

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### The Master at 25

*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 was 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...<sup>1</sup>*

SO Louis would recall how the story of The Master of Ballantrae came to him as he paced the verandah of the little cabin in the Adirondacks during the bitter winter of 1887/88. There, half a world away from home, his mind had conjured up another cold winter from 12 years previously when he still had health, if not happiness. The New Year of 1876 had been full of snow and Edinburgh gloom, with Louis reporting to Colvin: 'Vitality very low, spirits steady but not exulting [sic] in any way.'<sup>2</sup> To revitalise himself he planned a winter walk of 70 miles or more from Ayr to Wigtown in Galloway, to be turned into another magazine article. Renewed acquaintance with Glasgow Brown had brought Louis and Henley lucrative Vanity Fair commissions for book reviews and profiles of 'city men', but such work did not make literary reputations. Meanwhile Louis's piece on Fontainebleau had proved inordinately difficult to write. On January 8th he kicked over the traces and boarded a train for Ayr. Next morning an outlandish silhouette, more like a scarecrow than ever, moved slowly in sharp relief across the snowy landscape as Louis trudged away from the birthplace of Burns and skirted the hill known as Brown Carrick in the most southerly district of Ayrshire:

*The snow crunched under foot, and at farms all the dogs broke out barking as they smelt a passer-by upon the road... And a little after I scraped acquaintance with a poor body tramping out to gather cockles. His face was wrinkled by exposure; it was broken up into flakes and channels, like mud beginning to dry, and weathered in two colours, an*

*incongruous pink and grey. He had a faint air of being surprised - which, God knows, he might well be - that life had gone so ill with him. The shape of his trousers was in itself a jest, so strangely were they bagged and ravelled about his knees; and his coat was all bedaubed with clay as though he had lain in a rain-dub during the New Year's festivity.*

*I will own I was not sorry to think he had had a merry New Year, and been young again for an evening; but I was sorry to see the mark still there... there might have been a wife at home, who had brushed out similar stains after fifty New Years, now become old, or a round-armed daughter, who would wish to have him neat... Plainly, there was nothing of this in his life, and years and loneliness hung heavily on his old arms. He was seventy-six, he told me; and nobody would give a day's work to a man that age: they would think he couldn't do it. 'And, 'deed', he went on, with a sad little chuckle, ''deed, I doubt if I could.'<sup>3</sup>*

For Louis, with money in his pocket but likewise no wife to love him, this poor wanderer put his own pleasure ramble in perspective. The old man directed him down to the fishing village of Dunure, where at the public house the Bohemian traveller was banished from the kitchen fire to the cold guest room where Louis lunched alone, contemplating a rag rug made from old garments. In the afternoon, he pressed on towards Maybole, encountering on the way 'three compatriots of Burns' in a cart:

*They were all drunk, and asked me jeeringly if this was the way to Dunure. I told them it was; and my answer was received with unfeigned merriment. One gentleman was so much tickled he nearly fell out of the cart; indeed, he was only saved by a companion, who either had not so fine a sense of humour or had drunken less.<sup>4</sup>*

Maybole was supposedly in the grip of a religious revival with clergymen 'employing their time in explaining to a delighted audience the physics of the Second Coming', as Louis facetiously put it. Yet the young men of the town showed a determination to get drunk that rivalled the alcoholic exploits of poor Ferrier.

*I saw some young fellows about the smoking-room who seemed, in the eyes of one who cannot count himself strait-laced, in need of some more practical sort of teaching. They seemed only eager to get drunk, and to do so speedily. It was not much more than a week after the New Year; and to hear them return on their past bouts with a gusto unspeakable was not altogether pleasing...*

*'Ye had a spree here last Tuesday?'*

*'We had that!'*

*'I wasna able to be oot o' my bed. Man, I was awful bad on Wednesday.'*

*'Ay, ye were gey bad.'*

*Schoolboys, after their first drunkenness, are not more boastful...<sup>5</sup>*

After spending the night in Maybole, Louis headed on to Kirkoswald before turning once more for the coast. As he came down towards Turnberry, the cold fogs were blown away, and there was Ailsa Craig, like a miniature Bass Rock, and the chiselled mountain-tops of Arran, veined and tipped with snow. There were white wavetops on the sea, with little ships tacking up and down the Firth of Clyde. It was perhaps on this occasion that Louis, as his father's son, decided to check up on the lighthouse and stumbled on a scene of tragedy: 'I have myself, on a perfectly amateur and unauthorised inspection of Turnberry Point, bent my brows upon the keeper on the question of storm-panes; and felt a keen pang of self-reproach, when we went down stairs again and I found he was making a coffin for his infant child...'<sup>6</sup>

From Turnberry, Louis headed down the coast to Girvan. His written account of his travels never progressed beyond this point, but he would keep on walking at between ten and 18 miles a day - good going for a supposed invalid struggling across icy terrain. Of overnight stays in Stranraer, Glenluce and Wigtown he wrote not a word, other than to tell Colvin: 'I had a good time.'<sup>7</sup> Before reaching Wigtown he passed near the hamlet of Durisdeer, and in the middle of the walk he stayed at a coastal village. Although Louis never had more than a nodding acquaintance with Ballantrae, the romance of its name would be bestowed on the central character in the novel he subtitled *A Winter's Tale*. James Durie, Master of Ballantrae, epitomised all the darkness within Louis that would trouble him that year.

Ballantrae is the brooding presence at the heart of the story - unscrupulous, amoral, yet brave and full of sexual magnetism. He is the opposite of his brother Henry, who attempts to lead a moral, honourable life and enters into a respectable but loveless marriage with the wealthy heiress Alison Graeme, whose passions are excited only by the Master. Marriage remains out of the question for the wandering exile Ballantrae, who has to content himself with ill-treating whores such as Jessie

Broun, who idolises him while holding his respectable brother in contempt.

*One trollop, who had had a child to the Master, and by all accounts been very badly used, yet made herself a kind of champion of his memory. She flung a stone one day at Mr Henry.*

*'Whaur's the bonnie lad that trustit ye?' she cried.*

*Mr Henry reined in his horse and looked upon her, the blood flowing from his lip. 'Ay, Jess?' says he. 'You too? And yet ye should ken me better.' For it was he who had helped her with money.*

*The woman had another stone ready, which she made as if she would cast; and he, to ward himself, threw up the hand that held his riding-rod.*

*'What, would ye beat a lassie, ye ugly - ?' cries she, and ran away screaming as though he had struck her.<sup>8</sup>*

Eventually the mealy-mouthed Mackellar, Henry Durie's factor and narrator of the novel, is sent to seek out Jessie and give her money. Louis took liberties with the locations of Durisdeer and Ballantrae, putting them both on the coast near a fictional 'St Bride's' where Jessie lodges in a rough part of town, full of drink and debauchery. It has much in common with the dark Edinburgh closes where David Balfour encountered Catriona – or the squalid Victorian purlieu of Leith Street, Waterloo Place and the Low Calton where Louis perhaps met Kate Drummond:

*Altogether, I had never seen a worse neighbourhood, even in the great city of Edinburgh, and I was in two minds to go back. Jessie's room was of a piece with her surroundings, and herself no better. She would not give me the receipt until she had sent out for spirits, and I had pledged her in a glass; and all the time she carried on in a light-headed, reckless way - now aping the manners of a lady, now breaking into unseemly mirth, now making coquettish advances... Of the money she spoke more tragically.*

*'It's blood money!' said she; 'I take it for that: blood money for the betrayed! See what I'm brought down to! Ah, if the bonnie lad were back again, it would be changed days. But he's deid - he's lyin' deid amang the Hieland hills - the bonnie lad, the bonnie lad!'*

*... I will not say I did not pity her, but it was a loathing pity at the best; and her last change of manner wiped it out. This was when she had had enough of me for an audience, and had set her name at last to the receipt.*

*'There!' says she, and taking the most unwomanly oaths upon her tongue, bade me begone*

*and carry it to the Judas who had sent me. It was the first time I had heard the name applied to Mr Henry...*

*'Well?' says he, as soon as I came in; and when I had told him something of what passed, and that Jessie seemed an undeserving woman and far from grateful: 'She is no friend to me,' said he; 'but, indeed, Mackellar, I have few friends to boast of, and Jessie has some cause to be unjust. I need not dissemble what all the country knows: she was not very well used by one of our family.'*<sup>9</sup>

Jessie Broun shared her name with a barmaid at the Waterloo Hotel, frequented by Louis, Bob and Baxter. But she could have been any of the girls 'no better than they should be' who, despite the best efforts of the Edinburgh Magdalene Asylum, continued to ply their trade in the area. Occasionally one would become entangled with the son of a respectable Edinburgh family, which might then endeavour to buy the girl's silence and pay for the upkeep of any child. The Stevensons may have been through this already with Kate Drummond and, between 1875 and 1879, there would be further hints that Louis was again in trouble, perhaps with a woman.

His companions in night roving were Baxter and Henley, who was not averse to a last fling before matrimony. Long since initiated into low-life pleasures by Harry Nichols, Henley was at ease in brothels while Baxter could no doubt negotiate a price with a girl without damage to his bomb-proof dignity. Louis, however, was less at ease with sex as a commercial transaction and his shy inclination to regard the girls as people rather than a sensual commodity may have made them self-conscious and reluctant to treat him like the other 'jo's. Five years later, in a letter to Baxter, Henley would recall 'the lady Louis knew and went in unto, and whose sentiment of decency obliged her to refuse to perform the act of intromission for him'.<sup>10</sup>

Despite the boast that he was always 'a dead hand at a harridan'<sup>11</sup>, Louis was no Don Juan. The girls may have fallen for his charm and found themselves beginning to like him, which made a commercial transaction complicated. Worse still, a girl might find herself falling in love. In particular Louis would retain a fond memory of 'Mary H', 'a robust, great-haunched, blue-eyed young woman, of admirable temper, and, if you will let me say so of a prostitute, extraordinary modesty'.

*Every now and again she would go to work; once, I remember, for some months in a*

*factory down Leith Walk, from which I often met her returning; but when she was not upon the streets, she did not choose to be recognised. She was perfectly self-respecting. I had certainly small fatuity at the period; for it never occurred to me that she thought of me except in the way of business, though I now remember her attempts to waken my jealousy which, being very simple, I took at the time for gospel. Years and years after all this was over and gone, I met Mary somewhat carefully dressed; and we recognised each other with a joy that was, I daresay, a surprise to us both. I spent three or four hours with her in a public house parlour: she was going to emigrate in a few days to America; we had much to talk about; and she cried, and so did I. We found in that interview that we had been dear friends without knowing it; I can still hear her recalling the past in her sober, Scotch voice, and I still can feel her good honest loving hand as we said goodbye.<sup>12</sup>*

The curious double standard in sexual morality that prevailed in Edinburgh absolved those who visited brothels from the charge of behaving badly towards women. Prostitutes took the blame and men of the world did not think any worse of each other for making use of their services. Yet the same men might disapprove strongly of anyone who trifled with the affections of a girl who was not a prostitute, however lowly her status. Keeping a grisette might be *comme il faut* in Bohemian Paris but it was frowned upon in Edinburgh, which was why the Simp's dealings with Etta Mackay were so shrouded in secrecy.

Having an affair with a servant was regarded as the act of a cad. When Louis had toyed with the idea in Edinburgh, shortly after his first proper visit to Paris, even the laid-back Bob expressed reservations: 'By all means take a love affair if one comes or you can take the time to make an inferior one up if it would answer the purpose. I regard slavies and "hoc genus omne" as I do those mud heaps on the road side, oozy and soft. One looks at them wistfully but what is to be done with them? They seem made for delight of some sort but don't pay for anything really.'<sup>13</sup>

At the start of 1876, Louis was adrift and disinclined to correspond even with Mrs Sitwell. In a short note that February, he confessed: 'I do not know where and how I have been living this while back; I had a letter written to you some time ago, and burned it, because I thought it nasty; since when I have not been able to write any.'<sup>14</sup>

Perhaps something in his own conduct was bothering him - and may also have

offended Charles Baxter, rendering him uncharacteristically stiff and disapproving. While happy to satirise the more ridiculous aspects of Christian belief and the hypocrisy of the unco guid, Baxter remained a member of the Church of Scotland and would not hesitate to criticise his friend if he felt he was treating another human being unkindly. Maybe it was this that caused the friends to fall out as they walked together one winter's afternoon, and for Louis to make overtures at the end of February to end the quarrel, pleading: 'I like Charles Baxter very much, but I am quite unable to bear company to the Colonel. For the love of God, appear again in your own colours... remember, although somehow or other I seem to have deeply offended you, that I have been very intimate, and neither can nor will go back to such sickening games as this of chronic colonelship.'<sup>15</sup>

Baxter was soon back at Heriot Row, breaking the furniture and smiling benignly at Louis's mother. Henley, too, was a frequent visitor and was also made welcome in Great Stuart Street, where he and Fleeming Jenkin shared their passion for the stage over a dram. Meanwhile the Republic in St Colme Street remained a useful late-night rendezvous for Louis and his friends - with the exception of Walter Ferrier. That February Louis received a letter from Ferrier's mother. Confined to a bath chair by paralysis but still loyal to her late husband, whose 'indiscretion' with a prostitute was the most likely cause of her affliction, she was spending the winter in London.

*My dear Mr Stevenson,*

*As the mother of your friend Walter Ferrier, I am about to inform you of what you will feel grief and surprise at. This miserable victim, has just escaped Delirium tremens and has been indulging in a very terrible way in the Isle of Wight quite apart from his relatives and as usual deceiving those he has been with... the professed attempt at Malvern is merely a charade to blind one's eyes to his downward career... nothing but feeble human stratagems have been made use of to save him from destruction and all to no purpose and he now exists among the number of those degraded ones whose society on earth is shunned by the Moral and the virtuous among Mankind - Verily he will reap the whirl wind and who will stay him - his short note to me was but a formal wish that this New Year should be a better one for us all, knowing all the while that he was giving rein to his animal desire of drink... May a Mother's affection so send me to my God in prayer but my heart seems drying up within me*

*when I think of all that has been done for this son - My consolation is that his honored Father is not here...'*<sup>16</sup>

Ferrier's battle with the demon drink had reached crisis point, disrupting his writing. By dint of the family connection he had persuaded Blackwoods in Edinburgh to publish his novel, but the wild, alcoholic handwriting of his begging letter to William Blackwood at the close of 1875 cast grave doubt on his ability to deliver:

*My dear Mr Blackwood,*

*You must be getting very tired of waiting so long for my story. To explain the matter I must tell you that for nearly two months I have been in very indifferent health. Mottiscliffe has not advanced as rapidly as it ought in consequence. It would not be very pleasant for me to give you a description of the state into which I have succeeded in bringing myself and it is hardly necessary that I should do so. It is the old, old tale of reaping wild oats and a very dismal one it is... You will comprehend that I am not always in the best of trim for writing when I tell you that I am in abject beggary... The landlord here dreads an execution in his house: to such a pass have things come. Could you, Mr Blackwood, advance me £50? If you can do, it will make all the difference to me between a peace in which I shall be able to go on with my work and a frame of mind which I can only call hellish in earnest... I know thoroughly that in the future - if things brighten - my life will have to be one of Work. But at present I can only say that I am stranded. Will you help me to get afloat again?*<sup>17</sup>

By January 6, with no reply, Ferrier grew desperate and wrote again, stating 'my present position is one of absolute destitution'. He tried flattery - 'There is no one whose good opinion I would sooner have than yours - an old intimate friend of my father' - and contrition: 'I have been living in a fictitious world for many a day...'<sup>18</sup> His appeal did not fall on deaf ears, and by January 11 he could write to Blackwood: 'Many, many thanks for your letter and its enclosure.'<sup>19</sup>

If Louis had knowledge of his friend's plight, no record of it survives. On reading Ferrier's mother's letter, would he have experienced 'grief and surprise' - or was he already *au fait* with Ferrier's descent into Avernus on the Isle of Wight? While Ferrier struggled on to complete his novel, Louis went a-pleasuring once more that spring in the forests of Fontainebleau. The courts had risen, so there was no need to keep



up the pretence of being an advocate. On the way south he spent a few days in London but did not see Fanny Sitwell, although he would tell her how 'I once went down Southampton Row, and felt a fine flutter in case you should come out of Cosmo Place. But you didn't...'<sup>20</sup>

Once more he found life with Bob and the others in Barbizon idyllic, although the area was becoming increasingly popular with artists of varying abilities and some had depressingly bourgeois habits. Bob, as unelected spokesman of the Bohemian set, was good at making it clear when an incomer was not welcome and would indicate to the innkeeper that certain guests should be dissuaded from staying. At some point that summer, perhaps after Louis had returned to Scotland, word came through from Grez that the Hotel Chevillon had been invaded by women - a disaster when the unspoken law of the enchanted forest was that all grisettes, mistresses and paramours must be left behind in Paris so no sexual complications could spoil the happy atmosphere.

The female invasion, however, was a tragic one. Shortly before Louis's arrival at Barbizon, Fanny Osbourne had taken refuge at the hotel in Grez, less than a week after laying her little son Hervey to rest in a pauper's grave at the Pere Lachaise cemetery in Paris. Her faithless husband Sam, whom she had left San Francisco to escape, had crossed the Atlantic in time to witness the death of their youngest child. Struck down at the age of four by 'scrofulous tuberculosis', little Hervey had hung on against the odds for a month, calling for his father in his delirium until he came. By then, as Fanny wrote, 'his appearance was so dreadful that strangers could not look upon him, and Sam was afraid of him. Though I tried to prepare his father, he gave a cry of horror and covering his face with his hands fell upon his knees. And my poor brave boy, knowing what it was, for he grew very precocious in dying, tried to comfort his father, patting his bent head with his little hand, and smiling such a smile that I pray no human being may ever have the terror and misery of beholding.'<sup>21</sup>

On Hervey's fifth birthday, his mother left his bedside to buy a few cheap playthings at a nearby toy shop. Otherwise, 'I did not dare leave him because every few hours he bled in a new place. I shall never forget the smell of blood. He would

say, "Blood, mama, get the things; wait till I am ready". Then he would clasp one hand in the other, close his eyes, and say "now," would clench his teeth and wait, and not a moan or cry or tremble would be perceptible, though the pain made him deathly sick afterwards. Everyone ran from the room when he said blood; his father stayed once until he saw the probe, and then he too turned pale and ran away. None could see what my boy could bear. Through all his sufferings he never lost his mind. I only wish he had been unconscious. When, in the most violent convulsions, his bones snapping in and out of joint like a whip, and covered with blood, he lay back in my arms, looking into my eyes and listening to my words through it all, I couldn't bear that he should suffer terror of mind as well as anguish of body, so I tried to speak encouraging, comforting words into his ear; he could hardly hear, the rush of blood having torn one drum entirely away and perforating the other, but no one can conceive what agony it was to me, and so it went on for day after day, such terrible days! His bones had cut through the skin and lay bare, and yet there was no word of complaint through it all. The only thing he asked for was that he might see the sky and the grass once more, and we both watched every morning eagerly for the bright warm day when it was promised that his father would carry him out to ride.

'One awful day I smelled blood and could not find it. I looked all day, my boy growing weaker all the time but I could not find it. At night I burned all the front of my hair looking at his throat with a candle but I could find nothing; he was bleeding internally. He asked that his father should sing a song that he had heard long ago. Something, he said, about goodbye to the old home and the young folks playing around the little cabin door. Once he woke and said, "Lie down beside me." After that he never spoke again.'<sup>22</sup>

Nothing could erase those terrible memories. Fanny cut the golden locks from the little corpse and clung to them for consolation. Hervey had been the fruit of her last attempt at reconciliation with the man she loved but who would never stop chasing other women. Even in the most dreadful grief, there was no hope of reconciliation now. Sam stayed for the funeral, then made his way to the railway station and the ship across the Atlantic to resume his court stenographer's duties in San Francisco. There was no point in Fanny following him. She had come to Paris as a brave

gesture of independence, to learn how to paint and assert her own identity as an artist. Her husband had agreed to keep sending small sums for her maintenance and, despite everything, she was not going to give up.

Besides, she was not alone. With her on the Parisian adventure was her daughter Belle, a dusky beauty of 17, and her seven-year-old son Samuel Lloyd, then known as Sammy. Both had shared in the trauma of Hervey's death. Fanny suffered untold feelings of guilt that her foolhardiness in trying to support her children on a poverty-line diet of black bread and smoked herring might have led to her little boy's death. She could not bear it if Sammy fell ill and went the same way. It was a very fragile little family group that sought refuge that April at the Hotel Cheillon, and no artist with a soul could have demanded their departure.

When Bob Stevenson first got wind of an unwanted female presence at Grez, he crossed the forest from Barbizon to investigate the threat to his Bohemian boating paradise. Other artists had already warned Fanny about 'the Stevensons', so talented and charming yet so resentful of bourgeois intrusions into their sunny refuge from the dreich conventionality of Edinburgh. But it would take more than a brace of artistic Scotsmen to frighten away the little woman dressed in mourning black who had been through more horrors than they could dream of. She was upstairs in the bedroom with her surviving son when Bob strode into the hotel courtyard, a scene young Sammy would always remember:

*I can recall my mother and myself gazing down from our bedroom window at Isobel, who was speaking in the court below to the first of the arriving Stevensons - 'Bob' Stevenson as he was always called - a dark, roughly dressed man as lithe and graceful as a Mexican vaquero and evoking something of the same misgiving. He smiled pleasantly, hat in hand, with a mocking expression that I learned afterwards was habitual with him, and which reminded me of the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood... With 'Bob' on our side - and he soon became very much of a friend - all our trepidations subsided, and a curious reversal took place in our attitude towards that other Stevenson, that unknown 'Louis' as everyone called him. Louis, it seemed, was everybody's hero; Louis was the most wonderful and inspiring of men; his wit, his sayings, his whole piquant attitude towards life were unending subjects of conversation. Everybody said: 'Wait till Louis gets here,' with an eager and expectant air.<sup>23</sup>*

But Louis had gone back to Edinburgh, and would not return until the autumn. The intervening months would see Bob falling hopelessly in love with Belle, and learning something of the tragedy her family had been through. The plight of this little group of Americans touched his heart and brought out the best in his often feckless spirit. The Osbournes would have nothing to fear from 'the Stevensons', who would be their protectors in that enchanted enclave.

Back in Edinburgh, Henley's newfound respectability with a job at A. & C. Black, publishers of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, had enabled him to move into new lodgings in Edinburgh's Bristo Place, shared with his impoverished artist brother Anthony and James Runciman, a one-time schoolmaster with journalistic aspirations. Runciman's writing was vivid and original but his behaviour could be wild. Three years previously he had married Catherine Wood, daughter of a Master Mariner on Tyneside, but found it hard to settle. Eventually Runciman persuaded Robert Glasgow Brown to give him work as a sub-editor on Vanity Fair and moved to Edinburgh - apparently leaving his wife behind. But his plans for a merry bachelor life in Bristo Place were disturbed when a mysterious woman came looking for him.

Henley, who had worked hard to look like a respectable tenant and secure the lease on a comfortable, modern flat, now found himself embarrassingly at the centre of a semi-public sexual fracas. In some disquiet, he told Louis how 'last night a veiled woman rodat [came prowling] round A. & C. B.'s for an hour. This morning a letter was handed in to me at the office: demanding money.'<sup>24</sup> On May 27, Henley wrote to Louis: 'The plot thickens. She came yesterday, shortly before my return, and Anthony was fool enough to put out his right. They went to the "office", but she would not change; said she had "other means". The scuffle was over a letter which she insisted on leaving. Said letter a transcript of a shamefully infanticious scrawl of Jim's, followed by a threatening scrawl of her own, signed "Your wife". I am rather bothered. Question is, whether to change the imperturbable game for something aggressive and frightening?'<sup>25</sup>

'Jim seems not to have waited for a reply from me, but to have washed his hands of her, as he proposed. I thought at first of writing to C.B. [Baxter] and of asking him

to meet you here tomorrow, for a consultation in person. I have not done so, but if you think it the thing to do, go and see and ask him. Her nose was damaged, but the lieutenant [Anthony] said she was much in the wrong. She bled, and altogether we start in our new quarters with a happy reputation.'

The Runciman problem would persist throughout the summer, although he remained on friendly terms with Henley and Louis who would be his occasional journalistic colleagues for the next two years. It is not clear if he was being threatened by his real wife, or some other woman he had taken up with in Edinburgh. Henley was clearly not amused by the unseemly disturbances in Bristo Place, although Louis had witnessed similar scenes in Latin Quarter Paris and would convert them into fiction:

*Some of my comrades of this date were pretty obnoxious fellows... The ruffian, at least, whom I now carried Pinkerton to visit, was one of the most crapulous in the quarter. He turned out for our delectation a huge 'crust' (as we used to call it) of St Stephen, wallowing in red upon his belly in an exhausted receiver, and a crowd of Hebrews in blue, green, and yellow, pelting him - apparently with buns; and while we gazed upon this contrivance, regaled us with a piece of his own recent biography, of which his mind was still very full...*

*'Is he saying he kicked her down stairs?' asked Pinkerton, white as St Stephen.*

*'Yes,' said I: 'his discarded mistress; and then he pelted her with stones. I suppose that's what gave him the idea for his picture. He has just been alleging the pathetic excuse that she was old enough to be his mother.'*

*Something like a sob broke from Pinkerton. 'Tell him,' he gasped - 'I can't speak this language, though I understand a little; I never had any proper education - tell him I'm going to punch his head.'*

*'For God's sake, do nothing of the sort!' I cried. 'They don't understand that sort of thing here.' And I tried to bundle him out...<sup>26</sup>*

The amorality of la vie Boheme both fascinated and troubled Louis, in whom the habit of moralising was ingrained. It was despicable to treat a woman like this, and yet... like Bob he was weary of whores and longed for a nice woman to live with, without all the complicated business of marriage. Since Louis lived with his parents, this was not possible. Either he must marry some nice, dull girl - or have a

clandestine affair, like the Simp, with a naughty one. Unknown to polite society in Edinburgh, Etta McKay had presented the baronet with a daughter. They called her Florence, or Flo, but she did not bear the Simpson name. Clearly the relationship between the sexes, even in the best circles, was not always as neatly formalised and sanctioned as Mrs Grundy would like.

Louis set out his thoughts on the matter in a new essay for the Cornhill. *Virginibus Puerisque* was an attempt to justify matrimony, written by a young man who did not necessarily believe in it himself but was prepared, if somewhat facetiously, to try and see it as something more than 'a sort of friendship recognised by the police'. Even so, much of what he wrote was negative and portrayed marriage as a kind of weary, comfortable compromise:

*Marriage is terrifying, but so is a cold and forlorn old age... marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being... The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included. Yesterday he would have shared his last shilling; to-day 'his first duty is to his family,' and is fulfilled in large measure by laying down vintages and husbanding the health of an invaluable parent. Twenty years ago this man was equally capable of crime or heroism; now he is fit for neither...*

*I see women marrying indiscriminately with staring burgesses and ferret-faced, white-eyed boys, and men dwell in contentment with noisy scullions, or taking into their lives acidulous vestals... Indeed, if this be love at all, it is plain the poets have been fooling with mankind since the foundation of the world. And you have only to look these happy couples in the face, to see they have never been in love, or in hate, or in any other high passion, all their days...<sup>27</sup>*

Such an insipid arrangement was not for Louis. He was leading a life of dubious morality and made no attempt to justify it. In a letter to Mrs Sitwell in early July he compared himself to a light-hearted squirrel in a cage, careering round on an exercise wheel without getting anywhere: 'This is a floating way of life, not very serious, but diverting enough. Morality, virtue, love, and these kind of things are

very hard and very painful even, but they string your life together; now mine's all in rags; and I can't say anything about it...'28

Shortly after writing this, Louis slipped away from his parents at Swanston and took a room at the Hawes Inn at Queensferry. His mother's explanation was that the house was too crowded with guests, but there may have been another reason for Louis making himself scarce. When Henley went out to the old inn to meet him, he found a worried man. In a letter to Anna Boyle, Henley wrote later: 'He was in trouble (a secret), and before his afflictions I suppressed my own. We had a long talk.'29

Whatever was worrying Louis - a woman or otherwise - he was not one to sit and brood. The Hawes Inn lay by the ferry pier from which he could indulge his new passion for canoeing, engendered on the river at Grez. The waters of the Firth of Forth were wider and more risky, but he made numerous short voyages that summer from Queensferry or the boathouse at Granton, accessible easily by train from the centre of Edinburgh. His vessel was a 15ft cedarwood canoe christened the *Arethusa*. Louis had obtained the plans by writing to John McGregor, author of the inspirational travelogue *A Thousand Miles In The Rob Roy Canoe*, and presumably had paid for its construction out of the interest from his £1,000 reward for passing his law exams. To his chagrin, he could not at first persuade his father to hand over the entire lump sum. Louis's new passion for canoeing was shared by the Simp, but the one surviving account of these 1876 voyages on the Forth states his companion was his 'cousin Balfour' - more probably Baxter in the other canoe, a rather flimsy, canvas affair to be taxed with his bulk.

George Lisle was a schoolboy spending the summer on the small island of Cramond, and would recall how 'one lovely afternoon of brilliant sunshine and strong west wind two canoes were seen by many anxious eyes from this vantage ground, struggling up the Forth from Granton in the teeth of the wind... The sea was washing over the tiny craft, but the occupants were very persevering... The first canoe to land was occupied by a lanky, cadaverous, black-haired, black-eyed man, apparently six feet in height but very slim, in a velveteen coat...'

Young George was indignant when Louis enquired jokingly: 'What other savages

live upon the island?' The savages, retorted George, were the ones who arrived at the island in canoes - as anyone who read Robinson Crusoe would know. He produced his copy of the book, presented as a school prize at Mr Henderson's School, and with a great whoop Louis exclaimed: 'Oh, shades of Cocky Henderson and the companions of my palmy days! I too was at this school in the days of my misspent youth.'

This formed a bond between the two for the rest of that summer's occasional appearances by the canoeists and, on a calm day, Louis transported young George, on the deck of his canoe, to the tiny isle of Inchmickery a mile away: 'We explored the whole place and paddled right round it... and returned pretty well tired but thoroughly pleased with our adventure.'<sup>30</sup>

In such childlike pleasures, Louis could forget more troublesome adult affairs. On returning to Swanston, he completed his letter to Mrs Sitwell which had lain unfinished for three weeks: 'Do please forgive me. For all I am pretty stationary to outward view, the billows have gone over my head since then; and I have needed all my courage, and I have lots of it, to bear up in good spirits against it all.'<sup>31</sup>

The trouble of which he had spoken to Henley had not gone away, and it was perhaps with relief that Louis left Edinburgh for a Highland holiday with the Jenkins at Attadale on Loch Carron. There he received a letter from Henley, still plagued by the disorderly conduct of his flatmate Runciman. All Louis could advise was: 'Play the old game of doing as little as possible; and trust in Pro-o-o-vidence. (Chorus - trust in P.) This is one of these games where every step is a loss, and to lie quiet all wisdom...'

Louis had other troubles on his mind, seemingly of a sexual nature. His letter continued: 'Your friend, R.L.S., is in poor case up here in the matter of health; but that's neither here nor there. He is glad to hear his works are so popular; but might desire an easier groin. Of a truth his clay is in a most bemaused and compromised condition; and the number of his ailments is beyond my skill to reckon...'

The latter part of the letter is missing. Did it shed more light on what or who had 'bemaused and compromised' Louis's health? He may simply have picked up a dose of the clap in a brothel, but it seems his troubles were more complicated. At the start



of August, his parents had taken themselves off for a month's holiday in the Highlands, so he returned from Attadale to an empty house in Heriot Row. Instead of staying there, or at Swanston, he went into 'a sort of hiding' at Henley's lodgings in Bristo Place. There was no need to hide from his parents, so whom did he wish to avoid? Could it be that Henley now found himself, for the second time that year, conspiring to protect a lodger from the consequences of an unfortunate liaison? The groin-troubling affliction continued to plague the fugitive Louis, who took to his bed in Bristo Place. In a letter to Anna, Henley reported: 'RLS is up a little today; his residence with me is a profound secret from all the world...'<sup>32</sup>

Years later Henley would recall nursing his friend 'in secret, hard by the old Bristo Port till he could make shift to paddle the *Arethusa*'<sup>33</sup>. They must have made a strange picture - the burly Long John Silver, hopping about the flat with a crutch as he tended the wayward cabin boy. In later life, after the two had quarrelled, Henley would feel his friend had forgotten their close companionship in Edinburgh. But in *Treasure Island*, Louis would immortalise this time spent living in close quarters with the one-legged man. When the good ship *Hispaniola* sets sail in search of treasure, she does so from the Port of Bristol, curiously similar in name to the Bristo Port. And on the same stair as Henley at 19 Bristo Place lived a widow, Margaret Hawkins. Her late husband Jim had been a butler but, with a little imagination, he would become the landlord of the Admiral Benbow inn.

That September Louis planned a voyage, but not in search of buried treasure. All he wanted was material for a travel book emulating that of John McGregor, detailing the voyage of the *Arethusa* down the canals and rivers of Belgium and France to Grez. If Ferrier could write a book and get it published, so could Louis. He was in danger of being upstaged by his alcoholic friend who, miraculously, had delivered the final part of *Mottiscliffe* to Blackwoods that May. Since then, Ferrier had survived three weeks in bed in Ventnor with congestion of the lungs and an eviction crisis over £40 unpaid rent: 'The landlord appeared to tell me that I had ruined him and so on, in which statement there is alas! Too much truth...'<sup>34</sup> Blackwood once more bailed him out and he returned to Edinburgh that July to stay in Torphicen Street with his mother. The bloated figure who now languished with 'an infernal

ailment which not only prevents me from walking but even from sitting'<sup>35</sup> was barely recognisable as the once godlike creature hailed as *le jeune et beau* who had vanished from the city four years previously, unable to cope with life beyond studenthood. Yet what Ferrier had lost in beauty he had gained in wisdom, and his old friends found him kinder and more patient than in his wicked, witty heyday. Drink had wrecked his constitution but he did not inflict his troubles on his friends, and was always more ready to listen to theirs. Louis and Baxter brought Henley to meet him, and soon the discomforts suffered by the invalid Athos were dispelled by the fine talk and laughter of Porthos, Aramis and, above all, D'Artagnan.

At the end of August, Louis and the Simp arranged for the *Arethusa* and Simpson's canoe, a stout oak affair christened the *Cigarette*, to be shipped south. The two friends went down to London and stayed at the Savile Club, where they dined with Sidney Colvin. Over the brandy and cigars, Louis could reflect on a degree of literary success that year. There had also been one galling failure – the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* had rejected his long-researched article on Burns, which dwelt too much on the poet's promiscuous sex life for Mrs Grundy's liking. But Louis now had a firm foothold in the literary showcase of the Cornhill. His essay on Fontainebleau had at long last been published there as *Forest Notes*, followed by a piece on *Walking Tours*. Leslie Stephen was then quick to see the merits of *Virginibus Puerisque*, so well received that some critics thought Stephen himself had written it.

After a few pleasant days in London, Louis and the Simp boarded the ferry to Belgium, where their *Inland Voyage* was to begin. The early stages would take them through unlovely industrial areas and the weather was hostile, but the object was to paddle free of such encumbrances and escape into a pastoral paradise. With spirits high, they launched off the dock at Antwerp.

*A stevedore and a lot of dock porters took up the two canoes, and ran with them for the slip. A crowd of children followed cheering. The Cigarette went off in a splash and a bubble of small breaking water. Next moment the Arethusa was after her. A steamer was coming down, men on the paddle-box shouted hoarse warnings, the stevedore and his porters were bawling from the quay. But in a stroke or two the canoes were away out in the middle of the*

*Scheldt, and all steamers, and stevedores, and other 'long-shore vanities were left behind.*<sup>36</sup>

So were the two men's troubles. Whatever weighed heavy on Louis's mind in Edinburgh could not pursue him down the waterways of Belgium and France. Likewise the Simp's responsibilities as a father were left behind, although the baronial bank balance could be drawn upon to support mother and child. The canoeists paddled on past tugboats and barges on the rivers Scheldt and Rupel until they reached Boom. The rain persisted, hampering their attempts to boil a couple of eggs over an Etna camping stove in a comic scene redolent of Jerome K Jerome's later 1889 riverlogue, *Three Men In A Boat*: 'The solid quantity of cookery accomplished, was out of proportion with so much display; and when we desisted, after two applications of the fire, the sound egg was little more than loo-warm; and as for *a la papier*, it was a cold and sordid *fricassee* of printer's ink and broken egg-shell.'<sup>37</sup> Coming into Brussels, they had difficulty finding somewhere to land until they discovered the Royal Sport Nautique boathouse, home of a convivial band of boating enthusiasts who could not do enough for the two travellers: 'We were English boating-men, and the Belgian boating-men fell on our necks.'

These Belgians lived for boating, regarding their city day jobs in Brussels as a frivolous diversion to earn a living. Louis found their philosophy wholly in tune with his own Bohemian views, 'for will anyone dare to tell me that business is more entertaining than fooling among boats? He must never have seen a boat, or never seen an office, who says so... There should be nothing so much a man's business as his amusements.'<sup>38</sup>

Anxious to avoid 55 canal locks, Louis, the Simp and the canoes left Brussels ingloriously by train. Bearing in mind Louis's unfortunate experiences at the gendarmerie in Chatillon, they felt it might also be wiser to cross the border into France as respectable train travellers rather than aquatic vagabonds. Even so, Louis was singled out for interrogation by border guards, who demanded to see his papers. He attempted to stand on his rights, then thought better: 'I had to choose at last between accepting the humiliation and being left behind by the train.'<sup>39</sup>

The aftermath of the Franco-Prussian war persisted, with many of the towns they passed through still full of reservists on training exercises. Paranoid fear of Prussian

spies remained prevalent. At Maubeuge the Simp, for a change, was almost arrested on a charge of sketching the military fortifications, 'a feat of which he was hopelessly incapable'<sup>40</sup>. Next day, the stocky baronet was better suited to the task of carrying canoes around locks on the canalised river Sambre, to which the emaciated Louis was unequal.

At Pont-sur-Sambre the pair left their canoes to go into town. Carrying their belongings in damp india-rubber bags, they were perceived as a pair of pedlars, no matter how they might protest otherwise. Directed to the poorest inn in town, a labourers' alehouse, they chewed their way disconsolately through tough beefsteak and potatoes. A real pedlar then arrived in a donkey cart – Monsieur Hector Gilliard, 'a lean, nervous flibbertigibbet of a man, with something the look of an actor, and something the look of a horse jockey... With him came his wife, a comely young woman with her hair tied in a yellow kerchief, and their son, a little fellow of four, in a blouse and military kepi.'

The colourful new arrivals, and their obvious pride in their little son who was already at a private boarding school, provided more good copy for Louis's book until it was time for bed in an attic furnished with two beds, three hat pegs and a table. Soon the whole house was full of the sound of snoring, while 'the young moon outside shone very clearly over Pont-sur-Sambre, and down upon the ale-house where all we pedlars were abed'.<sup>41</sup>

Next day they were back on the Sambre, paddling through the rain and struggling around locks. Louis has no mackintosh and his jersey was soaked, causing two young Frenchmen to assume he was the servant of the Simp, who was attired in immaculate rainwear and on hearing this told Louis drily: 'They must have a curious idea of how English servants behave, for you treated me like a brute beast at the lock.'<sup>42</sup>

At Landrecies, with the rain still falling, the two canoeists managed to gain admittance to a respectable hotel where they enjoyed a good dinner. Next day, the weather was so 'bedlamite' that they did not venture on the river and wandered aimlessly about the town. Then, astonishingly, the local judge accosted as they were leaving a cafe and invited them to dine at his home. Over a good meal and some

excellent wine, the two young Edinburgh advocates discussed the finer points of French and Scots law with their host and two other Landrecies notables. At one point Louis found himself 'laying down the Scotch Law of Illegitimacy, of which I am glad to say I know nothing'.<sup>43</sup> The Simp, for whom the thorny question of an illegitimate child touched too closely on his own personal circumstances, expounded on the poor laws instead.

On the canal linking the Sambre to the Oise, Louise got into conversation with a couple on a barge. Despite being poor, they were as proud of their floating home, with its dogs and its cage birds and its smoking chimneys, as if it had been a mansion on land. They could understand how Louis envied them their freedom... but then the woman's brow darkened and she asked him if he was single:

*'Yes,' said I.*

*'And your friend who went by just now?'*

*He also was unmarried.*

*O then - all was well. She could not have wives left alone at home; but since there were no wives in the question, we were doing the best we could<sup>44</sup>.*

This neatly avoided the Simp leaving Etta and his illegitimate baby daughter behind. For the purposes of the book, and even though the baronet was referred to only as 'the Cigarette' throughout, it was better not to risk offending Mrs Grundy by being too brutally honest in print.

From Etreux to Vadencourt on the Oise, the canoes travelled on a country cart with the canoeists strolling behind through a valley full of hop gardens and poplars. They relaunched their vessels from a little lawn opposite a mill and were carried off rapidly by the Oise in flood after many days of rain: 'The canoe was like a leaf in the current. It took it up and shook it, and carried it masterfully away, like a Centaur carrying off a nymph.'

In the yellow, turbulent water it took all Louis's strength and dexterity with the paddle to steer the Arethusa in her headlong rush downstream, now gliding rapidly round the chalky base of a hill, then plunging through thickets of willows as a brilliant kingfisher flashed past 'like a piece of the blue sky'. As the canoe hurtled past banks of reeds that shivered from top to toe as if in a cold blast of fear, Louis

had a terrible presentiment of the power and danger of the river that bore him along. Exhausted but elated, the two friends put in to the riverbank and took a rest in a green meadow, where they 'bestowed our limbs on the grass, and smoked deifying tobacco and proclaimed the world excellent. It was the last good hour of the day...' High winds had brought down trees that had fallen across the river. Hurtling round a bend, Louis found himself confronted by a stout trunk blocking his path and little more than a split second to take action.

*The tree caught me about the chest, and while I was yet struggling to make less of myself and get through, the river took the matter out of my hands, and bereaved me of my boat. The Arethusa swung round broadside on, leaned over, ejected so much of me as still remained on board, and thus disencumbered, whipped under the tree, righted, and went merrily away down stream. I do not know how long it was before I scrambled on to the tree to which I was left clinging, but it was longer than I cared about. My thoughts were of a grave and almost sombre character, but I still clung to my paddle. The stream ran away with my heels as fast as I could pull up my shoulders, and I seemed, by the weight, to have all the water of the Oise in my trousers-pockets... Death himself had me by the heels... And still I held to my paddle. At last I dragged myself on to my stomach on the trunk, and lay there a breathless sop...<sup>45</sup>*

A drowning man is supposed to see his whole life flashing before his eyes. As Louis fought with the current, what images ran through his mind? Of life? Of love? Of regret and unfulfilled longing? In the grip of Death, he felt a strong urge towards life and the act of procreation. In an observation unsuitable for inclusion in the book, he would write to Henley: 'When I got up (on the log) I lay some time on my belly, panting, and exuded fluid: which shows that a fallen tree may be not altogether unlike a fallen woman.'<sup>46</sup>

The Simp had the presence of mind to spot a safe passage around the end of the tree. On seeing his friend had hauled himself out of danger, he set off in pursuit of the empty Arethusa and brought both canoes safely in to the bank downstream. Louis, cold and in shock, stumbled along the riverbank to join him, shivering so hard that the facetious Simp said he'd thought he was 'taking exercise'. A rub down with a towel and a dry suit from the india-rubber bag stopped the shivering: 'But I was not my own man again for the rest of the voyage.'<sup>47</sup>

The two friends paddled on to Origny Sainte-Benoite, arriving late but managing to find hot meals and warm beds. They stayed two nights and on the second evening were treated to sparkling wine at dinner by their convivial fellow hotel guests. No such welcome was extended when they reached La Fere, renowned for a first-class inn serving fine cuisine. The two canoeists arrived in town as usual like 'a pair of damp rag-and-bone men, each with a limp india-rubber bag upon his arm'. Had the Simp addressed the landlady, 'a flushed, angry woman, full of affairs', they might have stood a chance. But when Louis the unspeakable enquired about a room for the night, Madame surveyed them coldly and replied: 'You will find beds in the suburb. We are too busy for the like of you.'

Unwisely Louis persevered, seeking a table for dinner: 'What a terrible convulsion of nature was that which followed in the landlady's face! She made a run at us, and stamped her foot.

"Out with you - out of the door!" she screeched. "*Sortez! sortez! sortez par la porte!*"

'I do not know how it happened, but next moment we were out in the rain and darkness, and I was cursing before the carriage entry like a disappointed mendicant.'<sup>48</sup>

A long and fruitless trudge around town in search of lodgings brought them at last to a house next to the towngate with a sign proclaiming 'Bazin, aubergiste'.

Bazin's inn was a humble affair but full of noisy reservists, drinking and smoking:

*Bazin was a tall man, running to fat: soft-spoken, with a delicate, gentle face. We asked him to share our wine; but he excused himself, having pledged reservists all day long... He also loved Paris, where he had worked as a decorative painter in his youth. There were such opportunities for self-instruction there, he said... We asked him how he managed in La Fère. 'I am married,' he said, 'and I have my pretty children. But frankly, it is no life at all. From morning to night I pledge a pack of good enough fellows who know nothing.'*

*We sat in front of the door, talking softly with Bazin... Madame Bazin came out after a while; she was tired with her day's work, I suppose; and she nestled up to her husband and laid her head upon his breast. He had his arm about her, and kept gently patting her on the shoulder. I think Bazin was right, and he was really married. Of how few people can the same be said!*<sup>49</sup>

For the somewhat cynical young author of *Virginibus Puerisque*, this simple evidence of marriage as a true relationship founded on love came as a much-needed restorative.

*Little did the Bazins know how much they served us. We were charged for candles, for food and drink, and for the beds we slept in. But there was nothing in the bill for the husband's pleasant talk; nor for the pretty spectacle of their married life. And there was yet another item unchanged. For these people's politeness really set us up again in our own esteem...<sup>50</sup>*

Nevertheless, Louis was beginning to weary of the voyage. As the canoes passed on into broader waters, there was less contact with life along the riverbank and less interesting material for a book. He resorted to long descriptive passages about visiting the cathedral at Noyon and a further chapter on church interiors, more like a tourist guide than a story of adventure. As they approached Compiègne, the weather improved at last and at the post office a packet of letters reminded them of the pleasures they could be enjoying elsewhere.

The one remaining incident of interest was a marionette show that set up in the courtyard of the inn at Precy, with benches for an audience that did its best to avoid paying the couple of *sous* solicited by the players. They performed the play of *Pyramus and Thisbe* 'in five mortal acts, and all written in Alexandrines fully as long as the performers...'<sup>51</sup>

Such diversions were not enough to convince the two canoeists they should carry on with their daily paddling. They were approaching the point where the Oise joined the Seine, a still bigger and more swollen river against which they would have to struggle upstream through Paris and on to Fontainebleau. At Pontoise they decided to call it a day and travel overland with the canoes to Grez, where Bob and their other friends were eager to see them.

*We had made a long detour out of the world, but now we were back in the familiar places, where life itself makes all the running, and we are carried to meet adventure without a stroke of the paddle. Now we were to return, like the voyager in the play, and see what rearrangements fortune had perfected the while in our surroundings; what surprises stood ready made for us at home; and whither and how far the world had voyaged in our absence. You may paddle all day long; but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the*



*familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek.*<sup>52</sup>

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- <sup>1</sup> RLS, *The Genesis of 'The Master of Ballantrae'*, *Essays In The Art Of Writing*.
  - <sup>2</sup> RLS to Sidney Colvin, Heriot Row, January 6, 1876. Yale 428, MS Yale.
  - <sup>3</sup> RLS, *A Winter's Walk in Carrick and Galloway*, *Essays of Travel*.
  - <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*
  - <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*
  - <sup>6</sup> RLS, *Random Memories, The Coast of Fife*.
  - <sup>7</sup> RLS to Sidney Colvin, Heriot Row, late January 1876. Yale 430, MS Yale.
  - <sup>8</sup> RLS, *The Master of Ballantrae*, Chapter I.
  - <sup>9</sup> RLS, *The Master of Ballantrae*, Chapter II.
  - <sup>10</sup> WE Henley to Charles Baxter, Richmond Gardens, Shepherds Bush, April 21<sup>st</sup>, 1881. Atkinson p65, MS Yale.
  - <sup>11</sup> RLS to Sidney Colvin, 608 Bush Street, San Francisco, late February, 1880. Yale 690, MS Yale.
  - <sup>12</sup> RLS, *Autobiographical Fragment* penned in San Francisco, 1880. Balfour, National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>13</sup> Bob Stevenson to RLS, Blooming Hill Villa, Bridge of Allan, June 29, 1874. MS Yale.
  - <sup>14</sup> RLS to Fanny Sitwell, Heriot Row, February 1876. Yale 431, MS National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>15</sup> RLS to Charles Baxter, Heriot Row, February 26, 1876. Yale 432, MS Yale.
  - <sup>16</sup> Margaret Ferrier to RLS, February 1876?, Bayswater, London. MS Yale.
  - <sup>17</sup> James Walter Ferrier to William Blackwood, December, 1875, Blackwood Papers, National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>18</sup> James Walter Ferrier to William Blackwood, January 6, 1876, Blackwood Papers, National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>19</sup> James Walter Ferrier to William Blackwood, January 11, 1876, Blackwood Papers, National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>20</sup> RLS to Fanny Sitwell, Swanston Cottage, July 9, 1876. Yale 438, MS National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>21</sup> Fanny Osbourne to Timothy Rearden, Paris, April 18, 1876. The Rearden Papers, Bancroft Library, Berkeley.
  - <sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*
  - <sup>23</sup> Lloyd Osbourne, *Introduction to the Vailima Edition of The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson*.
  - <sup>24</sup> WE Henley to RLS, May 7, 1876. MS Yale.
  - <sup>25</sup> WE Henley to RLS, May 27, 1876. MS Yale.
  - <sup>26</sup> RLS and Lloyd Osbourne, *The Wrecker*, Chapter III.
  - <sup>27</sup> RLS, *Virginibus Puerisque*.
  - <sup>28</sup> RLS to Fanny Sitwell, Swanston Cottage, July 9, 1876. Yale 438, MS National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>29</sup> WE Henley to Anna Boyle, July 1876.
  - <sup>30</sup> George Lisle, *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson*, ed Rosaline Masson.
  - <sup>31</sup> RLS to Fanny Sitwell, Swanston Cottage, July 30, 1876. Yale 438, MS National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>32</sup> WE Henley to Anna Boyle, 19 Bristo Place, August 1876.
  - <sup>33</sup> WE Henley, RLS, *Pall Mall Magazine*, December, 1901.
  - <sup>34</sup> James Walter Ferrier to William Blackwood, June 26, 1876, Blackwood Papers, National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>35</sup> James Walter Ferrier to William Blackwood, August 7, 1876, Blackwood Papers, National Library of Scotland.
  - <sup>36</sup> RLS *An Inland Voyage, Antwerp to Boom*.

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- <sup>37</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, On The Willebroek Canal*.
- <sup>38</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, The Royal Sport Nautique*.
- <sup>39</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, At Maubeuge*.
- <sup>40</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, At Maubeuge*.
- <sup>41</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, The Travelling Merchant*.
- <sup>42</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, On The Sambre Canalised*.
- <sup>43</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, At Landrecies*.
- <sup>44</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, Sambre And Oise Canal*.
- <sup>45</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, The Oise In Flood*.
- <sup>46</sup> RLS to WE Henley, Chauny, Aisne, September 6, 1876. Yale 446, MS National Library of Scotland.
- <sup>47</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, The Oise In Flood*.
- <sup>48</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, La Fere Of Cursed Memory*.
- <sup>49</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, La Fere Of Cursed Memory*.
- <sup>50</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, La Fere Of Cursed Memory*.
- <sup>51</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, Precy And The Marionettes*.
- <sup>52</sup> RLS, *An Inland Voyage, Back To The World*.