

APPENDIX A

ADDRESS TO THE SAMOAN STUDENTS AT MALUA, JANUARY, 1890

You are the hope of your race. You stand in a position of so much privilege and so much responsibility, that I myself feel it a privilege and a responsibility to address you. What your race is to become in the future, *that* you carry in your hands: the father and the mother carry and feed the little child; yet a little, and the child learns to walk, and to look for and to plant for itself; yet a little longer still, and he is carrying and teaching, and feeding and teaching new young ones. So it is with the generations in a family. So in a far wider sense with them in a country and a race.

You, gentlemen, are now learning to walk: very soon at the swift pace of years—the fast runners—you will be called upon to teach in your turn. And while all are called upon first to learn and then to teach, you are so called particularly; you have been chosen and set apart; you are the elect Levites: you are called upon in a few years to be the fathers and guides of your race: according as you do well, so may your country with God's blessing flourish; according as you do ill, so will it certainly decline.

FIRST, TO LEARN

I was in an island not very far from here where they are trying to teach them French, for the Government is a French Government: show any of the young men some written French, and they would read it out aloud with a good pronunciation, never stumbling; ask any of them what it meant, and they held their peace; they did not understand one word: they read as parrots speak. Now we may not be quite as stupid as the Marquesans, and yet we may be no better at all.

We may learn a great deal about religion, yet not learn religion. We may know a thousand texts, and get no sense from them, as a blind man might have a thousand lanterns and yet see no better. The meaning of religion is a rule of life; it is an obligation to do well; if

that rule, that obligation, is not seen, your thousand texts will be to you like the thousand lanterns to the blind man. As he goes about the house in the night of his blindness, he will only break the glass and burn his feet and fingers : and so you, as you go through life in the night of your ignorance, will only break and hurt yourselves on broken laws.

Before Christ came, the Jewish religion had forbidden many evil things; it was a religion that a man could fulfil, I had almost said, in idleness; all he had to do was to pray and to sing psalms, and to refrain from things forbidden. 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. For example, these questions that we have just read are again only the letter. We must study what they mean, not what they are. We are told to visit them that are in prison. A good thing, but it were better if we could save them going there. We are told to visit the sick; it were better still, and we should so better have fulfilled the law, if we could have saved some of them from falling sick. In considering the passage, you are to bear in mind it was addressed to men poor, without consideration, without authority; these particular questions are but illustrations of the law, and they are the illustrations best suited to the case of the disciples; had Christ been addressing you who are already chosen out to be the guides and teachers of a generation throughout all these islands, be sure the illustrations would have been different. The law, the spirit, would be the same; the questions, the illustrations, the letter would have been quite other. The best the disciples could hope to do was to comfort and heal the sick and the prisoners, but you can do more. If you think you cannot, if you confine yourself to the letter here, I see the blind man stumbling among useless lanterns, and I look to hear him cry when he shall have burned his fingers.

Your case is apart. You have to help: you have to protect your race and your country. It will not do for you to visit the sick; you must teach your countrymen to avoid those things that bring sickness. It will not be enough for you to comfort the prisoner; it will be for you to see that none go to prison unjustly, and that of those who go there justly, none shall have gone through your default. It will be for you, in particular, to see that your whole race does not fall sick and die; that your whole race does not go into a prison which shall never open.

For these are the dangers. You have yet been spared the visitation of the worst sicknesses: when these come there will be a fresh test of your teaching. Will you by that time have made your race wise enough and obedient enough to take the necessary care? Will you have made them brave enough to bear the horror, the bereavement, the darkness of that time? Ah, gentlemen, if so, you will have played a brave part; you will have fought a good fight. If not, what will you have done for the people put into your hands, even like a child, and whom you have not taught to walk?

Again there is another danger: the loss of your land to foreigners. It is good to make laws, and good to keep them; but let us remember that a law in itself is but a form of words, as the mark of a *tapui* [taboo] was only a branch of cocoonut or a piece of mulberry bark. What makes either strong is something in the heart of the people. It will depend upon you to put it and keep it there. And to do so will be better than to visit the law-breakers in prison.

And again. It will be very difficult to keep this law about the land, unless you help.

Yet another way. Trouble comes upon your people; and it is a trouble like death, that must come, and for which you must be prepared. The world is very full of men, many of them starving; in these crowded lands, men have learned to work desperately hard; with all their hard work, they are still too many of them in their own place; they flow like water out of a full bucket, and they come, they must come, they have begun to come to your islands. Then the fight will befall, it has begun already; it is a true fight, although swords are not drawn nor guns fired, for men's lives and men's deaths are on the issue.

Now I will say to you plainly, if you cannot get your own people

to be a little more industrious, to make a little money, and to save a little money, you may make all the good laws on earth, still your lands will be sold; when your land is sold, your race will die, and in these islands, where your children might have lived for a hundred centuries, another race will sit, and they will ask themselves — What were the Samoans? and only find word of you in ancient books. It is for the king to make the laws; it is for you to make the people industrious and saving; which if you do, the laws will be kept; which if you do not, they shall certainly be broken, and your race finish. And when the traveller comes here perhaps in no such long time, and looks in vain, and asks for the Samoans, and they tell him all are dead; and he, wondering at the judgment, cries out, “Where was the fault?” and we shall say: “They taught young men in Malua, and it was thought that these would teach the people, and they failed; and now the wind blows and the rain falls where their roofs once stood, and where their fires once burned.”

Perhaps you think I lay a heavy charge on you: it is not I that lay it, but the Master you profess to serve. Or that I ask of you a miracle: it is not a miracle, for it has been partly done in another place. In Tahiti I could not see the people were at all hard worked; the people in my own country work far harder; yet they work hard enough. In a village where I lived long, many had fine European houses, and more were building; many had money laid aside, none had sold his land. What has been done in Tahiti, cannot that be done in Samoa? I think it can, and I know the duty lies on you.

SECOND, TO TEACH

The learning part, to learn the spirit of your Master, the helpfulness to others which he lays down, and to learn his spirit, can best be applied in your own isle to your own race; the learning part done, you have to Teach. Upon this I will say only two things.

There was once (or so they tell) a false prophet in Asia who came with a cloth on his face. No man, he said, might look upon his face and live, it was (like Moses) so bright with the effulgence of God's spirit; and many disciples and an army gathered about the prophet with the cloth. And one fine day the cloth was rent, and behold an old, bald, hideous creature from whom all men shrank; his friends fled from

the tent screaming, his armies fled from their encampment, and in one day his power was fallen.

I am here and speak to you—good words I think, honest words I am very sure — to-morrow I am gone again, and you cannot tell what manner of man I am: whether good or bad, whether I do what I teach, or whether I disgrace my teaching by my conduct. I am the prophet with the cloth before my face. But you, who are to dwell with your fellow-countrymen, every day will make another hole in the cloth that covers you, and you may be still talking and teaching the bravest lessons, and prating perhaps of the brightness of your countenance, but all the while your hearers see you as you are, and some run screaming and some laugh aloud.

No man can do as well as he teaches. For we are all like St. Paul in this, that we see better things than we are able to attain to; we cannot therefore hope to be seen doing what we teach, but we must be seen trying to do it: we shall even only teach it well, in so far as we are trying hard. The man who only talks, I pledge you my word, he will not even do the talking well. This is as much as to say, that if you are going to save your island and your race you must all make up your hearts constantly to a life of hard toil in the eyes of your disciples. That is the example you must set. You may think this is a hard thing. But did you suppose there is any way in life which a man is allowed not to be a hero? You pastors do not go to war; you must be braver-hearted, then, at home. The world has no room for cowards. We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer, to die. And yours is not the less noble because no drum beats before you, when you go out into your daily battlefields; and no crowds shout about your coming, when you return from your daily victory or defeat.

I am afraid I wish you to be very stern with yourselves, and that brings me to my last point. How are you to be stern to others? There is love, and there is justice. Justice is for oneself: love for others. It did not require any gospel to teach a man to love himself or to be stern to his neighbours, and the gospel was, in fact, the opposite. Yet there is one thing here in Samoa that I think you will have to fight very hard; or all the toil and the frugality in the world will never make your islands strong enough and rich enough to stand. If I were speaking at home in my own country, I would tell people to be

more generous; and it would be the givers and the lenders I would be addressing. I want to ask your countrymen to be more generous too; but I want you to say this to the askers. You will get men to work with difficulty if those that do not work come down like locusts and devour the harvest. For the defence of the workers, you must get these beggars ashamed of themselves, or you must make them so ridiculous in the eyes of others that they shall not dare to come besieging people's houses.

To them I am afraid you must be a little stern, for they lie right in the way that leads to safety for your islands and your race; they are a disease that must be cured; they are a new plague of Egypt.

But to sinners, and to them that fail, and to those that grow weary in well-doing, you must remember rather to be long-suffering: show them the better way, and keep your anger for yourselves when you shall fail to show it. A brawling pastor is the next worse thing to an idle one.

APPENDIX B

MISSIONS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

An Address read¹ before the Women's Missionary Association and members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, at Sydney, March 18, 1893.

I SUPPOSE I am in the position of many other persons. I had conceived a great prejudice against Missions in the South Seas, and I had no sooner come there than that prejudice was at first reduced, and then at last annihilated. Those who deblaterate against missions have only one thing to do, to come and see them on the spot. They will see a great deal of good done; they will see a race being forwarded in many different directions, and I believe, if they be honest persons, they will cease to complain of mission work and its effects. At the same time, and infallibly in all sublunary matters, they will see a great deal of harm done. I am very glad to think that the new class of missionaries are by no means so radical as their predecessors. I have spoken to many missionaries, and I have the pleasure to say that the most intelligent among them are of one opinion and that the true one. They incline to think that it is best to proceed by little and little, and not by much and much. They are inclined to spare so far as it is possible native opinions and set native habits of morality; to seek rather the point of agreement than the points of difference; to proceed rather by confirmation and extension than by iconoclasm. I wish I could say how strongly I feel the importance and efficiency of this new view. People have learned one code of decency from their childhood up. They are prepared to suffer, in some cases to die, for that. There is here a vast reservoir of moral power. It is the business of the missionary not to destroy, but to utilise it. When the missionaries — the earlier missionaries — “broke the tabus” in the South Sea Islands, they chose the path of destruction, not of utilisation, and I am pleased

¹ Stevenson was unable to be present at the meeting, but the proofs of this article were revised by him for the Sydney *Presbyterian*.

to think that these days are over, that no missionary will go among a primitive people with the idea of mere revolution, that he will rather develop that which is good, or is capable of being made good, in the inherent ideas of the race, that when he finds an idea half bad and half good, he will apply himself to the good half of it, develop that, and seek to minimise and gradually obliterate the other, thus saving what I may be allowed to call the moral water-power. Because we are, one and all, in every rank of life, and in every race of mankind, the children of our fathers, we shall never do well, we shall certainly never do nobly, except upon the lines marked out for us by our fathers' footprints.

And the true art of the missionary, as it seems to me — an outsider, the most lay of laymen, and for that reason, on the old principle that the bystander sees most of the game, perhaps more than usually well able to judge — is to profit by the great — I ought really to say the vast — amount of moral force reservoired in every race, and to expand and to change and to fit that power to new ideas and to new possibilities of advancement.

I am saying only that which I have learned from my intercourse with the most experienced of missionaries, though it commends itself to me upon more primitive and abstract grounds. What I have still to say is perhaps more personal to myself as an observer.

We make a great blunder when we expect people to give up in a moment the whole beliefs of ages, the whole morals of the family, sanctified by the traditions of the heart, and not to lose something essential. We make a still greater — or I should say, too many missionaries make a mistake still greater — when they expect, not only from their native converts, but from white men (by no means of the highest class) shipwrecked or stranded at random on these islands, a standard of conduct which no parish minister in the world would dare to expect of his parishioners and church members.

There is here in these despised whites a second reservoir of moral power, which missionaries too often neglect and render nugatory. Many of these despised traders are in themselves fairly decent and more than fairly decent persons. They dwell, besides, permanently amidst the native population, whereas the missionary is in some cases, and perhaps too often, only there upon a flying visit. The trader is therefore, at once by experience and by influence, the superior of the

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missionary. He is a person marked out to be made use of by the intelligent missionary. Sometimes a very doubtful character, sometimes a very decent old gentleman, he will almost invariably be made the better by some intelligent and kindly attention for which he is often burning; and he will almost invariably be made the worse by neglect or by insult.

And I am sorry to say that in too many cases I have found these methods to be followed by the missionary. I know very well that, in part from the misdeeds of the worst kind of traders, and in part by the harshness of otherwise excellent missionaries, this quarrel has become envenomed. Well, it is just this quarrel that has to be eliminated. By long-suffering, by kindness, by a careful distinction of personalities, the mission and the traders have to be made more or less in unison. It is doubtful if the traders will change much; it is perhaps permissible in the layman to suggest that the mission might change somewhat. The missionary is a great and a beneficent factor. He is hampered, he is restricted, his work is largely negated by the attitude of his fellow-whites, his fellow-countrymen, and his fellow-Christians in the same island. Difficult as the case may be—and all mission work is eminently difficult—the business which appears to me to be before the missions is that of making their peace; and I will say much more—of raising up a brigade of half and half, or if that cannot be, of quarter and quarter lay supporters among the whites.

If I had not been asked, I should have been the last man in the world to have interjected my lay opinions into your councils. Having been asked, I willingly lay myself open to your censures, and confidently appeal for your indulgence, while I tell you exactly how this matter has seemed to a far from uninterested layman, well acquainted with the greater part of the South Seas.

APPENDIX C

VAILIMA PRAYERS

FOR SUCCESS

LORD, behold our family here assembled. We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Let peace abound in our small company. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offences. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another. As the clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind, as children of their sire, we beseech of Thee this help and mercy for Christ's sake.

FOR GRACE

Grant that we here before Thee may be set free from the fear of vicissitude and the fear of death, may finish what remains before us of our course without dishonour to ourselves or hurt to others, and when the day comes, may die in peace. Deliver us from fear and favour, from mean hopes and from cheap pleasures. Have mercy on each in his deficiency; let him be not cast down; support the stumbler on the way, and give at last rest to the weary.

AT MORNING

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

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laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry, let our laughter rise like a . 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.

EVENING

We come before Thee, O Lord, in the end of Thy day with thanksgiving. Remember and relieve, we beseech Thee, those who are in pain, remember sick children, visit the fathers of destitute families, shine in the house of affliction. Our beloved in the far parts of the earth, those who are now beginning the labours of the day what time we end them, and those with whom the sun now stands at the point of noon, bless, help, console and prosper them.

Our guard is relieved, the service of the day is over, and the hour come to rest. We resign into Thy hands our sleeping bodies, our cold hearths and open doors. Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour smiling. As the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

ANOTHER FOR EVENING

Lord, receive our supplications for this house, family, and country. Protect the innocent, restrain the greedy and the treacherous, lead us out of our tribulation into a quiet land.

Look down upon ourselves and our absent dear ones. Help us and them; prolong our days in peace and honour. Give us health, food, bright weather, and light hearts. In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavours. Cause injuries to be forgot and benefits to be remembered. Let us lie down without fear, and awake and arise with exultation. For His sake, in whose words we now conclude.

IN THE SEASON OF RAIN

We thank Thee, Lord, for the glory of the late days and the excellent face of Thy sun. We thank Thee for good news received. We thank Thee for the pleasures we have enjoyed and for those we have

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been able to confer. And now, when the clouds gather and the rain impends over the forest and our house, permit us not to be cast down; let us not lose the savour of past mercies and past pleasures; but, like the voice of a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memory survive in the hour of darkness. If there be in front of us any painful duty, strengthen us with the grace of courage; if any act of mercy, teach us tenderness and patience.

ANOTHER

Lord, Thou sendest down rain upon the uncounted millions of the forest, and givest the trees to drink exceedingly. We are here upon this isle a few handfuls of men, and how many myriads upon myriads of stalwart trees! Teach us the lesson of the trees. The sea around us, which this rain recruits, teems with the race of fish; teach us, Lord, the meaning of the fishes. Let us see ourselves for what we are, one out of the countless number of the clans of Thy handiwork. When we would despair, let us remember that these also please and serve Thee.

BEFORE A TEMPORARY SEPARATION

To-day we go forth separate, some of us to pleasure, some of us to worship, some upon duty. Go with us, our guide and angel; hold Thou before us in our divided paths the mark of our low calling, still to be true to what small best we can attain to. Help us in that, our Maker, the dispenser of events, Thou, of the vast designs in which we blindly labour, suffer us to be so far constant to ourselves and our beloved.

FOR FRIENDS

For our absent loved ones we implore Thy loving-kindness. Keep them in life, keep them in growing honour; and for us, grant that we remain worthy of their love. For Christ's sake, let not our beloved blush for us, nor we for them. Grant us but that, and grant us courage to endure lesser ills unshaken, and to accept death, loss, and disappointment as it were straws upon the tide of life.

FOR THE FAMILY

Aid us, if it be Thy will, in our concerns. Have mercy on this land and innocent people. Help them who this day contend in disappoint-

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ment with their frailties. Bless our family, bless our forest house, bless our island helpers. Thou who hast made for us this place of ease and hope, accept and inflame our gratitude; help us to repay in service one to another the debt of Thine unmerited benefits and mercies, so that when the period of our stewardship draws to a conclusion, when the windows begin to be darkened, when the bond of the family is to be loosed, there shall be no bitterness of remorse in our farewells.

Help us to look back on the long way that Thou hast brought us, on the long days in which we have been served not according to our deserts but our desires; on the pit and the miry clay, the blackness of despair, the horror of misconduct, from which our feet have been plucked out. For our sins forgiven or prevented, for our shame unpublished, we bless and thank Thee, O God. Help us yet again and ever. So order events, so corroborate our frailty, as that day by day we shall come before Thee with this song of gratitude, and in the end we be dismissed with honour. In their weakness and their fear the vessels of Thy handiwork so pray to Thee, so praise Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer;—with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil, suffer us awhile longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any dream, be their dreams quiet; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

Lord, enlighten us to see the beam that is in our own eye, and blind us to the mote that is in our brother's. Let us feel our offences with

our hands, make them great and bright before us like the sun, make us eat and drink them for our diet. Blind us to the offences of our beloved, cleanse them from our memories, take them out of our mouths for ever. Let all here before Thee carry and measure with the false balances of love, and be in their own eyes and in all conjunctions the most guilty. Help us, at the same time, with the grace of courage, that we be none of us cast down. When we sit lamenting amid the ruins of our happiness or our integrity, touch us with fire from the altar, that we may be up and doing to rebuild our city : in the name and by the method of Him in whose words we now conclude.

Lord, the creatures of Thy hand, Thy disinherited children, come before Thee with their incoherent wishes and regrets. Children we are, children we shall be, till our mother the earth has fed upon our bones. Accept us, correct us, guide us, Thy guilty innocents. Dry our vain tears, delete our vain resentments, help our yet vainer efforts. If there be any here, sulking as children will, deal with and enlighten him. Make it day about that person, so that he shall see himself and be ashamed. Make it heaven about him, Lord, by the only way to heaven, forgetfulness of self. And make it day about his neighbours, so that they shall help, not hinder him.

We are evil, O God, and help us to see it and amend. We are good, and help us to be better. Look down upon Thy servants with a patient eye, even as Thou sendest sun and rain; look down, call upon the dry bones, quicken, enliven; re-create in us the soul of service, the spirit of peace; renew in us the sense of joy.

APPENDIX D

SAMOAN AFFAIRS

It is obvious that if the Berlin Treaty were to prove a success, the two chief officials appointed under its provisions should have been men of the world, conversant with ordinary business, perfectly straightforward, accustomed to criticism, free from red tape, prompt to act, ready to conciliate, and willing to undertake responsibility. Moreover, they should have been sent out to their posts as soon as the news of their appointment reached Samoa.

The following note will show that none of these conditions were fulfilled. I take my facts (with one single exception) from the reports of the British Consul and the American Consul-General, for after several efforts I have failed to procure a copy of the German White-book for use in writing these pages. I read it when it came out, and would refer to the leading article in the *Times* for January 17th, 1893, to show that it directly supported Stevenson's contentions. But it would be useless to refer my readers to an authority so inaccessible. The American White-book is likewise not easily obtained, and I have principally quoted the British Blue-book, C 6973, which may be purchased by any one for the sum of two shillings from Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 32 Abingdon Street, London, S.W. As to the impartiality of the Blue-book, the British Consul during this period was never at any time suspected, justly or unjustly, of being friendly to Stevenson.

The actual facts are as follows:—The Treaty was signed at Berlin on July 14th, 1889: the President did not reach Apia till 26th April, 1891 (Letter No. 85), and though the Chief-Justice arrived in the end of December, 1890 (No. 61), he did not open his court for hearing cases till the 15th of July in the following year (120).

The Chief-Justice from the beginning refused to pay any customs or other duties as a private individual (125); he delayed the proceedings of the Land Commission, by disclaiming all authority to give the necessary formal sanction to their appointment of a secretary, and the hire of a safe for the custody of the numerous title-deeds produced be-

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fore their court (97); he appointed two Swedes to the only two offices in his patronage, and procured or created two more posts which they held simultaneously with the others (73, 239); and he refused to register any land-titles until a heavy fee had been paid to his Registrar—a stroke by which that officer, in addition to his salary, would within a couple of years have pocketed £3000 (239, 305). Then, when troubles were beginning, he started on September 5th, 1891, on an expedition of several months' duration to study the land systems of Fiji and Victoria (123, 179).

The President for his part chose as the first work of the new Government a large prison, on which £1500, being half the sum collected by the Government up to the time of his proposal, was expended (127), and which, when finished, was not used (278). At the same time he issued an advertisement calling for tenders for "Capitol Buildings," "which proved to be mainly a dwelling-house for Baron Senfft von Pilsach" (127), a residence for which it is fair to add that he duly paid rent.

On September 4th, 1891, five Samoan chiefs, who had surrendered voluntarily to a political charge of having destroyed some houses on the island of Manono, were, no doubt with complete justice, condemned to six months' imprisonment by a native judge, just before the Chief-Justice left for his colonial studies. Two days later, on rumour of an attempt to rescue the men, the Swedish jailor, acting presumably on instructions, placed dynamite under the prison, connected the charge with an electric battery, and threatened to blow the whole of the prisoners sky-high, if any such attempt were made.¹

Yet two days later, there having been no sign of trouble, the king,

¹ This is the only statement unsupported by any of the official publications, but it was made deliberately by Stevenson upon the information received by him at the time and on the spot; the three Powers publish not one single word of denial or incredulity, and when the Government editor tried to meet the accusation, he did not for a moment question the fact, but endeavoured to explain it away. (*The Times*, 11th January, 1893.)

If the charge were untrue, it would have been denied with indignation in two lines. If it were admitted to be true, what could be said? Let us take a recent analogy: what *would* have been said if dynamite had been placed under the huts at Nooitgedacht or St. Helena, where the prisoners were prisoners of war, or under the Tombs or Holloway Jail?

with the assent of the British Consul, and acting presumably under the direction of his official adviser, altered the sentence and deported the five chiefs to an island entirely out of his jurisdiction three hundred miles away.¹

Up to the middle of March, 1892, the Customs dues of Apia had been appropriated without question to the Municipality, which had been administering its income with the full consent of its chairman, the President, who regularly published its accounts (213, encl. 4). Suddenly, without a word of warning, the President made an entirely secret reference to the Chief-Justice, who thereupon, without giving any notice to the persons most interested, or any opportunity for arguing the question before him, made an official declaration that the whole of these dues, past, present, and future, belonged to the Samoan Treasury, and that the Municipality was bound to refund the arrears. The Council was thus rendered bankrupt, and its future revenue reduced to £1600 a year, on which the President's own salary of £1000 was a first charge. The income of the Chief-Justice was paid by the Samoan Treasury, which had been nearly empty until it received this accession of £5000 (188, 213, encl. 1).

It was to do them little good. On the strength of this windfall the President (263) proceeded with the utmost secrecy to buy up the local newspaper! For this he paid £650 in cash, entered the purchase as a "special investment ordered by the king" (306), and suppressed the fact as long as possible. The Government advertisements had hitherto been the mainstay of the paper, which had nevertheless maintained a creditable independence. Four months later the Government started at additional cost a *Royal Gazette*, which henceforth contained the advertisements given formerly to their own newspaper, "thereby reducing the selling value of the *Samoa Times* from £650 to about £200." By this time the Samoan Government, which could collect few or no native taxes, was almost bankrupt again (263). A rival paper was naturally started in a few months, still further reducing the value of the *Samoa Times*, which, within a couple of years, wholly emancipated itself from Government influence.

Meanwhile the sanitation, lighting, policing, road-making, and all

¹ American White-book, p. 104. The British Blue-book does not refer to the incident of the prisoners at all.

LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

necessary works of the Municipality were at a standstill (213), and the monthly service of mail-steamers, on which the prosperity of the place largely depended, was seriously imperilled by a refusal to give the company more than half the very moderate subsidy for which it asked (263). And as far as the natives were concerned, the Government, to all intents and purposes, was non-existent.

It is mere weariness to add that the President, having combined the funds of the Government and of the Municipality, and lodged the balance in his own name in a bank in Sydney, denied the right of either the Samoan Government or the Municipality to interfere, on the ground that the whole sum belonged to neither one of them, nor would he allow the auditors of the Municipal accounts to verify the Municipal balance (265, encl. 1). "The Berlin Act," he said, "contained certain provisions adapted to the purpose of securing the selection of conscientious persons to my office" (243).

These facts, I must repeat, are not drawn from any statement of Stevenson; they are not due to any imagination of my own: they are taken from the matter-of-fact reports of the Consuls, who forwarded them to their Governments as material for negotiations between the Great Powers concerned. There are many ludicrous details I have omitted, there are many other disputes on all sorts of petty questions. But into these and the other charges contained in the letters to the *Times* it is unnecessary to go; they require more explanation, they would be more tedious to narrate, they are equally futile, more ridiculous it is hardly possible for them to be.

The criticism with which Stevenson summed up one of these gentlemen might equally be applied to the other. "Such an official I never remember to have read of, though I have seen the like from across the footlights and the orchestra, evolving in similar figures to the strains of Offenbach."

As to the question of Stevenson's deportation, which occurs occasionally in his letters, and was at one time constantly present before his eyes, he firmly believed what is probably the truth — that it had been demanded by Chief-Justice Cedercrantz and President von Pilsach on account of his letters to the *Times*, and that the captains of various ships, having been sounded upon the subject, had refused their co-operation. The only fact which is quite certain is that the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, the Governor of Fiji, issued on

APPENDIX D

December 29th, 1892, a notice entitled "The Sedition (Samoa) Regulation, 1892," which rendered any British subject guilty of "sedition" against the "Government of Samoa" liable, on conviction, to imprisonment for not more than three months. It placed the right of defining the words "Government of Samoa" in the hands of the British Consul at Apia, and explicitly included in the word "sedition" "all practices, whether by word, deed, or writing, having for their object to bring about in Samoa discontent or dissatisfaction, public disturbance, civil war, hatred or contempt toward the King or Government of Samoa, or the laws or constitution of the country, and generally to promote disorder in Samoa."

At the time of its publication, no British subject had, so far as is known, been guilty of fomenting sedition in Samoa, and if it were necessary to find a pretext for putting it in force, Stevenson's letters to the *Times* were the only existing printed utterance which would have fallen within the sweep even of that all-embracing net.

Had the Regulation been put in force generally, it would probably have resulted in the imprisonment of the entire British population of Apia, for there was none so poor as not to hold up to contempt that pitiable Government; had it been put in force against Stevenson, there was obviously no jail in Samoa fit to receive him (certainly not the President's new prison), and he must have been deported to Fiji or the Colonies. But as soon as the first copy of this document reached the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and even before a question could be asked in Parliament, it was amended by Lord Ripon into something more in conformity with the usual rights of British subjects. Its teeth having been drawn, the Regulation dragged out an idle existence, and I believe that nobody was ever punished under its provisions.

The High Commissioner had neither visited Samoa himself during the term of Stevenson's residence, nor sent any other officer there from outside; this Regulation must therefore have been issued either with the approval of the British Consul (who was the local Deputy Commissioner), or else without inquiry from, or the approval of, any British official on the spot having cognisance of the facts, and upon the bare

¹ Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, Fourth Series, vol. x. pp. 1596, 1710.

word of the President and the Chief-Justice. But it is hardly to be wondered at that Stevenson, after this, was confirmed in his distrust of the British Consul, and never applied to him in any matter, except where he was the necessary and only possible channel of negotiations.

It may be convenient to summarise briefly the whole course of native affairs during Stevenson's residence.

Malietoa Laupepa, the King of Samoa, having been deported by the Germans in 1887, the high-chief Tamasese was then set up in his stead, but his pretensions were opposed by the greater part of the Samoan people under the leadership of the high-chief Mataafa. The Berlin Treaty was signed, and Laupepa was reinstated on the throne in 1889. But after a time jealousy arose between the two leaders; Mataafa retired to the village of Malie (which has the right to confer the title of Malietoa when vacant), and he there remained for two years, committing no overt act of hostility, but gradually drifting towards a state of rebellion. In July, 1893, a fight was precipitated between his men and the royal forces, in which the latter were victorious. The losers fled to the island of Manono, where a few days later they surrendered to the men-of-war of Great Britain and Germany. Mataafa and a dozen of his chiefs were deported, first to the Tokelaus and then to Jaluit; others were imprisoned in Samoa, and fines were inflicted. In 1894 young Tamasese (whose father was dead) fomented trouble against the king. There was some fighting between the two parties along the coast, the royalists being aided as far as possible by the guns of the men-of-war. Peace was patched up, some old rifles were confiscated, and nobody was really punished.

Besides the matters mentioned in his letters to the English papers, Stevenson's only interference in politics was in the following cases:—

He was once voted to the chair at a public meeting in Apia, and signed and forwarded to the President the resolutions then passed. He made two attempts to bring about an interview and reconciliation between the king and Mataafa, and this, had it been successful, might have laid the foundation for a lasting peace. But Malietoa was held back, and it came to nothing. Stevenson paid three visits, and three only, to Mataafa, when that chief had retired to the village of Malie as a rebel *in posse*. He also twice went within his outposts a fortnight

APPENDIX D

before the fighting of 1893, but neither saw nor tried to see the chief, who was miles away, nor did he have any serious conversation with anybody upon those occasions. A month afterwards he sent him a letter by the hands of the British Consul.

Apart from these occasions, almost too trivial to mention, Stevenson, to the certain knowledge of his wife, Mr. Osbourne, and myself, took no action whatever.

APPENDIX E

MUCH has been said of the pains taken by Stevenson, and of the number of times he wrote and rewrote his work, until it satisfied him. It may be interesting to compare four drafts of the beginning of his last and greatest novel—*Weir of Hermiston*. There is none but internal evidence of the date or order of the first three of these versions. The story, however, was begun in October, 1892, resumed in the summer of 1893, and taken up for the last time in September, 1894. To the notes given by Mr. Colvin there may be added the fact that, as early as 1869, Stevenson had written a rough unfinished ballad of a girl meeting her outlawed lover at the Cauldstaneslap, from which the poem was to take its name.

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH LORD HERMISTON IS WIDOWED

When the Court rose, and the family ^{returned} ~~came back~~ to Hermiston, it was a common remark that the lady was sore failed. She had been always what you would call an elderly body: there was no blood of youth in ~~and little that was efficient~~ the woman, ~~nothing but piety and anxiety~~. Her house in George Square (people said) was exceedingly ill-guided; nothing answerable to the expense of maintenance except the cellar, and that was my lord's own concern and a place always to be mentioned with respect. When things went wrong, as they continually did, "Keep me!" she would cry, with a little fluttering way she had, and clasp her hands. As for my lord, he would look down the table at her with his "hanging face," as they call it in the Parliament House. "I think ye must have given over to the Grumbletonians, Mrs. Weir," he would say; "I think these broth would be better to sweem in than to sup."

no grasp or force, nothing but piety and anxiety: a mixture of the hen, the angél, and the mouse, with perhaps most of the hen, she fled through life with a sound of whimpering and psalms.

CHAPTER I

When the Court rose in the year one, and the family returned to Hermiston, it was a common remark in ^{all} that part of the country, that the lady was sore failed. She was known there, ~~in that~~ from a child; and her folk before her, the old "Riding Rutherfords of Hermiston," of whom she was the last, ~~the men~~ had been famous of yore, ^{ill husbands to their wives} ~~ill husbands to their wives, and famous~~ ill neighbours; ^{in the country;} ~~ill husbands to their wives, and famous~~ their exploits, now that they were happily ended, had begun to be recalled with complaisance, and ~~made~~ ^{to make} a part of the local ^{legend} ~~mythology~~; and ~~people~~ ^{the} ~~saw with~~ it was with a sense of ~~the~~ instability and ^{the} decay of things, that men beheld the high-~~handed~~ and heavy-handed race die out in the incongruous person of their last descendant. She had not been wholly without charm ^{at first} ~~at first~~; neighbours recalled in her, as a child, a strain of elfin ^{wilfulness} ~~gaiety~~, gentle little mutinies, sad little gaieties, even a promise of frail beauty that was not to be fulfilled. In the long generations past, while a male Rutherford was riding at the head of his spears or tossing pots and brawling in taverns, there had always been a whitefaced and silent wife immured at home in the old peel or the later mansion-house.

CHAPTER I

The Lord Justice-Clerk was a stranger in that part of the country; but his lady wife was known there from a child, ^{as} ~~and~~ her folk ^{had been} ~~before~~ her. The old "riding Rutherfords of Hermiston," of whom she was the last, had been famous men of yore, ill husbands to their wives, ill neighbours in the country, ~~a blackguard~~ a high- and heavy-handed race ~~blackguard~~. Tales of them were rife in twenty miles about; ~~and~~ ~~some of them had snaked into the chronicles of Scotland, little enough to their repute;~~ ~~even found their way~~ one was hanged at his peel-door by James the ~~Vth~~ Fifth; one had fallen dead in a carouse with Tam Dalyell; a third, and that was Jean's own father, died at a sitting of a Hell-fire

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Club he had founded in Crossmichael. At that very hour he had ten pleas going, eight of them oppressive and three before the inner house.

(Final Version as Printed)

CHAPTER I

LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. WEIR

The Lord Justice-Clerk was a stranger in that part of the country: but his lady wife was known there from a child, as her race had been before her. The old "riding Rutherfords of Hermiston," of whom she was the last descendant, had been famous men of yore, ill neighbours, ill subjects, and ill husbands to their wives, though not their properties. Tales of them were rife for twenty miles about; and their name was even printed in the page of our Scots histories, not always to their credit. One bit the dust at Flodden; one was hanged at his peel-door by James the Fifth; another fell dead in a carouse with Tom Dalyell; while a fourth (and that was Jean's own father) died presiding at a Hell-fire Club, of which he was the founder. . . . In all these generations, while a male Rutherford was in the saddle with his lads or brawling in a change-house, there would be always a white-faced wife immured at home in the old peel or the later mansion-house. It seemed this succession of martyrs bided long, but took their vengeance in the end, and that was in the person of the last descendant, Jean. She bore the name of the Rutherfords, but she was the daughter of their trembling wives. At the first she was not wholly without charm. Neighbours recalled in her, as a child, a strain of elfin wilfulness, gentle little mutinies, sad little gaieties, even a morning gleam of beauty that was not to be fulfilled. She withered in the growing, and (whether it was the sins of her sires or the sorrows of her mothers) came to her maturity depressed, and, as it were, defaced; no blood of life in her, no grasp or gaiety; pious, anxious, tender, tearful, and incompetent. . . .

The heresy about foolish women is always punished, I have said, and Lord Hermiston began to pay the penalty at once. His house in George Square was wretchedly ill-guided; nothing answerable to the expense of maintenance but the cellar, which was his own private care. When

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things went wrong at dinner, as they continually did, my lord w
look up the table at his wife: "I think these broth would be bet
sweem in than to sup." . . .

When the Court rose that year and the family returned to Herm
it was a common remark in all the country that the lady was
failed.

APPENDIX F

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THIS catalogue is not in any sense a bibliography, but is intended to show as completely as possible the sequence of all Stevenson's printed writings. When any piece had been written or even begun long before it was printed, both dates have been given; otherwise it must be assumed that the manuscript went to press without delay. For obvious reasons no unprinted work has been included, nor have I cared to include ephemeral articles of no importance or trivial letters to newspapers.

I have used a table drawn up by Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, and am also under special obligation to Mr. Colvin's invaluable notes prefixed to the volumes of the Edinburgh Edition, but in every case where it was possible, I have verified the references anew. I have also, after my list was completed, seen the bibliography by Mr. E. D. North in the (New York) *Bookman* for September, 1896: and since the second edition of this book was published I have had the advantage of the full *Bibliography of Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Col. W. F. Prideaux, C. S. I., published by F. Hollings, 1903.

Capital letters denote the first publication in book or pamphlet form; italics the place of first magazine or periodical publication, and also the collected volume in which the piece was afterwards included.

1866.

THE PENTLAND RISING. Anonymous. Published by Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh. Dated 28th November, 1866. 22 pp. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

† Published or republished in Great Britain in the limited Edinburgh Edition only, and in the case of *Miscellanea* in *A Stevenson Medley*. Chatto & Windus, 1899. Limited edition of 300 copies only. In America the Thistle Edition, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1895-98, has the same contents as the Edinburgh.

H. In collaboration with Mr. W. E. Henley.

O. In collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

1868.

The Charity Bazaar : an Allegorical Dialogue. 4 pp. Privately printed.
Miscellanea, † 1898.

1869.

VERSE.

The Lightkeeper. *Miscellanea*, † 1898.
To Minnie. No. VIII. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1870.

A Retrospect. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.

VERSE.

The Lightkeeper. Another copy of verses. *Miscellanea*, † 1898.

1870-71.

Five Sketches : The Satirist, Nuits Blanches, The Wreath of Immortelles, Nurses, A Character. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.

1871.

Cockermouth and Keswick. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.

Six Papers. *Edinburgh University Magazine*, January-April, 1871.
One of these, An Old Scots Gardener, was republished in a revised form in *Memories and Portraits*, 1887. The other five are reprinted in *Juvenilia*, † 1896. Edinburgh Students in 1824, The Modern Student considered Generally, The Philosophy of Umbrellas (with J. W. Ferrier), Debating Societies, An Old Scots Gardener, The Philosophy of Nomenclature.

On a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses. Printed in the *Transactions of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts*, 1871, and in *Miscellanea*, † 1898.

1873.

Memories of Colinton Manse. See vol. i. page 47 *sqq.*

The Thermal Influence of Forests. *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. *Miscellanea*, † 1898.

On Roads. *Portfolio*, December. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.

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1874.

- Ordered South. *Macmillan's Magazine*, May. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- Lord Lytton's "Fables in Song" (review). *Fortnightly Review*, June. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
- Victor Hugo's Romances. *Cornhill Magazine*, August. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
- Movements of Young Children. *Portfolio*, August. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
- On the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places. *Portfolio*, November. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.

1875.

- AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. Pamphlet published by Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons, dated 12th February, 1875; set up September, 1874. 11 pp. 1896. †
- Béranger. Article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.
- The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by J. H. Ingram (review). *Academy*, 2nd January, 1875.
- An Autumn Effect. *Portfolio*, April, May. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
- John Knox and his Relations to Women. *Macmillan's Magazine*, September, October. *Familiar Studies*, 1887. Two Essays on this subject also read before the Speculative Society on 3rd November, 1874, and 19th January, 1875.

VERSE.

"Ille Terrarum." No. II.: In Scots. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1876.

- A Winter's Walk in Carrick and Galloway. *Illustrated London News*, Summer Number, 1896. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
- Salvini's Macbeth. *Academy*, 15th April. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
- Forest Notes. *Cornhill Magazine*, May. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
- Walking Tours. *Cornhill Magazine*, June. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- Virginibus Puerisque, Part I. *Cornhill Magazine*, August. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

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- Charles of Orleans. *Cornhill Magazine*, December. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
- Jules Verne's Stories (review). *Academy*, 3rd June.
- Comedy of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"; selected and arranged by John Skelton (review). *Academy*, 22nd July.
- Some Portraits by Raeburn. Exhibition held in Edinburgh, October, 1876. First published in *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

VERSE.

The Blast. No. vii.: In Scots. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1877.

- On Falling in Love. *Cornhill Magazine*, February. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- An Apology for Idlers. *Cornhill Magazine*, July. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- Francis Villon, Student, Poet, and Housebreaker. *Cornhill Magazine*, August. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
- A Lodging for the Night. *Temple Bar*, October. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.

1878.

- Will o' the Mill. *Cornhill Magazine*, January. *The Merry Men*, 1887.
- The Sire de Malétroit's Door. *Temple Bar*, January. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.
- Crabbed Age and Youth. *Cornhill Magazine*, March. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- Aes Triplex. *Cornhill Magazine*, April. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- A Plea for Gas Lamps. *London*, 27th April. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- Pan's Pipes. *London*, 4th May. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- El Dorado. *London*, 11th May. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- The English Admirals. *Cornhill Magazine*, July. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- Child's Play. *Cornhill Magazine*, September. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- New Arabian Nights. *London*, 8th June-26th October. Book form, 1882.

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- The Gospel according to Walt Whitman. *New Quarterly Magazine*, October. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
- Providence and the Guitar. *London*, November 2nd-23rd. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.
- AN INLAND VOYAGE. Published in May by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Trench. (In America later, by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston.)
- PICTURESQUE NOTES ON EDINBURGH. *Portfolio*, June-December. Published by Seeley & Co., December.
- H. Deacon Brodie. Rewritten in collaboration with Mr. Henley from other drafts, the earliest of which dated from 1865. Printed 1880, acted 1883, published 1892.
- Sam Bough. *Academy*, 30th November (obituary notice).
- Reflections and Remarks on Human Life. (?) *Miscellanea*, † 1898.

VERSE.

- A Song of the Road. II. *Underwoods*, 1887.
- Our Lady of the Snows. (?) xxiii. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1879.

- Lay Morals (written in March). *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
- Truth of Intercourse. *Cornhill Magazine*, May. *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.
- TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CÉVENNES. Published in June by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston; C. Kegan Paul & Co., London.
- A Mountain Town in France (visit to Monastier, September, 1878). Published (with sketches) in *The Studio*, Winter Number, 1896. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
- Some Aspects of Robert Burns. *Cornhill Magazine*, October. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
- The Story of a Lie. *New Quarterly Magazine*, October. Edinburgh Edition, † 1895.
- The Pavilion on the Links. *Cornhill Magazine*, next Autumn. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.
- The Amateur Emigrant. Abridged and revised, 1894. Edinburgh Edition, January, 1895. †
- Across the Plains. Abridged and recast. *Longman's Magazine*, 1883. Book form, 1892.
- Autobiography. See vol. i, pages 53 n., 99, 102.

1880.

The Forest State : } a Romance. Published as *Prince Otto*,
 The Greenwood State : } 1885.

Yoshida Torajiro. *Cornhill Magazine*, March. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.

Henry David Thoreau : his Character and Opinions. *Cornhill Magazine*, June. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.

The Pavilion on the Links. *Cornhill Magazine*, September, October. *New Arabian Nights*, 1882.

The Old Pacific Capital (Monterey). *Fraser's Magazine*, November. *Across the Plains*, 1892.

Dialogue on Character and Destiny between Two Puppets. *Miscellanea*, † 1898.

H. Deacon Brodie. Privately printed.

VERSE.

"It is not yours, O mother, to complain." (In California.) No. xxv. *Underwoods*, 1887.

"Not yet, my soul." *Atlantic Monthly*, October. xxiv. *Underwoods*, 1887.

In the States. xxix. *Underwoods*, 1887.

The Scotsman's Return from Abroad. *Fraser's Magazine*, November. In Scots. xii. *Underwoods*, 1887.

To Dr. John Brown. In Scots. xv. *Underwoods*, 1887.

1881.

Health and Mountains. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 17th February.

Davos in Winter. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 21st February.

Alpine Diversions. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 26th February. (See vol. i. page 222.)

The Stimulation of the Alps. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 5th March. (See vol. i. page 214.)

Morality of the Profession of Letters. *Fortnightly Review*, April. *Later Essays*, † 1895.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE. Published in April by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. : including the second essay and "Some Portraits by Raeburn," not before published. (In America later, by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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- Samuel Pepys. *Cornhill Magazine*, July. *Familiar Studies*, 1882.
 Thrawn Janet. *Cornhill Magazine*, October. *The Merry Men*,
 1887.
 Treasure Island. *Young Folks*, 1st October, 1881–28th January, 1882.
 Book form, 1883.
 The Merry Men. Written June, published 1882.
 The Body Snatcher. Written June, published 1884.

VERSE.

- Et tu in Arcadia vixisti. *Cornhill Magazine*, February. No. xv.
Underwoods, 1887.
 In Memoriam F. A. S. No. xxvii. *Underwoods*, 1887.
 Not I, and other Poems. The Davos Press. *Miscellanea*, † 1898.
 First seventeen numbers of A Child's Garden of Verses. Published
 1885.

1882.

- Talk and Talkers, I. *Cornhill Magazine*, April. *Memories and Por-
 traits*, 1887.
 Talk and Talkers, II. *Cornhill Magazine*, August. *Memories and
 Portraits*, 1887.
 Byways of Book Illustration. Bagster's "Pilgrim's Progress," *Maga-
 zine of Art*, February. *Juvenilia*, † 1896.
 The Foreigner at Home. *Cornhill Magazine*, May. *Memories and
 Portraits*, 1887.
 Byways of Book Illustration. Two Japanese Romances. *Magazine
 of Art*, November. (See (?), page (?).)
 FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. Published in March by Messrs.
 Chatto & Windus.
 NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. 2 vols., published in August by Messrs. Henry
 Holt & Co., New York; Chatto & Windus, London (written
 1878). 2nd edition, November.
 A Gossip on Romance. *Longman's Magazine*, November (written in
 February). *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
 The Silverado Squatters. Written in the beginning of the year.
 The Merry Men (written 1881). *Cornhill Magazine*, June, July. Book
 form, 1887.

VERSE.

- The Celestial Surgeon. No. xxii. *Underwoods*, 1887.
 Moral Emblems. Second Collection. Osbourne Press. *Miscellanea*, 1898.
 The Graver and the Pen. Osbourne Press. *Miscellanea*, 1898.
 Moral Tales. Osbourne Press. *Miscellanea*, 1898.

1883.

- The Treasure of Franchard. *Longman's Magazine*, April, May. *The Merry Men*, 1887.
 A Modern Cosmopolis (San Francisco). *Magazine of Art*, May. Edinburgh Edition, 1895.† Written 1880?
 The Black Arrow, a Tale of Tunstall Forest, by Captain George North. *Young Folks*, 30th June–20th October. Book form, 1888.
 Across the Plains (written 1879). *Longman's Magazine* (condensed), July, August. Book form, 1892.
 A Note on Realism. *Magazine of Art*, November. *Later Essays*, 1895.†
 THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. *Century Magazine*, in part, November, December. Published in book form in December by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston; Chatto & Windus, London.
 TREASURE ISLAND. Published in December by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston; Cassell & Co., London. (Written 1881; serial form, 1881–82.)

1884.

- The Character of Dogs. *English Illustrated Magazine*, February. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
 A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured. *Magazine of Art*, April. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
 Old Mortality. *Longman's Magazine*, May. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
 Fontainebleau. *Magazine of Art*, May, June. *Later Essays*, 1895.
 A Humble Remonstrance. *Longman's Magazine*, December. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.
 The Body-Snatcher. *Pall Mall Gazette*, Christmas Number.
 The Ideal House. *Miscellanea*, † 1898.
 H. Beau Austin. } Privately printed. Published by David Nutt,
 H. Admiral Guinea. } 1892; and W. Heinemann, 1896.

VERSE.

Requiem. No. xxi. *Underwoods*, 1887.

No. iv.: In Scots. *Underwoods*, 1887.

No. xli. *Child's Garden. Magazine of Art*, March. Nos. xvi., xxv., xxiii., July. Nos. viii., xxvii., September.

Nos. vi. iv. *Underwoods. Magazine of Art*, November, December.

1885.

PRINCE OTTO. *Longman's Magazine*, April–October. Published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston; Chatto & Windus in November. (See 1880.)

MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. In collaboration with Mrs. Stevenson. Published in May by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., New York; Longmans, Green & Co., London.

On Some Technical Elements of Style in Literature. *Contemporary Review*, April. *Later Essays*, † 1895.

Markheim: *The Broken Shaft. Unwin's Annual*, Christmas Number. (Written in 1884.) *The Merry Men*, 1887.

Olalla. *Court and Society Review*, Christmas Number. *The Merry Men*, 1887.

The Great North Road (February). *Illustrated London News*, Christmas Number, 1895. Edinburgh Edition, 1897. †

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H. Macaire. Privately printed. Published *New Review*, 1895; and in 1896 by Stone & Kimball, Chicago, and W. Heinemann, London.

VERSE.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. Published in March by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Longmans, Green & Co., London. (Written by degrees since 1881.)

1886.

STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. Published in January by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Longmans, Green & Co., London.

KIDNAPPED. *Young Folks*, 1st May–1st July. Published in July by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Cassell & Co., London.

APPENDIX F

Some College Memories. Printed in *The New Amphion*, being the Book of the Edinburgh University Union Fancy Fair, December. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.

VERSE.

- No. II. *Underwoods. Magazine of Art*, January.
 The Counterblast. No. VIII.: In Scots. *Underwoods*, 1887.
 To Will H. Low. No. XI. *Underwoods*, 1887. *Century Magazine*, May.
 To Mrs. Low. No. XII. *Underwoods*, 1887.
 No. VII. *Underwoods. Magazine of Art*, June (written 1884).
 Two Sonnets in William Sharp's *Sonnets of this Century*.

1887.

THE MERRY MEN, AND OTHER TALES. Published in February by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Chatto & Windus, London.
 Pastoral. *Longman's Magazine*, April. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.

The Day after To-morrow. *Contemporary Review*, April. *Later Essays*, † 1895.

Books which have Influenced Me. *British Weekly*, 13th May. *Later Essays*, † 1895.

The Manse. *Scribner's Magazine*, May. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.

Thomas Stevenson. *Contemporary Review*, June. *Memories and Portraits*, 1887.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. Including A College Magazine, Memories of an Islet, A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas; not before published. Published in December by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Chatto & Windus, London.

Misadventures of John Nicholson. *Yule-Tide* (Cassell's *Christmas Annual*). Edinburgh Edition, 1897. †

Fables. Begun.

The Master of Ballantrae. Begun December.

VERSE.

A Mile and a Bittock. *Leisure Hour*, January. *Underwoods*, 1887.

- A Lowden Sabbath Morn. } *The Scottish Church*, April. *Under-*
 Ille Terrarum. } *woods*, 1887.
- UNDERWOODS. Published in August by Messrs. Charles Scribner's
 Sons, New York; Chatto & Windus, London. 2nd edition,
 October.
- Ticonderoga. *Scribner's Magazine*, December. *Ballads*, 1891.
 No. XLII. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.
- Winter. *Court and Society Review*, December, 1887. No. XVII.
Songs of Travel, 1895.

1888.

Twelve Articles in Scribner's Magazine.

- A Chapter on Dreams. January. *Across the Plains*, 1892.
- The Lantern Bearers. February. *Across the Plains*, 1892.
- Beggars. March. *Across the Plains*, 1892.
- Pulvis et Umbra. April. *Across the Plains*, 1892.
- Gentlemen. May. ‡
- Some Gentlemen in Fiction. June. ‡
- Popular Authors. July. ‡
- Epilogue to an Inland Voyage. August. *Across the Plains*, 1892.
- Letter to a Young Gentleman who proposes to embrace the Career
 of Art. September. *Across the Plains*, 1892.
- Contributions to the History of Fife. October. *Across the Plains*,
 1892.
- The Education of an Engineer. November. *Across the Plains*,
 1892.
- A Christmas Sermon. December. *Across the Plains*, 1892.
- MEMOIR OF FLEEMING JENKIN. Published in January by Messrs. Charles
 Scribner's Sons, New York; Longmans, Green & Co., London.
 (Begun in 1886.)
- THE BLACK ARROW. Published in August by Messrs. Charles Scrib-
 ner's Sons, New York; Cassell & Co., London. (Serial, 1883.)
- The Master of Ballantrae. *Scribner's Magazine*, November, 1888 to
 October, 1889.
- H. Deacon Brodie. Revised version; privately printed.

VERSE.

- The Song of Rahéro. Published in *Ballads*, 1891.

‡ These three papers are republished in the Thistle Edition only.

- The Feast of Famine. Published in *Ballads*, 1891.
 Christmas at Sea. *Scots Observer*, 22nd December. Published in
Ballads, 1891.
 "Home no more Home to Me." xvi. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.
 To an Island Princess. xxviii. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

1889.

- THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE. Published in September by Messrs.
 Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Cassell & Co., London.
 O. THE WRONG BOX. Published in June by Messrs. Charles Scribner's
 Sons, New York; Longmans, Green & Co., London.
 First Letter to the *Times* on Samoan Affairs. *The Times* of March
 11th. †
 O. The Wrecker begun.

VERSE.

- No. xvi. *Songs of Travel*. *Scots Observer*, 19th January. *Songs
 of Travel*, 1895.
 In Memoriam E. H. *Scots Observer*, 11th May. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.
 Nos. xxix.—xxxvii. *Songs of Travel* written.

1890.

- FATHER DAMIEN : an Open Letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Hono-
 lulu. Pamphlet privately printed at Sydney, 27th March; in the
Scots Observer, May 3rd and 10th; and afterwards by Messrs.
 Chatto & Windus.
 The Vailima Letters to Mr. Colvin begun. Published in 1895 by
 Messrs. Stone & Kimball, Chicago; Methuen, London.
 THE SOUTH SEAS: a Record of Three Cruises. Privately printed.
 (The first fifteen of the five-and-thirty letters afterwards published
 as *In the South Seas*. Edinburgh and Thistle editions, 1896.
 Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1896; Chatto &
 Windus, London, 1900.)

VERSE.

- No. xxxv. *Songs of Travel*. *Scots Observer*, 5th April.
 The Woodman. No. xxxviii. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.
 Tropic Rain. No. xxxix. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.
 No. xxxvii. *Songs of Travel*. *Scribner's Magazine*, July.

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1891.

- O. The Wrecker.** *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1891–July, 1892.
In South Seas. *Black and White*, February–December.
The Bottle Imp. *Black and White*, 28th March, 4th April. *Island
Nights' Entertainments*, 1893.
Second Letter on Samoan Affairs. *The Times* of 17th November.

VERSE.

- BALLADS.** Published in January by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons,
New York; Chatto & Windus, London.

1892.

- ACROSS THE PLAINS, WITH OTHER MEMORIES AND ESSAYS.** Published
in April by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Chatto &
Windus, London.
O. THE WRECKER. Published in July by Messrs. Charles Scribner's
Sons, New York; Cassell & Co., London.
A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY. Published in August by Messrs. Charles
Scribner's Sons, New York; Cassell & Co., London.
The Beach of Falesá. *Illustrated London News*, 2nd July–6th August,
as "Uma." *Island Nights' Entertainments*, 1893.
The Young Chevalier. Begun in May. Edinburgh Edition, 1897.†
Weir of Hermiston. Begun in October. Published in 1896.
An Object of Pity. Privately printed.
H. THREE PLAYS. Deacon Brodie : Beau Austin : Admiral Guinea. Pub-
lished by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; D. Nutt,
London.
Letters on Samoan Affairs. *The Times* of 4th June, 23rd July, 19th
August, 17th October.†

1893.

- CATRIONA** (in America entitled DAVID BALFOUR). *Atalanta*, January–
May. Published in September by Messrs. Charles Scribner's
Sons, New York; Cassell & Co., London.
The Isle of Voices. *National Observer*, 4th–25th February. *Island
Nights' Entertainments*.
ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Published in April by Messrs. Charles
Scribner's Sons, New York; Cassell & Co., London.

APPENDIX F

- O. The Ebb Tide. *To-Day*, November, 1893—February, 1894.
St. Ives. Begun in January.
Heathercat. Begun in December. Edinburgh Edition, 1897.†
A Family of Engineers. In course of writing. Edinburgh Edition,
1896.†
Genesis of the Master of Ballantrae. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.
Random Memories: "Rosa quo Locorum." *Juvenilia*,† 1896.
Letter on Samoan Affairs. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 4th September.†
Vailima Prayers. See vol. ii. page 232. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

VERSE.

"God, if this were faith." No. xxv. *Songs of Travel*, 1895.

1894.

- O. THE EBB TIDE. Published in September by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, Chicago; Heinemann, London.
My First Book: Treasure Island. *The Idler*, August. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.
Letters on Samoan Affairs. *The Times* of 2nd and 30th June.†
Vailima Prayers. See vol. ii. page 232. *Juvenilia*,† 1896.

APPENDIX G

It is one thing to yield a cold assent to the fact that Stevenson formed himself, as he has told us,¹ on many writers: it is another to realise by actual specimens the power which he acquired of using their styles at will. I have taken at random a dozen examples — nine from Stevenson himself, and three from his originals. I have touched neither French nor Latin sources, and even in English I might have taken half a dozen or a dozen more; but these will serve. They are all from serious work: I have not gone to the "Tushery" of *The Black Arrow* or the holiday burlesque of Ouida, nor to deliberate reproductions like the king's daughter, "who had no care for the morrow and no power upon the hour." Often it is but the sudden glimpse of an author, always, it seems to me, the one most appropriate for the occasion, and then Stevenson returns to his own medium, which is either original or else so compounded that the ingredients can no longer be discerned. Its strength is shown by this, that the best passages are the most individual. If it is all imitation of somebody else, I should be glad to know where to find other works in the style, for instance, of those introductions, that were the only reading of Thomas Stevenson in his latest and darkest hours; or in the style of the four Scottish novels, culminating in the *Weir of Hermiston*, so nobly praised by T. E. Brown: "If the century runs out upon this final chord, what more do I want? Let me die with the sough of it in my ears. It is enough: *Nunc dimittis, Domine.*"

Stevenson took the best wherever he found it; that he rendered it to the world again with interest, even some of the following examples will show:—

A. After the first day, although sometimes I was hurt and distant in manner, I still kept my patience; and as for her, poor soul! she had come to regard me as a god. She loved to eat out of my hand. She was patient, elegant in form, the colour of an ideal mouse, and inimitably small. Her faults were those of her age and sex; her virtues were her own. Farewell, and if for ever —

¹ See vol. i. p. 119.

Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I had sold her in my turn, I was tempted to follow his example; and being alone with a stage-driver and four or five agreeable young men, I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion.

B. To be over-wise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stockstill.

C. "We guard this mudbag like a jewel," *Otto* sneered.

D. At one bound, the sun had floated up; and her startled eyes received day's first arrow, and quailed under the buffet. On every side, the shadows leaped from their ambush and fell prone. The day was come, plain and garish; and up the steep and solitary eastern heaven, the sun, victorious over his competitors, continued slowly and royally to mount.

E. The Admirable *Crichton* was a person of prodigious capacity, but there is no proof (that I know) that he had an atom of genius. His verses that remain are dull and sterile. He could learn all that was known of any subject; he could do anything if others could show him the way to do it. This was very wonderful; but that is all you can say of it. It requires a good capacity to play well at chess; but, after all, it is a game of skill, and not of genius.

F. *Skelt* . . . stamped himself upon my immaturity. The world was plain before I knew him, a poor penny world; but soon it was all coloured with romance. If I go to the theatre to see a good old melodrama, 't is but *Skelt* a little faded. If I visit a bold scene in nature, *Skelt* would have been bolder; there had been certainly a castle on that mountain, and the hollow tree—that set piece—I seem to miss it in the foreground.

G. . . . the building up of the city on a misty day, house above house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds, and seemed to pass on and upwards, by fresh grades and rises, city beyond city, a New Jerusalem, bodily scaling heaven.

H. As if gamesome winds and gamesome youths were not sufficient, it was the habit to sling these feeble luminaries from house to house above the fairway. There, on invisible cordage, let them swing! And suppose some crane-necked general to go speeding by on a tall charger, spurring the destiny of nations, red-hot in expedition, there

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would indubitably be some effusion of military blood, and oaths, and a certain crash of glass; and while the chieftain rode forward with a purple coxcomb, the street would be left to original darkness, unpiloted, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night.

I. And then suddenly raising his arms, flapping his fingers, and crying out twice, "I must not speak, I must not speak!" he ran away in front of me, and disappeared. . . .

J. To oversee all the details yourself in person; to be at once pilot and captain, and owner and underwriter; to buy and sell and keep the accounts; to read every letter received, and write and read every letter sent; to superintend the discharge of imports night and day; to be upon many parts of the coast almost at the same time; to be your own telegraph, unweariedly sweeping the horizon, speaking all passing vessels bound coastwise; . . . taking advantage of the results of all exploring expeditions, using new passages and all improvements in navigation; charts to be studied, the position of reefs and new lights and buoys to be ascertained, and ever, and ever, the logarithmic tables to be corrected, for by the error of some calculator the vessel often splits upon a rock that should have reached a friendly pier,—there is the untold fate of La Perouse; universal science to be kept pace with, studying the lives of all great discoverers and navigators, great adventurers and merchants, from Hanno and the Phœnicians down to our own day.

K. "It is better to sit here by this fire," answered the girl, . . . "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us."

"I suppose," said her father, after a fit of musing, "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to pass."

L. He was still puzzling over the case of the curate, and why such ill words were said of him, and why, if he were so merry-spirited, he should yet preach so dry, when coming over a knowe, whom should he see but Janet, sitting with her back to him, minding her cattle! He was always a great child for secret, stealthy ways, having been employed by his mother on errands when the same was necessary; and he came behind the lass without her hearing.