

## CHAPTER XII

THE UNITED STATES—1887-88

“But, indeed, I think we all belong to many countries. I am a Scotchman, touch me and you will find the thistle; I am a Briton, and live and move and have my being in the greatness of our national achievements; but am I to forget the long hospitality of that beautiful and kind country, France? Or has not America done me favours to confound my gratitude? Nay, they are all my relatives; I love them all dearly; and should they fall out among themselves (which God in his mercy forbid!), I believe I should be driven mad with their conflicting claims upon my heart.”—R. L. S., ms. of *The Silverado Squatters*.

THE chief link which bound Stevenson to this country was now broken, for his mother was free to follow him and his wife to whatever climate the advice of the doctors might send him. Year after year the struggle with ill-health was becoming more painful; “an enemy who was exciting at first, but has now, by the iteration of his strokes, become merely annoying and inexpressibly irksome.” He seemed condemned to a life in the sick-room, and even there to be steadily losing ground. Under the altered circumstances, his uncle, Dr. George Balfour, peremptorily insisted on a complete change of climate for a year, suggesting a trial of either one of the Indian hill-stations or Colorado; this advice was reinforced by his Bournemouth physician, Dr. Scott, and for several obvious reasons America was preferred. As soon as his mother’s promise to accompany the party was obtained, Skerryvore was let, and by the middle of July their tickets were taken for New York.

Early in the same month he had written to his mother: “. . . I can let you have a cheque for £100 to-morrow, which is certainly a pleasant thing to be able to say. I wish it had happened while my father was still here; I should have liked to help him once—perhaps even from a mean reason: that he might see I had not been wrong in taking to letters. But all this, I daresay, he observes, or, in some other way, feels. And he, at least, is out of his warfare, as I could sometimes wish I were out of mine. The mind of the survivor is mean; it sees the loss, it does not always feel the deliverance. Yet about our loss, I feel it more than I can say—every day more—that it is a happy thing that he is now at peace.”

But the invalid was not to escape from England without another illness; worn as he was by his recent experiences, he once more broke down, and was laid up again with hemorrhage.

On the 20th August, however, he left Bournemouth for London, and spent Sunday in the city, at Armfield's Hotel. Here those of his closest friends who at that season were within reach came to bid him farewell, a last good-bye as it proved for all, since he never saw any one of them again. “In one way or another,” he had written, “life forces men apart and breaks up the goodly fellowships for ever,” and he himself was now to become “no more than a name, a reminiscence, and an occasional crossed letter very laborious to read.”<sup>1</sup>

As Mr. Colvin had been the first to welcome him on his return from America, so he was the last to take leave of him the next day, when the party of five—for

<sup>1</sup> *Virginibus Puerisque*, chap. i.

Valentine Roch accompanied them — embarked on the steamship *Ludgate Hill*.

The beginning of their voyage was an unpleasant surprise, for their passages had been taken in ignorance that the ship was used as a cattle-boat, and it was only when the family came on board that they learned that they were going to put in at Havre for their cargo before sailing for America. But Stevenson, ill as he was, did not allow mere discomfort to affect him. His mother's diary contains an entry highly characteristic both of herself and of her son: "We discover that it is a cattle-ship, and that we are going to Havre to take in horses. We agree to look upon it as an adventure and make the best of it. . . . It is very amusing and like a circus to see the horses come on board." Not only was there a shipload of horses, but the vessel resembled the fleet of Ophir at least in this, that she carried a consignment of apes; of which "the big monkey, Jacko, scoured about the ship," and took a special fancy to Stevenson. The other passengers were not unentertaining, and the voyage itself was to him a pure delight, until they came to the Banks of Newfoundland, where he again caught cold. "I was so happy on board that ship," he wrote to his cousin Bob; "I could not have believed it possible. We had the beastliest weather, and many discomforts; but the mere fact of its being a tramp-ship gave us many comforts; we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel-house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea. And truly there is nothing else. I had literally forgotten what happiness was, and the full mind — full of external and physical things, not full of

cares and labours and rot about a fellow's behaviour. My heart literally sang; I truly care for nothing so much as for that." <sup>1</sup>

By this time his reputation had crossed the Atlantic, and, chiefly by means of *Jekyll and Hyde*, had spread there to an extent which he had probably not yet realised. The first indication reached him, however, before he had sighted the coast-line of the States, for, on September 6th, when the pilot came on board, it turned out that he was known on his boat as Hyde, while his better-tempered partner was called Jekyll.

The next day the *Ludgate Hill* arrived at New York, where Stevenson was met by a crowd of reporters, and — what was more to his taste — by his old friend, Mr. Will H. Low. He was forthwith carried off to an hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairchild had made all arrangements for his reception, and the next day he proceeded to their house at Newport. But on the journey he caught fresh cold, and spent a fortnight there chiefly in bed.

On his return to New York he saw a few people, mostly old friends like Mr. Low and his wife, and first made the personal acquaintance of Mr. Charles Scribner and Mr. Burlingame. Mr. St. Gaudens, the eminent American sculptor, now began to make the necessary studies for the large medallion, which was not completed until five years later. It is the most satisfactory of all the portraits of Stevenson, and has been reproduced with one or two slight modifications for the memorial in St. Giles' Cathedral. The artist was a great admirer of Stevenson's writings, and had said that if he

<sup>1</sup> *Letters*, ii. 67.

ever had the chance he would gladly go a thousand miles for the sake of a sitting. The opportunity came to his doors; he now modelled the head and shoulders from life, and in the following spring made casts as well as drawings of the hands.

At this time the popularity of Stevenson's work in America was attested also by its appearance on the stage; not only were there two dramatised versions of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* upon the boards, but *Deacon Brodie* was shortly afterwards produced in Philadelphia by an English company.

For the dramatisation of his story Stevenson was of course in no way responsible, but the publicity and the advertisement of his name had naturally the effect of enabling publishers to offer better terms for his work. He had already contributed to American magazines for several years, in the first instance to the *Century*, and then to the new periodical of Messrs. Scribner, for which he now undertook to write a series of twelve articles during the ensuing year. For this he was to receive £700, and this bargain was followed shortly afterwards by an offer of £1600 from another firm for the American serial rights of his next story. The first proposal of all, from the *New York World*, was £2000 for an article every week for a year; but this he had refused. In February, 1883, he had written to his mother: "My six books (since 1878) have brought me in upwards of £600, about £400 of which came from magazines." So great was the change in four years. It must be remembered that in England also he had now reached the turning-point of his fortunes; and early in the following year he became a member of the Athenæum

Club in London under the rule permitting the committee to elect nine persons annually "as being of distinguished eminence in Science, Literature or the Arts, or for Public Services." In this very year it had been found worth while to collect and republish with additions such of his stories, essays, and verse as had hitherto appeared only in magazines. But though the change was not solely due to the greater enterprise of American publishers, it is none the less striking.

His first need, however, for the present was to select a climate where he could best pass the winter. He had come to America in search of health, but the information he received in New York dissuaded him from Colorado Springs, which, situated as it is nearly six thousand feet above the sea, would have deprived him of the company of his wife, to whom such high altitudes were no longer possible. He turned instead to a place at a lower elevation in the Adirondack Mountains, close to the Canadian border, where a sanatorium for consumptive patients had recently been established near the shores of Saranac lake.

Thither went accordingly Mrs. Louis Stevenson and her son, and there they succeeded in finding a house which would serve as winter-quarters for the family. Stevenson arrived with his mother on October 3rd, and here he remained until the middle of the following April. It was no very pleasant spot, at all events in the winter months, and formed a curious contrast to his experience in the tropics. The climate comprised every variety of unpleasantness: it rained, it snowed, it sleeted, it blew, it was thick fog; it froze—the cold was Arctic; it thawed—the discomfort was worse; and it

combined these different phases in every possible way. Two things only could be advanced in its favour, the first and vital fact that Stevenson's health did not suffer, but actually improved; and secondly, it served at times to remind him of Scotland — a Scotland "without peat and without heather"—but that is no very hard task with the true Scot, as may be seen with Stevenson himself in the Pacific.

The place was still somewhat undeveloped; the railway was opened to Saranac itself only during the course of the winter. It was nevertheless so far accessible that visitors not unfrequently found their way there to make Stevenson's acquaintance, and occasionally even stayed a few days, though there was in the house but one spare attic of limited capacity. In Dr. Trudeau, the physician, Stevenson found an agreeable companion, and he also enjoyed the society of some of the resident patients, though he went but little beyond the limits of his own family. They occupied a house belonging to a guide, a frame-house of the usual kind with a verandah; here, with the services of Valentine and a cook, and a boy to chop wood and draw water, they made themselves as comfortable as possible during the winter.

The younger Mrs. Stevenson began the campaign by a hasty visit to Canada to lay in a supply of furs for the family, and her foresight was well rewarded. In December the cold began, and by January the thermometer was sometimes nearly 30 degrees below zero. There was a stove in each chamber, and an open fireplace for logs in the central living-room, but these were of little avail. "Fires do not radiate," wrote Stevenson; "you burn your hands all the time on what seem to be

cold stones.” His mother gives an illustration: “Cold venison was crunching with ice after being an hour in the oven, and I saw a large lump of ice still unmelted in a pot where water was steaming all round it.”

Stevenson himself stood the cold better than any of his family, and, arrayed in a buffalo coat, astrakhan cap, and Indian boots, used to go out daily. He would take short walks on a hill behind the house, and skated on the lake when the ice could be kept clear. But both the ladies were ordered away for their health at different times, while in February the maid was laid up with a severe attack of influenza, the next victim being Stevenson himself.

In the meantime he had not been idle. By December he had written four of the essays for the magazine, and was already on the threshold of a new Scotch story.

(“I was walking one night in the verandah of a small house in which I lived, outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinary clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. From a good way below, the river was to be heard contending with ice and boulders: a few lights appeared, scattered unevenly among the darkness, but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. I was besides moved with the spirit of emulation, for I had just finished my third or fourth perusal of *The Phantom Ship*. ‘Come,’ said I to my engine, ‘let us make a tale, a story of many years and countries, of the sea and the land, savagery and civilisation; a story that shall have the same large features, and may be treated in the same summary elliptic method as the book you



have been reading and admiring.' . . . There cropped up in my memory a singular case of a buried and resuscitated fakir, which I had often been told by an uncle of mine, then lately dead, Inspector-General John Balfour. On such a fine frosty night, with no wind and the thermometer below zero, the brain works with much vivacity; and the next moment I had seen the circumstance transplanted from India and the tropics to the Adirondack wilderness and the stringent cold of the Canadian border. . . . If the idea was to be of any use at all for me, I had to create a kind of evil genius to his friends and family, take him through many disappearances, and make this final restoration from the pit of death, in the icy American wilderness, the last and grimmest of the series. I need not tell my brothers of the craft that I was now in the most interesting moment of an author's life; the hours that followed that night upon the balcony, and the following nights and days, whether walking abroad or lying wakeful in my bed, were hours of unadulterated joy. My mother, who was then living with me alone, perhaps had less enjoyment; for, in the absence of my wife, who is my usual helper in these times of parturition, I must spur her up at all seasons to hear me relate and try to clarify my unformed fancies.

“And while I was groping for the fable and the character required, behold I found them lying ready and nine years old in my memory. . . . Here, thinking of quite other things, I had stumbled on the solution, or perhaps I should rather say (in stagewright phrase) the Curtain or final Tableau of a story conceived long before on the moors between Pitlochry and Strathairdle, con-

ceived in Highland rain, in the blend of the smell of heather and bog-plants, and with a mind full of the Athole correspondence and the Memoirs of the Chevalier de Johnstone. So long ago, so far away it was, that I had first evoked the faces and the mutual tragic situation of the men of Durrisdeer." <sup>1</sup>

The accessibility of his winter-quarters had its advantages, but was not without its dangers for Stevenson, now that publishers recognised him as a writer for whose works they must contend in advance. Acute and capable as he was when confronted with any piece of business, the moment it was done he dismissed it from his mind, and allowed its details, if not its very existence, to fade from his memory. Having promised Messrs. Scribner the control of all his work which might appear in America, he shortly afterwards, in sheer forgetfulness, sold the serial rights of his next story to Mr. M'Clure. Nobody could have been more sincerely or more deeply distressed over the matter than Stevenson himself, and, fortunately for his peace of mind, nobody seems ever for one instant to have thought him capable of any act of bad faith. But it must have been as much of a relief to every one concerned, as it was very greatly to his own advantage, when shortly afterwards he handed over the disposal of his writings to the management of his old and trusted friend, Mr. Charles Baxter.

At Saranac Mr. Osbourne wrote entirely on his own account a story called at first *The Finsbury Tontine* and afterwards *The Game of Biuff*, which, after the lapse of many months and a course of collaboration with his stepfather, was to appear as *The Wrong Box*. At first

<sup>1</sup> "Genesis of 'The Master of Ballantrae,'" *Juvenilia*, p. 297.

this was an independent book, but as soon as the idea of collaboration had occurred to them, several projects were speedily set on foot, since the joint books would have this advantage, that, Mr. Osbourne being an American citizen, they could be copyrighted in the United States. The *New York Ledger* is a paper which had long a reputation for sensational stories of the fine old melodramatic kind, and as the editor was willing to give Stevenson a commission, it seemed to him highly entertaining to try his hand at this style of narrative. A plot was drawn out, and then: "Study of the *Ledger* convinced me that 'Fighting the Ring' would not do. Accordingly, at about nine one night Lloyd and I began, and next day before lunch we had finished the design of a new and more sensational tale, 'The Gaol Bird.'

Mr. Osbourne laboured at this tale by himself for many a long day in vain; but the plot was hardly sketched before the collaborators were again deep in the plan of a new novel dealing with the Indian Mutiny — "a tragic romance of the most tragic sort. . . . The whole last part is — well, the difficulty is that, short of resuscitating Shakespeare, I don't know who is to write it."

Of their methods Mr. Osbourne writes: "When an idea for a book was started, we used to talk it over together, and generally carried the tale on from one invention to another, until, in accordance with Louis' own practice, we had drawn out a complete list of the chapters. In all our collaborations I always wrote the first draft, to break the ground, and it is a pleasure to me to recall how pleased Louis was, for instance, with the first three chapters of *The Ebb Tide*. As a rule, he was a man chary of praise, but he fairly overflowed toward

those early chapters, and I shall never forget the elation his praise gave me. The draft was then written and rewritten by Louis and myself in turn, and was worked over and over again by each of us as often as was necessary. For instance, in *The Wrecker* the chapter at Honolulu, where Dodd goes out to the lighthouse, must have been written eleven times. Naturally it came about that it was the bad chapters that took the most rewriting. After this, how could anybody but Louis or myself pretend to know which of us wrote any given passage? The Paris parts of *The Wrecker* and the end of *The Ebb Tide* (as it stands) I never even touched.<sup>1</sup> The collaboration was a mistake, for me, nearly as much as for him; but I don't believe Louis ever enjoyed any work more. He liked the comradeship—my work coming in just as his energy flagged, or *vice versa*; and he liked my applause when he—as he always did—pulled us magnificently out of sloughs. In a way, I was well fitted to help him. I had a knack for dialogue—I mean, of the note-taking kind. I was a kodaker: he an artist and a man of genius. I managed the petty makeshifts and inventions which were constantly necessary; I was the practical man, so to speak, the one who paced the distances, and used the weights and measures; in *The Wrecker*, the storm was mine; so were the fight and the murders on the *Currency Lass*; the picnics in San Francisco, and the commercial details of Loudon's partnership. Nares was mine and Pinkerton to a great degree, and Captain Brown was mine throughout. But although the first four chapters of *The Ebb*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Letters*, ii. 357.

*Tide* remain, save for the text of Herrick's letter to his sweetheart, almost as I first wrote them, yet *The Wrong Box* was more mine as a whole than either of the others. It was written and then rewritten before there was any thought of collaboration, and was actually finished and ready for the press. There was, in consequence, far less give and take between us in this book than in the others. Louis had to follow the text very closely, being unable to break away without jeopardising the succeeding chapters. He breathed into it, of course, his own incomparable power, humour, and vivacity, and forced the thing to live as it had never lived before; but, even in his transforming hands, it still retains (it seems to me) a sense of failure; and this verdict has so far been sustained by the public's reluctance to buy the book. *The Wrecker*, on the other hand, has always been in excellent demand, rivalling *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *Catriona*, and still continues to earn £200 a year with unvarying regularity."

At Saranac Stevenson carried on his music under disadvantages, and his chief solace lay in the pleasures of adaptation. "All my spare time," he wrote, "is spent in trying to set words to music. My last attempt is the divine theme of Beethoven's six *variations faciles*. — will know it; and if she does not like it—well, she knows nothing of music, or sorrow, or consolation, or religion. . . . That air has done me more good than all the churches of Christendom."

Meanwhile, as an interpreter, he fell from the piano-forte to the more portable penny whistle. "'T is true my whistle explodes with sharp noises, and has to be

patched with court-plaster like a broken nose; but its notes are beginning to seem pretty sweet to the player—*The Penny Piper.*”

But already, in the heart of the mountains, he had been laying plans of travel, which were to lead him far and wide across the seas and to end in a continued exile of which at this time he had never dreamed. He had always nourished a passion for the sea, whether in romance or in real life; it ran in his blood, and came to him from both his father and his grandfather.<sup>1</sup> As a boy, on Saturday afternoons, he would make a party to go down to Leith to see the ships, for in those days, as always, he loved a ship “as a man loves Burgundy or daybreak.” The sea was to him the redeeming feature of engineering, and a year or two after he had given up the profession he wrote with eager anticipation of a projected trip in the *Pharos*, the lighthouse steamer. Then for ten years he hardly mentioned the sea again, and even in crossing the Atlantic as an amateur emigrant, he seems to have taken more interest in his fellow-passengers than in the ocean. But his feelings were unchanged: in 1883 his idea of a fortune is to “end with horses and yachts and all the fun of the fair”; and in some verses written at Hyères, contrasting his wife’s aspirations with his own, he declares—

“She vows in ardour for a horse to trot,  
I stake my votive prayers upon a yacht.”

We have seen how he enjoyed his voyage across the Atlantic; and to this pleasure he was perpetually re-

<sup>1</sup> “It was that old gentleman’s blood that brought me to Samoa.”  
—*Letters*, ii. 258.

curring: "I have been made a lot of here, . . . but I could give it all up, and agree that — was the author of my works, for a good seventy-ton schooner and the coins to keep her on. And to think there are parties with yachts who would make the exchange! I know a little about fame now; it is no good compared to a yacht; and anyway there is more fame in a yacht, more genuine fame."<sup>1</sup> And no doubt his envy had been excited at Newport by hearing of Mr. Osbourne's experiences in learning to sail a cat-boat.<sup>2</sup>

It was therefore no unexpected development, no outbreak of any new taste, when it became a favourite diversion of the winter nights at Saranac to plan a yachting cruise. So far indeed were the discussions carried, that the place for the piano in the saloon and the number and disposition of the small-arms were already definitely settled. At first, in spite of the severity of the climate and the proverbial roughness of the weather, they had looked chiefly to the Atlantic seaboard, but in the end of March, when Mrs. Stevenson left Saranac for California on a visit to her people, she was instructed to report if she could find any craft suitable for their purpose at San Francisco.

At last, by the middle of April, Stevenson was free to return to the cities if he chose. He made a heroic effort to deal with the arrears of his correspondence: "In three of my last days I sent away upwards of seventy letters"; and then turning his steps to New York, he there spent about a fortnight. The time to

<sup>1</sup> *Letters*, ii. 68.

<sup>2</sup> A rather broad and shallow boat, round-bottomed, with a centre board, and a single mast stepped at the extreme point of the bow.

which he recurred with the greatest pleasure was an afternoon he spent on a seat in Washington Square enjoying the company and conversation of "Mark Twain." But of the city he soon wearied; in the beginning of May he crossed the Hudson, and went to an hotel near the mouth of the Manasquan, a river in New Jersey, where with his mother and stepson he spent nearly a month. The place had been recommended to him by Mr. Low, who was able to spend some time there, and who says: "Though it was early spring and the weather was far from good, Louis was unusually well, and we had many a pleasant sail on the river and some rather long walks. Louis was much interested in the 'cat-boat,' and, with the aid of various works on sailing-vessels, tried to master the art of sailing it with some success.

"He was here at Manasquan when a telegram arrived from his wife, who had been in San Francisco for a few weeks, announcing that the yacht *Casco* might be hired for a trip among the islands of the South Seas. I was there at the time, and Louis made that decision to go which exiled him from his dearest friends—though he little suspected at the time—while the messenger waited."

The decision taken, Stevenson returned to New York on the 28th, and by the 7th of June he had reached California. Who that has read his description of crossing the mountains on his first journey to the West but remembers the phrase—"It was like meeting one's wife!"? And this time his wife herself was at Sacramento to meet him.

It was a busy time. The *Casco* was the first ques-



tion—a fore and aft schooner, ninety-five feet in length, of seventy tons burden, built for cruising in Californian waters,<sup>1</sup> though she had once been taken as far as Tahiti. She had most graceful lines, and with her lofty masts, white sails and decks, and glittering brasswork, was a lovely craft to the eye, as she sat like a bird upon the water. Her saloon was fitted most luxuriously with silk and velvet of gaudy colours, for no money had been spared in her construction; nevertheless her cockpit was none too safe, her one pump was inadequate in size and almost worthless; the sail-plan forward was meant for racing and not for cruising, and even if the masts were still in good condition, they were quite unfitted for hurricane weather.

Nevertheless the vessel was chartered and all preparations were put in hand. The owner, Dr. Merritt, an eccentric Californian millionaire, was at first most backward about the whole affair, and, without having seen him, displayed the greatest distrust of Stevenson. The latter was very unwell, and getting rapidly worse, for San Francisco disagreed with him. Matters hung fire, but at last his wife discovered that Dr. Merritt wanted to meet him. An interview took place and all difficulties vanished. "I'll go ahead now with the yacht," said the doctor: "I'd read things in the papers about Stevenson, and thought he was a kind of crank; but he's a plain, sensible man that knows what he's talking about just as well as I do."

If any fears had existed in his mind about the solvency of his lessee they were unfounded. Under the terms

<sup>1</sup> *Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific*, by A. Johnstone, p. 47. See *Criticisms*, by Captain Otis.

of his father's marriage settlement Stevenson had six months before received a sum of £3000, and it was in the first instance upon the strength of this that he planned the voyage. As he wrote to Mr. Baxter, "If this business fails to set me up, well, £2000 is gone, and I know I can't get better." On the other hand, if it restored his health, he had received a most liberal offer from Messrs. M'Clure for a series of letters describing his experiences in the Pacific.

Along with the yacht, at the owner's request, they gladly engaged his skipper, Captain Otis, who knew the *Casco* well, and the cook, a Chinaman, who passed himself off as a Japanese. The former choice they had no reason to regret, for the captain showed himself a bold and skilful seaman, who, beginning the voyage with a supreme contempt for his new employers, ended it as an intimate and valued friend, whose portrait for the rest may be found in the pages of *The Wrecker*. A crew of four deck-hands, "three Swedes and the inevitable Finn," was engaged by the captain, and four "sea-lawyers" they proved to be; a reporter, trying to ship himself as a hand, was ejected, and a passage was with great difficulty refused to a Seventh-Day Adventist, who afterwards with a crew of his fellow-believers travelled over the whole of the South Seas.

The destination of the *Casco* was next to be settled. Stevenson himself was anxious to begin with a long voyage, "counting," says his wife, "on the warm sea air as the strongest factor in his cure, if cure it was to be. If, on the other hand, it was to be death, he wished it to be so far away from land that burial at sea should be

certain. With this in view, the Galapagos and Marquesas were at the right distance. If he arrived alive at either of these places, then he must have recovered a certain amount of health, and would be able to go further to any place he chose. It turned out that he really knew a great deal about the islands. Before we started, he told me a lot about them all, their appearance, the names of places, habits of the natives, and other details. On visiting them I got no further general knowledge than Louis had already given me. He now preferred the Galapagos, but when he told me that we must pass through a belt of calms where we might knock about in the heat of the tropics for weeks, perhaps for months, before we could make land, and that the islands were barren of vegetation, I insisted on the Marquesas. So to the Marquesas we went."

In the meantime they were living at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco. Virgil Williams was now dead, but Mrs. Williams was indefatigable in their service, and other friends gathered round them, among whom Stevenson was especially drawn to Dr. George Chismore, alike for his Scotch blood, his love of literature, and the force and tenderness of his character. But as he himself had known trouble in this city, here least of all was he likely to disregard the misfortunes of others. An Australian journalist seven years afterwards wrote to the *Times*:—

"Some years ago I lay ill in San Francisco, an obscure journalist, quite friendless. Stevenson, who knew me slightly, came to my bedside and said, 'I suppose you are like all of us, you don't keep your money. Now, if a little loan, as between one man of letters and another—eh?'

“This to a lad writing rubbish for a vulgar sheet in California.”

At last, on June 26th, the party took up their quarters on the *Casco*, and at the dawn of the 28th she was towed outside the Golden Gate, and headed for the south across the long swell of the Pacific.

So with his household he sailed away beyond the sunset, and America, like Europe, was to see him no more.