

climate was more congenial. These years of enforced idleness were not unprofitable, however, and as a record of two out of door experiences we have the delightful *Inland Voyage*, and *Travels with a Donkey*. Here too, in the South of France, when a young man, he met Mrs. Osborne, a California lady, separated, but not yet divorced from her husband. His romantic attachment to her led to a trip across the Atlantic as a steerage passenger, his subsequent illness in New York and his experiences as 'An Amateur Emigrant' in crossing the continent to meet her in San Francisco. Here they were married, but ill-health made a settled life impossible and the next five years were spent in various expeditions in search of the ever coveted treasure. It is difficult to form an idea of the actual struggle that Stevenson went through during these years. Attack followed attack, and hemorrhage followed hemorrhage. Time after time his life was despaired of, but he bore up against overwhelming odds with a patience and a cheerfulness that were the wonder of his friends. "My case is a sport," he wrote once on a slip of paper when forbidden to speak, "I may die to-night or I may live till sixty."

In 1885 he settled in Bournemouth, but as his health did not improve, upon his father's death in 1887 the whole family set sail once more for America. Then after spending a winter in the Adirondacks near the Canadian border, they started from San Francisco in a sailing yacht the following spring for a voyage in the South Seas.

The next three years were almost entirely spent on the sea, and in spite of illness they were among the most enjoyable of Stevenson's life. He writes, in the course of one of his voyages: "This climate; these voyages; these land falls at dawn; new islands peeping from the mooning bank; new forested harbors; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interests of gentle natives—the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem."

Finding his health in general improved, he at length decided to make a permanent winter home for himself in one of the South Sea islands. Samoa was chosen because it lay in the direct route of one of the mail steamships; and in 1889 he purchased a bush estate in the hill country some three miles from the town of Apia. The next five years were spent almost entirely on his Vailima estate—for so he named his new home,—and altogether these were five happy years. His time was divided between clearing his land, building his house, writing, correspondence, and making occasional horseback visits to the town.

During these years his powers as a writer were gradually coming to their full maturity, and his popularity was increasing by leaps and bounds. His health too was apparently better than it had been for years, when suddenly and without warning, in December of 1894, the end came. The immediate cause

of death was the rupture of a blood vessel in the brain. He was buried as he had wished, on the solitary top of Mount Vola, and on one of the panels of his tomb was inscribed the beautiful requiem composed in anticipation of death, nearly twenty years before:

"Under the wide and stormy sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

The personal appearance of Stevenson is so generally well known that little description is required. In height he was about five feet ten. He was exceedingly slender and thin, but so graceful in movement that he was seldom taken for a Scotchman. He was mistaken for a Frenchman more often than anything else. "I have found out what is wrong with me," he remarked at last. "I look like a Pole." His complexion was deep brown, his eyes of the same color, and set wide apart. His hair was dark and was worn long for fear of his catching cold, although in the south seas, when that danger was past, it was cut short. His voice was full and rich, of surprising strength and resonance, and he spoke with a pronounced Scottish intonation.

As an author Stevenson excelled in at least four distinct departments of literature,—the novel, the familiar letter, the essay, and verse. As a novelist his popularity lies chiefly in the fact that his novels represent a new movement in literature, a return to the open air to the freshness and delight in life which had already found its great expression in the novels of Scott and Dumas. The reading world was tired of the overdrawn analysis of novels with a purpose and of poetry that was over-refined, and eagerly welcomed the simple Tusitala—the Teller of Tales. He is of course essentially a novelist of romance, delighting with a sort of artistic delight, in the grim and terrible in life; and the species of romance in which he is at his best is the novel of adventure by land and sea—broils, fights, duels, shipwrecks, pirates, and the quest for hidden treasure, "digging in an old monastery, diving in the deep sea, or sailing the Spanish Main with a mutinous crew."

In the essay and the letter his style shows the ease, grace and clearness of his masters Addison and Lamb, to which was added a freshness, a vivacity, an originality and a humor all his own. Few writers have been more free from stereotyped phrases and conventional forms of expression than he. It is in his essays and letters too that his attractive personality most strongly appears—his romantic temperament, his enthusiastic plea for happiness, for out door life, for travel, and for courage in the face of all difficulties.