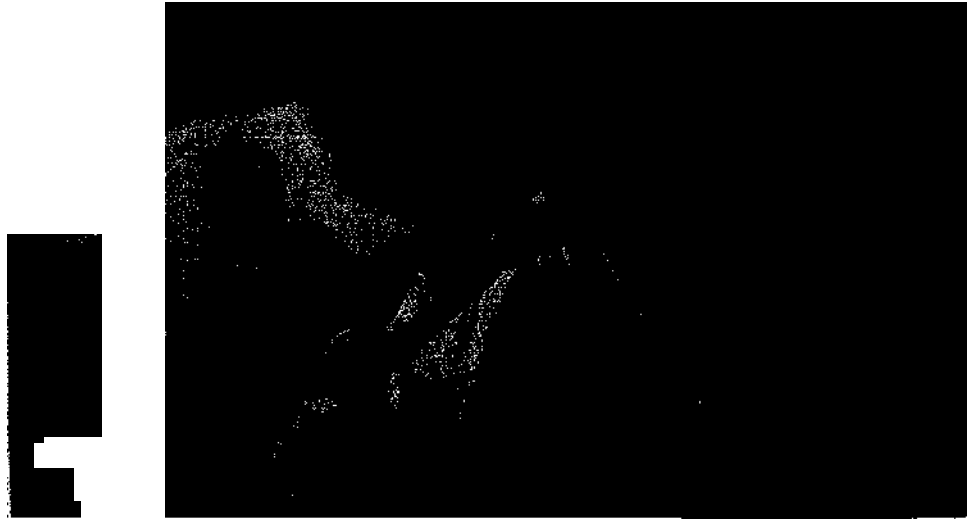
When September was drawing to a close, plans for the winter were discussed. Louis's longing was for the sea, and Mrs. Thomas, who had proved herself a good sailor, and who was the rich member of the party, announced her willingness to charter a yacht for the whole party. Then a message came from the Commodore of an American yacht club,—and admirer of It. L. S.'s,—offering to put his own large sea-going yacht at the author's disposal. But meantime Mrs. Louis and her son Lloyd had gone to reconnoitre at Saranac, where a Sanatorium for consumptives had been established on the shores of Saranac Lake by Dr. Trudeau, a well-known New York doctor. Dr. Trudeau owed his own cure to having gone to live at Saranac, and the Sanatorium and the cures effected there were being talked

about in New York. Mrs. Louis approved of the place, **and** returned having found a house that would do for the winter. Accordingly, on October 3rd, thither the whole **party** went. But Louis's heart still craved for the sea: **a** Sanatorium for consumptives sounded too like Davos, —it was depressing. His last words to Mr. Low on parting were to charge him to find out about yachts for the summer.

It was when the great woods were in all their Autumn splendour that Louis Stevenson first saw Saranac, now so associated with his name, and where his name is now held so dear. They put on their most brilliant hues to welcome him.

Saranac was in those days still a village; the railway had not reached it,—it came that very winter. The cottage, "Baker's" as it was called, after its owners, a frontiersman and his wife, was a small white wooden cottage, green shuttered and with a veranda,—a "frame house,"—and was set high above the river. Louis described it as "on a hill-top with a look do^vn a Scottish river in front, and on one hand a Perthshire hill. . . ." The scenery and the climate were both reminiscent of Scotland. Stevenson called Saranac, in one of his letters home, "a kind of insane mixture of Scotland and a touch of Switzerland and a dash of America, and a thought of the British Channel in the skies." But it was "a Scotland without peat and without heather," and the climate exaggerated that of Scotland. "The climate comprised," Sir Graham Balfour states, "every variety of unpleasantness: it rained, it snowed, it sleeted, it blew, it was thick fog; it froze—the cold was Arctic; it thawed —the discomfort was worse; and it combined these different phases in every possible way."

The Stevensons had two thermometers, one, called after its giver, "Gosse," was hung inside the sitting-room and it often registered freezing point and below. But the other was not admitted to the family circle; it was hung outside on the veranda, there "condemned to



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON WRITING IN BED AT SARANAC
(WINTER OF 1SS7-SS).
From a wax figure by Dwight Franklin, now in the Stevenson Memorial Cottage, Saranac (The property of the Stevenson Society of America.)

register *minus* 40° and that class of temperatures." This thermometer was called "The Quarterly Reviewer."

Immediately after their arrival, in October, Mrs. Louis went to Indianapolis to visit her mother and sister, and for a little time Mrs. Thomas Stevenson also was absent, visiting Niagara; but Louis and the young stepson were left in good keeping. There was Andrew Baker, the frontiersman, a trapper, a guide of shooting and fishing parties, with whom Louis, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, would talk for hours. Mrs. Baker, his wife, was fond of Louis, and to this day she remembers how considerate he was, and his gentle courtesy of manner; but she had sometimes to scold him well for letting his cigarettes burn her sheets—and to forgive him when he looked at her and smiled, his dark eyes full of humorous contrition.

Besides Valentine Roch, the cottage staff consisted of a cook, whose chief culinary duties were to cook venison and bake bread, and a boy whose task was a truly Biblical one, for he was literally a hewer of wood and drawer of water. The living in those days was primitive, but Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, no doubt, "looked on it as an adventure" and, in spite of all the vicissitudes of the weather —or perhaps partly because of them—the place suited Louis's health. He was able to go out daily; and he was able to write.

Before the real winter set in Mrs. Louis, with practical forethought, brought from Montreal "a store of extraordinary garments made by the Canadian Indians/' and also buffalo skins and fur caps and snow shoes. The precautions were none too soon, for by November the cold was intense,—not only water but even the ink froze, with fires in the rooms night and day; food had to be thawed, and Louis described seeing a lump of ice left unmelted in the middle of a pot of soup that was boiling all round the ice in the centre. The snow reached the windows of the upper storey, and paths had to be

cut through it round the house. The cold did not suit Mrs. Louis, and both she and Mrs. Stevenson paid short visits during the winter to New York, one at a time, as they could be spared. But Louis, intrepid in his astrakhan cap, buffalo coat and Indian boots,—the picture of him so dressed is familiar because of the bas-relief by Gutzon Borghum,*—Louis, so attired, took walks on the hills in all weathers. He was proud as a peacock, as he had been in the flowing cloak of Mentone days; and he wanted to have his photograph taken in this array, that he might be held to be a mighty hunter.

In the three months, August to October, Louis Stevenson had felt several "changes of atmospheric conditions." From the bedridden, immured years at Bournemouth,—the "weevil in a biscuit" misery, straight to the deck of a tramp steamer, and the roll of it and the salt spray, the rough conditions and food. From this to the ten days' luxury of Newport, and the hectic fortnight in New York,—the novelty of the young New World, rapid, practical, vital; the stimulus that the mere hand touch on the pulses of such a city as New York must bring with it; the excitement of his own popularity and the adulation—for it was no less—that New York accorded to him. And then another rapid change to the rough simplicity of a "logging village" among the primaeval woods of the Adirondacks, where perhaps the bleak cold and the solitary hours in the cottage proved bracing morally as well as physically. But the practical incentive to writing, as well as the circumstances of inspiration, were his at Saranac.

It was in October, the first month at Saranac, that Mr. McClure came there to see Stevenson, following on the call he and Mrs. McClure paid Stevenson in New York. This time it was business. Mr. McClure came commissioned to offer him ten thousand dollars a year for a short weekly essay in the *New York World.* This

•A bronze bas-relief tablet, designed by Gutzon Borghum, on the wall of the veranda at "Baker's," now the Stevenson Memorial **Cottage, and the property of the** Stevenson Society of America.

was the first offer of all that Stevenson received. Mr. McClure's methods,—his dash and energy and generosity, his large business outlook and confidence,—must have been a revelation to Stevenson. As is well known and often stated, Stevenson built the character of Pinkerton, the American in *The Wreckers,* on his conception of that of Mr. S. S. McClure. He had full opportunities of studying the character at Saranac. Mr. McClure went there several times. On this first visit, when he came for Mr. Pulitzer of the *New York World,* Mr. McClure offered to publish *The Black Arrow* serially in his newspaper syndicate. He knew it as the only one of "three long adventure stories" which Stevenson had brought out in *Young Folks* that had not subsequently been published in book form,—and Stevenson's "news value" was such that it would be a great thing for his Syndicate to offer a serial by Robert Louis Stevenson. It must have been one of the changes of atmospheric conditions to Louis to hear the expression "news value," and another to find he had one. Mr. McClure's generosity was rewarded, for the story, illustrated by Mr. Will H. Low, "brought in more money than any other serial novel we ever syndicated." It was advertised and published in America under another title, *The Outlaws of Tunstall Forest,* to circumvent,—there being in those days no American copyright law,—any American paper which "might cut in, get a file of *Henderson's Weekly [Young Folks]* and come out ahead of me." The book itself was published in Britain under its original title, by Messrs. Cassell, in that same year, 1888.

On one of Mr. McClure's later visits to Saranac—possibly that on which he and Louis skated together on Saranac Lake,—Louis told him of two novels he was meditating—one a sequel to *Kidnapped (Catriona),* and *St. Ives.* "I told him I would take either story and pay him **$8,000** [£1,600] for it. He laughed and looked confused and said that his price was £800 [$4,000], and that **he** must consult his wife and Will Low before he

made any agreement. He went on to say that he didn't think any novel of his was worth as much as $8,000, and that he wouldn't be tempted to take as much money as that for a novel if it were not for a plan he had in mind. He was always better at sea, he said, than anywhere else, and he wanted to fit up a yacht and take a long cruise and make his home at sea for a while." *

If Mr. McClure's generosity and push were a revelation to Stevenson, accustomed to old world methods, Stevenson's conscientiousness and diffidence may have been a revelation to Mr. McClure, experienced in many types of men.

But Stevenson had forgotten that there was another person besides his wife and Mr. Low who had a right to be consulted. He had indeed completely forgotten a very important fact,—that, before leaving New York, he had given Charles Scribner's Sons the power over all his work in America.

"Heaven help me, I am under a curse just now, I have played fast and loose with what I said to you, and that, I beg you to believe, in the purest innocence of mind • . . about a fortnight ago, when McClure was here, I calmly signed a bargain for the serial publication of a story. You will scarce believe that I did this in mere oblivion; but I did; and all I can say is that I will do so no more, and ask you to forgive me." It must have been another revelation to the American men of business!

In the course of the fortnight before the discovery of this blunder, Louis had written in elation to Mr. Baxter, to tell him of his having been offered £1,600 for the American serial rights of his next story; but soon after his confession to Mr. Charles Scribner, Stevenson writes to Henley to tell him of "most deplorable business annoyances," and of finding himself "a kind of unintentional swindler." "It is painful indeed that I should produce so poor an impression on the mind of Mr. Scribner," poor unbusiness-like Louis wrote to Mr,

My Autobiography,* **by S. S. McClure, pp. 188, 189.

Burlingame, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine,* in pleading with him to make Mr. Scribner see his behaviour "is not so bad as Mr. Scribner seems to think it." And apparently Mr. Scribner did forgive, for *St. Ives* fulfilled the contract with Mr. McClure,—but not till after Louis Stevenson was dead.

All through these first months in America, his sudden popularity puzzled Stevenson, "abashed" him—he used the good old Scotch word himself. He had been, he said, "an obscure 'literary gent' at home." He had told his first interviewers that on landing, and they had no doubt worked it up. And later he had written "I had some experience of American appreciation; . . . a little of that would go a long way to spoil a man." And again, about Mr. Scribner's liberal offer, "a scale of payment," Louis said, "which makes my teeth ache for shame and diffidence."

He must have begun to realise that America realises, as the Old Country does not, that the brain-worker has his market value, and that in America the output of the brain-worker is weighed in terms of commerce. But naturally he found it bewildering. Five years of arduous and continuous writing in England (1878-1883)—an output of six books, and many magazine articles,—had brought him little more than six hundred pounds, four hundred of it from the magazines. An average income, this, of £120 a year,—reduced to terms of a weekly wage, it would be despised by a young clerk or an artisan. Before Stevenson had been two months in America he had received an offer of £700 for twelve articles for *Scribner's Magazine;* Mr. McClure had offered him £2,000 for an article each week for a year, and £1,600 for the serial rights of his next novel.

"I am now on a salary of £500 a year for twelve articles a year in *Scribner's Magazine* on what I like; it is more than £500, but I cannot calculate more precisely.* You have no idea how much is made of me

• It was £700.

here; I was offered £2,000 for a weekly article—eh, heh! How is that? But I refused that lucrative job."

His Covenanting conscience was uneasy under all this popularity and these prospective payments. "But what," it prompted him to ask, "what if I should grow to like it?" And of course, as was only human,—and Louis was very human,—he did, in a way, like it. He was immensely and boyishly proud of the unfamiliar wealth proffered him. He wrote and told all his friends at home, in almost identical words,—Mr. Colvin, Henley, Bob Stevenson, Sir Walter Simpson, Charles Baxter* Mr. Archer, Mr. Gosse.

Different letters these—different news to send—from the letters he had once written to all these same friends, in the first two months of his previous visit to America.

Remembering this, recalling that past, suddenly one seems to hear an echo from the past; a brave sad voice:—

"You and Henley both seem to think my work rather bosh nowadays . . . last year with my ill-health I touched only £109, that would not do, I could not fight it through on that. . . ." And: "Do not damp me about my work; qu'elle soit bonne ou mauvaise, it has to be done. . . . I have now £80 in the world and two houses to keep up for an indefinite period. . . ."

Writing now to these loyal and able critics at home, Mr. Colvin, Mr. Henley, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Archer, who had not shirked telling him in his desperate days that his work was not good, who would not shrink from telling him the truth now in his days of popularity,—because it was his best they respected him for, his literary reputation they guarded jealously, not his worldly success,—writing to them, he might well have quoted Kipling's line:

"The long bazaar may praise, but *thou?*"

And they would have fearlessly told him if it was not "well." There was give and take of honest and high

criticism and of literary sympathy—that indispensable article—between them. It was owing to all this, to his own and his friends' high standards of work, to their belief in his powers, to his own sane estimate of them, that he had fought on and never lowered his standard. It was those "penny-penny-penniless" days at home which had produced the fine work that the long bazaar now praised.

Mr. McClure had at once *seen* the possibilities of the scheme of a Pacific cruise, when Louis confessed it to him as his cherished dream. And Mr. McClure promptly turned the dream into a business proposition. "I thought at once of *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey,* and told him that if he would write a series of articles describing his travels, I would syndicate them for enough money to pay the expenses of his trip." Louis, thus encouraged, seems to have confessed his life-long fascination for the South Seas, and Mr. McClure had responded by sending him books about them, and the* South Pacific Directory. Next time Mr. McClure went to Saranac, it was to talk half the night about that South Seas yachting cruise,—it may have recalled to Louis the enthusiastic planning of the reconstructed barge, "The Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne,"—but that earlier scheme was planned by unpractical artists, and included only such necessities as "books in the cabin, and tobacco jars, and some old Burgundy as red as a November sunset, and as fragrant as a violet in April." There was no mention of November sunset nor April violet in that talk at Saranac; on the contrary;—"when he came back he was to make a lecture tour and talk on the South Seas," and "he was to take a phonograph along and make records of the sounds of the sea and wind, the songs and speech of the natives, and these records were to embellish his lectures."

It was as uncongenial to Louis to do syndicate work,—work done to order and up to time,—as it must be to the sea and the wind to have their music and their moan-

ings imprisoned in a phonograph to embellish lecture tours. In this case Louis and sea and wind all failed. Of his "South Sea Letters" about seventy were to be written,—written with effort, before and after he reached Samoa, and Louis was dissatisfied with them while he wrote, and the public were disappointed with them when they read. They turned out not picturesque and personal adventures, not brilliant descriptive literature, but conscientious and laboured statistics, much of it as to native beliefs, and from the point of view of the moralist rather than of the artist. But all that, when Stevenson and McClure were together at Saranac, was in the future.

Another piece of work was evolved at Saranac that was not to bring highest credit to Stevenson's name. *The Wrong Box* was an effort on the part of young Lloyd Osbourne, written and rewritten entirely by him, and tapped out on his typewriter at a rate which astounded R. L. S. Stevenson was naturally interested in his stepson's work, "which seems to me not without merit and promise, it is so silly, so gay, so absurd, in spots (to my partial eyes) so genuinely humorous." He revised it, and in so doing naturally imparted some of his own magic touch on the crude work of the boy of twenty. But his generosity went further, and he allowed his name to be associated with it as collaborator,—a part to which he was so well accustomed. Mr. McClure, to whom the story was shown, while recognising it as a good piece of work for a young man to have done, said plainly to Stevenson that he "doubted the wisdom of his putting his name to it as joint author." Wise advice; but Stevenson was annoyed, and said he could not take advice on the matter. Mr. McClure's judgment was also held by Mr. Burlingame, the editor of *Scribner,* for when a year later Stevenson offered the book to him for $5,000 (£1,000) cash down, it was declined, in spite of its bearing Stevenson's name as joint-author.

It was at Saranac—early in March or late in Febru-

ary—that Mr. McClure, before leaving for a trip to Britain, said good-bye to Stevenson. Mr. McClure told the story of this parting in his Address to the Stevenson Society of America at Saranac in August, 1922; and it is best given in his own words.

"During this time I got to know Stevenson very well. Of course I read every line he wrote those days, and anybody reading what he wrote got to love him. When it came to our last moment together I just seized his hand and kissed it, and he said, 'Oh, you dear fellow!' He threw his arm around me and kissed me on the cheek. I always expected to see him again, but here this inevitable thing happened and he was gone! A young man forty-four years of age—having achieved, one might say, a new thing in the world; that is, a new thing in this extraordinary personality. One might say he was greater than what he wrote, or that what he wrote was greater than he. Both are true. He was as great and noble as anything he ever wrote."

When Mr.*McClure went to Britain he went bearing with him letters of introduction from Stevenson to a number of his friends at home,—Mr. Colvin, Charles Baxter, W. E. Henley, It. A. M. Stevenson, and others. He found that "most of Stevenson's set was very much annoyed by the attention he was receiving in America, a most extraordinary spirit of hostility and jealousy. They were resentful of the fact that Stevenson was recognised more fully, more immediately, and more understandingly in America than in England at that time. Some of Stevenson's London friends agreed that he was a much overrated man. • . . As Stevenson found his place, the jealousy of America, not of Stevenson but of the American appreciation of Stevenson, somewhat abated among his English friends."

It is interesting that among all Stevenson's friends whom Mr. McClure met, he found Henley—and he says Henley "had a perfectly marvellous insight; he had extraordinary qualities; he had a good heart"—showed

above all others "this strange jealousy of the American." And Mr. McClure speaks with enthusiasm of Henry James's "heartful of love, friendliness and understanding of Stevenson."

This "jealousy,"—as Mr. McClure calls it,—this annoyance at the attention Stevenson was receiving in America, was a very natural feeling on the part of his old friends who knew him and loved him, but to whom he was no new lion with a halo over his light-and-dark mane, but an intimate, well-beloved, interesting friend, his faults as well-known as his virtues.

Mr. McClure's contention that America accorded Stevenson a higher place than he had taken in the Old Country is borne out by Mr. Gosse, himself one of Stevenson's oldest friends in England. Writing in *Chambers's Journal* in July 1899, Mr. Gosse confessed that "it is not necessary to remind ourselves that twelve years ago Stevenson's name was not one to conjure with, as it is now." Twelve years ago, dating from 1899, means 1887—the year Stevenson left for America.

But, in agreeing that to America it is due that Stevenson became more widely popular after 1887, neither England nor Scotland need concede to America first recognition of his genius. In November, 1885, two years before Stevenson left for America, Mr. William Archer wrote a critique in *Time* of Stevenson's style and thought, in which he says:—

"In the front rank of our new school of stylists, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson holds an undisputed place. He is a modern of the moderns in his alert self consciousness and in the particular artistic ideal which he proposes to himself. He is popular, not, perhaps, with that puff bred vogue which draws elbowing crowds to Mudie's counters, but with the better popularity which makes his books familiar to the shelves of all who love literature for its own sake."

Was it not this very type of literature-lover that resented the possibility of Stevenson's literary style,—the

artistic ideal he proposed to himself,—being spoilt by popularity?—Of Stevenson's becoming complacent under it? But there was, as it turned out, no need of the fear. Stevenson was himself his sternest, most meticulous critic; and he had at his side an able critic in his wife. Stevenson was "abashed" by the adulation and the plaudits he received in New York, even as he had been by the reviews of *Treasure Island* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

But London, more especially the brilliant literary coterie of critics of the Savile, who perhaps were a little apt in those days to think that discernment would die with them, was being repaid in kind when an American taunted it with not having appreciated Stevenson while it had him. For to this day London hurls the same taunt at Edinburgh, and accords itself the palm. Perhaps the explanation is the same in both cases. Edinburgh's personal intimacy with Stevenson was with the Stevenson of 1868 to 1873; and after that only intermittently and through his writings. London's personal intimacy with Stevenson was with the Stevenson of 1874 to 1879; and after that only intermittently and through his writings. America's personal intimacy with Stevenson began in 1887. But to-day there need be no recrimination. Stevenson belongs to all: and he, who in life had a genius for friendship, has linked up those who love him and love his books all the world over, and the word "Stevensonian" bears no nationality.

Among the articles written at Saranac for *Scribner's Magazine,* one reached galley-proof stage only, and never saw light. It must have been written in December (1887) or January (1888), and, after it had been set up, have been thought by the editorial authority to be inappropriate for his magazine, for in February, (1888) Louis wrote to Mr. Scribner, "Dear Man, I write these to please you, not myself, and you know a main sight better than I do what is good." Louis set aside the proofs in an envelope, endorsed "Proof of

Unionist article for Scribner's Mag." There they remained, overlooked and forgotten, until November, 1914, when they were sent with other Stevenson matter to the auction room by Mrs. Louis Stevenson's daughter. They were, fortunately, secured for Mr. Harry Elkins Widener's Stevenson collection, and so are now—these pages of galley-proof containing Stevenson's view of the Irish political problem,—in Harvard Library. That article was written at the time when the Irish Home Rule question was red hot in Britain, and it is an attempt to explain to the American people the point of view of the then "Unionist" policy of the Conservative Party, and of that section of the Liberal Party which had in 1886, as "Liberal Unionists," split off on the subject of Home Rule, and joined issue with the Conservatives. Louis Stevenson all his life was a convinced Conservative; and this article, while it is wonderfully balanced and restrained, is strong in its denunciation of the sentimentality and inertia of the Gladstonian capitulation to political crime,—to murder and boycott and outrage. Clever writing—a consecutive, carefully built-up argument; arresting definitions and phrases;—it has remained buried in an envelope for thirty-five years, to come out, like a picture that has had its face to the wall, as fresh as when it left the artist's hand. And how recently was the article, with its stern denunciation of organised murder as a political weapon, as applicable as when it was written!

The name of Saranac is associated chiefly with some of Stevenson's most characteristic essays, among them the *Lantern Bearers, Pulvis et Umbra, A Christmas Sermon,* and *Character of Dreams;* and with *The Master of Ballantrae,* the first chapters of which were written there.

Early in December Mrs. Louis went to New York, Lloyd Osbourne was in Boston, and "Mother and me and Valentine alone." And there came a night at Saranac, on the veranda of "Baker's," when the *Master of*

Ballantrae was born in Louis's brain. It is told in *Juvenilia.*

"I was walking one night in the verandah of a small house in which I lived, outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinarily clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. From a good way below, the river was to be heard contending with ice and boulders: a few lights appeared, scattered unevenly among the darkness, but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. I was besides moved with the spirit of emulation, for I had just finished my third or fourth perusal of *The Phantom Ship.*

"Come," said I to my engine, "let us make a tale, a story of many years and countries, of the sea and the land, savagery and civilization. . • . On such a fine frosty night, with no wind and the thermometer below zero, the brain works with much vivacity. . . . I need not tell my'brothers of the craft that I was now in the most interesting moment of an author's life; the hours that followed that night upon the balcony, and the following nights and days, whether walking abroad or lying wakeful in my bed, were hours of unadulterated joy. My Mother, who was then living with me alone, perhaps had less enjoyment; for, in the absence of my wife, who is my usual helper in these times of parturition, I must spur her up at all seasons to hear me relate and try to clarify my unformed fancies." . . . .

The "memory he started at" was a story of a buried and resuscitated fakir, often told him by his uncle, Inspector General John Balfour (Dr. Balfour of Leven); and then "while I was groping for the fable and the character required, behold I found them lying ready and nine years old in my memory . . . the final Tableau of a story conceived long before on the moors between Pitlochry and Strath Ardle, conceived in Highland rain, in the blend of the smell of heather and peat bogs. . . .

So long ago, so far away it was, that I had first evoked the faces and the mutual tragic situation of the men of Durrisdeer."

It was to be still farther away that he was to evoke them again, for, as with so many of his books, Louis was to set aside *The Master of Ballantrae* half written, whilst it was appearing in serial in *Scribner,* to take it up again at Tahiti, and to finally finish it at Honolulu, —the pungent smell of heather and bog myrtle insistent all the time, as on those miles of lonely moors stretching up from Pitlochry to Strath Ardle.

The inception of *The Master of Ballantrae* was in December, and while he was drafting it: "No thought have I now apart from it," he confided to Mr. Colvin in a letter dated Christmas Eve. It was sent to *Scribner* red hot off the anvil, for serial production, and by March, 1888, the proofs were coming in, but *Scribner* wisely held it back till nearly all was in hand, for it did not begin to appear till November. But Stevenson fulfilled his contract with *Scribner.* That December at Saranac, *Ticonderoga* came out in *Scribner,* and each month of the following year (1888) saw an article by him in that magazine. *Scribner* took the place of *Cornhill* as the regular vehicle for his essays. The first four of the articles, which appeared while he was at Saranac, —*A Chapter on Dreams* in January, *The Lantern Bearers* in February, *Beggars* in March, and *Pulvis et Umbra* in April,—are all included in *Across the Plains,* published in 1892.

It was in March, the last month at Saranac, that Stevenson received a letter from Henley which was the beginning of the now historic quarrel between the two men, a quarrel the origin of which has long been a puzzle to the literary public.

The late Lord Guthrie, at different times, placed in my hands a considerable number of Stevenson letters, among them,—at a date previous to their being handed over to their present custody—the whole documents

relating to this quarrel. The unfortunate quarrel has given rise to so much conjecture and discussion and misapprehension that it seems as well the real facts should be known, as nothing connected with them can leave any stain or reflect any dishonour on the character of either Henley or Stevenson. Shortly, the facts are these:—

Henley's letter was a long letter, marked private, and in the course of it he told Stevenson that he had read a story called *The Nixie*, printed with Mrs. Louis Stevenson's signature to it, and this had caused him considerable astonishment, as he found the story similar to an unpublished story written by Mrs. Katharine de Mattos, Stevenson's cousin. Henley owned that the story was altered, but criticised it as having by alteration lost as much as it had gained; and he pointed out that in situation, environment, and principal figure, the stories were alike. Louis Stevenson, at what seemed to be an accusation of plagiarism against Mrs. Louis Stevenson, blazed with indignation. He especially denounced Henley's marking the letter private, as that prohibited him from showing his wife the letter. To Stevenson, this action of Henley's came as if vitriol had been thrown at him by his old friend. He wrote to Baxter—many letters, passionately incoherent in their strong feeling and in their reiterated denunciation of that letter of Henley's. Stevenson demanded that Henley should ascertain the truth, and withdraw and apologise. And he gave Baxter his own account of the story's adaptation. The original story had been shown to Mrs. Louis Stevenson. In it, there was a meeting in a railway carriage, with a girl who had escaped from a lunatic asylum. Mrs. Louis Stevenson had proposed that the girl should be made a Nixie, but her suggestion was not taken. Afterwards, the story not having been placed with any editor, it was sent to Mrs. Louis Stevenson and she was told she might "go ahead with her Nixie."

And so, in a mass of passionate letters, in bitterness

of spirit, a great friendship ended. There were to be no more letters beginning "Dear lad" in the old affectionate way, and full of intimate sympathy and joyous **fun** and folly. Stevenson, separated from so many of his friends by distance, was to lose this friend entirely.

In the middle of April, 1888, the whole party left Saranac and returned to New York, to their old quarters, the Hotel St. Stephen, by this time known to them and their circle as "Hotel St. Stevenson." Here they spent a fortnight, during which time Mrs. Louis went to San Francisco, and spent a week at Monterey with her sister (Mrs. Sanchez). Louis Stevenson, in New York, much improved in health by his six months at Saranac, was able to go out more than he had been able to during his last stay in New York, and—what he always enjoyed and was so often forbidden,—to see more of his friends. He spent one glorious afternoon sitting on a seat in Washington Square talking to Mark Twain. But his health was uncertain, and callers were often received by him in the old way,—in bed in the Saint-Gaudens' portrait attitude.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer described a "scanty hour" with him.* This American lady was evidently a little shocked at the "dismal chamber" in which she found him, and by the bed's being littered with books and papers, things to eat and things to smoke. But Louis had all his life been accustomed to having to utilise "the pleasant land of counterpane." And Mrs. Van Rensselaer gently suggests that she "had seen invalids more modishly attired," for he wore "an old red cloak with a hole for the head in the middle (a *scrape,* I supposed) which, faded and spotted with ink, looked much like a schoolroom tablecloth." Why, this was Mr. Archer's "claret coloured blanket, faded and stained" in which he had found Louis on that last night in London! It must have been packed and brought to America, and, **probably more**

*** *Century Magazine,* November, 1895,**

faded and more stained, it was still Louis's reception attire.

Louis was still yearning for the sea. "Low, you must get me out of this," he told his friend; and together they discussed plans. The most feasible seemed to be a cruise of a month or so, and a return to the Adirondacks, which Mr. Low promised him he would find lovely and attractive in warm weather. But Louis needed some immediate change meantime, and so it was arranged to leave the New York hotel at once, and go—on Mr. Low's recommendation—to Manasquan, on the Jersey coast, to the Union House, a hotel where the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, were friends of Mr. Low's. Here, accordingly, they migrated,—Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, Louis Stevenson, young Lloyd Osbourne, and Valentine Roch. They went at the beginning of May, and stayed for a month. Mrs. Low was also there, and Mr. Low spent every moment there that he could spare from his work. Mr. Saint-Gaudens came for a day, bringing his small son to see Louis. The month sped by very happily,—"a final and unforgettable month at Manasquan"—so Mr. Low recalls it> thirty-five years afterwards. Louis and his stepson spent long hours sailing a "cat-boat," a new craft to Louis, and interesting. Much time was passed out of doors, for there was not only the cat-boat and the river, but the invalid was well enough to take walks,—even as long as four miles. For work, Louis was busy with *The Wrong Box,* adding his share to it.

Meantime, Mrs. Louis in San Francisco had been making enquiries about a yacht suitable for a Pacific cruise, and a telegram came from her announcing she had seen one that could be had,—the *Casco.* The *Casco* was a ninety-five foot fore-and-aft topsail schooner, seventy ton burden, and she was owned by a Californian millionaire, Dr. Merritt. She was a racing yacht, built on singularly graceful lines, grateful to the eye of a sailor. She "sat like a bird upon the water," as her

picture shows; and when the reflection of her tall masts rippled across the sun-lit waters, and her white sails and polished brass-work caught the sunlight, she must indeed have been a thing of beauty. Her wealthy owner had fitted her up with utmost luxury, her cabins upholstered in silk and velvet of gorgeous colours. But the safety of her cock-pit was not above suspicion, and she was built for racing rather than for cruising. All this information was presumably not contained in Mrs. Louis's wire; but whatever it told was enough for Louis, and he immediately wired back his approval of the scheme of chartering her. Moreover, he wrote home to Mr. Baxter to ask for ,£2,000 out of the £3,000 he had received, by the terms of his parents' Marriage Settlement, on his father's death. He chuckled with enjoyment at the picture of the arrival of his letter and Mr. Baxter's consternation at his sudden demand for two thirds of his entire capital,—for Louis's inheritance from his father remained Mrs. Thomas Stevenson's for her life.

And now again, as in the first days of his sudden discovery of popularity in New York eight months previously, Louis wrote to his friends at home;—but now the constantly repeated phrase was "It seems too good to be true."

"... I have found a yacht," he wrote to Charles Baxter, on May 11th, "and we are going full pitch for seven months. If I cannot get my health back (more or less) 'tis madness; but, of course, there is hope. . . . If this business fails to set me up, well, £2,000 is gone, and I know I can't get better. We sail from San Francisco, June 15th, for the South Seas in the yacht *Casco."* . . . .

To Lady Taylor, at Bournemouth:

"... I have to announce our great news. On June 15th we sail from San Francisco in the schooner yacht *Casco,* for a seven months' cruise in the South Seas. , , This is an old dream of mine which actually seems

to be coming true, and I am sun-struck. It seems indeed too good to be true." . . •

To Henry James:

". . . This, dear James, is valedictory. On June 15th the schooner yacht *Casco* will (weather and a jealous providence permitting) steam through the Golden Gates for Honolulu, Tahiti, the Galapagos, Guayaquil, and—I hope *not* the bottom of the Pacific. It will contain your obedient 'umble servant and party. It seems too good to be true." . . .

The party of four promptly returned to New York on May 28th, thence journeying to California, being met at Sacramento by Mrs. Louis Stevenson.

Once again, Louis found himself in San Francisco, where he had spent such difficult days in the early months of 1880, waiting for the divorce. He had not been in San Francisco since he had sailed from it for home with his wife. To three of the party—Louis, Mrs. Louis, and Lloyd,—the place was familiar: to Mrs. Thomas Stevenson it was new.

Dr. Merritt, wealthy and eccentric, proved difficult. He was not very willing to deal with Louis, whom he had never met, and whom he regarded, from what he had heard of him, as "a kind of crank." But when the Stevenson party were settled at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, a personal interview between the millionaire and Louis took place, and Dr. Merritt capitulated at once. At Dr. Merritt's request Captain Otis, the skipper of the *Casco,* who knew her well, was engaged with her. The Skipper, like the Owner, began by distrusting Louis; but he also, like the Owner, capitulated. He was to become "an intimate and valued friend," and is moreover familiar to all Stevensonians, being the original of "Nares," the fine character—and Louis's favourite character—in *The Wrecker.*

The rest of the crew, engaged by Captain Otis, consisted of four sailors,—three of them Swedes and one a Finn,—and one idler, a Chinaman, who succeeded in

shipping as a Jap; but the crew did not include an enterprising American reporter who tried to ship as a deckhand.

It was no new idea Louis Stevenson carried out when, in his thirty-seventh year, he chartered a yacht and went for a cruise on the Pacific. The idea had been planted in his mind thirteen years before, in June, 1875, when the "awfully nice man," Mr. Seed, ex-Secretary to the Customs and Marine Department of New Zealand, had dined at Heriot Row, and had talked after dinner about the South Sea Islands, till Louis was "sick to go there," and had run up late to his study, after Mr. Seed had left, to add a postscript to his letter to Mrs. Sitwell to tell her all about it. He had never forgotten that talk with Mr. Seed. It made an uneradicable impression on him. The *Hair Trunk,* written in 1877, bears reference to it.

In 1880, during that miserable, starving time at San Francisco, his friend Charles W. Stoddart had lent him his book, *South Sea Idylls** and Herman Melville's books, *Typee* and *Omoo.*

It was in San Francisco that once Stevenson had walked about the streets sick and sorry in mind and body, exiled, penniless, cast-off, starving, and had read those books about the South Seas till his heart had been "sick with desire."

Had anyone told him then that nine years later, with two thousand pounds in his pocket-book, he was in this same San Francisco to interview a millionaire, and charter his yacht, and that he would sail her to the summer seas of his desire,—would Stevenson have believed the tale?

The week in San Francisco was spent in a whirl of excitement and preparation—Louis and Lloyd Osbourne making out lists of supplies; Mrs. Louis making purchases; all save the invalid being vaccinated. Virgil

*** Published in Britain by John Murray, as *Summer Cruising in the South Seas,***

Williams was dead; but his widow, who had been "best man and bridesmaid in one" at Louis's wedding, was still resident in San Francisco, and they saw much of her and she helped them during the busy time; and other San Francisco friends came about them. And in the midst of all this, a "strange and dramatic meeting," as Mrs. Sanchez calls it, took place between Mrs. Louis Stevenson and the woman whom Mrs. Louis Stevenson's former husband, Samuel Osbourne, had married after the divorce. "A quiet, gentle little woman," this second Mrs. Osbourne. Samuel Osbourne had deserted her soon after they were married, mysteriously disappearing, never to be heard of again. The story is given that she flung herself on her knees before Mrs. Louis, exclaiming "you were right about that man and I was wrong!" and that she and Mrs. Louis sat hand in hand at Louis's bedside and talked of their troubles. Louis Stevenson, it is further told, was filled with pity for the woman and gave her financial help. A curious incident in these his last days in America.

On June 26th they went on board the *Casco,*—Robert Louis Stevenson, his wife, his brave-spirited mother, and the French maid, Valentine Roch. Friends sent parting gifts of fruits and flowers, after the graceful American fashion, till the cabins, with their bright silks and velvets, were brighter still, and full of fragrance.

At dawn on the 28th of June the beautiful yacht was towed across the bay and through the Golden Gate, and Louis, standing on his own white decks, watched the white sails, in obedience to the shouted orders, unfold, and the wind fill them, and the vessel's bow cleave its way southward through the swell of the Pacific, to the land of his dreams.

Across the Pacific Ocean they sailed, followed, till they reached the limit of the north-east trades, by graceful pilot-birds circling round them and dropping down into the valleys and hollows of the waves; cutting through the empty expanse of ocean till it was deserted

by even these fellow-voyagers, but by night hearing the eerie cry of the "boatswains" who had succeeded them, flying invisible between them and the stars overhead; seeing the Southern Cross hang "thwart the fore-rigging," and the pole star and the "familiar plough" drop low and even lower till it vanished.

"I will never leave the sea, I think; it is only there that a Briton lives; my poor Grandfather, it is from him that I inherit the taste, I fancy, and he was round many islands in his day; but I, please God, shall beat him at that before the recall is sounded." This from Louis. But from Mrs. Louis:

"I hate the sea and am afraid of it . . . I love the tropic weather and the wild people, and to see my two boys so happy."

The *Casco* sailed for the Marquesas, three thousand miles from coast to coast. There followed a month of isolation from the rest of the world, sea below and sky above, no news, utter monotony as day and night and day went by,—save for the wind and the weather. For it was a month from the day they sailed till the day, July 28th, that the *Casco* dropped anchor in Anaho Bay in Nukahiva,—the very island of Herman Melville's *Typee,* read by Louis in San Francisco in that bye-gone time;—a month of absolute dependence on each other for human society;—six persons (if we except the four ship-hands and the Chinese cook), three men and three women. There was for Louis his delight in the sea, a satisfied passion; and he had that as a common interest with the other two men on board, Lloyd Osbourne and the skipper, Captain Otis. But it was different for the women, who would not have chosen the life for themselves, and one of whom at least, Mrs. Louis, did not like the sea. Whatever they felt, they endured all for the sake of Louis, and were rewarded in seeing him gain strength day by day.

The first sight of the Islands was a great moment;—"slowly they took shape in the alternating darkness.

Uahuna piling up to a truncated summit, appeared the first upon the starboard bow; almost abeam arose our destination, Nukahiva, whelmed in cloud; and betwixt, and to the southward, the first rays of the sun displayed the needles of Uapu. These pricked about the line of the horizon, like the pinnacles of some ornate and monstrous church, they stood there, in the sparkling brightness of the morning, the fit signboard of a world of wonders."

They dropped anchor in Anaho Bay, Nukahiva, lay there for three weeks, and made friends with the natives, who, till a recent conversion, had been "the most inveterate cannibals of Polynesia." There was one white trader living among them, a proof that their conversion was complete.

Sir Graham Balfour, in his Life of Stevenson, draws attention to Stevenson's attitude towards the native races;—"intelligent sympathy was the keynote, and the same kindliness to them as to all men. He never idealized them, and his view was but rarely affected by sentiment." It may be submitted further that Stevenson was a Scot, and shared with his fellow-countrymen some of the traits of Scottish character that help to make the Scots successful Colonists all the world over; and Stevenson added to these a wide degree of tolerance, and a keen love for novelty and discovery, whether of places or of persons.

After leaving Nukahiva, the *Casco* party cruised among the coral atolls of the Paumotus or Low Archipelago, very difficult dangerous voyaging. On September 6th, "near the Paumotus," Louis, courting sleep under a blanket in the cockpit, the night "warm as milk," nothing visible but the Southern Stars, and the matter for prayer being that they should on the morrow "fetch a tuft of palms which are to indicate the Dangerous Archipelago,"—Louis had a sudden vision of—Drum-

mond Street, Edinburgh."* "It came on me like a flash of lightning. I simply returned thither, and into the past. And when I remember all I hoped and feared as I pickled about Rutherford's in the rain and the east wind; how I feared I should make a mere shipwreck, and yet timidly hoped not; how I feared I should never have a friend, far less a wife, and yet passionately hoped I might; how I hoped (if I did not take to drink) I should possibly write one little book. And then now—what a change! I feel somehow as if I should like the incident set upon a brass plate at the corner of that dreary thoroughfare for all students to read, poor devils, when their hearts are down." †

They spent four weeks at Fakarava, a low atoll, a mere horseshoe of coral lying in the sea, eighty miles in circumference, and two hundred yards in width across, twenty feet only above waves that could be dangerous, so that poor Mrs. Louis owned to feeling a justified sense of insecurity. Here they spent their time amphibiously, bathing in the warm shallow- lagoon, and wading up to the knees, gathering the wonderful shells, and in the evening, after the heat of the day, sitting in the moonlight on mattresses on the veranda of their cottage, listening to their nightly visitor, M. Remareau, the Vice-President, who, himself half Tahitian, was full of stories of the island,—supernatural stories such as Mrs. Louis loved,—stories which, Mrs. Louis says in her preface to *Island Nights Entertainments,* Louis had in mind when he wrote *The Isle of Voices.* It was at Fakarava that the *Casco* was called by the natives "The Silver Ship"—a poetical name for his yacht that delighted Louis.

Writing from this Coral Island to Mr. Colvin, Louis told him "the interest indeed has been *incredible.* I did

***Drummond Street is a dismal street close to the University and the "Speculative" rooms, and in it is "Rutherford's," the public house that used to be the resort of students at luncheon-time. It is also very near the Old Infirmary, where Louis first saw Henley.**

† *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. III, 65.

Hot dream that there were such places or such races." And he reports himself as wonderful in health, sunburnt and happy, spending hours on horseback and hours in the sea wading up to the knees in search of shells. And at the end of the letter—was it because of that vision of Drummond Street and the past, seen just a fortnight before he is writing?—he asks Mr. Colvin to hand on his news and give his "kind love" to Henley. And he has a slight cold.

They made the Tahitian group, or "Society Islands" in the first week of October; and here, at the chief town and port, Papeete, Stevenson's cold developed and he was ill with haemorrhage and had to go to the other and milder side of the island to the beautiful station there, Tautira. He called it "the garden of the world," and "mere Heaven," and "first chop," and the human element begins again here, for Stevenson made friends with a native Princess and with a native sub-chief whom Louis described as "exactly like a colonel in the Guards" —"six feet three in his stockings and a magnificent man, and one of the finest creatures extant." The friendship was begun by Princess Moe calling on the Stevensons the day after their arrival, having heard of a white man being ill. She herself made Louis a salad of raw fish, which was the first thing he was able to eat. And she invited them to stay with her, in the house of Rui (Ori a Ori), the sub-chief;—and Ori a Ori turned out of his home,—he and his wife, his sons, his daughter and her babies,—and gave it up to them. It was to this Princess Moe, ex-queen of Raitea, that Louis wrote his verses, "To an Island Princess":—

"Since long ago, a child at home
I read and longed to rise and roam,
Where'er I went, whatever I willed
One promised land my fancy filled. . . .
Till, Lady, to your isle of sun
I came, not hoping; and, like one
Snatched out of blindness, rubbed my eyes,

And hailed my promised land with cries. . • .
Yes, Lady, here I was at last;
Here found I all I had forecast:
The long roll of the sapphire sea
That keeps the land's virginity;
The stalwart giants of the woods
Laden with toys and flowers and food; . . . •
I threw one look to either hand,
And knew I was in Fairyland . . •
It was not long I waited; soon
Upon my threshold, in broad noon,
Gracious and helpful, wise and good,
The Fairy Princess Moe stood."

The "Silver Ship," so beautiful to outward seeming, which had brought them so gallantly and loyally across the Ocean and through all the dangerous navigation they had ventured on, was suddenly to fail them. Mrs. Sanchez tells the story most picturesquely. According to her, Mrs. Thomas Stevenson had always tried to induce Captain Otis, the skipper, to attend Church Service wherever they put in. It does not seem as if there could have been many such opportunities, but at any rate he had declined to take any that did present themselves; and when Mrs. Thomas Stevenson gathered some native women on board the *Casco* for a little meeting—she who had been so devoted at home to her work for the "Church of Scotland's Ladies' Association for Foreign Missions"—he leant against a mast, not at all pleased that he could not escape the Service. A native woman offered a prayer for the yacht's safety in the perils at sea, and prayed that if there were anything wrong with her it might be discovered in time. This was too much for the feelings of the yacht's skipper, and after the guests had left, he struck the mast by which he was standing a great blow, exclaiming angrily against "psalm singing natives." And the prayer was certainly answered, for the danger was discovered in time. His fist went right through the dry rot of the mast.

Louis, writing to tell Mr. Baxter, does not tell Mr. Baxter about the prayer. On the contrary;—"Our main mast is dry-rotten, and we are all to the devil," is what he does tell him. Louis foresees he will lie in a debtor's jail; but he is more interested in "words to Wandering Willie" which he encloses. These are the two first verses of the poem so well known to-day:

"Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust."

Stevenson wrote them at Tautira in tropical heat,—shimmering blue sea, tossing palms against a blue sky, the air full of the scent of fruits and flowers.

The *Casco* was sent back to Papeete for repairs, and this meant that the whole party had to remain on at Tautira until she was remasted. And at Tautira, probably as a return for all the hospitality they were receiving, Louis and his wife gave a great feast to the natives, of which Mrs. Louis wrote a full and witty account to Mr. Colvin.* Four fat hogs were bought, washed in the sea, roasted whole, and served in "neat open coffins of green basket work," and beside each coffin stood a case of biscuits from the *Casco.* Louis, in white, Lloyd Osbourne in white, Mrs. Louis in a red and white muslin, barefoot, received the five detachments of guests;—Protestants, headed by a clergyman; Catholics, headed by the Catechist; "irreligious," headed by a member of Council; the school-children, headed by the schoolmaster; and a small sect, "by some strange mischance called Mormons," headed by the best and wittiest speaker in Tautira. All were gaily dressed, and they bent under the weight of bamboo poles bearing offering of fruits, pigs, and fowls. Louis made an oration to each of the five detachments of guests and each replied;—all to

* **See** *Letters.* Ed. by Sir Sidney Colvin. **III,** 82-84.

the accompaniment of pigs' squealing and the roar of the surf. Meantime Mrs. Thomas Stevenson "had had a feast of her own, conducted on religious principles, and she kept a little in the background, so that her dress did not matter so much." Her dress was probably her black widow's dress and her white crepe widow's cap with streamers,—a cap destined to become as great a feature in Pacific circles as had been Louis's velvet coat in the social life at home.

On the morning of the feast Louis Stevenson and Ori a Ori had exchanged names—a mark of brotherhood,—and Ori a Ori became "Rui," the nearest approach to "Louis." But trouble was in store. The *Casco* did not return; all the natives began to share their anxiety, and the horizon was scanned in vain. At last Ori went himself to Papeete and brought back the news that the *Casco* needed more repairs, and it might be a long time till she could return to Tautira for them. What were they to do? They had used up all the yacht's stores; they had only a few dollars left; and they were far from home and supplies. They knew that Ori a Ori would want them to remain with him, though he had turned out of his house for their reception, but "what depressed me the most of all, was the fact that Louis had made brothers with him just before this took place." They sat on the floor waiting for Ori a Ori to come, to tell him,—dreading, lest there should be any look of doubt on his face when he heard the tale. The Catholic priest and the Princess Moe came and sat with them. The tension was great; Mrs. Louis's nerves gave way and she burst into tears; and the Princess wept in sympathy. Ori a Ori's wife, Mrs. Rui, came, and they told her; but she simply sat on the floor in silence, which "was very damping for a beginning." Then at last came Ori a Ori. He listened with dignity, asked a few questions, and then he spoke: "You are my brother, all that I have is yours. I know your food is done, but I can give you plenty of fish and taro. We like you, and wish to have

you here, stay where you are till the *Casco* comes. Be happy—*et ne pleurez pas."* Louis laid his head down and sobbed; and then they all shook hands. When Mrs. Rui's silence was broken it was found that it had been only the silence of a dutiful wife, waiting to learn her husband's opinion.

So they stayed on, as Rui's guests; and Louis worked hard at *The Master of Ballantrae*—almost finished it,—and collected native songs and legends, and "wonderful materials" for his book *In the South Seas.*

He wrote, besides *Home no more Home to Me* and *To an Island Princess* (both to be printed in 1895 in *Songs of Travel),* the *Song of liahero* and the *Feast of Famine,* both of which he was to see in print, as they were included in *Ballads,* published in 1891. Both these later ballads he had sent home to Mr. Colvin in October; but Mr. Colvin did not care for them. Louis, foreseeing this, had told him that he knew he was "only courting the most excruciating mortification" in sending them, but did so because he was running dangers in navigation, and though he could bear to go down himself, he could not bear to have much MS. go down with him.

So ended the eventful year of 1888; and on Christmas Day, both masts repaired, the Stevenson party said good-bye to the friends they had made at beautiful Tautira and embarked once more, this time for Honolulu. The parting from Ori a Ori was heartbreaking. He ran along the beach to see Louis Stevenson still, and cried out "Farewell Louis!" and watched the vanishing ship till the night fell.

The Stevensons went to Honolulu to get their mails. Louis hoped to discover from these how he stood with regard to finance, and to determine, after learning this, the route by which he should travel home. Louis had written to Mr. Colvin on January 14th, on board the *Casco* after three weeks at sea, to have the letter ready to add to and post on arrival at Honolulu. They had met bad weather—rains and squalls and calms, and

had skirted dangerous weather. Two nights before writing his letter to Mr. Colvin, Louis tells him, they had—as they often did,—planned out their arrival at the Monument, as Louis always called Mr. Colvin's house at the British Museum. They had planned it all —"arrived in the lights and whirl of Waterloo, hailed a hansom, span up Waterloo Road, over the Bridge, etc., etc., and hailed the Monument gate in triumph and with indescribable delight. My dear Custodian . . • I wish to tell you that the longer I live, the more dear do you become to me, nor does my heart own any stronger sentiment." Louis, in this same letter, tells Mr. Colvin that if they do not find enough money at Honolulu, they will have to return in the *Casco* to San Francisco, and thence by sea to Southampton, arriving there in April. "I would like fine to see you on the tug: ten years older both of us than the last time you came, to welcome Fanny and me back to England." If they do find enough money at Honolulu, the plan, he says, is to send the *Casco* back to San Francisco and themselves to make a stay at Honolulu, travel back by steamer and train to New York, and thence to Southampton. "But all this is a question of money."

They arrived at Honolulu on the 24th of January, and Louis wrote to Mr. Burlingame, editor of *Scribner's Magazine,* sending him more parts of the *Master of Ballantrae,* and "To-morrow the mail comes in, and I hope it will bring me money either from you or home." And to-morrow, when the mail came in, the mail-bag was eagerly opened, the large packet of letters was thrown over, and Mr. Colvin's handwriting searched for—but there was none from Mr. Colvin; and the mail-bag, with seven months' accumulated correspondence, did not include the longed for funds; but it at least brought Louis graceful homage from France, in the shape of two letters from M. Marcel Schwob, another scholarly lover of French eighteenth-century literature. After his long severance from civilization, such letters

must have fallen on Louis like dew on parched ground.

On February 8th Louis wrote to Charles Baxter: "No money, and not one word as to money!" But he had got the *Casco* paid off. His report is "My wife is no great shakes; she is the one who has suffered most. My Mother has had a Huge Old Time; Lloyd is first chop; I so well that I do not know myself—sea-bathing, if you please, and what is far more dangerous, entertaining and being entertained by His Majesty here * who is very fine intelligent fellow, but O, Charles! what a crop for the drink! . . . we calculated five bottles of champagne in three hours and a half (afternoon), and the Sovereign quite presentable, although perceptibly more dignified at the end."

Stevenson had called on the native King soon after arrival, and it was on the occasion of the Hawaiian monarch's return call to the *Casco* that the "five bottles of champagne in three hours and a half (afternoon)" had been consumed by him.

The circle in which Stevenson found himself on arrival in Honolulu involved him in an intimacy with King Kalakaua and his court and following that resulted to a certain degree in depriving a number of the white residents of the opportunity, which they would have delighted in, of making friends with Louis Stevenson. Many residents in Honolulu had always held aloof from the native court from their dislike of the drunken and immoral character of the King. Another effect of Stevenson's association with Kalakaua and his adherents was that he was influenced thereby in regard to the political unrest in Samoa.

In 1887 King Kalakaua had sent an embassy to Apia, proposing a native federation of the Polynesian Islands, and Louis's interest was aroused by the information given him by Honolulu people who had gone with this embassy, and by all that was told him in Honolulu concerning the political disturbances in Samoa, where &

* *King* Kalakaua, the last of the Hawaiian kings.

rebel chief, Tamasese, had risen against the King Malietoa. This led to the first of Stevenson's letters to the *Times* on Samoan politics. Louis's *Times* letter appeared on March 11th, about the time that a hurricane visited Samoa, sinking six great warships in Apia harbour,—one Man-of-War, bearing the British flag, standing bravely out to sea, and alone being saved.

Honolulu, the Capital of Hawaii, was in those days an admixture of native life and civilisation. The Stevensons were located a little out of the town, at Waikiki, in a kind of pavilion and two smaller buildings, all on native lines, between the high road and the beach. The pavilion was divided into a large living-room, roofed but partly open, with only jalousied shutters, and a balcony off which three rooms opened—Mrs. Stevenson's bedroom, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's bedroom, and a dark room for photographs. The smaller buildings, detached, Louis described as "crazy dirty cottages," and these he and his wife occupied, with a litter of photographs, piles of cocoanuts, writing-tables, ink-pots, easels, hens, cobwebs, mice, cockroaches, scorpions, books, manuscripts, and pallet beds. This is Stevenson's own account; but Mrs. Eleanor Rivenburgh gives a more attractive picture.* The cottage, she says, consisted of one room, "rustic and charming without and covered with a flowering passion vine, but humble indeed within, with newspapers pasted over white plaster and cracks impossible of concealment."

Valentine Roch was by now no longer with them, having gone back to California.

It was in these surroundings that *The Master of Ballantrae* was finished—the final pages being laboriously accomplished up to time, for the novel was already appearing in *Scribner's Magazine,* part by part, before it was actually completed.

During their stay at Honolulu, the Stevenson party saw much of the native royalties, King Kalakaua and

*** In The *American Bookman,* in 1917.**

his sister, Princess Liliuokolani, and there were many Hawaiian feasts. It was at one of these, soon after their arrival, that Stevenson presented the King with a yellow pearl, and the poem he had written;—

"The Silver Ship, my King,—that was her name
In the bright islands whence your fathers came;
The Silver Ship, at rest from winds and tides,
Below your palace in your harbour rides,
And the seafarers, sitting safe on shore
Like eager merchants count their treasures o'er;
One gift they find, one strange and lovely thing,
Now doubly precious, since it pleased a King;
The right, my liege, is ancient as the lyre
For bards to give to Kings what Kings admire;
'Tis mine to offer, for Apollo's sake,
And since the gift is fitting, yours to take;
To golden hands the golden pearl I bring,
The ocean jewel to the Island King."

This feast, probably typical of all, was held with native ceremony and much elaboration. The guests of honour and the native sovereign sat on fine mats, while great plumes of black and white feathers mounted on carved ivory handles were waved over their heads, and native maidens in grass skirts danced before them to the music of a native band. They ate native dainties made of pork and chicken, of cocoanut and edible seaweed, and they drank champagne. Indeed Stevenson, in the confessional of a letter to Charles Baxter, calls these feasts "champagne parties," and adds that "Kalakaua is a terrible companion; a bottle of fizz is like a glass of sherry to him; he thinks nothing of five or six in an afternoon as a whet for dinner. You should see a photograph of our party after an afternoon with H.H.M. My! What a crew!"

No more appropriate exclamation could be found, on seeing these photographs, with Robert Louis Stevenson amid the others. They perhaps help, more than any

written words—even Stevenson's own—to the realisation of his surroundings.

Another dusky royalty, very different from the dignifiedly-drunken "huge, brown-skinned King," was the graceful little Princess Kaiulani, daughter of Governor Cleghorn and Princess Like-like; and to her also, on the occasion of her leaving Honolulu and going to her father's country, Britain, to school, Stevenson wrote a poem,—the poem beginning:—

> "Forth from her lands to mine she goes
> The island maid, the island rose,
> Light of heart and bright of face
> The daughter of a double race."

But native dignitaries were not the only associates Stevenson had in Honolulu, whose society included many British and American residents. Several among these tendered him a welcome and became his friends, and the pavilion house at Waikiki saw occasional guests. We are indebted to one or more of these for glimpses of Stevenson in the Honolulu months; to Mr. A. C. Brown for a word-picture of R. L. S. lying in his cot, propped with pillows, playing on his flageolet to a little mouse he had tamed by feeding it, and which was politely sitting up on its haunches, listening to the music. Also to Captain Berger for his memory:—"Those hands of his, and his eyes—those hands when he talked to me, and those eyes when I talked to him! Such delicate hands! Such brilliant, burning eyes!" Another word-picture gives a glimpse, not this time of Stevenson, but of his gentle and decorous mother, Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, in her incongruous surroundings. It is from Professor Scott: "I shall never forget the pleasant hours I spent . . . over the teacups with the family. They were so original and so interesting! Mother Stevenson I recall with particular delight, so prim a figure in her black silk gown and widow's bonnet, silently sewing

or knitting, in perfect unconcern in the midst of their playful pranks."

Sir Edmund Radcliffe Pears, R.N., was in 1889 serving as a lieutenant on H. M. *Cormorant,* lying inside the coral reef that forms the harbour at Honolulu. He was already a reader and admirer of Stevenson, and much interested in the arrival of the yacht *Casco,* which anchored close by the *Cormorant.* Later he became a frequent guest and host of Stevenson's, and, in his article in *Scribner's Magazine* in January, 1923, tells of the friendly, brilliant, unconventional hospitality at Waikiki,—of his first call there, Stevenson walking up and down the room, smoking cigarette after cigarette, talking of his *Casco* experiences, throwing his spell over his young listening guest. Of Mrs. Louis's entrance, barefooted, in the "holoku," or loose dress worn by the South Sea Island women, and of the impression she produced of character, intellect, and marked individuality. Of a dinner—a family gathering—to which he was invited later,—Louis Stevenson and his wife; Mrs. Thomas Stevenson; Mr. Lloyd Osbourne; and Mrs. Louis Stevenson's married daughter Mrs. Strong and her husband;—Mrs. Louis still in her "holoku," with a brazier burning under the table to keep mosquitoes away from her bare feet.

It was to Sir Edmund Pears that Louis Stevenson, when the *Cormorant* left Honolulu for a cruise round the Pacific Islands, gave introductions to and messages for his friends left at Tautira, Princess Moe and Ori a Ori, and fifty pounds to be given to the chief of Papara for the relief of the people—especially the people of Tautira—who had suffered from the recent hurricane. These commissions were faithfully carried out, and Stevenson's friend was welcomed with delight by Stevenson's "brother" Ori a Ori.

It was in the February immediately after their arrival in Honolulu that Stevenson, writing home to Charles Baxter, had said: "No money, and not one word

as to money!" and given him his first impressions of the "fine, intelligent" but convivial King. A month later, in March, he wrote again; and this time:—"At last I have the accounts. . . . Thank God, I think I'm in port again, and I have found one climate in which I can enjoy life. Even Honolulu is too cold for me, but the south isles were a heaven upon earth." He tells that they think, "as Tahiti is too complete a banishment" of trying Madeira, it being only a week from England, with good communications, and the climate "not unlike our dear islands," and it would be possible for friends to come to them there, and for him to go home in summer, "so I should not be quite cut off."

It is March, and Stevenson has had no letter from Mr. Colvin. "Still not a word from you! I am utterly cast down," he writes to him. "... I do not think I have heard from you since last May; certainly not since June; and this really frightens me. Do write, even now. Scribner's Sons it should be; we shall probably be out of this some time in April, home some time in June. But the world whirls to me perceptibly, a mass of times and seasons and places and engagements, and seas to cross, and continents to traverse, so that I scarce know where I am. Well, I have had a brave time. *Et ego in Arcadia*—though I don't believe Arcadia was a spot upon Tahiti. I have written another long narrative poem: the *Song of Rahero.* Privately, I think it good: but your ominous silence over the *Feast of Famine* leads me to fear we shall not be agreed. Is it possible I have wounded you in some way? I scarce like to dream that it is possible; and yet I know too well it may be so. If so, don't write, and you can pitch into me when we meet."

Nothing more is heard of the Madeira scheme. It must have been vetoed—why?

A letter to Mrs. Sitwell from Mrs. Louis Stevenson, and a letter written by Louis at the same time to Henry James, brought the first intimation to friends at home

that Louis Stevenson, instead of coming home in April, was to go on another long cruise for many more months, to more remote islands in the Pacific.

"Yes—I own up—I am untrue to friendship and (what is less, but still considerable) to civilization. I am not coming home for another year." So began his letter to Henry James.

To Mr. Colvin, it is almost a cry for pardon:—"I am downright ashamed of my news, which is that we are not coming home for another year. I cannot but hope it may continue the vast improvement of my health: I think it good for Fanny and Lloyd; and we have all a taste for this wandering and dangerous life. . . . I feel as if I were untrue to friendship; believe me, Colvin, when I look forward to this absence of another year, my conscience sinks at thought of the Monument; but I think you will pardon me if you consider how much this tropical weather mends my health."

At the end of April, Louis went for a visit alone to the island of Hawaii, spending a week on the coast with a native judge, and while there seeing some natives start to the leper settlement of Molokai.

Early in May, Mrs. Thomas Stevenson left, returning to Scotland alone, via America. Later in May, Louis —probably inspired to do so by what he had felt in watching that departure of natives to Molokai—visited that island himself, and by special permission stayed for a week in the leper settlement, the scene of Father Damien's work. On Louis, what he saw made a profound impression. They approached the island by sunrise, the first sight of the settlement, built on a low promontory, bleak and harsh, and consisting of a town of wooden houses, two churches, landing stairs, with "a great wall of the pali cutting the world out on the south," struck him with horror. The lepers on board were sent ashore in a boat, and the second boat followed with Louis Stevenson and some Sisters. "My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point, but the moral

loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly." And he told the Sisters: "Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome," and tried to cheer them.

Brother Dutton, in his notes taken at the time, wrote of the visitor whom he showed over the place. "Highly strung organisation and temperament, quick to feel, quick to love—a very affectionate disposition. . . . I heard the same gentle melody, observed the same earnest desire, that had been features of my own aim and hungry search for what might be my greatest good while trying to do good to others . . . as we walked and looked, particularly seeing and sympathising with all of the sick and far advanced cases, and as we talked even to the time of his remounting the horse and slowly walking toward the gate, he seemed more and more interested, and with consummate skill drew from me the motives that controlled me in coming here."

There resulted from this visit two very different pieces of literature:—his defence of Father Damien in the fiercely indignant open letter to Dr. Hyde, written nearly a year later; and the following tender little poem, written at the time, in the Guest House, Kalawao, Molokai:—

"TO MOTHER MAEYANNE

To see the infinite pity of this place,
The mangled limb, the devastated face,
The innocent sufferer smiling at the rod—
A fool were tempted to deny his God.
He sees, he shrinks. But if he gaze again,
Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!
He marks the Sisters on the mournful shores;
And even a fool is silent and adores."

On his return to Honolulu, Stevenson was immersed in preparations for the year's voyage; but he found

time, amid them all, to send Mother Maryanne a practical evidence of his sympathy with her work—a grand piano for her leper girls.

In this same May, the long-looked-for letter from Mr. Colvin came at last. It may have arrived when Louis was at Molokai, for it was Mrs. Louis who wrote, on May 21st, "Best of friends, it was a joy inexpressible to get a word from you at last. . . . Now that we know you have been ill, please do let someone send us a line to our next address telling us how you are."

The Stevensons' plans having taken definite shape, a schooner—the *Equator*, 62 tons burden, Captain Denis Reid, was chartered for the voyage, Louis paying a sum down for a cruise of four months, or longer if desired; the landing by Stevenson's wish and written demand, at any place in the line of its trading, to be paid for by a fixed daily extra price; the landing anywhere for its own trading purposes to be prolonged for three days, if Stevenson so desired, without charge.

This time 'the party was a different one from that on the yacht *Casco.* Mrs. Thomas Stevenson was not of it, nor was Valentine Roch: of the former party, there were Louis Stevenson and his wife and his stepson: and the only additional member was their Chinese cook, Ah Fu, whom they had picked up somewhere in the Dangerous Archipelago, as a substitute for the Jap cook engaged at San Francisco.

On "a certain bright June day in 1889,"—to be exact, the twenty-fourth of June, exactly five months after the date of their landing, Louis Stevenson and his wife and his stepson boarded the *Equator.* At the very last moment King Kalakaua drove up with a party of his native musicians,—two carriages and much excitement of farewells,—and bringing with him a hamper of the inevitable champagne for final toasts.

The schooner sailed, leaving the mighty brown monarch waving his hand from the shore, and his native musicians lined up on the edge of the wharf, sending

strains of farewell music over the widening expanse of seas.

For the next six months Louis Stevenson was to be lost to the ken of civilisation and to his friends.

They were bound for the Gilberts, "the most primitively mannered of all the island groups of the Western Pacific," peopled by a different race from the Polynesians, and speaking a quite different language;—the Micronesians, shorter of body, darker of skin, having black blood in their veins.

Almost as soon as the *Equator* was well at sea, plans were changed.

On a moonlight night,—as with the first conception at Saranac of *The Master of Ballantrae* (just finished at Honolulu)—*The Wrecker* was conceived. "On such a night" sang young Lorenzo. Moonlight again—this time Louis not alone on a bitterly cold veranda, but with the others in talk on the deck of a schooner on a hot night in the Tropics. "The talk fell on the strange history of the loss of the Brigantine *Wandering Minstrel;* and from this germ was quickly developed the plot of *The Wrecker"* The scheme that they evolved was that the novel was to be written at once, sent from Samoa to a publisher, and that with the proceeds they were "to buy a schooner, stock the trade room, and start upon their wanderings under the guidance of Denis Reid, who threw himself heart and soul into the spirit of the new venture."

In other words, Louis Stevenson, having discarded first the profession of engineering, then the profession of Law, and having finally succeeded in the (now lucrative) profession of literature, was to become a South Seas trader, and run that simultaneously with the trade of authorship. It was indeed, what Sir Graham Balfour says of it, "a wild scheme."

They landed at Butaritari, in Great Makin; and here, "for the first and probably the only time in his wanderings, Stevenson was in real danger of violence from the

natives." It came about because the missionaries in the group being American, American Independence Day, July 4th, had been celebrated—but not in a fashion suggested by the Missionaries. The prohibition on spirits had been removed by the King, and the natives, from King downwards, were not sober. Stevenson, sitting by the lamp on his veranda, was the target for large stones. But negotiations resulted on the prohibition being re-enforced, the natives became sober, and all was well. The *Equator* was able to make a stay of some weeks.

The terms on which Stevenson had chartered the schooner were not regarded as obligatory. Stevenson and Captain Reid acted as though Stevenson were owner, the schooner his yacht, and Captain Reid his Skipper. The spirit of the arrangement was kept; for Stevenson took personal interest in the schooner's trading fortunes.

The first letter from Stevenson to reach England was one to Mr. Oolvin, begun in August and finished in October. The beginning of this letter, dated August 22nd, 1889, on board the *Equator* at Apaiana Lagoon, opens with the announcement "I am glad to say I shall be home by June next for the summer, or we shall know the reason why. For God's sake be well and jolly for the meeting." The second instalment of the letter, headed "Equator Town, Apemama, Oct., 1889," tells about this second port of call—Butaritari and Apemama were the two island capitals at which they stayed for any length of time. Amid "heat and tedium and villainous dazzle and yet more villainous mosquitoes," the native King is the attraction. He had power of life and death, and allowed no white man on his island. But after an inspection of R. L. S., and two days' consideration, he admitted him and his party as his guests, and provided for them four houses and a cook. *In the South Seas* contains a description of this King—"his beaked profile" like that of the mask of Dante, and his mane of

black hair. His taste in dress seems to have been as variegated and as startling as Stevenson's own. One day "a woman's frock"; another day, naval uniform; a third day, a masquerade of his own design,—green velvet and red silk, with a "singular jacket with shirt tails";—"a figure out of Hoffmann."

He was a poet, a collector, and a shrewd trader and man of business; and his character, according to Sir Sidney Colvin, "is far the most interesting and attractive part of the volume called *In the South Seas,* which was the literary result of these voyages." The description of this King was the part of his diary, Sir Graham Balfour says, least disappointing to Stevenson.

Sir Graham Balfour visited the island four years after his cousin, Louis Stevenson, had been there. When he saw it, it all was changed, King Tembinok having died, and the Gilbert Islands having been annexed by Great Britain. But one reminder of the severity of King Tembinok's rule Sir Graham Balfour saw,—something which Louis Stevenson never saw nor knew about,—and Sir Graham tells it in his *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson:*—"A large 'Speakhouse' at Tuagana. Some two hours' sail down the coast, where all round the interior of the house, at the end of the roof beams, there had been a set of eight and forty human skulls, of which nearly twenty were still remaining. The house had been built by Tembinok's father, and the heads were those of malefactors, both white and native, or at all events of people who had caused displeasure to the King."

When the time came for Stevenson's departure, King Tembinok was depressed and miserable at the parting. He sat on his mat, disconsolate, and often sighed. One of his wives "stepped forth from a cluster" and kissed him silently, silently returning to the cluster. In the morning it was common topic in the village that their King had wept. He took Stevenson's party on board in his own gig, and—unlike King Kalakaua at Hono-

lulu, refused refreshments, shook hands silently, and went ashore.

How Stevenson won the hearts of all,—men of all races! The magnificent Ori a Ori, running along the shore of Tautira, and his heartbroken cries of "Farewell, Louis!"; King Kalakaua on the shore at Honolulu, waving to the schooner as she sailed away; King Tembinok, with his Dante mask profile, silent and dejected, turning away and going back ashore solitary at heart, after his revelation of the weeks of friendship.

At the end of his August-to-October letter to Mr. Colvin, Louis had told him of the three books he had in hand,—*The Wrecker, The Pearl Fisher,* and *The Beachcombers.* "It is *The Wrecker* we are now engaged upon," he says; and he calls the books "South Sea Yarns," and they are all three to be "by R. L. S. and Lloyd O."

His next letter to Mr. Colvin was written on the schooner *Equator* at sea, "190 miles off Samoa, Monday, December 2nd, 1889." In it he told Mr. Colvin "I am minded to stay not very long in Samoa and confine my studies there (as far as one can forecast) to the history of the late war. My book is now practically modelled. . . . I propose to call the book *The South Seas";* and he gives in this letter a detailed scheme of the book's chapters and headings and contents,—sixty chapters, "300 *Comhill* pages," he says,—reverting to the old measurement of his literary work. The letter ends with his plans of home-coming,—a day or two in Paris, and then, "I can hear the rattle of the hansom up Endell Street, and see the gates swing back, and feel myself jump out upon the Monument steps—Hosanna!—home again."

He talks of sending his stepson to Cambridge. And he encloses "a copy of verses made in Apemama":

"I heard the pulse of the besieging sea
Throb far away all night. I heard the wind

Fly crying, and convulse tumultuous palms.
I rose and strolled. The isle was all bright sand,
And flashing fans and shadows of the palm:
The heaven all moon, and wind, and the blind vault—
The keenest planet slain, for Venus slept.
The King, my neighbour, with his host of wives,
Slept in the precinct of the palisade:
Where single, in the wind, under the moon,
Among the slumbering cabins, blazed a fire,
Sole street-lamp and the only sentinel.

To other lands and nights my fancy turned.
To London first, and chiefly to your house,
The many pillared and the well-beloved. . . ."

On December 4th, "Schooner *Equator,* at sea," he wrote to Mr. Burlingame, offering *The Wrecker,* "by It. L. S. and Lloyd Osbourne," as a serial for *Scribner's Magazine.*

Early in December, 1889, the Stevensons "emerged," to use Sir Sidney Colvin's expression, in Samoa.

The Rev. W. E. Clarke of The London Missionary Society, afterwards to be, till Stevenson's death, his dear and valued friend, describes his first sight of him:—

"A cloudless, tropical morning, the sun relentless; the trade wind sweeping across the bay, driving the huge Pacific rollers against the barrier reef in great masses of foam. The two giant palms which mark the approach of the mission compound were arching and creaking in the gale, their plumes crackling like musketry; a little trading schooner, of about thirty tons, with fluttering sail, was diving and plunging its way into the calm safety of the bay. Making my way along the 'Beach' —the sandy track with its long, straggling line of 'stores' and drink saloons—I met a little group of three European strangers,—two men and a woman. The latter wore a print gown, large gold crescent earrings, a Gilbert-island hat of plaited straw, encircled with a wreath of small shells, a scarlet silk scarf round

her neck, and a brilliant plaid shawl across her shoulders; her bare feet were encased in white canvas shoes, and across her back was slung a guitar.

The younger of her two companions was dressed in a striped pyjama suit—the undress costume of most European traders in these seas—a slouch straw hat of native make, dark blue sun-spectacles, and over his shoulders a banjo. The other man was dressed in a shabby suit of white flannels that had seen many better days, a white drill yachting cap with prominent peak, a cigarette in his mouth, and a photographic camera in his hand. Both the men were barefooted. They had evidently just landed from the little schooner now lying placidly at anchor, and my first thought was that, probably, they were wandering players en route to New Zealand, compelled by their poverty to take the cheap conveyance of a trading vessel.

My work as missionary in Apia was not confined to the natives. The London Missionary Society has a little English church there, and the L. M. S. Missionary is its pastor, and includes in his parish the whole European population of Samoa. In the course of duty, therefore, I called at the 'hotel,' where the strangers were staying, to offer them civility and hospitality, and found them, as is so often the case among the European flotsam of the South Seas, educated and refined gentlefolk. Next day, I learnt that the stranger in the shabby flannels was Robert Louis Stevenson, the lady his wife, and the young man his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne . . . their intention was to spend a month, or more, in the Samoan group before returning to civilisation. But a few weeks later, their plans were changed; the glamour of the islands fell upon them, as all the world now knows; and in the end they decided to make their home in Samoa, and to my great happiness—for by this time I had found a congenial and delightful friend—to make it near mine."

Samoa consists of a group of islands, the Navigator Islands, of which group Upolu, a wooded island about forty-five miles long and eleven miles broad, is the most important. The Capital and port of Upolu is Apia, which, in the day of Stevenson's landing, was peopled by the native population and about three hundred white people and half-castes, about two-thirds of whom were British, and the rest mostly German. Stevenson, not at first favourably impressed by the place or its inhabitants, was won by the charm of the island. He stayed for six weeks, first—all the family—at the house of Mr. H. J. Moors, a prominent American trader in Apia, who had been the first to board the schooner *Equator* when she dropped anchor and to welcome R. L. S. to Apia; and later at a little cottage not far off.

In these six weeks Stevenson wrote *The Bottle Imp,* his first Polynesian story; and during the six weeks a momentous decision was made. Stevenson bought land on Upolu,—Mr. Moors negotiated the purchase for him—three hundred acres of the wooded side of a mountain, six hundred feet above the level of Apia and the sea. He did this intending to build a dwelling on it and that it should be a delightful place of "rest and call" between sea cruises; but it was to be his home until the end. For he was not to "be home by June next for the summer,"—he was to "know the reason why." He was to learn it in Sydney, whither he and his wife went at the beginning of February (1890), to gather letters and do business.

It was during the voyage from Apia to Sydney, on **board** S. S. *Liibeck,* that Louis wrote Charles Baxter **a** letter in which he enclosed a poem and said: "Ay, ay, it is sad to sell 17; sad and fine were the old days: when I was away in Apemama, I wrote two copies of verse **about** Edinburgh and the past, so ink black, so golden bright." And the poem, copied out and enclosed, was *To My Old Familiars,*—the poem which begins:

"Do you remember—can we e'er forget?—
How, in the coiled perplexities of youth,
In our wild climate, in our scowling town,
We gloomed and shivered, sorrowed, sobbed and feared?
The belching winter wind, the missile rain,
The rare and welcome silence of the snows,
The laggard morn, the haggard day, the night,
The grimy spell of the nocturnal town,
Do you remember?—Ah, could one forget! . . . ."

Whilst in Sydney, Louis Stevenson once again exhibited all his old symptoms, mental and physical. He was again overtaken by the excitability of the invalid, again eagerly responsive to the call of heroism—quixotic yearning to defend the weak or wronged. It was the state of mind that had moved him to fierce dislike of Gladstone, to bitter realisation of the country's shame in the death of Gordon, to a sense of personal responsibility for it, and again to his mad desire to occupy the boycotted farm in Kerry and defend the womenfolk of the murdered Irish farmer. It was this same hot-headed Stevenson who, reading in a Church newspaper some very unpleasant criticism of Father Damien by Dr. Hyde, a Presbyterian minister in Honolulu, wrote his open *Letter to Dr. Hyde,* the harshness of which he was afterwards to regret. He told Dr. Robert Scot-Skirving of Edinburgh—settled in Sydney—who came to see him, "for the next few days I propose to devote myself to writing a libel—but it will be a justified and a righteous one." He wrote it at the Union Club.*

Alas, he was also the same Stevenson physically, for once more he was seriously ill,—a bad bronchial attack, haemorrhage and fever as of old. This decided him. It must be the sea again,—but not a voyage home.

The steamer *Janet Nicoll,* owned by Messrs. Henderson & Macfarlane of Sydney, was about to start on a

*** *Letter to Dr. Hyde* was published in Sydney in the form of a pamphlet, and appeared in the *Scots Observer* in May, 1890. It was published later by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.**

trading expedition to the Gilberts and other remote and primitive island groups. Mrs. Louis applied for passages for Louis, herself and her son; but they were refused her: they could not take a woman. Finally she managed to persuade the owners, representing it was a case of life or death to her husband. Charles Baxter in Edinburgh received a cable on April 10th:—"Return Islands four months. Home September."

They sailed from Sydney on April 11th. The voyage was to last until August; but before the first week was over,—a week of heavy seas and beating up against head winds to Auckland,—Louis was already better.

The voyage was undertaken under rough and primitive conditions. Mrs. Louis Stevenson was the only woman on board; the crew consisted of about nine white men and over forty black "boys" from the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides; the "mess" was composed of Louis Stevenson and his wife; Lloyd Osbourne; the ship's owner, Mr. Henderson; the Captain; the Engineer; Ben Hird, super cargo; and Mr. Buckland, *alias* "Tin Jack." There was a large saloon and there were cabins amidships, a bathroom, and space on deck for exercise. An awning was spread over the after hatch, the place selected by the majority as their sleeping quarters, and here four mats were hung in a square to form a kind of cubicle for Mrs. Louis Stevenson; the others swung in hammocks or lay on mats.

Mrs. Louis Stevenson kept a diary during the voyage, which was published, with the title *The Cruise of the Janet Nichol;* but it was not written for publication, and is disappointing reading, being for the most part merely jottings of trivial happenings.

The steamer touched at Apia on the last day of April, and Louis, Mrs. Louis, and Lloyd Osbourne went ashore on May 1st to see the land Louis had bought, and inspect the progress being made there with the work of clearing and planting, and of building a cottage,—work being carried on under the superintendence of Mr. H. J,

Moors during the Stevensons' absence. They found the bridle path up the hill had been widened, and a little wooden house run up, with a balcony commanding a view of the sea. After this glimpse of the temporary home that was in preparation, they sailed again.

On May 22nd, on board the *Janet Nicoll*, they celebrated the ninth anniversary of their wedding-day, having forgotten to do so on the 19th, the real anniversary. Champagne was set to cool in wet towels, and each person contributed what performance he could for the entertainment of the others;—"Ben Hird" sang *Afton Water*, "Tin Jack" gave a reading from Shakespeare, Lloyd Osbourne sang, and Louis Stevenson, mounting a pulpit that was part of the cargo, preached a sermon on a text taken from an advertisement of St. Jacob's oil. It was his old nursery game!

To Mr. Henderson, Ben Hird, and "Jack" Buckland, the trader, otherwise "Tin Jack," Louis Stevenson dedicated *Island Nights' Entertainments* three years later,—in April, 1893. He enjoyed the talks with these men, the study of their characters and all the information he gathered from their knowledge of the islands. "Tin Jack" was the living original of "Tommy Haddon" in *The Wrecker*.

When they once more reached the islands of King Tembinok they saw their friend again, and the meeting was pathetic. Whilst others were present, he maintained his royal dignity and apparent unconcern; but when left alone with the Stevensons he embraced them both, telling them he had often watched the sea, hoping against hope for their return.

Louis Stevenson did not benefit much in health from this cruise in the *Janet Nicoll*. Possibly it was because she was a steamer, with all a steamer's heat and noise, instead of a fresh sailing vessel. Life on board was different: on a sailing vessel it is leisurely, observant of no times save those dictated by wind and tides. The trading steamer took them from port to port : they called

at over thirty islands, and for four months Louis Stevenson saw and heard nothing of civilisation and the interests of civilisation, nor of the intellectual activities of the day, but lived in daily contact with savage lives and manners and morals,—in a world apart. He tried to write his "Letters" for Mr. McClure; but he wrote them against inclination and without inspiration. The heat on the steamer exhausted him. He wrote to his editor, Mr. Burlingame:—"All this voyage I have been busy over my *Travels*, which, given a very high temperature and the saloon of a steamer usually going before the wind, and with the cabins in front of the engines, has come very near to prostrating me altogether."

He had another haemorrhage, and remained weak and unfit for work after it.

In August (1890) they were back again. Louis landed at Noumea by himself, remained a day or two, and studied the French convict settlement; then he joined Mrs. Louis and her son, who had gone on and landed at Sydney. Sydney again proved bad for Louis, and whilst Mrs. Louis was in lodgings seeing to necessary business and shopping, he was "bedridden" again at the Union Club, and wrote thence to Henry James:

"I must tell you plainly—I can't tell Colvin—I do not think I shall come back to England more than once, and then it'll be to die. . . . Am I sorry? I am sorry about seven or eight people in England, and one or two in the States. And outside of that I simply prefer Samoa. . . . I was never fond of towns, houses, society, or (it seems) civilisation. Nor yet it seems was I ever very fond of (what is technically called) God's green earth. The sea, islands, the islanders, the island life and climate, make and keep me truly happier."

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne went alone to Britain to arrange Louis's business affairs, and bring out the furniture from Skerryvore; and Louis Stevenson and his wife returned to Apia at the end of October to begin those last four years,—the final stage.

"From this time forth," writes Sir Graham Balfour, "although he formed various projects, never realised, of seeing his friends, and especially Mr. Colvin, in Egypt, Honolulu, or Ceylon, he never, so far as I know, again looked forward to setting his foot upon his native shores." *

How much of the romance that clings to the name of Robert Louis Stevenson, the thrill of hero worship, the inspiration, the almost personal love that he evokes—is due to the pathos of his banishment into a sort of sunset glory of a far-off sky? The story of his life is so fantastic, so brilliant, so unknown in its relations, so appealing to the imagination! Stevenson himself must often have felt his surroundings as a dream, the waking delayed.

The years of Pacific voyaging may have prepared him for the final realisation of exile; but during them he had not grasped that it was to be final exile.

It was not really until he settled in his own house at Samoa, and lived his life there, and thought his own thoughts, that the transformation scene was reached, and that Stevenson—the very troublesome Edinburgh lad, the careless Bohemian of Fontainebleau, the half-starving pariah of San Francisco, the indomitable invalid of Davos and Nice and Bournemouth—woke in exile to find himself lord and master and priest of a Patriarchal home, Chieftain of a devoted Clan of feudal retainers, friend and adviser of Samoan dignitaries, an influence in local politics and government, sufficiently improved in health to lead an active life, spending four thousand a year, an author popular in Britain, in the Colonies, and in America. All this came about in the last years of his life.

When Louis and his wife returned from Sydney to Apia at the end of October, 1890, they had to "rough it" **for** six months in the little four-roomed house **with the**

* *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson* by Sir Graham Balfour. II, 94.

balcony which they had inspected when the *Janet Nicoll* touched at Apia in the beginning of May.

Stevenson had bought about 300 acres of virgin land, 600 feet above sea level, and three miles from Apia, the chief town and port of Upolu; they called it "Vailima" or "Five Waters." They had one German servant, incompetent but willing, and much household work devolved on Mrs. Louis, especially as they were often hard put to it to obtain supplies, because of the difficulty of transport on the roadless track up the three miles from Apia. Louis threw his energies into superintending the natives in the work of clearing and planting, and then in the work of building the permanent home. But it was not only superintending, it was actual participation; for although he was still working at his *South Sea Letters* he was writing them still with effort, and under difficulties, and his happiest Samoan hours during these first months were spent in the idyllic occupations of "weeding"—*i.e.*, clearing the ground,—and playing on his flageolet. That little pipe of his, the pipe of Bournemouth, of Saranac, of the dirty bedroom near Honolulu, that little companionable pipe, that knew Louis's heart and sorrows best of all!

He brought to his work of weeding all the energy and enthusiasm he expended on whatever his right hand enjoyed doing; and he did enjoy weeding, and enjoyed too the physical weariness it brought. He neglected his writing to slink out and "weed"; and he described, joyously and inimitably, in his letters home, both the weeding and the weariness. He wrote many letters, for, besides writing intermittently to home friends, he carried on a pretty extensive correspondence with Mr. Burlingame, the editor of *Scribner;* but the chief correspondence was with Mr. Colvin. From the time Stevenson settled in Samoa, he wrote monthly budgets to Mr. Colvin; budgets containing a full account of all his doings. This correspondence formed Stevenson's chief

link with home, and kept him in touch, through Mr. Colvin, with home life, and civilised people and their thoughts and doings. A large portion of the correspondence, first published as *Vailima Letters,* is now incorporated in the *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson,* edited by Sir Sidney Colvin, and gives a pretty full record of Louis Stevenson's life and thoughts.

Louis and his wife found themselves, during all these first three months at Vailima,—in the half-furnished four-roomed house on the wooded mountain, with the sounds of the Pacific breakers six hundred feet below,—in the novel position of being in a little home of their own, and alone by themselves. Mrs. Louis, a born pioneer and settler, found great enjoyment in the clearing and planning, the furbishing up of the little house to make it cosy and habitable, the planting of the garden with fruits and vegetables, the purchase of horses and pigs and cows and poultry; the building of houses for the animals and in keeping them inside the houses when built,—all this gave her powers full play and kept her busy and occupied. Louis describes her as "a little blue indefatigable figure," howking in the gardens, and coming in "heated and bemired up to the eyebrows, late for every meal." The meals at first were rather sketchy, and scarcely worth punctuality. Mrs. Sanchez, in her life of her sister, quotes from an old diary of Mrs. Louis Stevenson's, which, although it also was not written for publication, is much more readable than the schooner diary, and reminds one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters in its witty accounts of domestic troubles. For the settlers' efforts did not all run smooth. Louis took his wife's misfortunes with humour:—"She is in a dreadful misfortune at this hour, a case of kerosene having burst in the kitchen. A little while ago it was the carpenter's horse that trod in a nest of fourteen eggs, and made an omelette of our hopes." But his turn was coming. The stable was built of pandanus leaves, and the newly imported cart horses ate the walls of their house, and then

aJBFectionately nosed Louis's head when he went down on his knees to disentangle their feet from their half-demolished feast. Louis declared that he felt nervous, for having found a stable edible in these outlandish parts, they might easily conceive the idea of sampling the ostler. The native gardener planted the vanilla upside down, and was duly scolded, and Mrs. Louis replanted it, only to discover next day that the contrite gardener had risen in the night to remedy his mistake, and had replanted it all upside down again.

Mrs. Louis, writing to Miss Jane Balfour, the immaculate manager and housekeeper of the Manse in old days, told her of all the complicated business carried on whilst "trying madly to get the house in order and feed our family," and that the native gossip is to the effect that she has eyes "all around my head," and is in fifty places at once, and a person to be feared and obeyed.

Louis, writing to Mr. Colvin, owns that he is longing for the new house to be built, and for a quiet room for work, for he cannot write in close quarters whence he can catch "every complaint, mishap and contention"; tells him also that he is worried in his mind over financial troubles, his interests being so distributed,—liabilities and credits in America, England, Samoa, and Sydney, —and he is "ill fitted" to check expense in the building of the new house; and it all becomes at times a nightmare to him. No new money has come to them of his earning since that from *The Master of Ballantrae.*

In the end of December he wrote to Henry James:— "News, news, news. What do we know of yours? What do you care for ours?" He gives Henry James their news,—hurricanes, the sight of the topmasts of ships'at anchor six hundred feet below them, and behind them desert forest, peaks, loud torrents. The human voices they hear are those of the labourers, "our cannibals." One of their visitors, a Sunday afternoon caller, was a certain "Baker of Tonga." "He is a great man here: he is accused of theft, rape, judicial murder, private poison-

ing, abortion, misappropriation of public moneys,—oddly enough, not of forgery, nor arson: you would be amused if you knew how thick the accusations fly in this South Sea world."

"But all our resources have not of late been Pacific. We have had enlightened society." This enlightened society was Mr. Lafarge, the artist, and Henry Adams, the historian, a friend of Mr. Henry James's. But Stevenson had not been able to see much of them; it was difficult to get to them by the rough track to Apia; and they could not invite them to Vailima because, owing to the same difficulty of transport, food was scarce at times,—they had often, Louis told Henry James, almost nothing to eat. Once he and Mrs. Louis dined on one avocado pear; several times Louis dined on hard bread and onions. In these circumstances, he points out, the only alternatives with a guest would be to eat him, or serve up a labour-boy fricasseed.

It was to the four-roomed cottage and all this discomfort that Mrs. Thomas Stevenson was to arrive. In January, 1891, Louis went to Sydney to meet his mother; and Lloyd Osbourne was also expected. Mrs. Stevenson, now that things were so far in readiness to receive her, had been written to, and was coming to share their lot, and make her home with them in Samoa, cheerfully ready to face exile and all the incongruities of their life.

"His mother, when I saw her in Sydney," Dr. Robert Scot-Skirving wrote of her, "was a most attractive lady—good-looking, bright, and alert-minded—a fit mother for such a son."

It was a year and a half since she had said good-bye in Honolulu to her son and daughter-in-law, and since then she had spent her time in the Old World at home, chiefly with her own people, in her own town; whilst Louis and his wife had been wandering over the face of God's earth,—or rather His seas,—among other races, and primitive, often savage and coarse, conditions.

Sydney never suited Stevenson. He "fell sharply sick" there and his mother arrived in time to nurse him. He was able to go back to Samoa with her in February; and during the voyage to Apia, on board the S. S. *Lubeckj* he wrote to Mr. Baxter:—

"We have not our parents for ever; we are never very good to them; when they go and we have lost our front-file man, we begin to feel all our neglects mighty sensibly. . . . My mother is here on board with me; today for once I mean to make her as happy as I am able, and to do that which I know she likes."

He was to have four years in which to make her happy—but he was not to lose her; it was she, the mother, who was to lose him.

The new home in Samoa was not, after all, ready for Mrs. Thomas Stevenson on her arrival; and the *Liibeck,* on her return journey to Sydney, again had Mrs. Thomas Stevenson on board as passenger. She returned to Sydney and remained there for over two months, till the new house at Vailima should be completed. Louis also went away, being carried off by Mr, Harold Sewall, the American Consul-General, for a trip to Tutuila, another island of the Samoan group. They spent three weeks there, part of the time on the shores of Pagopago (a "long elbowed harbour" which nearly cuts the island in half), part of the time in a small schooner, and part of the time in a whale boat. Stevenson hugely enjoyed this,—the new island and its scenery and people, and the sea-life again.

One night he wandered out at midnight, watched a cloud on the summit of Pioa that "seemed to hang and gather there, and darken as it hung." He fled for shelter from the squall that he knew would burst on him. It did; and as he lay on a mat in his shelter, he heard the sound of a great bell rung at a distance, and wondered, for he had not supposed there was a bell on the island, and he thought the hour a strange one for the ringing; but he had no doubt it was being rung on the other side,

MRS THOMAS STEVENSON.

From a photograph by W. Crooke, Edinburgh. Taken during her visit home to Scotland, in 1889, wearing her hibiscus wreath, by request of R. L. S. to send to him.

at the Catholic Mission there. And so he "lay there listening and thinking, and trying to remember which of the bells of Edinburgh sounded the same note." It stopped when the squall stopped, and with another rainfall began again. "Then I laughed to myself, and this bell resolved into an eavesdrop falling on a tin close by my head. . . . Morning came, and showed mists on all the mountain-tops, a grey and yellow dawn, a fresh accumulation of rain imminent on the summit of Pioa, and the whole harbour scene stripped of its tropic colouring and wearing the appearance of a Scottish Loch." While he wrote this, a bell did begin to ring on the far shore,—the bell of the Catholic Mission. Boats passed up the harbour bringing the congregation to Mass; and Louis Stevenson thought of the different stories the bell told. "To the natives a new, strange, outlandish thing; to us of Europe redolent of home; in the ear of the priests, calling up memories of French and Flemish cities, and perhaps some carved Cathedral and the pomp of Celebrations; in mine, talking of the grey Metropolis of the North, of a cottage on a stream, of vanished faces and silent tongues." It is easy to see,—Stevenson had been with his mother. His heart was stirred almost beyond endurance.

But the holiday cruise was not all sad yearnings. Louis returned to Apia in an open boat—sixty-five miles in twenty-eight hours,—rejoicing in his hardihood and the fairy-story it was to him to have recovered liberty and strength, and to go about with his fellow men, able to enjoy with them men's pursuits,—"boating, riding, bathing, toiling with a wood-knife in the forest."

In the middle of May, in his diary-budget to Mr. Colvin, he reports: "My mother has arrived, young, well, and in good spirits. By desperate exertions, which have wholly floored Fanny, her room was ready for her, and the dining-room fit to eat in. It was a famous victory." It was no doubt not an easy time for anybody. Certainly Mrs. Louis had had a hard time, and her health

was not good. "It has been a hard business, above all for her," Louis had told one of their women friends at home: "we have lived four months in the hurricane season in a miserable house, overborne with work, ill-fed, continually worried, drowned in perpetual rain, beaten upon by wind, so that we must sit in the dark in the evenings; and then I ran away, and she had a month of it alone." It was probably the best thing he could have done, for Mrs. Louis Stevenson was soon to have a large and complex household to look after.

By the end of May they were established in the newly-built house, a wooden house painted dark green, with a roof of corrugated iron painted red,—very noisy when rain fell on it. The house stood on a tongue of land between two streams. Behind, rose steeply the forest-clad Vaea Mountain. One of the streams flowed over Stevenson's own land, and fell on rocks into a pool deep enough for bathing, and roofed by an arch of orange trees. The little four-roomed wooden cottage, which had served Louis and Mrs. Louis when they were alone together, was utilised; the two lower rooms as a useful outhouse for tools, and the upper two rooms as extra spare rooms for bachelor guests.

The house party at Vailima, that gathered there from over the earth that summer of 1891, consisted of Louis Stevenson himself, now in his forty-first year; his wife, now fifty-two; his mother, now sixty-two; his stepson, now a young man of three and twenty, who had returned from Britain to live with his mother and stepfather; and Mrs. Louis's married daughter, Mrs. Strong, who had come from Honolulu with her little boy, a child of about nine years of age, and who both "thenceforward remained under Stevenson's protecting care."

At first they had white servants, Colonial and European,—but this gave rise to much dissension and discomfort. Sir Graham Balfour tells that it was during the absence of Mrs. Louis Stevenson, when she went for a change to Fiji, that the family made a clean sweep of

the establishment and substituted native servants, indoors and out—'Ta'alolo, a Samoan lad, proving an apt pupil as cook, and Sosimo as butler,—soon to be Stevenson's devoted body-servant. Gradually, as the staff increased, it became a little and loyal "Clan Stevenson," and the household rule was very much on the clan, or feudal, system,—familiar to Louis by his intimacy with Scottish history, and congenial and welcome to the Samoans, who were accustomed to the Patriarchal system.

"I am the head of a household of five whites and of twelve Samoans," he was presently to write to George Meredith. A "Patriarchal household," it is always called. And Louis Stevenson,—young-looking, slender to emaciation,—now emerges in the character of the Patriarch.

The period of Stevenson's life in settled residence at Samoa which began this summer of 1891, was a life puzzling, picturesque, romantically mysterious to his friends and to his readers at home. He seemed to them to have disappeared, like a vessel on the horizon, into a haze between sea and sky,—to have dropped "below the verge." Then they heard fantastic rumours of semi-barbaric life amid garlanded savages and coral reefs and palm trees; of "Tusitala," a wealthy chieftain, a law-giver, a priest; worshipped almost as a god.

"Since Byron was in Greece," wrote Mr. Gosse to his friend, "nothing has appealed to the ordinary literary man so much as that you should be living in the South Seas."

"The most stolid of glances cannot fail to be arrested for a moment," writes Sir Graham Balfour in his *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* "by the sight of a figure as chivalrous and romantic as Stevenson, living in a world so striking, so appropriate, so picturesque."

Sir Graham Balfour was privileged to see Stevenson in his Samoan surroundings, and to share with him intimately the life there, and it is interesting that he uses

the word "appropriate"—a word others would hesitate over. But undoubtedly the romantic surroundings were appropriate to a part of Louis's nature,—to another part of this creature of many facets a vastly different *milieu* would surely have been even more appropriate; and Stevenson, it is clear from all his self-revealing writings, must often have felt this himself. But he met the inevitable with his invincible joyousness of spirit. His buoyancy of optimism carried him over many of the roughnesses and the regrets of human existence.

It was after the settlement in the new house, and the advent of Mrs. Thomas Stevenson as a resident there, that Louis began the custom—a custom he found was usual in every Samoan household—of holding Family Prayers. This at first was observed every morning at eight o'clock, before the work of the day, but afterwards on Sunday evenings only, when all could assemble. It was in the big hall, amid all the transported properties and home treasures, that the prayers were read. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, in his Introduction to the Vailima Edition, describes the scene,—the big hushed household, the patriarchal aspect of the family, gathered for devotions, with Stevenson at the head of the table, and the long row of half-clothed Samoans, "with their proud free air and glistening bodies." But his picture omits the others,—there were also Mrs. Louis Stevenson; her daughter, Mrs. Strong, and Austen Strong; Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, in her black silk dress and her dainty white widow's cap and streamers; Mr. Lloyd Osbourne; and any visitor who was at Vailima.

The little Service was always a simple one that the native servants could follow,—hymns in Samoan; a chapter of the Bible read verse by verse in Samoan; then Louis would read in English a prayer he had written, and at the close the Lord's Prayer was said by all in Samoan.

Of the Vailima Prayers it must always be remembered

that they were not written for publication, but for prayer. They were the prayers Louis wrote for these little Services, that he read before his family and his household of simple-hearted, reverential Samoans, and in the mystic presence of the God he believed in. These prayers, therefore, give us an almost unconscious revelation of the faith of Stevenson, of his reach towards the Infinite. Just as his letters to his intimates, written without thought or pause, give us quick flashes of Stevenson in his many and irreconcilable moods, so do his prayers, also not published until after his death, give us insight into the clean soul of the man. His prayers are Stevenson the supplicant; and they belong to his last years, when he was drawing near to the end of his "hurrying and painful pilgrimage," a heroic spirit, —"valiantly vanquished."

The *Vailima Prayers* are so well known that it seems needless to quote them; and yet one must be given, for it seems to epitomise Stevenson's life and self, the lesson he taught, the message he has left,—the old words of the Shorter Catechism, so different from the gloom of Calvinism,—"to enjoy Him for ever."

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

The Rev. W. E. Clarke, writing in *The Friend** May 1920, relates:—

"Robert Louis Stevenson and his mother usually spent the week-end at the Mission House, and attended the English service in the little church on Sunday evening. . . . A curious and strangely mixed congrega-

*** Published in Honolulu, under the auspices of the Missionary Society.**

tion assembled at that evening service; a sprinkling of educated men, government officials, the consul, officers of the ships, a number of the men on the beach, many of them rough characters but men who had graduated in the school of experience and the university of travel, a number of half-castes, only able to understand the plainest and simplest language, and among them Robert Louis Stevenson and his mother, her fine, strong face, lighted with the fervor of devotion, he subdued and reverent, his glance resting upon her occasionally with evident pride and affection."

Stevenson's interest in the troubled local politics of Samoa, first aroused during his stay at Honolulu and his association with the Hawaiian King and his circle, was continued on his settling in Upolu, and encroached more and more on his time and thoughts.

Sir Sidney Colvin, in his editorial introductions to the Stevenson *Letters,* is almost pathetic in his appeal: "for the love of Stevenson I will ask readers to take the small amount of pains necessary to grasp and remember the main facts of Samoan politics in the ten years 1889-99."

The Samoan islands had, since 1889, been governed under the Convention of Berlin by the three Powers—Britain, the United States, and Germany. The native King was recognised by these three Powers, and they appointed a Chief Justice, and a President of the Municipal Council to act as adviser to the native King. These two men,—the Chief Justice and the President, with the British Consul, the American Consul, and the German Consul, and three Land Commissioners, were the chief white officials; the British Consul being Deputy Commissioner, with full power over British subjects.

The contending interests of the three Great Powers in **the** background, and the small rivalries and claims of **the** native chiefs in the foreground, soon made a dangerous political turmoil in the island of Louis's dreams. **There were two native** kinsmen, rivals for the kingship,

—Malietoa Laupepa, whom the Great Powers had made king, and Mataafa, powerful and a much abler man, but who was obnoxious to the Germans from having not only resisted them in former years, but having, in a little "scrap," worsted a small German force. Mataafa, when ignored in Laupepa's government, became unfriendly, and set up semi-royal state in a camp eutside Apia; and the atmosphere became charged.

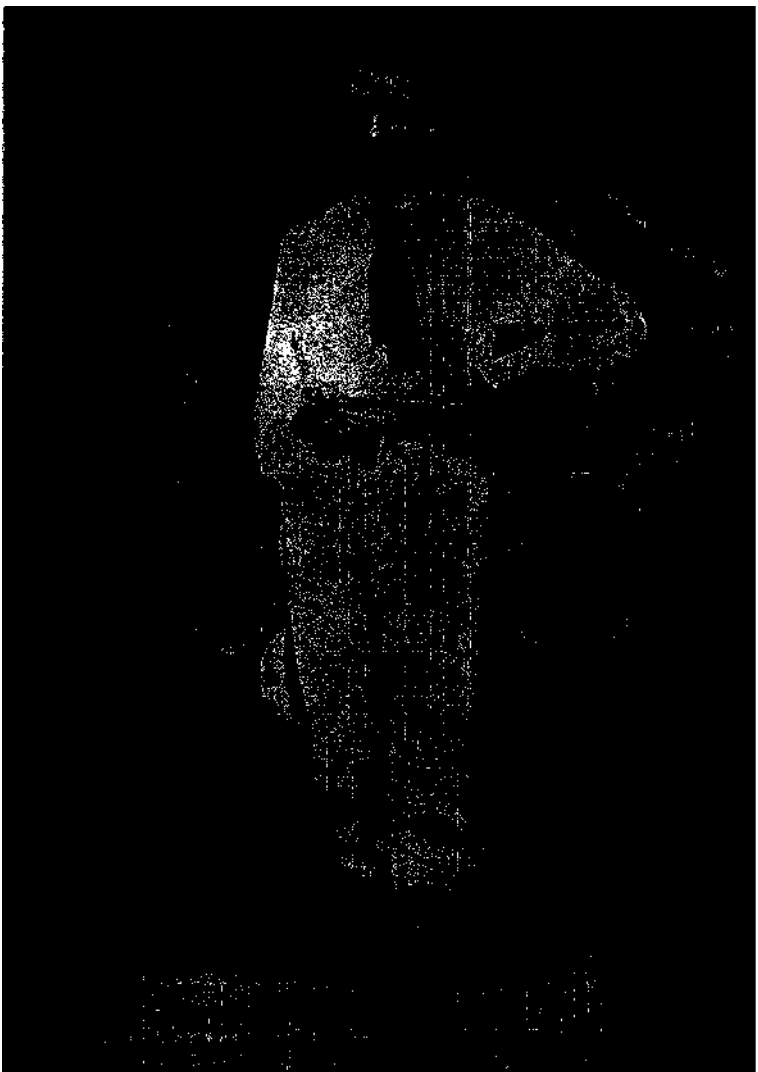
In 1891, after Stevenson's arrival in the island, the two officials appointed by the Convention of Berlin were sent out; the Chief Justice was a Swede, named Cedercrantz, and the President of Council was a German, Baron Senff von Pilsach. They were not approved by the white residents; and they showed themselves incapable to the point of danger. Stevenson felt very strongly that the peace and well-being of Samoa could be secured only by the reconciliation of Laupepa and Mataafa, and the removal of the offending officials. He used his best weapon, his pen, in protest; and the first letter to the *Times,* sent from Honolulu, was followed by a series from Samoa, calling attention to the conduct of the officials. These letters were ultimately to result in the recall of the officials; but that was not to be until 1893, and meanwhile Stevenson became more and more involved. His letters to his friends at home overflowed with accounts of all the details of the unrest, the rivalries and the misgovernment; accounts curiously mingled with equally full and detailed accounts of his more intellectual interests—his own literary work—and also of his active outdoor work.

In the first summer at Vailima he was busy with his own work;—with *The Wrecker,* and in preparing for serial publication the *South Sea Letters* which had been written laboriously through the year for the *New York Sun* and *Black and White.* The *South Sea Letters* were as uncongenial and heavy a task to him as they were regrettable to Sir Sidney Colvin, whose opinion of the work was, Louis told him, "as a whole so damnatory"

that the work was put by. With very different feeling —the sheer delight of creation—Louis began *The Beach of Falesd;* and he moreover became deeply intrigued in **one** of his literary schemes that never materialised—**a** genealogical novel, some time *Henry Shovel,* later on *The Shovels of Newton French;* a mighty project, and he wrote home to Charles Baxter and told him about it, **and** asked for volumes of the Old Bailey Session papers.

In June his books and pictures began to arrive,—a portrait of Mr. Colvin—"in expression your true breathing self, and up to now saddens me; in time, and soon, I shall be glad to have it there; it is still only a reminder of your absence. Fanny wept when we unpacked it, and you know how little she is given to that mood; I was scarce Roman myself, but that does not count—I lift up my voice so readily." The books overflowed the shelves onto the floor, as books will,—and then again politics—pages of politics,—"wholly swallowed up in politics, a wretched business, with fine elements of farce in it too." It is the old excitable, Quixotic Stevenson again, spending himself in hopeless partisanship of those he considers the weak and wronged, in fiery indignation at oppression or injustice,—*"Werde nur nicht emphatisch!"*

Besides his writing,—his own business of literature, he had another solace. His love of music has never been fully realised. In Samoa he was surrounded by people with no educated care for it, and who merely laughed at his efforts with his little pipe; and he himself called it "childishness." But with the furniture from home came the piano, and he boasts they have besides three instruments,—"Boehm flageolet, flute, and Bb clarinet." This mention of the "Boehm flageolet" dates a poem, the MS* of which was destroyed in the fire which burned dowir the offices of the Johannesburg *Star* during the **Rand labour** riots in July, 1918. The poem was in the **possession of Mr. J.** Nicol Dunn, editor of the *Star*



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT VAILIMA.

(formerly editor of the *Scots Observer),* who had received it from Charles Baxter, to whom the poem is addressed.

AN ODE TO BOEHM *
The inventor of "the System"

By an amateur
(Inscribed with gratitude to C. B.)

is **o'er** your pipe we lean,
Mark your two D's—
The sharps I mean—
And tell me how came these
In that relation.
Or take your A's—
You've three of those—
Attained in the most diverse ways,
Plainly to drive the virtuose
To desperation—
You surely cannot mean me to suppose
This strange derangement sprang from calculation?

Was it in dream,
O Boehm,
You saw these keys that seem
So singularly mingled?
The devil doubtless on some lonely track,
While the rude wind swept by you with a hiss,
And on your back
The hail stones tingled,
Met you by assignation, and displayed
Three models diabolicaly (sic) made:
From which (being all amazement) it was this
You rashly singled.
One moment in your soul (which you had sold)
Joy doubtless glowed,

•"Boehm, Theobald. Munich. 1794-1881. Fluteplayer of distinction. Besides composing many brilliant works for his instrument, he introduced several notable improvements in its mechanism; especially a new Angering which bears his name, and was introduced in London about 1834. . . ." (Groves' Dictionary of Music.)

As, pipe in hand, you took the road
Towards your plain abode
In some unknown and old
And spiry German city.
Joyful, no doubt, you sat you down
And trimmed your light,
And to the drowsy murmur of the town,
Prepared to charm the night
With some old ditty.
One moment only: then the whole
Infernal cheat
Dawned on your soul,
And you broke forth in words I can't repeat,
Or, with a groan,
Sat turned to stone:
Iago, O the pity!

Say, Boehm, long dead, long damned,
What did you then,
When you beheld yourself thus bammed,
The most beguiled of men,
Since Hell could overreach!
Say, did you put your sentiment in speech,
Or fear to say it?
Say, did you hurl to ground
That most unsound
Fallacious flageolet,
And set
Your foot upon't, to bray it?
It may be: Fancy trembles to conceive
The doings of that eve,
Your rage, your pain,
When, in a clap of thunder, you saw plain,
You had your pipe, clean bought and bought in vain:
You had your pipe and you could never play it!

How long, O Boehm, before
Hope, like the sunshine in a shady place,
Revived? and could restore
The glory to your face—
Glory so bright that never bard could tell it?
How long before that thought

Burst on you in a jet?
And your proud back you bowed,
Picked up that dearly bought,
Still precious flageolet—
And cried aloud:
I cannot play, by G—, but I can sell it!
R. L. S.

Professor Tovey, of Edinburgh University, when shown this poem, nutshelled it as a case of "Failure to master the Boehm flute, having, presumably, mastered the penny whistle (see *The Wrong Box)"*—a criticism which would have delighted Stevenson.

The beginning of 1892 found Stevenson still busy, in spite of a sharp attack of influenza, seeing two books through Press,—*The Wrecker,* and *The Beach of Falesd,* his South Sea story. He planned a novel of the South Seas, *Sophia Scarlet,* but it also never was written. On February 13th he began a sequel to *Kidnapped, Catriona* (called, during the writing of it, *David Balfour)* , fell in love, as did David, and as has every reader since, with both his heroines at once, and was so full of the pleasure and intense excitement of his creation, so wrapt in the atmosphere of home it recalled, that he wrote twelve chapters by March 9th, three more by the 15th, and finished the novel by May. In May,—writing six or seven hours a day—he finished his *Footnote to History.* This book, in which he showed up the mistakes of the government of the islands under the Berlin Treaty, when published gave no offence in Samoa; but the Tauchnitz edition, prepared for publication in Germany, was burnt by order of the German Government. And the German Government fined the publisher. Stevenson paid half the fine and half the publisher's expenses.

Stevenson was by now beginning to earn the title given him of "King of Samoa." Whilst this picture of him was gratifying not only to himself but also to his friends at home, he was causing those friends no little

anxiety by persistently making his position in Samoa difficult through taking a strong line against the German officials whom the British Foreign Office at that time seemed determined to support. Rumours and signs that Stevenson would be arrested or deported if the German officials were given a free hand were given credence in certain of the German press; and Stevenson himself fully expected the publication of *A Footnote to History* might lead to his deportation, and rather reveled in the boast of this expectation. The possibility lasted till the end of 1892. But no signs of disapproval of his doings nor of annoyance against him were shown by our own authorities at home. There was even some ground for believing that Stevenson had been spoken of by these for the next British Consul in Samoa; and this was a position he was ready and anxious to accept had it been offered. But events marched too quickly.

Meantime, life in Samoa was crowded with work and interests of all kinds. After the *Footnote to History* was off his hands, he had begun another novel, variously called *The Young Chevalier* and *Blair of Balmyle,* and had written the first chapters of it, and written to Andrew Lang to send him historical help. This novel also remains one of Stevenson's unfinished projects; but of the first chapters Sir Sidney Colvin says that they "stand in their truncated state a piece of work as vivid and telling as he had ever done." Little wonder that Stevenson's friend and critic resented the *South Sea Letters* and the *Footnote to History**

Stevenson was writing, but he was also reading. He always read and delighted in the books, as they came out, of his friends at home, and his literary contemporaries. And he always wrote to them, whether he knew them personally or not. Often, as in the case of Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Crockett, and many others, it was this literary sympathy by post that began a friendship. When he admired he did so with generous

Included in *Edinburgh Edition.

and outspoken enthusiasm, and always there was that critical understanding that only an author could give. This July he had read Henley's *Book of Verses,* and, fresh from the reading, he obeyed his impulse and wrote again to him. The letter begins "My dear Henley" instead of the old "Dear Lad." But it runs—

"It is impossible to let your new volume pass in silence. I have not received the same thrill of poetry since G. M.'s *Joy of Earth* volume and *Love in a Valley,* and I do not know that even that was so intimate and deep. Again and again, I take the book down, and read, and my blood is fired as it used to be in youth." And, after more, the letter ends "I thank you for the joy you have given me, and remain your old friend and present huge admirer, Robert Louis Stevenson."

In August, 1892, an event took place that must have made an immense difference in Stevenson's life during the last three years, for there came on a visit to Vailima Mr. (now Sir) Graham Balfour,* a Balfour cousin never before met, but whose friendship was to become, in Sir Sidney Colvin's words, "the closest and most confidential friendship of his later life." Sir Graham Balfour and Louis Stevenson were second cousins,—Sir Graham's father, Dr. Thomas Graham Balfour, M.D., F.R.S.. and Louis's mother, Margaret Isabella Balfour, being first cousins, both children of younger brothers of James Balfour, fourth Laird of Pilrig.

"It was only in the three last years of his life that I knew my cousin, but during that time I had the great good fortune to spend in all more than twelve months in his household . . . we had common ground in kin and tastes, and in studies both voluntary and compulsory. In a few weeks or even days there seemed to be established between us that complete understanding that rarely comes except from long friendship and old association. It was never put into words, and no record exists; it seemed simply to be taken for granted."

***Author of the *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* 2 vols.**

In the same August of Sir Graham Balfour's arrival, Lady Jersey, with her young daughter and accompanied by her brother, Captain Leigh, came to Samoa from Sydney, and "a warm friendship," Lady Jersey wrote, "was the immediate result." Hours of riding and walking and talk followed, and hospitalities at the house of Mr. Bazett Haggard, the British Consul, or at Vailima; and finally by a dramatic adventure, greatly to Louis's taste,—an incognito visit to the camp of the rebel Chief, Louis's friend, Mataafa. The incognito was considered necessary because it would hardly have been politic for the wife of the Governor of New South Wales to have openly visited a rebel at war with the Government. So Lady Jersey went as Miss Amelia Balfour, a supposititious cousin of Louis Stevenson's, and as such was introduced to Mataafa, to whom Stevenson sent a letter, addressing him as "His Highness Malietoa Mataafa" with the information that "most probably there will go in our company on Tuesday a second relative of mine who is a lady. I beg your Highness to greet her kindly when she comes."

To Lady Jersey Stevenson wrote, addressing her as "My dear Cousin," and suggesting to her in most guarded language that if she would start for a ride with "the Master of Haggard and Captain Lockhart of Lee" (Mr. Haggard her host, and Captain Leigh her brother) she would "make some rencounters by the wayside which might be agreeable to your political opinions. All present will be staunch."

But Mataafa, in slang language, "gave the whole show away," by presenting the ceremonial bowl of "Kava" to Amelia Balfour first of all, proving that he was perfectly aware of her identity.

It was a glorious adventure, that day and night of mock conspiracy, and it is all recorded in a little book, privately printed, *An Object of Pity,* to which each of the members of the party contributed, each contribution written in imitation of Ouida's style, and illustrated by

comic coloured sketches. A brilliant little book, an echo of bye-gone fun and folly, of friendly badinage and jest and laughter. Good that Louis had such a day, such friends.

Towards the end of this year, 1892, Stevenson yielded to persuasion and added to and enlarged the house at Vailima. This outlay caused him some anxiety, because, though he was now earning a considerable income by his pen, the expenses of his patriarchal household swallowed all he could earn. The estate itself, Vailima, never paid, for nobody ran it on business lines.

The chief feature of the enlarged house inside was the great hall, occupying the entire ground floor. From it rose the stair leading to the upper storey, its two posts guarded by two great Burmese idols. Here, in this hall, were collected all the treasures that spoke of home and the past,—not only the furniture and china and pictures from Skerryvore, the home of which Stevenson had been so proud, the first real home of which he had been master,—the Sheraton furniture and the china from the "blue room," the engraving of Turner's "Bell Rock Lighthouse," Sargent's portrait of R. L. S., the Venetian mirror, gift of "the Prince of Men, Henry James," the little collection of buccaneer weapons, reminiscent of Long John Silver,*—not only all these, but also Mrs. Thomas Stevenson's contributions, the belongings from Heriot Row. The good solid leather-seated stuffed dining-room furniture, reminiscent of the hospitable, formal dinner-parties at Heriot Row, must have felt a little hot, and nervously out of place in the hall of Vailima; and the Stevenson and Balfour family portraits looked down on different scenes and very different methods of dress from those they had been used to in cold and decorous Edinburgh. One was a Raeburn. One was Sir George Reid's portrait of Thomas Steven-

***It is worthy of note that the name "Silver" occurs on a tomb in Calton Cemetery, very near that of the Stevenson "lair," and which must have often met Louis's eye in his hours in this haunt.**

son. Arid in the half at Vailima, brought from Heriot Row, stood a marble bust of Robert Stevenson, the original of which was far off in another island, the Bell Rock, in the Lighthouse he reared.

The enlarged house was much the most imposing oh the island. Round it ran two broad verandas, one on the ground floor, and one above opening into the upper storey. In this upper veranda, which was boarded in, were Stevenson's bedroom and his study; and in the upper storey was the library, lined with books,—with some of the shelves devoted to Scottish history. But Stevenson's separation from books and reference libraries was almost as pathetic as his separation from friends. The difficulty of obtaining material and information, of verifying facts, dates, names,—all that was so necessary for his writing,—was a constant check upon him. It accounts for many of his broken threads. In his letters, each excited and delighted account of some literary project was followed by requests for books necessary for it,—or for data,—"Send me so and so," or "Is there any book that would give me," or "Did no one write a diary or letters about the date of—." The call comes again and again. It was always responded to. Mr. Colvin sent him constant supplies; so also did Henry James, Mr. Burlingame, and others. But by the time the books reached Samoa the inspiration was gone,—or more often, the project was succeeded by another, equally brilliant, equally delightful, equally needing books from home. This if Louis laid aside his work, and waited. But if he went on, so as to use the inspiration before it cooled, then the books, faithfully sent, sometimes arrived only to advise poor Louis that, for lack of them, he had gone wrong. Take the following, humorous, but exasperating.—"At last this book has come . . . and, alas! I have the first six or seven chapters of *St. Ives* to recast entirely. Who could foresee that they clothed the French prisoners id yellow? But that one fatal fact—

VAILIMA.

PAGE 328.

and also that they shaved them twice a week—damns the whole beginning."

And thus many brilliant promises were never fulfilled, and many drafts were left unpublished.

But the greatest wrench of exile was, of course, the separation from his old friends and all their friendship meant,—over and above all, from Mr. Golvin. Separation from old friends, but also more. Separation from the world of civilisation and all it meant:—it meant old friends, and it meant also new friends,—it meant being in touch with new thoughts and big interests at home.

It is pathetic how he urges everyone to come and visit him in Samoa, and tries hard to persuade them of the extreme shortness of the journey, and the ease with which it can be accomplished. How often, and with what ease, his heart took the journey by itself, back to old haunts and scenes—to that scholar-haunted quarter of London, the neighbourhood of the British Museum, and to the "Monument," where Mr. Colvin lived. Both in prose and poem he tells of these dream-journeys, and prose and poem both bring tears to the eyes.

Other heart-journeys are to Scotland, to the glens and mists, to the honey-scent of heather in bloom or the acrid smell of peat-smoke. But most often they are to Edinburgh: Edinburgh, where he had been so miserable; Edinburgh, that had slighted him, and chilled him to the bone; Edinburgh, that he had so abused and reviled; Edinburgh, that he knew so well, and yet did not know at all; Edinburgh, that he hated so heartily, and yet loved and regretted so passionately.

But the journey to Samoa, taken in the flesh, was not so short nor so easy as Stevenson eagerly tried to make out, and none of his old friends, busy men all, ever went to Samoa. Though in some cases plans were made to do so, something always intervened, till it was too late. It was so with Mr. Colvin, and with Mr. Will H. Low, with Mr. McClure, and with others. And it was so with new friends, friends made by correspondence. Mr,

Rudyard Kipling also deferred too long, to his lasting regret. Sir James Barrie, invited "to settle on those shores for ever," was actually "elaborating a scheme for taking him by surprise," when he heard that it was too late.

Sir James Barrie has shown me, and has allowed me to include in this volume, the following invaluable pen-portraits of Stevenson and of Mrs. Louis Stevenson, written by Stevenson himself. They, with pen-portraits of others of his household, were sent to Barrie in reply to a letter of his in which he had given a description of himself,—hence the "Tit for tat":—

Vailima, Samoa,
April 2nd or 3rd, 1893.

My dear Barrie,

Tit for tat. Here follows a catalogue of my menagerie.

R. L. S.

THE TAME CELEBRITY
NATIVE NAME: TUSI TALA

Exceedingly lean, dark, rather ruddy, black eyes, crows-footed, beginning to be grizzled, general appearance of a blasted boy—or blighted youth—or to borrow Carlyle on De Quincey "Child that has been in hell." Past eccentric—obscure and oh no we never mention it—present industrious, respectable and fatuously contented. Used to be very fond of talking about Art, dont talk about it any more. Is restrained by his family from talking about Origin of Polynesian Race. Really knows a good deal but has lived so long with aforesaid family and foremast hands, that you might talk a week to him and never guess it.

Friendly grocer in Sydney: "It has been a most agreeable surprise to meet you, Mr. Stevenson—I would never have guessed you were a literary man!" Name in Family, The Tame Celebrity. Cigarettes without

intermission except when coughing or kissing. Hopelessly entangled in apron strings. Drinks plenty. Curses some. Temper unstable. Manners purple on an emergency, but liable to trances. Essentially the common old copy-book gentleman of commerce; if accused of cheating at cards, would feel bound to blow out brains, little as he would like the job. Has been an invalid for ten years, but can boldly claim that you cant tell it on him. Given to explaining the Universe—Scotch, sir, Scotch.

FANNY V. DE G. STEVENSON
THE WEIRD WOMAN
NATIVE NAME: TAMAITAI

This is what you will have to look out for, Mr. Barrie. If you dont get on with her, its a pity about your visit. She runs the show.

Infinitely little, . . . handsome waxen face like Napoleon's, . . . boy's hands, tiny bare feet, a cigarette, wild blue native dress usually spotted with garden mould. In company manners presents the appearance of a little timid and precise old maid of the days of prunes and prism,—you look for the reticule. Hellish energy. . . . Can make anything from a house to a row, all fine and large of their kind. My uncle, after seeing her for the first time: "Yes Louis, you have done well. I married a besom myself and have never regretted it." Mrs. Fraser (et pour cause) "She has the indomitable will of Richelieu." Doctors everybody, will doctor you, cannot be doctored herself. . . . A violent friend, a brimstone enemy. Imaginary conversation after your visit: "I like Mr. Barrie. I dont like anybody else. I dont like anybody that dont like him. When he took me in* to dinner he made the wittiest remark I ever heard. "Dont you think," he said, "the old-fashioned way," etc. Is always either loathed or slavishly adored;

indifference impossible. The natives think her uncanny and that devils serve her. Dreams dreams, and sees visions.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

In Samoa itself Stevenson made many friends. There were always the light-hearted visitors from the war-ships in Apia Harbour; there were the resident white officials, among them the Chief Justice, the Commissioners, the British and American Consuls, and Land Commissioners. C. J. Ide, first a Land Commissioner and afterwards Chief Justice, and his family, were intimate friends of Louis's and Mrs. Louis's, and so also was the genial and good-natured Bazett Haggard, "The Man Haggard" of *An Object of Pity.* There was M. de Lautreppe, the French Naturalist, and the charming Count Wurmbrand, who became chief cowherd on the Stevenson's farm; and there were the traders—"strange characters from the Schooners," and now and then a itinerant musician, like the boy Safroni-Middieton, with his violin.

Best and most intimate of all the friends in Samoa were the Rev. W . E . Clarke, of the London Missionary Society, and his wife:—"A man," Stevenson wrote of Mr. Clarke, "I esteem and like to the soles of his boots. I prefer him to anyone in Samoa, and to most people in the world." But Stevenson's relations with all the Missionaries—Presbyterians, Church of England, and Roman Catholics, were quite friendly and sympathetic, and his help, in the way of donations, was always to be relied on. His own native servant, Sosimo, was a Roman Catholic, and the Roman Catholic Missionary exercised his good influence on others, besides:—little Austin Strong was devoted to him. The Rev. S. J. Whitmee offered to give Stevenson lessons in the Samoan language; and Tusitala used to ride down to Apia every Monday afternoon on his white horse, Jack,

to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, with whom Mr. Whitmee boarded, and to have his lesson in Samoan grammar and idiom. He proved a keen pupil, and never missed his lesson without sending a little note of apology beforehand. Sometimes, when the weather was bad;—"my family will not let me go." Only on one occasion did he play truant,—the day on which he finished *Catriona.* "I simply cannot put my mind to Samoan or anything else. I am like an empty bag. I can, and I will, do nothing." *

The Rev. A. E. Claxton, also a missionary, translated *The Bottle Imp* into Samoan, and published it in *Ole Sulu Samoa,* the periodical edited under missionary auspices. *The Bottle Imp,* therefore, was read in their native language by Samoans before it was published in Britain.

In an address written for a meeting of the Women's Missionary Association and Members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, held*at Sydney in March, 1893, Stevenson confessed that he had been prejudiced against Missions in the South Seas, but that his feelings about them had been changed by personal knowledge of them. He wrote in terms of high praise of the more modern and tolerant methods of Missionary work, and their effect. "The missionary is a great and beneficent factor," he said. He soon took great personal interest in the Missionary Schools, among them a school half-way between Vailima and Apia, under the care of two women Missionaries, for the training of Samoan girls of promise. At one time he thought it might set a good example if he himself were to take a Sunday-school class. The result was a dead failure. Even Tusitala could not hold the attention of the children. Finding himself at a complete Joss, he had a brilliant inspiration, and offered sixpence to the first child who should ask a question about the lesson. No response. He raised the offer to

*** J *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* pp. 232-233.**

a shilling—to half-a-crown. A little brown hand was held up and Louis was politely asked, "Who made God?" Louis said the incident was worth half-a-crown, but it ended his own career as a missionary.

In February, 1893, Stevenson again attempted a journey to Sydney, and while there he was given the most encouraging opinion on his health, for he was assured that under good conditions he might get quite well and live as long as anyone. But the good conditions were freedom from exposure, worry, or overwork. The opinion given resembled that given at Hyeres in 1884 by the doctor sent out by Charles Baxter and W. E. Henley, that if he could be kept alive till he was forty he might live till he was ninety, but that in order to live till he was forty he must have tranquillity without trouble or excitement or too much writing. It had been a hopeless matter to follow the doctor's advice then; but Louis was now forty-two and he was alive; and the same advice was now again given by another doctor, with hope offered of life for many years. Again it was impossible to follow it. Louis returned to two years of life not altogether without their troubles, and certainly to two of those things the Sydney doctor had forbidden, worry and overwork.

The Spring of 1893 was an anxious time because of Mrs. Louis's being very ill. In the Autumn of 1893 the Samoan War broke out,—the war Stevenson had dreaded and had tried hard to prevent. Stevenson, always at heart a soldier, was greatly stirred by his first contact with real war. "It is dreadful to think I must sit apart here and do nothing . . . and men with Winchesters in my mind's eye. Do you appreciate the height and breadth of my temptation? That I have about nine miles to ride, and I can become a General Officer?" * Stevenson had the chagrin and grief of seeing hisp friend Mataafa worsted and banished, and the Mataafa Chiefs, men he loved and understood, cast into prison. He was

* *Letters.* **Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. III.**

active in helping the wounded—got together a Committee, and turned the Public Hall into a Hospital; and his kindness to the imprisoned Chiefs, his anxious efforts on their behalf, his generous sympathy and tenderness and understanding, brought him a rich reward in their gratitude and devotion.

After the War, in September, 1893, Stevenson again left home, this time on a voyage to Honolulu. On this, his second visit to Honolulu, the conditions were different, for King Kalakaua was now dead, his sister, Princess Liliuokalani, who had succeeded to the Hawaiian throne, had been deposed, and a Provisional Government, locally spoken of as "the P. G.'s" was in power. Mr. Robert Catton, at whose office Stevenson called in order to meet "a brither Scot," said to him, as they walked past the Palace grounds, "Those Royalists and the P. G.'s remind me a good deal of Wiltshire and Case." "Yes," answered the royalist Stevenson, "especially Case";—and then they talked of Edinburgh, and of what Mr. Catton.found was occupying Stevenson's mind at the moment, the theory he cherished of his own possible descent from Rob Roy Macgregor.

Part of Stevenson's business in Honolulu was to make a new Will, to supersede the Will he had made before he left Honolulu in June, 1889. In this new will he appointed the same Trustees as he had appointed before, —Charles Baxter and Henry James (Henry James refused to act)—and he made various different dispositions. He left his expectancy on his father's estate (held in life-rent by Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, his mother) to the same persons to whom he had left it in June, 1889, but in different proportions. This Will, dated September, 1893, was his last.

Honolulu boasted, then as now, many Scots residents, and therefore a Club,—"The Scottish Thistle Club." These exiled Scots, on hearing of R. L. S.'s arrival, sent a deputation to him to ask him to address them at the Club; and R. L. S. at once consented. He spoke to them

on "That long drawn-out brawl entitled the History of Scotland,"—which title gave him ample opportunity of rousing their patriotism—and his own—to fever pitch; —Wallace, Bruce, Mary Queen of Scots,—*(not* John Knox, "a name I should never presume to mention in a jocular manner," said the author, grown older, of "Knox and his Females"), Montrose, Prince Charlie,—and last, and most affecting touch of all—Crockett's dedication to the *Stickit Minister,* "where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying, *my* heart remembers how."

That was on September 27th. He was asked to repeat the lecture to a larger audience, and consented, and a large hall was engaged; but Stevenson's health broke down in Honolulu, he was very ill with pneumonia, and Mrs. Louis Stevenson came from Samoa to take care of him. The doctor, supported by Mrs. Louis, forbade his giving the lecture to the large audience; but "We made him Honorary Chieftain of the Thistle Club of Honolulu and gave him a silver thistle to wear, Which he wore till the day of his death, and it was buried with him!" *

His illness and recovery lengthened the stay in Honolulu after the completion of his business there, and it was not until November that he and Mrs. Louis were able to make the voyage back to Samoa. The next year, 1894, the last year of his life, began with anxiety and worry about Samoan troubles,—fresh rumours of war in Atua,—but with an unexpected personal happiness and gratification, for on New Year's Day he wrote to thank his old friend Charles Baxter, who had so long acted as his business adviser and agent at home, for the scheme being carried out by Charles Baxter and Mr. Colvin,—the first complete and uniform edition of Stevenson's works,—*"The Edinburgh Edition."* This intimation must have come to him when he was depressed, for his wonderful moral courage and buoyant cheerful-

* [illegible] *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* p. 240

ness, that had scorned illness and laughed in the face of Death, showed at this time signs—at any rate in his intimate letters—of giving way. It was not physical weakness that depressed him, for his bodily health was better than it had been; it was a haunting fear that his power of producing imaginative literature was failing him. The old joyous ease and power of the artist seemed to be flagging. *The Ebb Tide* was composed heavily and with effort, page by page; and, though he was able to get on with his *Family of Engineers,* he felt he could not tackle the novels he had planned. All this preyed on his spirits. Moreover, his head was troubled about his finances. The big new house had cost a great deal,—and now, in spite of all his hard work and his large literary output of the last thirteen years, and of the big income he was now making by his writing,—in spite of all this he was constantly harping on the thought of what would be the practical effect were he to lose his power of writing romance,—lose, in other words, his power of earning money at the rate needed to meet his expenses; and of how his wife would be left provided for, and "my family" as he always called her son and daughter, and the little step-grandson of whom he was so fond and who was such a happiness to Stevenson in the last years of his life. The fact was that Stevenson never had been able, and was still unable, to understand money-matters. When he was poor he behaved as if he were rich, gave away with both hands, put them back into his pockets to find the pockets empty, laughed joyously, and wrote to his father. When he was rich he still behaved as if he were rich; but he still thought he was poor. He had never ruled his life on the lines of common sense. He was always "careless as the daisies." The hazy oblivion of the artist in all hatefully sordid matters was combined in him with the happy-go-lucky spendthrift ways of the sailor ashore. He had taken on himself financial responsibilities that tried his strength to the utmost. The purchase of his property at Vailima

and the building on it had, in the opinion of his more business-like friends, been a mad scheme, and the expenses it involved continued a strain to the end, and brought shocks of disquiet to those at home who worked so hard to keep him out of his financial difficulties, and to bring him peace of mind.

But there was no need for him to have troubled about the future, nor to have overworked his brain. "In spite of his carelessness about money," Mr. McClure says, "and the fact that he put about $20,000 (£5,000) into his house in Samoa, Stevenson did so much work, and the demand for it has been so constant, that he left a large estate." That referred to his American estate. His Scottish estate was merely less than a hundred pounds invested, and his "expectancy" under his father's will amounted to about £26,000.

There was yet to come the *Edinburgh Edition*, and here again he was to show inaptitude to understand what it meant to him from the merely financial point of view. It was in May, 1894, that he wrote to Charles Baxter, after hearing of the scheme having matured:

"My dear fellow, I wish to assure you of the greatness of the pleasure that this Edinburgh Edition gives me. I suppose it was your idea to give it that name. No other would have affected me in the same manner. Do you remember how many years ago . . . one night when I communicated to you certain intimations of early death and aspirations after fame? . . . If anyone at that moment could have shown me the Edinburgh Edition, I suppose I should have died. It is with gratitude and wonder that I consider 'the way in which I have been led.' Could a more preposterous idea have occurred to us in those days when we used to search our pockets for coppers, too often in vain, and combine forces to produce the threepenny necessary for two glasses of beer, or wander down the Lothian Road without any, than that I should be strong and well at the age of forty-three in the island of Upolu, and that you should

be at home bringing out the Edinburgh Edition?"*

"By the early autumn," Sir Sidney Colvin states, "the financial success of the scheme was fully assured and made known to him by cable; but he did not seem altogether to realise the full measure of relief from money anxieties which the assurance was meant to convey to him."

This was simply a cruel disappointment to Mr. Colvin and Charles Baxter, who had laboured so long and indefatigably on his behalf, and had been rejoicing in the thought that, as they carefully calculated, the *Edinburgh Edition,* with help from *St. Ives,* would make about £6,000 or £8,000 practically safe for Stevenson's exchequer, and,—what they especially rejoiced over, without a stroke of his pen.

On Easter Sunday a little steamer from the Friendly Islands brought Mr. Sidney Lysaght, the novelist, to Samoa, bearing a letter of introduction from George Meredith to Stevenson, and Louis rejoiced in the refreshment of his talk; but it showed Louis how he was losing touch. He wrote to Mr. Archer that the coming of this "young fellow just beginning letters, and no fool," brought "a curious breath from Europe." . . . "It is strange to me and not unpleasant to hear all the names, old and new, come up again. But oddly the new are so much more in number. If I revisited the glimpses of the moon on your side of the ocean, I should know comparatively few of them." And in thanking George Meredith for the introduction, after Mr. Lysaght had left, Louis says: "I find myself telling myself, 'O, I must tell this to Lysaght,' or 'this will interest him.' " And he tells Meredith "He has your European perspective, a thing long lost to me."

In Mr. Lysaght's own account of his impressions **he** says, "You might think that no man who had lived **here for** any length of time could escape its influence, **that** possibly a poet might write something like the *Lotus*

***Litters.* Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. IV. 259-260.**

Eaters here, probably write nothing at all, but that he could not produce work to stir the pulses of men and kindle their heroic instincts. Until we had met and spoken with Stevenson: then we realised how little dependent a man of genius is on his surroundings, how much more he has to give from within himself than to receive from without. . . . His immediate surroundings struck me as being essentially happy, affection and cheerfulness reigned in his home, the true spirit of comradeship was found there, 'the true word of welcome was spoken in the door.' " *

On June 16th his cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, arrived,—his second visit,—after an absence of nearly a year, and Mrs. Thomas Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne arrived a day or two later, and all was cheerful reunion, with much talk of home and news of it from those who had been home, and the last summer months of Stevenson's life passed with the congenial companionship of his cousin, and hospitable Vailima was full of social life. To the officers of H. M.. S. *Curapoa* Vailima must have proved a veritable godsend, and they to it.

In October there was the presentation to Tusitala of "Alo Loto Alofa," "The Road of the Loving Heart,"—a road from Apia to Vailima, the whole labour and cost of which had been borne by the Mataafa Chiefs as soon as they were released from prison, in gratitude to Stevenson for all he had done for them:—"It shall never be muddy; it shall endure for ever, this road that we have dug."

But all this,—the *Edinburgh Edition,* the cabled news of his wealth, the literary recognition from home as well as in America, the presence of the wife he loved, the mother he loved, the return of the cousin whose companionship meant so much to him, the cheerfulness and fulness of the daily life, his improved health,—all this would not have been enough to let Stevenson know before he

*/ *Can Remember Robert Louie Stevenson,* **pp. 259-260.**

died the highest reach of happiness, had he gone to the grave with the feeling oppressing him that his power had departed from him, that he could no longer plan and carry out the work he had set himself to do on earth; that the best in him was dead before him. But he was spared this.

St. Ives, begun as an alleviation to sickness in the January of 1893, had been taken up again, and the dictating of it (he suffered for some time from writer's cramp) to his stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong, had afforded him amusement at first, and then the book began to flag and worried and disappointed him. "It *will not* come together, and I must live, and my family," he wrote to Mr. Colvin, harping on the old theme.

In October, 1894, he cast *St. Ives* aside, with only twelve chapters written, and set to work on *Weir of Hermiston,* a book long planned, foretold in a letter to J. M. Barrie as far back as November, 1892, the first chapter written in ten days with "incredible labour" a month or so later and "recast" in August, 1893;—a book whose subject matter had always lain in his mind, ever ready to come into his thoughts when his thoughts were of home. So, in these last two months of his life, he took up *Weir of Hermiston* again. And what happened? The creative power came back to him, the thrill of inspiration; once again he found himself writing easily and with all his old joy in his sense of mastery of phrase and word, his fineness of touch, his bewitching art. The unfinished book, of all his books, is, perhaps, Stevenson at his very best; so he himself judged it. And, O irony of Fate! O laughter of the Gods!—the book is of Edinburgh and the "lost forenoons" at Parliament House, of old byegone debates at the "Spec," of Glencorse and the green Pentlands, the "hills of Home," —and of the coiled perplexities of youth. But the voice is the voice of Jacob. The writing is Tusitala's, with not only the whole world between him and home, but all

his life and his experience of life between those days and these.

In these last books Stevenson seems to have outdistanced all his critics, and to be himself alone, and at his best.

Much has been said of Stevenson's women characters. It has been said he was unable to draw real live women. It has been alleged that Mrs. Louis Stevenson held this opinion, and that she interfered in the drawing of women characters, and dominated Louis's work in that respect. The answer is clear. Take the last three novels. In them the women are drawn with true insight, with delicacy and firmness; they are vivid and convincing. The picture gallery of these women is as alive as any Raeburn collection. And they are all, like the plots and backgrounds of the three novels, drawn entirely from his own Scotland, where none could follow him to help him. It is as if he had searched his memory for types, and even individuals. Flora Gilchrist in *St. Ives,* tall, of gallant carriage, stepping like Diana on the open heights of Edinburgh Castle in a strong east wind, with the sun finding gold threads in her hair:—in a few sure strokes a Scottish girl character this, fresh and familiar, even to the touch of the "air of angelic candour yet of a high spirit." And again the old Scots maiden-aunt, shrewd and resourceful and crushing. And the two fascinating heroines in *Catriona,*—Catriona herself, the proud, innocent Highland girl, recalling (possibly recalled by, for Stevenson never forgot his past impressions), "the simplest, most naive specimen of girlhood ever I saw . . . so innocent and fresh, so perfectly modest without the least touch of prudery," who had charmed the boy Stevenson for a few happy hours spent in a Highland setting. And, above all, the two Kirsties and Mrs. Weir in *Weir of Hermiston.*

Young women and old women, Highland and Lowland,—but all Scotswomen; the women of his memory, the women of his youth.

From Mrs. Bourke Cochrane, the daughter of C. J, Ide, Land Commissioner and afterwards Chief Justice in Samoa,—"Anne Ide," to whom, when she was a little girl, Stevenson had "given his birthday,"—from her we have a strangely interesting picture of Stevenson, brave and brilliant to the last, and of his last words about his life's work:—

"We had a second birthday celebration together on the 13th of November, 1894, a duplicate of the first, with a papalagi (white people's) dinner in the evening. My sister Marjorie was ill with fever, and Mrs. Stevenson came down to help nurse her, and advised taking her to a colder climate. So we made hurried plans to go to New Zealand. The night before we sailed (and as it turned out three days before his death), Tusitala rode down on horseback to say goodbye to us. Every incident in that day is as vivid in my mind as the events of yesterday. He had on a new riding habit, corduroy breeches, a brown velvet coat such as he always wore, and a fresh.white cap. . . . We sat and talked on the veranda, and I had never seen him more brilliant, more fascinating, and more lovable. My father asked him to stay to dinner: he agreed and spent the whole evening. He told us that for the first time in his life he found writing uphill work; that he had had great difficulty in not being depressed about it, but it sometimes seemed to him that he had done nothing, in spite of all his great dreams. 'After all,' he said, 'a few tales for boys is about the sum of my achievement.' This mood was not natural to him. In fact, it was the only glimpse I ever had of anything of this kind, and must have been, I suppose, a preliminary warning of the end that was to come so soon." *

Even had this been all the achievement, would it have been a poor achievement? Is it a little thing that not one of Stevenson's books but is as pure as his own stream that fell into the pool at Vailima? That his

*/ *Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,* pp. 275-6.

books bring no message to youth but what is manly and cheerful, brave and honest, patriotic and loyal?—no inspiration but to courage and truth? That it can be said of him, as was said in a letter after the Great War, "Could Stevenson have seen the boys brought up on his stories and poems when the call came, he would have seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied."

Literature is the expression of a man's soul and cannot be a masquerade. It is in Stevenson's writings, —in the ultimate lesson of them all,—that we can reach the real Stevenson, and "The air seems bright with his past presence yet."

It was the third of December, 1894. The December budget to Mr. Colvin had not been begun, but was to be written next day. Stevenson had been writing *Weir of Hermiston* all the morning, and in the afternoon had been busy with home letters from friends. Once during the day he had been seen to stand "gazing long and wistfully" towards the forest-clad mountain on which he had asked that he should be buried. At sunset, he brought the last pages of what he had written of *Weir of Hermiston* downstairs, and read them aloud to his wife, his constant and shrewd critic, and she was warm in her praises. She had been depressed all day, with a sense of disaster; but they were thinking of Graham Balfour, who had lately left them and was sailing on dangerous seas, and not of possible sorrow at home. Louis had been trying to cheer her, had talked of going on a lecture tour in America, now that he was "so well." He had fetched a bottle of the old much-prized Burgundy for the little evening meal, and he was helping her to prepare a salad for it,—"that pathetic little salad" someone has called it. Suddenly, "What's that?" Louis exclaimed, and put his hands up to his head. "Do I look strange?" he asked her, and fell. A blood vesseljn the brain had burst.

His wife and his devoted servant, Sosimo, carried him in from the veranda, and put him in his grandfather's

MRS ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Roman Catholic Prayers for the Dead were recited, in Latin and Samoan.

Next day, Samoan Chiefs came, and spread fine mats on him,—the mats that are the Samoans' fortunes—till the Union Jack was hidden beneath them; and the Chiefs remained all night beside him, in silence.

By the flashing light of torches two hundred natives hacked a path up the side of the mountain. Another body of men, the men of the household, dug the grave on the summit. Then up the steep path the coffin, with the ensign of the *Casco* laid over it, was carried shoulder high by powerful Samoans. It was followed by about twenty Europeans and about sixty Samoans, and at the grave the Rev. W. E. Clarke read the Burial Service of the Church of England, and Stevenson's own prayer that he had read to his family the evening before he died.

There, on the flat narrow ledge of the summit, in a grave dug by the hands of those who loved him, they laid him to his rest. And on his tomb is his Requiem:—

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse that you grave for me
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

The Samoan Chiefs forbade the use of firearms on the mountain, after Louis Stevenson was laid to rest on its summit, that the birds, undisturbed, might sing about his grave.

Mrs. Thomas Stevenson left Vailima and returned home to Scotland, to live in Edinburgh till her death. She outlived her son barely three years, dying in 1897, the glad cry of "Louis!" on her lips as she died.

Mrs, Louis Stevenson survived her husband for twenty years. She died in California in 1914. By her own wish, her body was cremated; and the ashes are buried with Louis on the mountain top above Vailima.

On August 15th, 1914, eleven days after the declaration of war between Britain and Germany, an expedition left New Zealand to capture the Samoan Islands. Two Australian ships accompanied the expedition. New Zealand, nearest land to the Samoan Islands, was in close touch with her politics and had long deplored the British consent to the German occupation, and to her now came, most appropriately, the task of freeing Samoa from German rule.

The squadron arrived off Samoa on August 30th, steering straight for Apia, the headquarters of the German Government. The German authorities, taken by surprise, offered no resistance, but surrendered at once. The fleet steamed into the harbour, and the blue-jackets and troops landed.

Early the next morning, a royal salute was fired as the Union Jack slowly ran up the flag-staff, amid cheers and the strains of the British National Anthem; and on the lonely summit of the mountain, three miles off, the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson became a part of the British Empire.

INDEX

Abbot of Arbroath, 9
Abercrombie, Euphame, 12
Abercrombie, Katherine, 12
Abercrombie, Giles, 131
Academy, see Edinburgh Academy
Academy, The, 142, 144, 169, 173
Across the Plains, 270
Adams, Henry, historian, 311
Admiral Guinea, 227
Advocates' Close, 21
Advocates' Library, 83, 140
Albanv Street, Edinburgh, 22
Allermuir, 53, 54, 56
Allingham, 118
Amateur Emigrant, The, 172, 183, 184, 197
An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland, 120
Andersonian Institute at Glasgow, 7
Anstruther, 62, 72
Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, 11
Antiquary, The, 131
Apology for Idlers, An, 146
Arbroath, 9
Archer, Mr., 223, 233, 235, 246, 262, 266, 272
Ardrishaig, 75
Arethusa, 130, 145, 146, 159
Arnold, Matthew, 57
Astronomical Society of London, 11
Athenaeum Club, the, 117
"Auntie," see Balfour, Miss Jane Whyte
Autumn Effect, An, 121
Aytoun, Mrs. W. E., 29, 32
Aytoun, Professor William Edrnonstoune, 29, 32

Babington, Professor Churchill, 101, 203
Babington, Mrs. Churchill, 101, 102
Baker, Andrew, 257
"Baker's,", (Stevenson Memorial Cottage), 258 note
Balfour, Andrew, 13, 14
Balfour, David, 12, 13, 19
Balfour, George, son of Rev. Lewis, 41
Balfour, James, Minister of Guthrie, 13, 14
Balfour, James, son of Andrew, 15, 16
Balfour, James, son of James, 16, 17, 18
Balfour, James, son of John, 21, 22
Balfour, James, son of Rev. Lewis, 41
Balfour, John, son of Rev. Lewis, 40, 269
Balfour, Lewis, son of Rev. Lewis, 40
Balfour, Louisa, see Hamilton, Louisa
Balfour, Louisa, wife of James Mackenzie, 22
Balfour, "Mac," son of Rev. Lewis, 40-41
Balfour, Margaret Isabella, see Stevenson, Mrs. Thomas
Balfour, Mary Cecilia, 21
Balfour, Miss Amelia, see Jersey, Lady
Balfour, Miss Etta (now Mrs. Younger), 133, 206
Balfour, Miss Jane Whyte ("Auntie"), 24, 36, 38, 41, 44, 81, 175, 198, 206, 310
Balfour, Professor James, 20, 21, 89
Balfour, Rev. Lewis (Louis's grandfather), 1, 6, 22, 23, 24, 26, 36, 40, 41, 198
Balfour, Sir Graham, 42, 51, 72, 84, 126, 143, 156, 204, 216, 227, 256, 279, 296, 298, 307, 314, 315, 325, 326
Ballads, 285
Balzac, 94, 142
Barbizon, 128, 135, 136
Barclaj', Thomas, 119
Barrie, Sir James M., 58, 59, 341
Baudelaire, 86
Baxter, Charles, 90, 91, 97, 98, 108

128, 129, 159, 162, 178, 187, 197, 207, 219, 224, 233, 235, 260, 262, 265, 271, 274, 283, 289, 304, 320, 334, 335, 336, 339; poem addressed to, 321-322
Baxter's Place, 10, 26
Baynes, Professor, 203
Beachcombers, The, 299
***Beach** of Falesd, The,* 320, 323
Beau Austin, 227
Beggars, 270
Bell Rock Lighthouse, 1, 9, 10, 24, 25, 327, 328
Berger, Captain, 290
Bisset, Rev. Archibald, 61 and note
***Black,** Arrow, The,* 214, **259**
Black Canyon, 210
Blackford, 46
Blackie, Mrs. J. S., 56
Blackie, Prof. John Stuart, 56, 65, 76, 82, 157
Black Man and Other Tales, The, **205**
Blackwood's Magazine, 121, 126
Blackwood, publisher, 120, 121
Blaikie, Dr. Walter, 28, 33
Blaikie, Mrs., 28
Blaikie, Rev. Professor Garden, 28
Blair Atholl, 196, 197
Board of Northern Lights, 5, 8, 9, 12, 51, 61, 72
Board of Trustees, School of Arts, 90
Boddam, Miss Ellie, 133
***Body** Snatchers, The,* 205, 228
Boodle, Miss, 233
Boodle, Mrs., 233
Borglum, Gutzon (tablet), 258
Boswell, 146
***Bottle,** Imp, The,* 302, 303
Bough, Sam, 75, 76, 157
"Bow's," 59 and note
Braid Hills, 46
Brash's, a public house in Edinburgh, 209
Bridge of Allan, 46, 28
Bridges, The, Edinburgh, 7, 22, 84
Brown, Mr. A. C, 290
Brown, Robert Glasgow, 82, 164 note
Browne, Sir Thomas, 86
Browning, Robert, 57, 142, 241
Buchan, 101
Buchanan, Helen, 22
Buchanan, Thomas, of Ardoch, 22
Buckingham Terrace, 57
Burford Bridge, 166 and note, 167, 212
Burlingame, Mr., editor of *Scribner's,* 252, 261, 264, 286, 308, 328
Bums, Robert, 23

Caerketton, 56
Calton Cemetery, 80, 244
Calton Hill, 10, 12, 17, 46
Campagne Defli, 215, 216
Campbell, Patrick, 60 note
Campbell, Professor Lewis, 57, 158, 203
Canonmills, 30, 39
"Captain George North," Stevenson's *nom de plume,* 214
Carlyle, 57, 117, 118
***Casco* (The "Silver Ship"), Stevenson's yacht, 71, 273, 274, 275, 277, 278, 279, 280, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 291, 295, 346**
***Catriona,* 19, 205, 259, 323, 342**
Catton, Mr. Robert, 335
Century Magazine, 80, 153
Cevennes, 168
Chair of Constitutional Law at Edinburgh, Stevenson's Candidature for, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206
Chalmers, Bridget, 15
Chalmers, James, 15
Chalmers[1], Stephen, 88-89 and note, 186 and note
Champneys, Basil, 116
Chapter On Dreams, 270
Character of Dreams, 268
Charles of Orleans, R. L. S.'s paper **on, 136, 143, 146**
Chaucer, 75
Child's Garden of Verses, A, 27, **206, 217, 223, 235**
Christison, Professor, 32
Christmas Sermon, A, 268
Chronicle of Friendships, 242
Cigarette, The, **130, 146, 159**
Clark, Sir Andrew, 105, 213, 215
Clarke, Rev. W. E., 300, 332, 345, 346
Claxton, Rev. A. E., Samoan missionary, 333
Clifford, W. K., 116
Cochrane, Mrs. Bourke, 843
Cockburn, Lord, 226
Cockfield Rectory, Suffolk, 101, 103, 109
Colinton, 1, 23, 24, 26, 41, 47, 53, 226

Colinton Manse, 23, 24, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 48, 50, 89, 198, 310
College Memories, 59
Colvin, Lady, see Sitwell, Mrs.
Colvin, Sir Sidney, 72, 79, 103, 104 and note, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 116, 117, 121, 124, 136, 143, 155, 164, 165, 168, 175, 177, 179, 184, 187, 190, 192, 195, 197, 198, 201, 203, 214, 216, 218, 220, 229, 233, 236, 241, 242, 247, 262, 265, 270, 280, 281, 283, 285, 286, 292, 293, 295, 298, 299, 300, 307, 308, 318, 319, 320, 328, 329, 344
Constant, Benjamin, 69
Contemporary, The, 245
Contributions to the History of Fife, 43
"Coolin," Stevenson's dog, 33, 52, 72, 73
Cormorant, the, 291
***Cornhill,* 115, 116, 117, 121, 125, 131, 144, 146, 164, 166, 169, 170, 174, 177, 184, 189, 196, 205, 207, 213, 214, 248, 270**
Craigleith, 15
Craiglockhart, 46, 53
Cramond, 85, 130, 213
Criminal Trials, Pitcairn's, 2
Cumberland, 88
dimming, Elizabeth, 3
"Cummy," see Cunningham, Alison
Cunningham, Alison, 28, 29, 34, 35, 38, 44, 63, 148, 217
Cunningham, Mr. James, 196, 197
"Cunzie House," 62 note
Curtiu, John, 243

Dale, Mrs., of Scoughall, 23, 194
Damien, Father, 293-294, 303
D'Arcy Thompson Class Club, 81-82
Darien Company, 15, 16
Darling, Lord Stormonth, 59
Davos, 200, 201, 202
***Deacon Brodie,* 171, 172, 225, 226, 227, 254**
Deacon of Wright, see Lillie, David
Defense of Idlers, A, 146
Defoe, 86
***Devonia,* 166, 178, 179, 195**
Dorking, 167
Douglas, txavin, 54
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, see *Strange Case of*
Duddingstone, 123
Dumas, 52, 94, 164
Dunblane, 91
Dunoon, 46, 75

Earraid, 75
Ebb Tide, The, 337
Edinburgh, 4, 10, 11, 25, 26, 35, 38, 41, 43, 45, 47, 51, 53, 54, 57, 58, 60, 65, 67, 79, 81, 90, 113, 114, 117 121, 123, 124, 128, 136, 137, 155, 156, 157, 171
Edinburgh Academy, 39, 41, 43, 46, 188
Edinburgh Review, 69
Edinburgh University, see University of Edinburgh
Edinburgh University Conservative Club, 75
Edinburgh University Magazine, ***The,* 52, 54, 82, 83,' 86, 87, 164 note**
Education of an Engineer, 64
Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne, The, 159
Elgin Marbles, 122
Elliot, Mr. Andrew, 48
Elliot, Mary, see Elphinstone, Lady
Elliot, Sir Gilbert, of Minto, 20 and note
Elphinstone, Cecilia, 18, 21
Elphinstone, Lady, 18, 20, 21
Elphinstone, Sir John, 18
Emmet, Robert, 69
Endymion, 167
English Worthies, 229
***Equator,* the (schooner), 295, 297, 299, 300, 302**
Ettrick Shepherd, 53
Ewing, Sir J. Alfred, K.C.B., F.R.S., 66, 168, 236
Explosive Bomb, The, 227

Fables in Song, 115
Faculty of Advocates, 132, 133 note, 191 note, 204
Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs., 251, 252
Fairmilehead, 53, 54, 92
Faith of R. L. Stevenson, The, 95 **note**
Familiar Studies of Men and ***Books,* 174, 184, 209**
Family of Engineers, 337
Feast'of Famine, 285, 292
Fergusson, Robert, the poet, 96, 97
Ferrier, Miss ("Coggie"), 218, 221, 233, 235

Ferrier, Mrs., 82
Ferrier, Professor, 57, 82
Ferrier, J. Waiter, 82, 83, 84, 218
Fettes Row (No. 6), 67, 92, 100
Field, Mrs., see Osbourne, Miss Isobel
Fife, 44, 64, 62; Hills of, 17
Firth of Forth, 17, 22, 130, 131
Fletcher, 75
***Fontainebleau* (essay on), 134, 142, 143, 145**
Fontainebleau, Forest of, 128, 131, 134, 152, 156
Foreigner at Home, The, 34 note, **58, 214**
Forest Notes, 131, 144
Fortnightly, The, 115, 169, 200
Fox's *Book of Martyrs,* 34
Frankfort, 93
Fraser's Magazine, **197**
Frederick Street, 45, 46
Froude, J. A., 118
Fugicura Kingero, 159

Galitzin, Prince L6on, 110, 121
Garden, Mrs. Nicolas, 14, 15
Garschine, Madame, 110
Geddes, Rev. J. C. B., 240
***Gentle** Shepherd, The,* 53
George Street, 51
Gilder, R. W., editor of *Century,* 252
Gladstone, 84, 117, 229, 230, 303
Glasgow, 77, 178
Gordon, Edward Strathearn (Lord Advocate), 105
Gordon, General, 230
Gosse, Edmund, CB, LL.D., 48, 76, 77 note, 156, 157, 173, 174, 177, 200, 203, 207, 210, 225, 228, 231, 256, 262, 266, 315
Gossip on Romance, A, 166
Graver and the Pen, The, 210, 211
Great War, the, 71
Greenock, 75
Grez, 130, 135, 136, 144, 146, 147, 152, 153, 155, 156, 158, 168
Grotehall, 15
Grove, Sir George, 57, 58, 112, 146
Guthrie, Lord, 90, 171, 204, 270

Hackerston of Rathhillet, 86
Haggard, Mr. Bazett, British Consul at Vailima, 326, 332
Hair Trunk, The, 129, 276
Halle and Neruda recitals, the, 124
Hamerton, P. G., 109, 184, 203
Hamilton, Lady, 167
Hamilton, Louisa, 16, 18, 21
Hamilton, Mr. Clayton, 156
Hamiltons, of Airdrie, 16
Hamilton Place, Edinburgh, 132
Hamilton, Sir William, 16
Hamley, *Operations of War,* **231**
Hampstead, 116
Hardy, Thomas, 236
Harrison, Mr. Birge, 18, 153, 154
Hawaii, 160
Hawes Inn, Queensferry, 131
Hawthorne, 86
Hazlitt, 86, 89
Hebrides, 77, 119, 304
Heine, *66*
Henderson, Mr, Schoolmaster, 39, 40, 240
Henderson's Weekly (Young Folks) **259**
Henley, Mrs. W. E., 227, 242
Henley, W. E., 98, 125, 126, 128, 129, 133, 145, 164, 171, 172, 184, 187, 188, 205, 209, 211, 218, 219, 221, 222, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 233, 234, 241, 242, 260, 262, 265, 270, 271, 325, 334
Heriot Row, 32, 33, 37, 39, 48, 51, 56, 65, 73, 93 note, 97, 110, 114, 129, 137, 138, 140, 165, 177, 213, 223
High Street, 81, £4
Hill Street, 56
"History of Moses,[1]" 210-211
Hodgson, Professor, 227
Holman, Frank N., 185
Homburg, 42, 136
Home, Dr. Milne, 101
Home No More Home to Me, **285**
Hope, Sir Alexander, of Kerse, 15
Hope, Sir Thomas, King's Advocate, 15
Horner, Leonard, 69, 71
Hotel Belvedere, 210
Howard Place (No. 8), 25, 26, 27
Hugo, Victor, mentioned, 117; Stevenson's article on, 113, 115, 116, 117, 214
Hume, David, 18, 19, 27, 81
"Hunter's Tryst," 53
Huxley, Professor, 57
Hyeres, 215-221, 226, 227, 233, 254

Ide, Anne, see Cochrane, MrsBourke, 343
Ide, C. J., Chief Justice ^)f Samoa, 332
Illustrated London News, **143, 169**
Inchcape, see Bell Rock
Inchrye, 13

India Street, 39
Inland Voyage, The, 129, 146, 164, 167, 170, 263
Inn Album, 142
Institute of Civil Engineers, 11
In the South Seas, 285, 297, 298
Inverleith Row, 26, 29
Inverleith Terrace, 29, 30, 31
Iona, 75, 76
Island Nights' Entertainment, 280, 305
Isle of Voices, The, 280
Isle of Wight, 22

Jaff, Dr. Alexander Hay, 207, 210
James, Henry, 232, 233, 250, 266, 275, 292, 293, 310, 311, 327, 328, 335
Jeffrey, Lord, *69*
Jenkin, Mrs. Fleeming, *65,* 66, 67, 75, 85, 100, 128, 146, 189, 233, 234, 236
Jenkin, Prof. Fleeming, 65, *66,* 67, 75, 85, 92, 100, 116, 128, 146, 168, 233, 236, 239-240
Jenkin. Theatricals, 114-115, 128, 158
Jersey, Lady, 326
Jowett, Benjamin, 57
Juvenilia, 83, 84,.169, 174, 269

Kaiulani, Princess, 290; poem by R. L. S. to, 290
Kalakana, King, 287, 288, 289, 298, 299, 335; poem to, by R. L. S., 289
Keats, 166, 240
Ken, Jean, 3
Kelland, Professor, 73
Kelman, Rev. John, D.D., 95 note
Kidnapped, 75, 77, 131, 141, 212, 223, 240, 241, 248, 252, 259
Kipling, Rudyard, 330
Kirk Yetton, 54
Kitcats, 207
Knox, John, 118, 122
Knox, John, Stevenson's article on, 103, 120, 142

Lafarge, the artist, 311
Lamb, Charles, 66, 86, 124, 220
Lamia, 240
Lang, Andrew, 111, 112, 116, 144, 203 212
Lantern Bearers, The, 268, 270
Lautreppe, M. de, French naturalist, 332
Lavenue's, Paris, 128
Lay Morals, 107, 174
Lees, the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron, 204
Leith, 15, 17, 20, 209
Leith, port of, 17
Leith Walk, 7, 17
Lerwiak, 72
Leyden, 18
Life of Professor Jenkin, 236, 245
Life of Scott (Lockuart's), 219, 220
Lighthouse Commissioners, see Board of Northern Lights
Like-Like, Princess, 290
Lillie, David, Deacon of Wrights, 4
Lillie, Jean (Smith), 3, 5
Liliuokolani, Princess, 289, 335
Lisle, Mr. George, 130
Lister, Joseph, Lord, 101, 125
L. J. R. Society, 91
Lockyer, Sir Norman, 58
Lodging for the Night, A, 164, 166, 169
London, 42, 43, 116, 126, 127, 134, 156
London, The, 164, 168, 169, 170
Lord Nelson and the Tar, 210
Lorimer, Miss, 62
Lorimer, Mr. John H., R.A., 90
Lothian Street, 145
Lothians, *55*
Lotus Eaters, 339
Low, Mr. Will H., 126, 127, 136, 144, 146, 147, 154, 155, 179, 240, 242, 243, 251, 252, 253, 254, 256, 259, 260, 273, 329
Longmans, publishers, 238
Lysaght, S. R., 249, 339
Lytton, Lord, 115

MacCunn, Mrs. 167
Macaire, 227
Macgregor, John, "Rob Roy," 2, 130, 335
Macgregors (clan), 2
Mackay, Prof, *Æneas,* 202, 203
Mackenzie, James, 22
Mackenzie, Louis's nurse, 28
Mackintosh, Anne, 22
Maclagan, Sir Douglas, 10
Maconochie, Sheriff, 112, 205
Macpherson, Prof. Norman, 132 note

MacMahon, Marshal, President of French Republic, 160, 161, 163
Macmillan, Alexander, 58
Mwsmillan's Magazine, 57, 58, 112, 114, 121, 142, 146, 169
Maison Chevillon, 154
Manse, The, 6, 40
Manse, see Colinton Manse
Markheim, 238
Marowe, 75
Martial Elegy, A, 210
Master of Ballantrae, The, 268, 270, 285, 288, 296, 310
Masson, Professor David, 57
Mataafa, Rebel Chief, 326, 334
Mattos, Mrs. Katharine de, 233, 271
McClure, Mr. S. S., 252, 258, 259, 260, 263, 264, 265, 266, 329
McClure, Mrs. S. S., 252, 258
McLaren, William, 45 note
Meiklejohn, Professor, 203
Melville, Andrew, the Reformer, 3, 14
Melville, Barbara, 13, 14
Melville, Herman, 276, 278
Melville, James, 13
Melvilles of Badowy, 13
Memories and Portraits, 34, 52, 59, 60, 69, 83 note, 83, 84, 87, 245 note
Mentone, 42, 44, 46, 105, 106, 107, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 121, 166
Meredith, George, 166, 167, 175, 212, 315, 339
Merritt, Dr., 273, 275
Merry Men, The, 170, 205, 214
Mill, John Stuart, 57
"Modestine," 168
Moe, Princess, ex-queen of Raitea, 281, 284, 291
Moncrieff, Sheriff Scott, 131
Montaigne, 86
Monterey, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185
Monterey Calif or nian, The, 184
Moors, Mr. H. J., 302
Moral Emblems, 210, 211
Morality of the Profession of Letters, The, 200
Morley, John, 115
Morningside, 53
Mother Maryaune, poem to, 294
Mull, 75
Myers, F. W. H., 239

Napier, Mrs., Louis's cousin, 42
Navigator's Island, see Samoa, 129
Neaves, Lord, 82
Neils ton, 3
Nelitchka, 110, 111
Nelson, 167
Nelson Street, 12
New Amphion, The, 59, 60 note
New Arabian Nights, 167, 168, 169, 170, 227
New Quarterly, The, 169
New York World, 259
Nicoll, Janet (steamer), 303, 304, 305, 308
Nixie, The, 271
Not I, and Other Poems, 210, 211
Notes on the Movements of Young Children, 117

Oban, 75, 76
Obermann, 86
Object of Pity, An, 145, 332
Ode to Boehm, An, 321-322
Old Infirmary, Edinburgh, 125
Old Pacific Capital, TJie, 197
Old Scot's Gardener, An, 52, 84, 87
Omond, George W. T., 82
Omoo, 276
On Some Aspects of Burns, 174, 177, 197
Operations of War, 199
Ordered South, 58, 107, 109, 112, 114
Ori a Ori, a South Sea chief, 281, 284, 285, 291, 299
Orkney, 111
Osboume, Miss Iaobel, 193, 2GS', 314
Osboume, Mr. Llovd, H7, 151, 152, 195, 196, 197, 199, 201, 202, 206, 208, 210, 236, 247, 251, 252, 255, 257, 264, 269, 273, 275, 276, 278, 283, 288, 293, 295, 300, 301, 304, 305, 306, 311, 314, 337, 339, 340
Osboume, Mrs. (later Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson), 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 163, 167, 168, 177, 179, 182, 183, 186, 187, 190, 191; see also Stevenson, Mrs. Louis
Otis, Captain, 275, 278, 282
Pall Mall Gazette, 121, 145, 200, 205, 228
Paris, 113, 126, 127, 136, 147, 152, 156, 168
Parliament Hall, see Parliament House
Parliament House, 133, 139
Paston Letters, 146
Pavilion on the Links, 183, 184, 197
Pearl Fisher, The, 299

Pears, Sir Edmund Radcliffe, R.N., 291
Peebles, 46, 213
Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured, **A, 30**
***Pentland Hills,* 23, 46, 4T, 61, 53, 55, 56**
Pentland Rising, The, 48, 86, 94, **214**
Pepys, Samuel, essay on, 200
Phantom Ship, The, 269
Picturesque Note of Edinburgh,* **55, 168, 170**
Pilrig, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
Pilrig, Balfours of, 18
Pilrig House, 6, 16, 17
Pilrig Manse, 28
Pinkerton, character built on S. S. McClure, 259
Pirate and the Apothecary, 210, 211
Pirate, The, 10, 72
Pitcaim's *Criminal Trials,* 2
Poland, 121
Pope, Alexander, 209
***Portfolio, the,* 109, 117, 169, 170, 203**
Portraits by Raeburn, 121
Portree, 76
Powburn, 53
Powdermills, Edinburgh, footnote, 15
Prince Otto, 184
Princes Street, 22, 84 note, 245
Providence and the Guitar, 168, 170
Pulvis et Umbra, 268, 270

***Quartier Latin,* 113, 153, 156, 165**
Queen Street, 32, 35, 93 note

Raeburn, Sir Henry, 121
Ramsay, Allan, 53
Randolph Cliff, 41
Rankine, John, 137, 139
Records of a Family of Engineers, **2, 3**
Reid, Dennis, 296, 297
Reid, Sir George, Portrait of Thomas Stevenson, 327
Remareau, M. 280
Requiem, 223, 224
Rivenburgh, Mrs. Eleanor, 288
***Roads* (essay on), 9, 103, 109, 112, 169, 214**
Roaring Shepherd, The, 52
Robert Louis Stevenson Club, The, 77
R*ohin and Ben,* 210. 211
Robinet, French painter, 110
Rob Roy, see Macgregor
Roch, Valentine (now Mrs. Brown), 216, 247, 250, 251, 257, 268, 273, 277, 288
Rosebery, Lord, 131
Rothesay, 46
Royal College of Physicians, 21
Royal High School of Edinburgh, 12
Royal Observatory of Edinburgh, 11, 100
Royal Scottish Academy of Arts, 85
Royal Society of Edinburgh, 11, 100
Royat, 225, 226
Bullion Oreen, Battle of, 53
Russel, Mrs., 63, 64
Russel, Sheriff, 63
Rutherford's, 82, 83

Salvini, 144
Samoa (Navigator's Island), 71, 129, 160, 264, 301, 302, 324, 329, 332, 335, 336; government of, 288, 317-319; political disturbances in, 287-288, 312, 317, 319, 323, 331, 335
Sanchez, Mrs. Van de Grift, 148, 169, 182, 191, 195, 272, 277, 282, 309
Santa Lucia Mountains, 180
Saranac, 255, 256, 258, 259, 263, 264, 267, 268, 269, 270, 272
Sargent, John S., 233, 237, 327
Savile Club, The, 77, 116, 117, 126, 144, 156, 157, 164, 185, 203
Scotch Student's Dream, 59
Scotland and the Union, projected book on, 200
Scott, Dr. Thomas Bodley, 237-238
Scott, Henrietta, wife of Rev. Lewis Balfour, 22, 23
Scott, Sir Walter, 9, 10, 20, 53, 69, 71, 72, 74, 93, 117, 118, 131
Scribner's Magazine, 250, 252, 261, **264, 267, 270, 288, 291, 292, 308**
Scribner, Mr. Charles, 252-253, 260, 261, 267
Scilly Tales, 162
Seed, Hon. J., 129, 276
Sellar, Mrs., 26, 27 note, 57, 112
Sellar, Professor, 57, 68, 167, 204
Semiramis, 86
"Seven Sisters," 55
Sewall, Mr. Harold, American Consul-Genera), 312

Shadoivs on the Bed, The, 205
Shakespeare, 7
Shaw, Lord, 184, 204
Shelley, Lady, 233
Shelley, Sir Percy, 233
Shorter Catechism, 107
Shovels of Newton French, The, 320
Sick Child, The, 35
Simoneau, Jules, 180, 185, 186, 223
Silverado Squatters, 193, 209, 218, 222
Simpson, Miss Eve Blautyre, 93 note
Simpson, Sir Walter, 93, 119, 128, 129-130, 134, 135, 136, 141, 146, 147, 159, 262
Sinclair, Miss Amy, 76
Sinclair, Sir Tollemache, 76
Sire de Maletroit's Door, The, 166
Sitwell, Mrs. (now Lady Coivin), 101, 102, 103, 104, 106, 107, 109, 113, 121, 122, 124, 129, 133 note, 146, 201, 202, 206, 276, 292
Six Foot Club, 53
Skene, Edward & Bilton, W.S., 92, 122
Skene of Itubislaw, 92, 93
Skye, 25, 76
Smith, Helen, 15, 16
Smith, Jean, sec Lillie, Jean
Smith, Jean, see Stevenson, Jean
Smith, Rev. Dr. of Galston, 23
Smith, Sir John, 15
Smith, Thomas, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12
Song of Rahero, 285, 292
Sophia Scarlet, project of, 323
South Sea Idylls, 276
South Sea Islands, 129, 263, 274, 276
South Sea Letters, 308, 319, 324
Speculative Society, The, 68, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 82, 84, 89, 93, 99, 156, 230; valedictory address to, 100
Spencer, Herbert, 57, 94
Spring Grove, 44
Spokes, Mr. A. H., 246
Stephen, Sir Leslie, 115, 116, 117, 118, 124, 125, 143, 146, 203, 205, 214
St. Gauriens, Mr., 252, 253, 272, 273
St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, 13, 17, 54
St Ives, 55, 259, 261, 328, 339, 341
St. Kitts islet, 3, 4
Stevenson, Alan, 3, 4, 5, 254
Stevenson, Charles, 162
Stevenson, David, Louis's cousin, 162
Stevenson, David, uncle of Louis, 30, 31
Stevenson, James, 3
Stevenson, Jean, wife of Robert Stevenson, 10, 11
Stevenson, Hugh, born 1749, 3, 4
Stevenson, Mrs. Louis, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 198, 201, 203, 205, 208, 209, 212, 215, 217, 221, 223, 225, 226, 227, 234, 235, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 247, 250, 251, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 269, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 280, 283, 286, 288, 291, 295, 304, 306, 309, 310, 311, 313, 314, 334, 341, 342, 347
Stevenson, R. A. M., Louis's cousin, 30, 64, 90, 92, 113, 118, 123, 126, 127, 134, 136, 147, 155, 176, 134, 215, 228, 233, 234, 241, 262, 265
Stevenson, Robert, born 1720, 3
Stevenson, Robert, born 1772, 4, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 278

Stevenson, Robert Louis:
called to the Bar, 88, 89, 132-134; and cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, 30, 64, 90, 92, 113, 118, 123, 126, 127, 134,, 136, 147, 155, 176, 184, 215, 228, 233, 234, 241, 262, 265; and father, 35, 48, 94, *95, 96,* 97, 98, 99, 113, 190, 195, 218, 219, 231, 234, 235, 240, 243, 244, 254; and Jenkin theatricals, 92, 100, 115, 128, 158; and mother, 35, 48, 99, 190, 194, 195, 220, 240, 250, 269, 290, 312, 313, 314; and Speculative Society, 68-71; birtli of, 25; bohemian habits of, 78-81; bravery of, 186, 220, 223, 316; burial of, 346; candidature for Chair of Constitutional Law, by, 202-205, 206; charm of, 185-186, 192, 193, 265, 275, 291, 298; conservatism of, 121, 26$; Covenanting conscience, 33, 34, 48, 262; death of, 344-345; described, 45, 127, 130, 246, 300-301, 340, 343; discussion of women characters of books of, 342; dress of, 112, 138, 172, 272; early attempts at authorship, 30, 31, 47, 48, 58, 59; education of, 39, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 73, 74, 75, 122; engineering experi

ences of, 61-64, 75, 77, 85-86; extracts from letters of, 75, 91, 97-98, 107, 108, 111, 116, 118, 122-123, 124-125, 128-129, 131, 135, 160-162, 163-164, 165-166, 173, 174, 175, 176, 178, 179, 180, 184, 185, 187, 188, 189, 196, 208, 209, 212, 217, 218, 219, 221-224, 228, 229, 230, 234-235, 241, 260, 261-262, 274, 275, 276, 292, 293, 297-298, 299, 300, 302-303, 310-311, 312, 317, 325, 330, 331-332, 338-339; failure to meet Car-Jyle. 117-118; friendship of, with Henley, 98, 125, 126, 128, 129, 133, 145, 164, 171, 172, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 233, 234, 241, 260, 262, 265;—broken, 271-272; his love for animals, 33; his dog "Cooling 32, 72-73; "Woggs," 201-209; love of nature, 45, 46; love of study of Art of War, 39, 199, 206-207, 230-231; love for sea, 278; love for Swanston. 50-56, 196, 212-213; love for writing, 122-123; ill health of, 29, 30, 104-105, 106, 180-181, 183, 189-190, 198, 201, 202, 213, 215, 219, 220, 223, 226, 232, 243, 245, 303, 305, 336; interest of, in Samofin government, 287, 288, 312, 318, 323, 324, 333, 334, 335, 336; marriage of, 190-191; meets future wife—her history, 147-153; meets Andrew Lang, 111; meets Edmund Gosse and others, 75, 76, 77, 156-157; meets George Meredith, 167; meets interesting people, 117; meets Prof, and Mrs. Jenkin, 65-67; meets McClure, publisher, 252; meets Mrs. Sitwell, 102-103; meets Russian ladies, 110; meets Charles Scribner, publisher, 253; meets Sir Sidney Colvin, 103 ; meets St. Gaudens, 253 ; money troubles, 113-114, 143, 155, 156, 190, 191, 217, 218, 219, 229, 242-243, 286, 287, 291, 292, 337-338; signature of, 214; some friends of, 232-233 ; South Sea cruise (1st), 277-285; (2nd), 302-305; (3rd), 307-345; gelling of name, 68 ; studies for Bar, 88, 89; terms of father's will, 254-255; travels of, 42, 45, 72, 193, 196, 197, 198, 202, 205, 206, 207, 208, 212, 213, 215, 216, 225, 227, 236, 242, 247, 273, 275, 295; Vailima, life of, at, 307-345; writings of, mentioned, 109, 115, 116, 131, 169-171, 184, 189, 193, 197, 200, 205, 206, 207, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 218, 223, 224, 225, 227, 228, 235, 237, 238, 240, 247, 248, 252, 259, 263, 264, 268, 269, 270, 276, 280, 285, 286, 288, 292, 296, 299, 302, 304, 305, 319, 321, 322, 323, 324, 326, 328, 333, 337, 341, 344

Stevenson, Mrs. Thomas, Louis's mother, 1, 12, 26, 28, 29, 31, 32, 33, 35, 39, 41, 42, 48, 51, 58, *65,* 81, 91, 99, 105, 139, 141, 162, 167, 193, 194, 195, 196, 203, 206, 240, 243, 246, 247, 249, 250, 251, 253, 254, 255, 257, 258, 268, 269, 273, 274, 275, 277, 282, 283, 290, 295, 311, 312, 313, 316, 335, 336, 346

Stevenson, Thomas, Louis's father, 10, 11, 12, 24, 26, 27, 31, 42, 43, 57, 58, 61, 62, 65, 68, 84, 85, 88, 91, 95, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 107, 115, 120, 121, 134, 155, 159, 162, 165, 166, 178, 193, 194, 195, 196, 198, 199, 203, 204, 206, 207, 218, 219, 231, 235, 240, 243, 244, 245, 254

Stevenson Society of America, 87, 185, 265

Stoddard, Charles W., 276

Story of a Lie, The, 179

Stour, 172

Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, 172, 237, 238-239, 248, 267

Strong Mrs., see Osbourne, Miss

Sullivan, Mrs. T. Russell, 253

Sunbeam Magazine, The, 47

Swanston, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 62, 73, 75, 88, 92, 109, 115, 116, 118, 121, 128, 134, 136, 145, 146, 161, 171, 173, 175, 195, 212, 226

Svmonds, John Addington, 199, 200, 203, 208, 209, 280

Tait, Professor, 73, 101

Talk and Talkers, 213, 214

Tarbet, 75

Taylor, Ladv, 233, 274

Taylor, Miss Una, 233

Taylor, Sir Henrv, 233

Tembinok, King, 298, 299
Temple Bar, 164, 166, 169
Tennyson, 57, 224
Thompson, D'Arcy, 41
Thoreau, 177, 183
***Tkoreau* (essay on), 197, 207**
***Thousand miles in the Rob Roy Canoe, A,* 180**
***Thrawn Janet,* 205**
***Ticonderoga,* 270**
***To An Island Princess,* 285**
Tod, John, 52
Tovey, Professor, 323
***Travels With A Donkey in the Cevennes,* 171, 175, 176, 177, 263**
***Treasure Island,* 206, 207, 209, 211, 214, 217, 218, 248, 267**
***Treasure of Franchard, The,* 215**
***Trial of Joan of Arc,* 146**
Tron Church, Edinburgh, 6, 83
Trudeau, Dr., 255
Turner, Professor, 101
Turner's "Bell Rock Lighthouse," 327
"Tusitala," Stevenson's native name, 330
Twain, Mark, 272
***Typee,* 276, 278**

***Underwoods,* 200, 245**
University of Edinburgh, 6, 7, 19, 21, 39, 56, 59, 60, 61, 65, 68, 69, 70, 72, 73, 81, 82, 84 note, 88, 89, 93, 122, 126, 145, 208
Urquhart, Mr. Robert Dovie, 74 note

Vailima, 71, 308, 309, 314, 325, 326, 327, 328, 340, 345, 346, 347; family prayers at, 310-317, 319
Van de Gritt, Nellie, see Sanchez, Mrs.
Van de Grift, Fanny, see Osbonrue, Mrs., and Stevenson, Mrs. R. L.
***Vanity Fair,* 142**
Van Rensselaer, Mrs., 272
Villon, Francois, paper on, 136
***Virginibus Puerisque,* 144, 146, 169, 200, 204**
***Voces Fidelium,* 86**

Wainwright, Mrs. Thomas, 273
***Walking Tours,* 144**
Water of Leith, 17, 23
Watson, Miss Jane, 23
Waverlev Novels, The, 219, 220
Webster, 75
***Weir of Hermiston,* 71, 73, 341, 342, 344**
Wellington, projected life of, 229, 230, 231
White, Mr. Cathcart, 133 note, 134
Whitmee, Rev. S. J., 332
Whitman, Walt, 94; article on, 103, 109, 119
Whyte-Melville, 21 note
Whyte, Rev. Alexander, 59, and note, 204
Whytt, Dr., 21
Whytt, Jean, 21
Wick, 63, 64, 65, 72
Williams, Virgil, 151, 191
Williams, Mrs. Virgil, 191
***Will o' the Mill,* 166, 169**
***Winter's Walk in Carrick and Galloway, A,* 143**
Witches' Walk, 37/38
***Witch-Wife, The,* 88, 89**
"Woggs," a terrier, 198, 201, 203, 208, 209
Wordsworth, 86, 136
***Wrecker, The,* 137, 153, 259, 275, 296, 299, 300, 305, 319, 323**
***Wrong Box, The,* 264, 273, 323**
Wyatt's School, 44

***Yoshida Torajiro,* 189**
Young, Robert, gardener at Swanston, 52

Zassetsky, Madame, 110
Zola's *L'Œuvre,* 240-241

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. & H. Chanibers Limited.