

that his poem was to be about "trees, sweethearts and things; no true; *all-the-same lies!*" This, says Stevenson, "is surely as compendious a definition of lyric poetry as a man can ask."

Also about this time the remarkable effusion which runs:

"O, how my spirit languishes,  
To set a foot on the Sanguishes;  
For there my letters wait,  
There I shall learn my fate:  
O, how my spirit languidges  
To step ashore on the Sanguidges. . . ."

first saw the light, and expresses Stevenson's anxiety to reach the (then) Sandwich Islands, and deal with the arrears of his correspondence, which awaited him at Honolulu; for they had been cruising, as he explained to his friend Charles Baxter, in a district where there were "nae Post-offishes."

Naturally of a buoyant and care-free disposition, the novelist thus quickly gave evidence of the rejuvenation come to him; but still the wanderer yearned for his beloved friends across the seas, from whom his enforced wide wandering so grievously separated him. Thus at this time the plaintive lines which began "*Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?*" were penned, at once his sharpest cry of anguish at the needful separation, and yet almost his only protest through the years of exile.

Meanwhile the captain of the "Casco," which lay awaiting orders, made a startling discovery, which showed the travellers how great their real danger had been. Evidently believing that discretion was the better part of valor, the wary skipper went aloft and closely scrutinized the main-mast, and found the mast-head badly eaten out with dry-rot; for, noticing one day that the mast looked awry, he took the first opportunity to examine it, and found that the heavy strains to which it had been subjected had warped it, in its weakened condition. Had it snapped during one of the ugly squalls which the "Casco" encountered it would hardly have been possible to save the yacht, even if her passengers had escaped in boats. Notwithstanding the fact that it was quite unsafe for anyone to remain on board, Captain Otis, leaving Stevenson and his party at Tautira, took the yacht round to Papeete, where, by utilising a sound mast-head taken from a wrecked barque (for no spars of

the requisite size could be found on the island) the "Casco" was patched up as well as possible.

These repairs took longer than was expected, and meanwhile the little company was dependent upon the natives for food and support; for they could not communicate with Papeete, owing to the rainfall being so heavy that the rivers were in flood. At last, however, the "Silver Ship" arrived, and the travellers bade farewell to the kindly natives with mingled feelings.

The "Casco" made a good run to within a few miles of Honolulu, but was becalmed within sight of that city in a most exasperating manner. At night the travellers would go to sleep hoping to find themselves safe in the harbor next morning, only to wake and find themselves no nearer, or perhaps farther off. When at length the yacht entered the harbor, she did so in a most thrilling manner, flying before a roaring Trade like a torpedo destroyer under full head of steam. "It was," says Lloyd Osbourne, "a dramatic entry for the overdue and much-talked-of 'Casco.'"

The volume entitled "In the South Seas," compiled as a result of his Pacific voyages, contains Stevenson's account of his first view of a Pacific Island, that experience, which, he said, "could never be repeated, and touched a virginity of sense." His intimacy with the natives, and his anxiety to collect their folk-lore, poetry and music, are fully recorded in its pages, and go to make one of the most interesting volumes from his pen, though his most exacting critics have not esteemed it highly. For about three years he cruised among the islands, and at last decided upon Samoa as his future home. The "Casco" was sent back to San Francisco, and after many vicissitudes passed into the humble occupation of a sealing schooner. After some years of service in that capacity she was laid up in Victoria harbor, with other vessels of the sealing fleet, upon the prohibition of pelagic sealing.

Stevenson made other voyages upon trading schooners which touched many out-of-the-way points, and gave him a thorough knowledge of the South Pacific; but upon these later cruises he was merely a passenger, and had no proprietary interest in the vessels upon which he sailed. All the world knows how he settled upon the island