Inscribed to

Mrs. Addison Stilwell,

in grateful recognition of the
privilege of speaking of R.L.S.
to those who listen with sympathy.

J. Christian Bay.

Echoes of
Robert Louis Stevenson


Robert Louis Stevenson

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By J. Christian Bay

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To
Young Ewing Allison
with deep gratitude
—The Author

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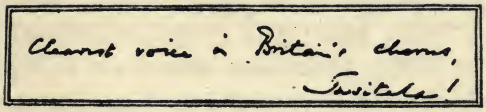

IT IS hardly an exaggeration to say that thousands of persons, young and old, would gladly walk across our continent if their reward were to hear Robert Louis Stevenson's living voice. It is fairly possible to imagine how he looked, and this possibility remains open to future generations. But speech is music of the heart and soul. No one dies in personal memory as long as there is even one person left behind whose memory retains the sound of the voice,—an experience which, unfortunately, is incommunicable. But we of the outer circle of friends cannot have this memory.

Once only did one of the inner circle communicate a remembrance of Stevenson's voice. Mrs. Jenkin, late on a winter afternoon in 1868, paid her first visit to 17 Heriot Row and there found Mrs. Stevenson sitting by the firelight, apparently alone. They began to talk, when suddenly, from out of a dark corner of the room, came a voice, peculiar, vibrating; a boy's voice, she thought it at first. "I forgot," remarked Mrs. Stevenson, "that my son was in the room. Let me introduce him to you." So Robert Louis, or Lewis, as he was called at home, arose and bowed in the dusk. And the voice went on, while Mrs. Jenkin listened in perplexity and amazement. Afterward, the young man accompanied the visitor to the front door. It is not impossible that Leary, the lamplighter, at that moment happened trotting

past "with ladder and with light;" nor is it beyond conjecture that Mrs. Jenkin, as she walked into the street, paused to take a good look at her new and surprising acquaintance. She saw a boy in the first flush of youth, slender, almost delicate. His long, soft hair framed a high, narrow forehead. He looked at her with a smile which lighted up his deep brown eyes with unforgettable geniality. She did not dwell upon these photographic characteristics as her memory, years after, treasured the incident. Instead, she recalled another, much more significant, impression, and it took the form of a most happy simile: young Stevenson *"talked as Charles Lamb wrote."*

No analysis of this reminiscence is necessary. Knowing what we do about Lamb, the esthetic fitness of the simile cannot be

doubted. It was a discovery then, as it is to anybody hearing it now for the first time. Even a stray word from Lamb bears witness to the crystalline clearness of his mind and thought. No wonder that the one poet who, in his youth, spoke as Lamb wrote, in time was quite naturally hailed as the clearest voice in Britain's chorus!

This was the voice of a humanist.

Is a reference to Erasmus far-fetched, when we consider Stevenson's characteristics in life and literature?

A contemporary has given Erasmus credit for a fine voice, an exquisite language, a festive presence—the same qualities and attainments again and again claimed for Stevenson by those who knew him best.

Further: Are not Stevenson's utterances in their typical forms obviously comparable to Latin and French—just in the same way in which the Latin of Erasmus bears an obvious resemblance to elegant English? It seems that one can hear almost without an effort the sound of much of Stevenson's writing, as if language reached one in a wordless way, just like music or the scent of flowers. Similarly, anybody reading the letters of Erasmus (*Opera omnia,* Tom. III, pars 1-2) must be struck by the fact that they flow into one's consciousness almost without translation.

"Latine scribere," says Stevenson in 1874, "mihi nunc jucundum est;" not, certainly, for the reason that he had studied the writings of the great humanist, or even dipped deeply into the classics, but because he had grown out of the

acquired forms of utterance and was casting about for new forms. At that time, also, he had grown out of the formal mysticism dominating his childhood and youth, and was discovering a new world within himself and without. Born of a historic family, reared among traditions, he found it necessary to detach himself from history, to liberate himself from tradition, in order that his spirit might be free to take up its own task. In the mysterious nature of things, history and tradition took their place in his life once more, as his "task of happiness" evolved.

This very phrase, "my high task of happiness," clearly is a humanistic form. There never was uttered a higher ideal for a poet. And how was it to be attained? By the will "to contend for the shade of a word."

Erasmus himself could not have

stated his own ideal more appealingly clearly.

"A lad," says Stevenson in 1881, "for some liking to the jingle of words, betakes himself to letters for his life." A dozen years later, after having considered all that came of it, he sums up the situation in a poem to his father, the builder of lighthouses:

And bright on the lone isle, the foundered reef,
The long resounding foreland, Pharos stands;

while the son, in *his* way

. . . must arise, O Father, and to port
Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home.

It is humanistic to assert, as Stevenson does, that our judgments are based first upon the original preferences of our soul, and that the utterance of them involves a moral duty. "To conceal

a sentiment, if you hold it, is to take a liberty with truth."

As a matter of fact, it would be a possible feat to translate the whole of Stevenson's essay, *The Morality of the Profession of Letters,* and pass off much of the work as a newly discovered epistle by Erasmus,—or, if the reader prefer, by John Colet.—Stevenson, on the other hand, might be credited with more than one of those marvelous letters which Colet inspired Erasmus to write: witness Epist. 219, where Erasmus expresses his deep gratitude to Colet for setting an example in style: "...this mild, muffled, unaffected style, springing forth, like a clear fountain, from the richest affection, even, always the same, open and direct, with modesty.... You say what you will; you will what you say."

Finally, the reservation made by Erasmus that letters (*litterae*) did

not imply enlightenment, but true enlightenment calls for that quality of letters which are called *politiores,* might have been pronounced by Stevenson himself. The lamps of both men burned with a pure, white light; the wicks being trimmed with the utmost precision. Yet, neither was a scholar. Neither would have qualified for a professorship in the "humanities," but both were born to a chair in *humaniora.*

There is so much in Stevenson's writings suggestive of his living speech and even his manner, the gleam in his eye, the motions of his hands, that he who loves the writer may easily forget being a stranger to the man. The personal appeal in many of Stevenson's writings is direct and immediate; and once it winds its way into a receptive mind, the sympathy is complete, there is no parting, and

the voice, though quieted now in death, resounds in the very depths of one's soul.

This sympathetic understanding is more than the common admiration of a man who opens his mind freely and tells his story well. It is friendship. It is giving and taking. It is sustained confidence, and memory, daily meditation, and continued remembrance; so that

He is not dead, this friend—not
dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few, trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face,
this friend,
You fancy dead.

Meanwhile, the forward traveler

—loiters with a backward smile
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eye, to search his
wake,

Or, whistling, as he sees you
through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

This picture is significant of one of the deepest and most valuable relations between man and man,—it is this "backward smile" which keeps the hearts of Stevenson's friends warm and free, the flowers fresh behind the windows of their homes. All know how much he suffered bodily and mentally. All feel for his sufferings the heart-ache unmixed with commonplace pity, which is a true soldier's source of strength,—just as he, himself, expressed it in 1881, apropos of an essay on Keats: "It is a brave and sad little story."

We recall and recollect with our minds and intellects, but we remember with our hearts. It seems that each one of us has a personal share in that "high task of happiness" which is at once the example

and the fulfilment of William Morris's unforgettable lines:

Shall we wake one morn of Spring,
Glad at heart of everything,
Yet pensive with the thought of eve?

and the man who inspires this effort—that man never becomes a distant figure, a mere successful author, a notable person; he takes his place in the seat beside our door, nor do we claim for ourselves any privacy in which he is superfluous.—

There is a reason to believe, then, that such of us as owe to Stevenson a desire to make the most of joy and sympathy would not, after all, be greatly surprised one way or the other by hearing his voice. We probably should not be much startled if, hidden in the dusk of a winter's twilight by our fireside, he should speak all at

once, perhaps in a strain like this:

"I take pleasure in the battle, thank God; and even a defeat has its honourable side."

Or, expanding the remark:

"And this one thing I proclaim, that the mere act of living is the healthiest exercise, and gives the greatest strength that a man wants. I have bitter moments, I suppose, like my neighbors, but the tenor of my life is easy to me."

Here, as in the following pages, we quote mainly from the contents of unpublished letters dated between 1873 to 1888, the years of stress, strain, and hard struggle. And thus we awake from our dream about the living speech to face the actual presence of that which approaches more closely to speech than any other form of utterance—autographic communication.

Personal letters forever have

been treasured among the most significant relics of life. Their immediate origin charms even in cases where no personal relation exists. Anybody can appreciate the authentic touch in a letter or even a detached autograph. Some such pieces are treasured because of their artistic touch or their personal appeal of quaintness and beauty, as in the case of Eugene Field or James Whitcomb Riley, and become the spoils of collectors. Generally speaking, it is a noble aspiration to own a good autograph. In Stevenson's letters we look in vain for any dainty touches of pictorial or calligraphic art exemplified by Thackeray, Morris, or Field. Robert Louis Stevenson appeals by his *tone,* by the color of his words, his picturesque language, the intimacy of his penetration, the child-like directness of his confidence. No letter lacking in

one or more of these qualities ever was penned by him. Collectors know it and very naturally have cornered the market and made his A. L. S. as rare and costly as medieval script on immortal vellum, but students of language and literature return to them ever and again, because they express a *form of life* full of uplift, courage, high inspiration, and glorious success. And throughout it all, one feels on the safe side: Here is a man who never turns a trick on you. While distinctly on the forum, he is as innocent of its deceit and jugglery as a child is of Greek.

Young E. Allison deserves high praise for pointing out that Stevenson is wholly innocent of style. "Water," says Mr. Allison, "does not pool itself and laboriously work out the discovery that it can run down hill. It simply runs merrily

along." Stevenson's art is to tell a story passing well and to convince the reader of its validity. With this assertion belongs another—probably quite obvious to us all—namely, that Stevenson first convinces himself: his work was a matter of conscience.

In 1875, at the age of twenty-five, he writes to Colvin, apropos of his paper on Poe:

"I say I am a damned bad writer. O God, you should see my article on Poe as a poet, just sent off—plenty to say (and true, I think), but *I* can't write, God bless you, *I* can't write."

Later in the same year he finds himself in the grasp of a long story, which "tends more and more to die away into continued rhapsody." But "it's fun to do, from this very reason; because it's such fun just to give way, and let your pen go off with you into the uttermost parts

of the earth and the mountains of the moon."

No better example of his running off into free imagery can be found, than in a letter dated at Alois, France, in 1878, on a dreamy day:

"...the rain is falling far afield, it wets a tramp on the long highways, it wets the deck of a trembling ship at sea." What a comprehensive vision, what a wide range of sympathy! Immediately afterwards he turns to himself:

"God, who made me such as I am, who put me in this tumultuous and complicated scene, and who day by day, in fortune or calamity, leads me through a variety of deeds to the complete possession of my own soul and body, help me, O God, and spare me, that I may be neither broken in body nor soured in mind, but issue from these tribulations cheerful, serviceable, and

unambitious, as befits a human man among men."

It is evident here that he has discovered how far more difficult it is to live from day to day in full possession of tranquillity and continued purpose, than to rise to momentary inspiration at intervals.

Already at Swanston, in 1874, he had drawn this conclusion: "There is nothing worth much in the world but work, after all," an assertion which sounds commonplace enough, but soon after is complemented with the feeling of freedom expressed as follows:

"I have bitter moments, I suppose, like my neighbors, but the tenor of my life is easy to me. I know it now, and I know what I ought to do for the most part, and that is the important knowledge."

In 1879, he words a feeling familiar to all men struggling with their future,—the occasional use-

fulness of silence to souls naturally communicative, the old and time-honored Cistercian remedy against a scattering of energies:

"...I like solitude and silence; to have been a whole day, and not said twenty words, refreshes me .....The body is tired, and so is the mind. And I take my rest in silence. Above all, I must be silent a great deal more than I used, about what really concerns me. I can talk of books and the weather, and cut capers in words with the indifferent, better than talk straight out of my heart, as I used to do. Perhaps I have more in my heart; perhaps I have been spoilt by a very perfect relation; and my heart, having been coddled in a home, has grown delicate and bashful; ....At least, so it is. And I do not want you to think it cold or judge my friendships by my confidence. If the oyster shuts up,

never fear, it is because there's still an oyster." (1879.)

Of his work, Stevenson entertained no foolish superstition. But he vindicates himself. Writing to Colvin, in the summer of 1877, he announces an article to appear in *Temple Bar,* "in which, for the first time to my knowledge, you will meet the real *Villon.* It is, Mr. Colvin, sir, a remarkable production, not in the way of style, but in the way of taking a man in the fact...." The letter continues: "And look here, while I was full of Villon, I wrote a little story, 10 or 12 pages, about him." This refers to nothing less than *A Lodging for the Night;* and he asks a suggestion of where to send it, "for I want money sorely.....Can you suggest any place for me to hide this little bauble in? It ain't so — good; but I daresay it may pass in

the ten thousand; or at least bits of it."

It seems often, as one reads Stevenson's letters, that he had thrown into them thoughts and ideas which were crowded out, so to speak, of his more formal works,—not with an eye to publication, but to liberate his mind and set free his energy. Thus, the following whimsical and surprising declaration reached Colvin from Bournemouth: "Everything is true; only the opposite is true too; *you must believe both equally or be damned.* This is where you and Morrison fail; you cannot see the huge truths in the lie on the other side; you only see your own side; this is what made Torquemada, Robespierre, and—I beg your pardon—the low church clergyman."

This letter is signed in quadruplicate, as follows: R. L. Mc-

Guckin. Andrew Croslynoff. Julius Creason. Archbishop Sharpe.

Almost in the same hour he tires of it all and exclaims: ". . . . I want —I want—I want a holiday; I want to be happy; I want the moon, or the sun, or something. I want . . . . a big forest; and fine breathing, sweating, sunny walks; and the trees all crying aloud in a summer's wind; and a camp under the stars. Much of which I could have for the taking, and mustn't take. Alas! Alas poor Arethusa, poor Inland Voyage! Poor R. L. S., so much respected in the society of the literati! . . . ."

Stevenson's sense of sonorous and exalted phrasing developed with his knowledge of Latin, and inspired the following gorgeous note written in Mentone, January, 1874:

"*Latine scribere mihi nunc jucundum est; si bene, laudes deo*

soli reddendae; verum, ut timeo, si male, male sine ullo decenti scribam pudori [pudore]. *Muscovitas semper amabiles inveni, semper ingeniosas amoenasque foeminas. Stopconus simplicissimus est et, ut ita dicam, brebisissimus. Currit per arduos* [ardua], *per gramina, et tenuem voculam ad voces montium marisque semper jungit. Heri, in certis tenebrarum penetraliis* [penetralibus], *remoto in cubiculo suo, multum fertur flevisse, quia Principessa flores eum iterum donaturum more Junonis vetuit.* [See Appendix III.]

"*Fere degambolatus sum*—O Lord that's good, that's a triumph, it's better than the English; there *is* no language like latin after all—*fere degambolatus sum; spero tandem; et mehercle jam iterum triumpho. Pictor amabilis; puer quoque bonus; tener, facilis, ab*

omni parte (nescio quomodo) mihi ridiculus, Stopconus, te absente, has been asking my advice about his pictures and has taken it and thinks it good; which pleases me as I thought I wanted the organ of pictures altogether."

Amidst this frolic of phrase and sound we are reminded of the seriousness of things, as he goes on:

"I have nearly finished a complete draught of *Ordered South*, but shall wait your arrival before I transcribe it, lest perhaps it should be unfit for human food."

It proved a highly acceptable bauble.

It is not easy to over-estimate Sir Sidney Colvin's share in Stevenson's literary success. In 1875—they first met in 1873—he declares: "I suppose I shall take all your damned corrections;" and in another letter, speaking of his essay on Fontainebleau, expresses him-

self "glad to get my Mss. back, *cum pencillationibus.*"

Nine years later, in a letter addressed to his cousin Robert, we find Stevenson voicing a fully conscious philosophy of art. Even in its mere outline, it is well worth knowing:

"In my art, studies can be made to go down by one quality, facture: a person like Gautier—dam bad art—factures to such a point that people take simple unadulterated strings of facts from him. But the right way is to get the sentiment first and let the sentiment assimilate facts by natural congruity.... The tune of my article for Henley is this, that realism, intent upon continual vivid truth to nature, forces these facts as strongly as the other, naturally selected and more constructive (bildende) facts; while idealism, intent on the main

concept, takes instead languid conventions to fill up the field.

"In lyric poetry, where literature leans towards music, and ceases to be a representative art, an artist remains content with one or two constructive facts that fired his imagination. Whistler, coolly, forgetting that painting must be a representative art, being bound in space, tries to get the public to take the like from him. They will not. The persons who "look for fidelity" are not to be catered for; but the call of your art to be representative must never be forgotten. 'Tis true, when you step aside to a pure convention, like drawing, three strokes suffice, and satisfy plenarily the most captious. But I do not think we yet understand the living vigour of a frank convention, boldly forced. Decorative art has thus liberties denied to the representative; and the coolness of

Whistler is that he takes the liberties without performing the duties of the decorator. If you invent a sublime design, paint it à la Whistler, and you will be a deity; but to paint nothings and diurnal facts in this manner is a simple calmness.

"Literature taking place in time and not in space, shares some of the life of music, while as representative art, it shares some of that of painting. Now by the mere filling in of the time, the sound sequences and breaks, a study of a very tame kind, *quo ad* representation, may be 'endued with artistic merit;' that is the musical affair. Again as I said, by mere vivacity and variety of facture, the public may be cheated into admiration; Manet's cock and lady that I wanted to buy, is the game; or etching as a parallel for the best sort.....In my art, of course, there is one summity: Shakespeare, the only realist

who ever succeeded! that is who reached the clear design and force of the ideal, and yet carried along with him the bulk and lineament, colour, and brute imprint, of actual detail. And of course, the result is simply staggering. It doesn't seem like art; all is moved into clearer space and puts on beauty; the ugly becomes the terrible, the maudlin rises into the pathetic; and every fact, placed where it belongs, shines many-coloured like a gem; the rest of us have to strip if we are to climb, to refuse not only facts but sentiments, truncate, blur and deform, make dirt upon the palette; and, when time comes to fight, babble an excuse and give a subterfuge. Well, now, look at this conqueror in his early and unsure works where we can trace the working of his hand; look, for instance, at the rotten, swollen, red-cheeked rant of Richard III—he

is pursuing the ideal at full gallop! Yet by this path he came out alone above all competitors upon the alpine top of realism. Again, how long were you before you got this freshness and quality of truth into your studies? Yet you expect, with a mere turn of the body, to transpose it into the foreign and far more difficult province of the studio picture. 'Tis all time and style. We are both idealists born out of season, and infected with the contemporary and inconsistent taste."

Some of these ideas were elaborated by Stevenson in his essay on the elements of style in literature. There is one element of writing which is mentioned with scant respect and then dropped with a warning: the conscious and unconscious artifices which may attract the uncritical, and even serve for popularity. Stevenson consid-

ers these elements unworthy of the serious artist, but points out that they may be lifted into a higher sphere and serve artistic ends. These artifices indeed are unrecognized in rhetoric, and thanks are due to Stevenson for calling attention to them, not as individual factors of work, but—when they are rightly used—as indications of a delicacy of sense finer than we conceive, and as hints of ancient harmonies in nature.

Whether one or the other; whether indicative of a delicacy of sense or a revival of ancient harmonies in nature: there are certain unconscious artifices about Stevenson's work, which count as much as the story itself, and at least more than the choice of words, the rhythm of the phrase, or anything else discoverable by the literary anatomist. One is brevity, or the foreshortening of phrases and peri-

ods susceptible to considerable palaver. In the *Inland Voyage,* before the end of the first, shortened, page, both canoes are landed in Antwerp, loaded, manned by the two travelers, and away out in the middle of the Scheldt. It requires precisely twelve lines of printed text to anticipate the departure from England, to cover the arrival in Belgium, to stow away provisions, to look around, to talk over things, to be done with the launching of the craft. — The *Silverado Squatters* shares in the same virtue: "The scene of this little book is on a high mountain;" there you are, all ready for the story, as in a saga of ancient times, purged of all superfluous detail, foot-notes and other historical apparatus.

Another unconscious quality in Stevenson's work is that his writing appeals to the ear more than to the

eye. No imitation, no experimenting, no juggling, could produce the same result. Even his controversial writings, such as the letter to Dr. Hyde, or the Footnote to History, are entirely free from the hypnotism of advertising. The world is full of conscious and cunning appeals to the eye, and shrewd agitators see to it that the masses are whipped into line, and that goggles are provided for the unconvinced. Political propaganda through editorials, systematized paragraph writing, comic pages and slogans, fall amongst us day by day like dew on a sere meadow. Nobody seems to have any excuse for not knowing by heart the square root of the collective wisdom. Yet, cunning drives on public opinion grow less and less efficacious, because the average man consciously or unconsciously seeks

enlightenment for his soul and not excitement for the hour.

When it comes to real enlightenment, one of the smallest library buildings would accommodate the World's Library of Live Books without crowding. In a handful of exquisite stories and heart-gripping songs we have the romance of the Middle Ages unfolded before us; and no literary genius of this day can improve upon them any more than a modern composer can bring the Gregorian chants up to date.

Stevenson unconsciously but readily fell in with the ancient harmony in human nature, as he acquired the art of expression. *Will of the Mill* is a direct descendant of the saga literature.

—"Year after year went away into nothing."

—"Up in Will's valley only the winds and seasons made an epoch."

—"Miss Marjory," he said, "I never knew any one I liked so well as you. I am mostly a cold, unkindly sort of man; not from want of heart, but out of strangeness in my way of thinking; and people seem far away from me."

Such writing hardly can occupy space on a book shelf alongside of artificial stories and produce of a commercial craft. It is a reversion to the old art of telling tales. *Will* is an ancient saga recounted by a clear-eyed man rising in his turn at the round table, by the King's request, and opening his mind naturally, and freely. He speaks as the waters roll, as the winds blow through the tops of ancient trees, as the waves break upon an even shore. You could listen and listen until the world went under.

In the fragment of an autobiography now in the Widener Collection Stevenson says of his fami-

ly: "We rose out of obscurity at a clap." Could any elaborate statement be more illumining? The almost curt statement abundantly suffices for all detail.

It is incredible that serious critics, students of organic forms in literature and life, will continue to confuse the conscious moulding of form with the historical and racial inspiration. Any school can distribute information about style, but where is the teacher, or even the critic, who will guide a man, when he *must* write, to the sources of a historical understanding of himself?

Racial inspiration is the foundation of healthy dreams, as surely as historical inspiration is the beginning of all true education.

The poet may sense neither, until he becomes aware that somebody listens to him; that his form of utterance makes an appeal;

that, as one may put it, two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. He may not see this clearly,—he may be deceived by the false alarm of popularity. But time will show. Style is evanescent, a mere fluctuating value. True poetic work lies in the faculty of dreaming and translating to the untutored minds of the sensible. That, as Mr. Allison says, is not style; that is Genius.

Continuing this thought,—is Genius anything but historical inspiration crystallized in an individual as insight and reflected through his work as *character*!

The personal character of Robert Louis Stevenson penetrates all his work as an ever-present, yet unobtrusive exhortation to the reader. His essays and poems yield many a moral lesson in the direct, old-fashioned manner; his letters even

more so. It seems that in very early life he decided firmly for courage, good will, friendliness, a positive faith, honor with freedom, sympathy with respect. Even before his literary method was fully developed his mind must have become attracted toward its natural meridian, for in all his published writings, in even his early correspondence, we cannot find a serious phrase not befitting the man who has elected the task of bearing a banner in the strife. How natural, if he *had* faltered more or less; if he *had* failed to show to the world a glorious morning face.

The exhortation invariably follows a positive motive or purpose. No better evidence of this is found except in his occasional addresses at solemn gatherings. Take his speech to the Samoan students at Malua, in 1890: "Do not deceive yourselves; when Christ came, all

was changed. The injunction was then laid upon us not to refrain from doing, but to do. At the last day he is to ask us not what sins we have avoided, but what righteousness we have done, what we have done for others, how we have helped good and hindered evil; what difference has it made to this world, and to our country and our family and our friends, that we have lived. The man who has been only pious and not useful will stand with a long face on that great day, when Christ puts to him his questions.

"But this is not all that we must learn: we must beware everywhere of the letter that kills, seek everywhere for the spirit that makes glad and strong."

Here is an unpublished letter addressed to Mrs. Sitwell from Mentone, in March, 1874, two months before his essay, "Ordered

South," appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*:

[Mentone, March, 1874.]

My dear friend,

I am up again in an arm chair by the open window, the air very warm and soft and full of pleasant noise of streets. I have had a very violent cold; the chirruppy french-english doctor who attended me, said I might compliment myself on what I had, as I might just as well have had small pox or tiphoid fever or what you will; how, look here, with all this violent cold, my chest remains unaffected: I am bronchial a bit and cough, and I have mucous membrane raw over the best part of me and my eyes are the laughablest deformed loopholes you ever saw; and withal my lungs are all right. So you see that's good. I have not had a letter from home since I left Mentone. You know I was doing what they didn't

want; but I put myself out of my way to make it less unpleasant for them; and surely when one is nearly 24 years of age one should be allowed to do a bit of what one wants without their quarrelling with one. I would explain the whole thing to you but believe me I am too weary. Also, please show Colvin this letter and explain to him that whenever I can I will write to him; and that in the meantime, if it will not bind him, a note from him will be most agreeable.

Nothing can be done to assist me: if I get permission, I shall probably go straight away to Germany without delay: by permission, I mean money.

I cannot pretend that I have been happy this while back; but this morning I was relieved from a great part of my physical sufferings and at the same time heard you speak more determinedly about your troubles. For God's sake carry these

through; if you do, I'll promise to get better and do my work in spite of all.

Monday.

Last night, I set to work and Bob wrote to my dictation three or four pages of "V. Hugo's Romances": it is d—d nonsense, but to have a brouillon is already a great thing. If I had the health of a (simile wanting) I could still rake it together in time.

Yesterday afternoon, I got quite a nice note from my father (after a fortnight's silence), with scarcely a word of anger or vexation or anything: I don't know what to make of that. But it does not matter; as I see clearly enough that I must give up the game for the present; this morning I am so ill that I can see nothing else for it than to crawl very cautiously home; the fact is the doctor *would* give me medicine, and I think that has just put the copestone on my weakness. I just simply per-

spire without ceasing in big drops that I can hear falling in the bed, and I have a fine generous tic that makes my forehead into that sort of hideous damned-soul mask of bitterness and pain with which the public are already acquainted—I mean such of the public as know me. I am going to cut the doctor and sort myself; and the first warm day, I shall fly: a change of air is the only thing that will pull me through. But the North is such an error; cold I am unfit for, I cannot come cold at all. My spirits are not at all bad, I thank you; but my temper is a little embittered, and I have employed more french oaths this morning, in order to try to awaken the placid imperturbable garçon de chambre to the fact that I was angry, than I thought that I had in me.

It is curious how in some ways real pain is better than simple prostration, and uneasiness. I seem to have wakened

up to meet this tic, it has put me on the alert, I come on smiling. It is so odd; a day ago, I did not care at all for life and would just as soon have died; pain comes, and—I beg pardon, sir, you have made a mistake, I shall pull through in spite and be d—d to you—that is my sentiment; I also want to make it a fact.

Tell Colvin that the instant my health is anyway together again, I shall prefer to take to plays than to anything else. I have already a good subject in Gibbon; or rather, it was suggested long ago by the corpus juris; and has been recalled to me by Gibbon: a sort of domestic drama under the low empire; tax gatherers, slaves, cheatery, chicane, poverty; suddenly drums and sunlight and the pageantry of imperial violence: an admirable contrast, and one just suited for the stage. So you see I shall just be in the humour to

consider Diana of the Ephesians.

ever your faithful friend
Robert Louis Stevenson.

I shall be in London shortly, if I can; I shall seek rooms at the Paddington Hotel, where my people were, so that on the first opportunity I can come along and see you; if you can, I should like to see you alone, but of course, that must be how it can. I shall see you, and S.C. & show Clarke my carcase & lift coins from Portfolio, and then slowly north by easy stages. And O! if I could get into a sort of clean white bed in an airy room, and sleep for months, and be wakened in mid July by birds and the shadows of leaves in the room, and rise and dress myself and be quite well and strong and find that dozens of things had been dreams and were gone away for ever!

R. L. S.

One determining factor in Stevenson's resolute emigration from home in 1879 often has been overlooked: his desire of facing the world alone and to paddle his own canoe. While, as is commonly asserted, a considerable motive of knight-errantry was the immediate impulse, the young man had scarcely landed in America than he felt in his bodily freedom the anticipation of a still more desirable, and even necessary, social independence.

It was a terrible experience, more terrible even than the published letters reveal. But in all we know about it we see the development of mental traits, attitudes, and habits in the young man, which not only characterized him but afford an example to everybody for all time. The fundamental trait is his readiness to understand the persons with whom

circumstances brought him into contact, to deal with them on the basis of their, rather than his own, qualifications, to be a friend to them. As time passed, this became more than a trait, it grew into a habit, a part of the man himself. Stevenson, in his first letter to Colvin after his arrival in California, tells of having been befriended by an old angora-goat rancher and his men. Immediately he constitutes himself teacher to the ranch children, the mother being away from home, sick. How sick he himself was, we learn from this little sigh at the end of the letter: "I should say to you—pray for me. I am obliged to lie down to write, for reasons best known to my heart."

The Monterey circle of friends hardly would rival in social distinction the humblest party of his admirers now. There was San-

chez, the keeper of a saloon, and Bronson, the local editor; there was an Italian fisherman, and Augustin Dutra. Then, there was old Simoneau, in his little white-washed room. Each one was a friend, counting in Stevenson's world for some quality which he, Robert Louis Stevenson, discovered in his friend and developed, made much of, enlarged upon, verified before the world.

He made the difficulties which surrounded him, strictly his own. "Nobody," he says, "would write for advice at six weeks post," so he kept for a while his own counsel. "My present trouble is one in which no one can help me; till my own common sense can see the right path." The upshot was an inner satisfaction with the course taken, in spite of all his privations: "O Colvin, you don't know how much good I have done myself."

The letter of January 10, 1880, famous for a detailed description of his daily life in San Francisco, contains the following conclusion, till now unpublished, which brings out the contrast between his life at home, unhappy as it was in various ways, and the routine of a penniless emigrant subsisting on coffee and rolls: "The mere contemplation of a life so vile is more than enough for a professing Christian; comment could only pierce it with loathsome details—." Every emigrant some time has shared this feeling. Still, his determination to fight his own battle remained firm. When, on the morning of January 23, 1880, Stevenson received a message announcing that a hundred Pounds Sterling had been sent by telegram, he hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. Surmising it came from Colvin he wrote: "Had I required money,

should I not have asked it? My dear old man, I would take a present from (say) the Duke of Argyll and be damned glad of it." But: ... "have I not brought trouble enough on other people? Do not make me hate myself outright as a curse to all who love me. My concern is to see how I can do best *for myself*—; I have taken my own way, and I mean to try my best to walk it. If this money is from you, it is not income but capital, anyway; and it goes into the bank, not to be touched but in case of sickness. It is my income, what I make with these two hands, that I care about, and that I mean, please God, to support myself and my wife."

Mark these last words. Many a poet would state his case differently; would commiserate with himself and complain about the hard, cold world. It is the com-

mon course to take, and who can quarrel with the man that does! For, as he puts it almost jokingly three years later: "It is dreadful to be a great big man, and not be able to buy bread." At that time a hundred Pounds was offered for "Treasure Island;"—scarcely the price now paid by the collector for a page of manuscript in the author's hand, signed.

Stevenson's readiness to understand persons, and the facility with which he met and became an active participant even of the strangest episodes in a tropical fairyland, are unique in the annals of modern literature. A host of persons not otherwise interested in biographical details about favorite authors, have become quite familiar with the daily life of the family at Vailima, and with the history of Samoa. Election rab-

bles in Podunk, Indiana, or Chicago, Illinois, have been obscured, at least temporarily, by the issues of Malietoa and Mataafa. The Mataafa party still is strong in Kentucky. Everybody who knows his way intelligently in Philadelphia also could ride from Vailima along the road of shifting sun and shadow into Apia, and stop at the shop of Mr. Moors—that fine Janus of a trader, whose front elevation shows us a merchant of the highest type, while, when we turn him about, we grasp the hand of a literary gentleman and a philosopher. We hardly would invite Chief Justice Cedarkrantz or Baron Senfft von Pilsach to spend Sunday with us, but Tuimalealiifagu, if he should ring our doorbell, would be certain of the best we could afford. In thought and intention we have offered our choicest cigars to old King Malie-

toa and called up our best manners in saluting the taupou of Matautu. What would we not have given to be able to sit down to one of the feasts spread on the broad and hospitable veranda of Vailima! Would the road be too steep, the cliffs too bare, the tangle of underbrush and creepers too impenetrable, to prevent us from ascending Mount Vaea to its very top and lay our tribute of flowers on the grave of the man who stirred our hearts if not, indeed, stabbed our spirits broad awake?

Time and chance may be here and now to tell a story not generally known, of Stevenson's circle. One of the close friends of the Vailima household was the Hon. James Mulligan, then Consul General of the United States in Samoa, and author of the famous poem "In Kentucky," and an ardent collector of books. One ver-

sion of the story is given by Mr. Moors, in his excellent account, "With Stevenson in Samoa," 1910, pages 58-59. Mr. Mulligan, without objecting to the main facts, insisted on making his own point, and for this reason his version cannot be neglected.

Jack Buckland, the original of Tommy Haddon in *The Wrecker,* had one of Stevenson's books which was autographed by the author. This book formed exactly one-half of Buckland's library. Mulligan borrowed the inscribed book and could not persuade himself to part with it. He vested himself with a trustee's power. Months after, when Jack Buckland wanted to give the book to a mere chance acquaintance, he asked its return, and Mulligan evaded the question. "He"—continues Mr. Mulligan in a private memorandum—"pestered the life out of me for its re-

turn. I professed to have lost it. He did not believe my profession and became insistent. Then his sweetheart, a handsome and good half-caste girl, Lizzie Johnston, having become possessed of one of these awful autograph albums, took a notion that she wanted twelve autographs of President Cleveland,—and Jack agreed that if I would furnish the autographs, that he might give them to her, he would quit-claim the book and I might keep it. I gave him the Cleveland autographs." Then comes the point of the story, which shall remain unwritten, as it is evident to all good Irishmen, whether Hibernian or American!

It fell to Mr. Mulligan's share in life to announce the death of Mr. Stevenson in America, and he arose to the occasion by addressing to the State Department the following telegram:

It is with profound sorrow and a sincere sense of direct personal loss that I report the sudden and wholly unexpected death of the distinguished author and great novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson, which took place at his residence, Vailima, near this place, at 8:10 p.m. on Monday, the 3rd instant, from a stroke of apoplexy received about an hour and a half before while seated at his own hospitable table.

Aside from his world-wide reputation in literature, Mr. Stevenson was easily the first citizen of Samoa and the center of its social life. As is so widely known, he was very frail, but within the last two months had become stronger and apparently more vigorous than ever before.

His hospitality was on a splendid scale and was equally constant and unfaltering. A British subject himself, he was surrounded by his family of American citizens, and it was

doubtful if on the whole he was not in sentiment and thought as much American as British.

The last manifestation of his elegant hospitality was, peculiarly enough, a dining in celebration of our American Thanksgiving Day, which occurred exactly four days before his death, and at which, in response to a toast to his health, he spoke at length of his admiration of the American festival of Thanksgiving and proceeded in a spirit of religious sentiment to recount the many blessings he had to be grateful for. His remarks were at length, full of genuine feeling, and almost prophetic of the end that lay so near.

His remains were interred on the very summit of the mountain overlooking his late home at 1 o'clock yesterday, whither they were borne with infinite difficulty by the willing hands of a great number of Samoans, who recognized in his death the

last champion of their people and country.

Stevenson's marvelous powers of expression reach a climax in his *Footnote to History*. In this book he not only rendered great service to his adopted country and people, but drew for all time a picture of the mean and miserable management of remote tropical colonies by modern imperial governments. He reveals in the microcosm of Samoa all the trickery and trumpery of faithless diplomats in contradistinction to the serenity, the innate honesty, of the common people subject to the machinations of self-appointed masters. God help any "dependency" falling under the domination of such a combination as Cedarkrantz and von Pilsach! Imagine a chief justice of Samoa presiding over a court whose proceedings were

stipulated to be conducted in English, although he could scarcely speak a word of Shakespeare's language and had never seen a law-book in his life. He declined to open his court for a year, until he could pick up information and find out what it all meant.

The petty meanness, the fatal official ugliness of it all!

There is in existence a rare and curious pamphlet which serves as an appendix to the *Footnote* and to Mr. Moors' manly defense of "the great old man of Samoa;"—it bears the title *The Cry of Mataafa for his People,* and was printed in Auckland in 1899. It shows all the little traits of true honor and patriotism which made the old King so dear to Stevenson. It also shows that if Samoa as a center of native civilization and enlightenment, disappears, being replaced by a highly governed and admin-

istered colony of Mongolian-Samoan half-breeds, the disappearance of all that bound Stevenson to Samoa with a friendship as deep as death, will have been owing to interference by foreign powers, whose efforts were worthy of better purposes.

All readers of *A Footnote to Hitory* will be interested in Mataafa's appeal. As it was printed in a remote place and thus has become known but to a limited circle of readers, we reproduce it here from Judge Mulligan's copy. (See Appendix I.)

In their ideal views of right and wrong; in their estimate of men and events, the Samoan king and the Scotch patrician met and sympathized. The exiled wanderer in the South Seas became an immigrant in Samoa on the basis of that humanity which unites all enlightened minds.

Thus Stevenson, although an immigrant in Samoa and a stranger, never became exiled from his own kind.

The ideal immigrant in any country is the person who accepts the new surroundings, adopts the new conditions of thought and conduct, makes the best of life as he finds it, enters whole-souled into his duties to a new form of society, shows faith in the affairs of his adopted land, and makes use of his racial inheritance and early acquirements to enlighten his new circle. If this tentative outline of a great problem is true, Stevenson was an ideal immigrant. It is an irregularity for anybody to leave the land of his birth, memories and native language. The temptation always to make comparison, is present at every turn. To the native Scot, San Francisco is as strange

and wild as the South Sea Islands. It requires philosophy and a strong will to overcome the consequences of this irregularity, to choke down comparisons, to burn bridges in one's life no longer used, and to use such as are traveled to advantage.

Charles Warren Stoddard has pointed out that Stevenson's venture in the South Seas laid upon him — Stevenson — the burden of proving his moral integrity. The tropics afford the greatest opportunity for the requisite test. The tropics invite a peculiar philosophic languor, but also afford the opportunity for a broadened vision and the display of superior merits. Did Stevenson stand the test?

He did, but not altogether in the way Stoddard expected. His art, it must be admitted, took no color from the gorgeous display about him. But he came—and went—in

a manner wholly different from the usual foreign invasion. There was no kinship between him and "that insalubrious old marauder, Captain Cook," and his mildewed crew; he was as far removed from them as he was from the modern missionaries and the politico-piratic zelotes of the Great Powers, the beach-combers, the exploiters. It is not so much Stevenson's virtue that he presented us with faithfully drawn types of white as well as brown men peculiar to Oceania, or with the most exquisitely pencilled sketches of land and sea; it is in his stories of Scottish life and by his complete reversion to his own native type, that he met, and stood, the test of moral integrity. No wonder that *Rahero* could be written in the tropics, but *The Master of Ballantrae, Catriona, St. Ives, Weir of Hermiston!* And also the *Vailima Prayers.*

These works prove, as nothing else proves it, that a true man's heart never is at rest very far from home, but that even at the very end of the world the life of the soul sinks its roots even deeper than before into the native soil. There is a Samoa, there is an island of rest, joy and sweet relaxation at the world's end for every one. But the ultimate test of a man's moral value is that when he grows into greatness, as was the case with Stevenson; and chiefs, kings and other good men crowd in to listen to his wisdom and to hear the music of his voice; and he is happy over his good fortune,—that, when all this comes to pass, this man is restless, until somewhere beyond the seas, in the old home, the people that fostered him, and the old circle of friends of the early years, share the knowledge of the victory won.

So there is a sweet significance

in the fact that forty years after Stevenson wrote his *Song of the Road,* with its rousing motive "Over the Hills and Far Away," another poet, seeing the thread of gold in his own life, craved the complement to that song. On March 18, 1918, Mr. Charles Granger Blanden, of Chicago, wrote the following beautiful lines:

You sang to me, one distant day,
"Over the hills and far away,"
A sad sweet song that still I hear,
After how many a vanished year.

I pray you sing once more to me,
No song to set the spirit free,
But one to cheer the weary heart,
After the soul has played its part.

Sing me a song that tells of rest,
For love at last has found its nest;
Sing me a song of happy men:
OVER THE HILLS AND HOME AGAIN.

APPENDIX I

The Cry of Mataafa

THE CRY OF MATAAFA

On behalf of my people, whom I love with a great love, I beseech the Three Great Powers of England, Germany, and the United States of America to listen to my voice and grant my prayer. I ask and desire nothing for myself. My years cannot be many, for now I am old. The grave will soon enclose me, and I shall be no more. But the people who have loved me long, and love me still, will live for many years after I am gone. The strong men who have served me so bravely and faithfully, the women who for my sake have endured many hardships and privations, and the children whose laughter and sport make the villages joyous and happy—these will be living when I am known no longer in Samoa. It is for their sakes that I raise my voice, and pray that the Three Great Powers, in their generosity and kindness, will grant my request.

Thrice have I been elected King of Samoa, by the free will and choice of the great majority of the people, and according to our own laws and customs. At Faleula,

1888; at Vaiala, in 1889; and at Mulinu'u, in 1898, the people asked me to reign over them. When the people asked me on the last occasion to become their King, I thought there were none to oppose or cause trouble, for it seemed to me that all Samoa was united. I was not eager to rule, for I had been five years in exile from my native land, and I wished to live peaceably and quietly in Samoa for the remainder of my life; moreover, Kings of Samoa have ever been beset with dangers, difficulties and troubles. But I believed the people desired me to rule over them, and I thought that I could govern them in such a way that all Samoa would be happy, contented, and peaceful. But certain evil white men led a portion of the people astray, beguiling them with falsehoods and deceptive promises. These evil men persuaded a small minority of the Samoans to choose a boy as King. They forced him, against his will, to leave his school at Leulumoega, and he came to Apia, and lived in the houses of some of the white men, so that he might always be under their control. They desired him to be King, so that they might do with him as they pleased, for their own selfish purposes, and not for the good of Samoa.

It has been said by some people, that before I left Jaluit, to return to Samoa, I signed a written promise not to concern myself with Samoan politics, and these persons also say that by reason of this promise I could not be rightfully elected King of Samoa. But this statement is not true. I did not promise to have nothing to do with politics in Samoa, and the writing which I signed does not contain anything that should prevent me from becoming King of Samoa, after the death of Malietoa Laupepa.

I believed, also, and felt sure, that the German Government no longer objected to me being appointed King. And this being so, I cannot understand why evil and designing white men, who were not authorized by the German Government, should make an objection which did not concern England or America, but only Germany. But the Chief Justice, being an ignorant man, and also not upright, listened to the lawyers, who spoke with many deceptive words, and also paid great heed to the evil counsels of others, and declared the boy to be King of Samoa, but not according to the laws and customs of Samoa; for such a thing has never been known in Samoa;

that a boy should be clothed with the power and authority of a High Chief or King. It was an unrighteous judgment, and against the wishes of the majority of the Samoan people. Then my people rose up in their anger and indignation, driving the small minority, who wished the boy to be King, out of Apia, and establishing a Government of Samoa at Mulinu'u. This Government was recognized by the Consuls of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States of America, in the name of the Three Powers, until the Powers should determine what should be done concerning the unrighteous decision of the Chief Justice. But before the Three Great Powers had time to consult among themselves and make their wishes known, the American Admiral commanded me to submit to the boy whom the Chief Justice had unlawfully declared to be King. He likewise ordered that the Government which had been established at Mulinu'u, and had been recognized by the Three Great Powers, should be overthrown, and that my people should yield to the small party opposed to them. He also said that if his orders were not obeyed he would fire upon the people at Mulinu'u, who could not resist, with his great guns

and small guns. These orders grieved and astonished the people, because they knew that the Great Powers had not ordered these things to be done, but that all these things were being done because of the evil influence of certain officials and white men. So my people and I left Mulinu'u and we went into the bush. Then the great guns of the American warships and the British warships shelled the town of Apia and the mountain of Vaea, and sent armed men ashore to hold the town. After this there was much fighting, and many of my people were killed and wounded by the guns which fire many bullets, like the drops of rain in a heavy shower. Some of the white officers and men were slain also, and for this I was very sorrowful, for I desired not that any should be killed. Many times when the white soldiers were marching along, my people were on each side of them, unseen, and could have killed many of them, but they let them pass unharmed. Then the British warships proceeded up and down the coasts of Upolu and Savaii, shelling many towns and villages, none of which could defend themselves, for the people in them had no thought of fighting, being nearly all old men, women, children,

and pastors. These were compelled to seek refuge in the bush and in the churches; but even these sacred buildings were not safe, some of them being pierced by shells and bullets, and there was great trouble and fear amongst the people. Then white officers came ashore in small steamers (steam launches) and boats, landing Samoan warriors, even the British Consul being with the officers, and carrying a sword and revolver. The white officers commanded the Samoans to burn down the houses in the towns and villages, and they did so, leaving only the pastors' houses unharmed. Many things were burned in the houses. They likewise destroyed many plantations, and they also destroyed many very large and valuable boats, the building of which had cost many thousands of dollars.

In consequence of the destruction of their houses, and the sacking of their towns and villages, the old men, the women and the children were compelled to take shelter in the bush, residing in poor huts, which were not weather-proof, and were in unhealthy situations. They were also compelled to subsist on unwholesome and unsuitable food. In consequence of these things, many of these old men, women, and children have

sickened and died, causing great sorrow and distress in almost every town and village. Even now the people are living in temporary houses hastily erected in the towns and villages, and subject to great discomfort. I humbly implore the Great Powers to regard with compassion my people in their trouble and distress. They have obeyed the High Commissioners whom the Great Powers have sent to Samoa. They have surrendered their guns, they have faithfully complied with all that the High Commissioners required of them, and they are resolved to obey the Provisional Government established by the Commissioners before they left Samoa.

Though my people are subject to frequent insult and ill-treatment from the small party who were opposed to them—these things being done in order to provoke them to renewed strife—they desire to live at peace with all Samoa. If the bad influence of a few evil-minded white people were stopped, by these men being removed from the country, there would no longer be any trouble, for then all Samoa would be at peace. I rejoice, and my people are glad, at the prospect of a new and stable Government for Samoa. If the Great Powers will

send good men to take charge of the Government and not those who care only for the money they receive, Samoa will become peaceful, happy, and prosperous. I pray to God that this may be so, for I love my country and my people greatly.

But now I again beseech the Great Powers, out of their abundant wealth, to grant my people some compensation for the great loss and damage inflicted upon them. To His Majesty the German Emperor I appeal, in great confidence and trust, for during the trials and troubles of this year he and his Government have been true and steadfast friends of my people and myself, and this we shall ever remember with deep and abiding gratitude. To President McKinley and the Government of the United States of America I appeal, for that great country has always been friendly to Samoa, and has, in past years, assisted and strengthened us in times of peril and tribulation. To Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Government of Great Britain I appeal, for all the world knows the Queen to be good, kind, and humane, and the British Government has always been ready to succour the needy and help the weak and distressed in all countries. To the great peoples of

Germany, America, and England I appeal, and beseech them to make their voices heard in our behalf, and assist my people in their cause.

The smile of God brightens the lives of those who assist the injured and the wronged, and the blessings of those whom they relieve and assist will continually follow them.

(Signed) *o J. Mataafa*

Amaile, Upolu, Samoa,
16th August, 1899

APPENDIX II

Three Poems in Memory of R. L. S.

By

Frederic Smith

To travel happily is a better thing than to arrive.—R. L. S.

A PARAPHRASE

Better the pilgrim's staff, the cheerful song,
The distant hills to beckon us along,
A free highway and the wide sky above,
The foot to travel and the heart to love,
Youth's eager fancies and the morning light,
Than the high festival of crowning night.

So long our vision shines, our hopes befriend,
Better the journey than the journey's end.
The cozy resting place that shines ahead
Is not so blessed as the steps we tread.
Better a mountain streamlet in the sun
Than a still pool with all our journeys done.
Better the toil and stress though spent in vain,
Than the brief joys we labour to obtain.
The flowers we stop to gather by the way
Before our journey's end are thrown away.
But all the joy of search and sight is ours,
That shall go with us though we lose the flowers,
Thrice happy he who learns the truth I tell,
He shall arrive at last, and all be well.

(Unpublished.)

TO R. L. S.

Dear Friend, all love, that love unanswered may,
I gave to thee—my spirit leapt to thine.
Lured by the spell of many a magic line
I joined thy fellowship, and sailed away
To glowing isles, where golden treasures lay.
With thee, all night, I lay among the pine,
'Mid dews and perfume in the fresh starshine,
Till darkness moved and thrilled with coming day.

And now thou liest lone on Vaea's height,
The visions on thine eyes we may not know.
I think of thee, awake, with keen delight,
Hearing the forests wave, the grasses grow,
The rush of spectral breakers far below,
Through all the starry splendor of the night.

From *A Chest of Viols*, 1896.

R. L. S.

ON READING "TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY."

How sweet the way where we poor mortals stray
When, with enlightened eyes, unveiled we see
Earth's wondrous beauty and her mystery!
Nature revealed, a living thing alway,
Alert in listening night or bountiful day
Moves to our mood with finest sympathy,
With watchful service sets our spirit free;
Sings in our joy or wipes our tears away.

Surely the fault is ours, so long we rest
Content with darkened vision at the gate,
When we might stand within, in reverence drest,
With sense refined, with subtle joy elate,
In that hushed portal where such wonders wait.
As they may see whom God has fitly blest.

(Unpublished.)

APPENDIX III

Facsimile of Letter in Latin

Mr. *Payson S. Wild* has been kind enough to transliterate the Latin portion of this letter and to elucidate its formal difficulties. The following are Mr. Wild's comments:

Brebisissimus. Doubtless coined from the French *brebis*, a *sheep*. The following sentence carries out the figure.

Principessa. Italian form for *princess*.

Flores. As it appears in the text this word is susceptible of two other readings, namely, *flans*, and *flares*; but neither of these can possibly be construed. Furthermore Stevenson's classical training was not carried far, as we know, and so we must expect to find him using common and well known words in a "stunt" of this kind. *Flores* is a common and well known word, whereas the others are not. The probable meaning of the sentence, which is somewhat blind, is this: "Yesterday, off in the dark on his bed, he is reported to have wept copiously becaues the Princess forbade him, Juno fashion, ever again to present her with flowers." Little can be said for the latinity of this sentence.

More. *Mare* is the more obvious reading, but fails utterly in meaning.

Degambolatus sum. This needs no other comment than the author's own.

P. S. W.

Latine scribere (1) mihi nunc jucundum
est; si bene, laudes deo boni
reddendae; verum, ut times, si male,
male sine ulla decenti scribam
judari. Innascitur semper amabiles
invenit, semper ingeniosas amoenasque
feminas. Stoicorum simplicissimus
est, et, ut ita dicam, luscitissimus.
Cucurrit per arduas. per gramina, et
tenerum vinculum ad voces mutuum
marisque semper jungit. Hei, in
certis tenebrarum penetralibus, remoto in
cubiculo suo, multum putur flevisse,
quia Principessa Flores eum iterum

devaturum mare fumonis vetuit -

Jere degambolatus sum - O
Lord that's good, that's a triumph; its
better than the English; there is no
language like latin after all - Jere
degambolatus sum; ~~sed~~ opus
tandem, et mehercle jam iterum
triumpho. Pictor amabilis; puer
quoque bonus; tener, facilis, ab
omni parte (nescio quomodo) mihi
ridiculus, stupeorem, te absente,
has here asking my advice about

his pictures and has taken it and thinks it good; which pleases me, as I thought I wanted the organ of pictures altogether.

I have my novel finished a complete draught of "Crooked South", but shall wait your arrival before I transcribe it, lest perhaps it should be unfit for human food.

Please suit yourself about coming; so long as you do come. I am not to be pitied at all. I spend evenings with Robinet and the Rustlies and

Much about, for Rhoda's hour, during the damp. My health still wonderful.

Ever yours.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

O! I tried to get a monogram for myself, and look at the fruitable result. That is after many hundred attempts; amongst the unsuccessful, this was thought to be a success. You may imagine, therefore, what the others were like. If my initials were C. it would be simple enough.