

CHAPTER TWENTY

Katharine

THE cab drew up outside the smart Bournemouth villa, to whose air of Victorian respectability was given an eccentric touch by a model lighthouse in the garden. The owner of the house was the tough little American woman now half-carrying a limp and almost lifeless bundle from the cab to the front door. In her wake followed an anxious, elfin-faced wisp whose dark skirts flapped in the sea breeze as she followed the 34-year-old invalid into the house. It had been touch and go, but Fanny Stevenson and Katharine de Mattos had got Louis home in one piece.

His trip to the West Country in the summer of 1885 had been a desperate attempt to escape incarceration at Skerryvore, the house his father had bought Fanny as a wedding present. There, like a child too irresponsible to own property, Louis had been confined for long weeks in the sickroom by 'Bluidy Jack', the disease that had caused him to spit blood for so long that it now seemed depressingly normal. That August he had felt well enough to chance a trip to Dorchester to meet his fellow author Thomas Hardy, with Katharine invited to join them. But what started out as a summer jaunt turned into a scene from hell. On returning from Hardy's home to the hotel in Exeter, Louis suffered a haemorrhage, blood pouring from his mouth as Fanny and Katharine struggled to lift him into bed. To staunch the flow, Fanny administered ergotine, but the drug made Louis wild and erratic, when at all costs he had to be kept still. Katharine, who had never seen her cousin like this, fought back the panic and took his hand to keep him calm as Fanny sent for the doctor.

Now with the crisis past and Louis safely back at Skerryvore, he was again confined to bed. After a haemorrhage he was forbidden even to speak in the mornings for fear of further lung damage. But he could listen to his cousin as Katharine read to him, from the books they both enjoyed. In the circumstances it might seem macabre, but the two loved horror stories and shared an admiration for Edgar Allan Poe. The closing lines of *The Haunted Palace* were just the stuff of nightmare Louis needed to cheer him up:

*And travellers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh - but smile no more¹*

For Katharine, who had been making her own faltering attempts at fiction, this would have been a good time to show them shyly to her cousin. Perhaps she brought out an early attempt at a short story that took its title from a line in Poe's poem. Through The Red-litten Windows tells of a young man lured by a beautiful woman to a house in London, where he is kept a willing prisoner, drugged and duped into taking part in an experiment that sees him gradually taken over by another personality...

Presently I roused a little; the silence grew alive and agitated with sounds of sibilant whisperings, when, as yet, the whisperers were unseen... the ceiling gently parted at the fissure I had noted, exposing a yawning twilight gulf above. From this a something, not yet definable, was lowered to the floor... a shape at which I shuddered, scarce knowing why. My brain continued to work, but my physical helplessness was now complete... the door by which I had entered opened, and gave passage to several persons, all of whom gazed at me in turn... With them was the beautiful stranger... While the men bent over the lowered burden she approached the couch, and once more scanned my face with that grave solicitude so unmistakably not for my own sake...

It was not a heap, but a figure that the men were now engaged in carefully huddling on to some sort of support or stand: a man's figure, that fell about with horrid limpness, yet with a certain painful rigidity. It was habited in the ample folds of a loose falling cloak. The face was then, and afterwards, turned from me. I do not know whether an unmirthful laugh escaped me, but as I gazed at the grotesque, Guy Fawkes-like figure in a sort of fascinated dismay, it seemed to me that in size and general outline it was like me; the back of the head and the hair,

of somewhat uncommon colour and luxuriance, were certainly like mine. It might have been my own effigy I thus saw fixed and tortured into this semblance of humanity... Was I myself drugged, dead, or what? At this point I am not certain that a discordant laugh did not break from my lips... Villainy, unknown, horrible villainy was at work - in the very air. I made an impotent effort to move, my lips writhed in inarticulate speech, but no words came.

The beautiful creature at my side only moved to force a few drops of the fluid from the flagon between my lips, then pressed her fingers firmly on them, and on my eyes, murmuring - 'Peace, peace.'... When she removed her touch I stared about me, half expecting to find everything vanished like the phantasmagoria of a dream. But now the figure was bound into an erect position. Once more they bent over it, consulting together in low tones, a wrought yet eager expression on every face. Fear clutched at me and nearly took my breath away, for it was then borne in on me that this was no dead but a living fellow creature, entranced by foul means, whose latent life they were about to take in some blood-curdling fashion. Not so - not at once at least. For a while they stood aloof from it united in their purpose, clustering about the table, opening and shutting cases, passing phials and globules from hand to hand...

Seemingly the examination satisfied them. A long, syringe-like tube in connection with what looked like a small battery, was charged. The crisis was approaching. The man who had throughout taken the lead stepped forward and focussed the figure in the region of the heart. All grew pale and blinded their eyes, except the chief operator. The woman still remained at my side, but her inhuman, inexorable beauty was turned from me. Her face rested on the cushions, her hands were pressed to her ears. A sharp, light report vibrated through the room, shivering a globe and splintering a mirror. An instant's quiver, and upheaval of the bound figure, and all was still. Only where it had been NOTHING - the entire fabric had vanished...²

When did Katharine write this? She would not succeed in getting *Through The Red-Litten Windows* published until 1892, six years after *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* became an international best-seller. It may be her story did not exist at the time of her stay at Skerryvore, and it was the phenomenal success of Louis's book that later encouraged her to emulate it. If so, it is curious she made no attempt to trade off the name of her famous cousin, and her little book was published in T. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library series under the male pen-name Theodor Hertz-

Garten. Sadly by then Louis's quarrel with Henley over the Nixie story stolen by Fanny had poisoned his relationship with Katharine. There is no mention of *Through the Red-litten Windows* in Louis's letters from Samoa, just terse notes to Katharine's uncle Humphrey Jones, asking to be released from his responsibilities as one of her marriage settlement trustees. In the circumstances, Katharine would not have wished to capitalise on her cousin's name and it is unlikely she even sent him a copy of her book.

But what if Louis had already seen the *Red-litten Windows*, or an early version of it, long before it was published and prior to *Jekyll and Hyde*? Katharine, unlike her cousin or his wife, could not expect to see her work in print within a few weeks of submitting it, as 'Mrs Robert Louis Stevenson' managed to do with *The Nixie*. The *Red-litten Windows* may have languished for years before Unwin accepted it. If so, far from being a reaction to *Jekyll and Hyde*, Katharine's story may have inspired it.

She was certainly there in Bournemouth at the time when the idea for the story came to Louis, just a couple of weeks after their return to Skerryvore, and would recall how 'he one morning told me of a dream which crystallised into his *Jekyll and Hyde*'³. The story of how Louis dreamed the transformation scene in which Jekyll became Hyde under the influence of chemicals would be recorded for posterity in his essay *A Chapter On Dreams*. He would deny all conscious creation of this part of the story and credit it to the 'Brownies' who visited him in his sleep. But for weeks beforehand the Brownies had been fed on a strong and highly imaginative diet of Katharine de Mattos.

She was there when, directly after the dream, Louis poured out the first draft of *Jekyll and Hyde* in just three days, a tour de force totalling more than 30,000 words. One assumes Katharine made herself scarce during the blazing row that followed after Fanny told her husband he had missed the allegorical point of the story and made it too explicit. His stepson, then 18 and known as Lloyd rather than Sammy, was in the room and would recall: 'Stevenson was beside himself with anger. He trembled; his hand shook on the manuscript; he was intolerably chagrined. His voice, bitter and challenging, overrode my mother's in a fury of resentment. Never had I seen him so impassioned, so outraged, and the scene became so painful that I

went away, unable to bear it any longer.⁴

Fanny, too, left the room. Shortly afterwards Louis's bell rang and 'on her return she found him sitting up in bed (the clinical thermometer in his mouth), pointing with a long denunciatory finger to a pile of ashes'⁵. Mr Hyde's version of the story was gone forever. What it contained we will never know, but there is a suggestion that Louis later revived a version of it. Sir Walter Simpson's sister Eve would reveal that following Louis's success as a best-selling author 'some of his boon companions lamented that he was somewhat of a cowardly humbug, for he judiciously kept his Jekyll reputation so much before the innocent public that the Hyde in him, which they knew, was never suspected. They said they could not find a passage in any of his books with even a suggestion of Hyde in it. They persisted that he had so cultivated a pure Dr Jekyll style, that he could not abandon it if he wished, and they, though not all penmen, could write a novel with a more than doubtful plot better than he, the rising author. Their scorn of his Jekyll mask, their boast that they could beat him with his own weapons, put him on his mettle. He avoided their company for some weeks, and laboured sedulously at a novel which would out-Herod Herod.'⁶

As Louis already knew what the first, destroyed, version of Jekyll & Hyde had contained, the production of a work that stunned his friends with its 'outrageous blackness of human depravity'⁷ may have been simply a feat of memory. For safekeeping the manuscript, bound and disguised under the innocuous title of *The History of Mexico*, was given to Henley, who regarded it as a masterpiece. But following his clumsy attempts to stick up for Katharine over Fanny's Nixie plagiarisation, relations with Louis were so strained that the bestselling author of the dangerous masterpiece that could destroy his literary reputation asked his lawyer friend Baxter to demand its return. Henley was desperate to avoid the story's destruction and asked Baxter to suggest a compromise to Louis, removing all traces of authorship: 'Say what you like about Mexico; and be sure to add that from the final copy everything which suggests his hand and style will be carefully eliminated. I doubt not that he will order you to destroy the thing; and great as is my faith in you, I don't see how you can evade the order.'⁸ With this plea, Henley returned the

manuscript to Baxter, who informed Louis: 'The History of Mexico is in my hands and absolutely safe. There are certain things which I cannot allow to die and shall copy without a clue to authorship. The rest shall go burn.'⁹

We do not know what happened to Baxter's copies. Nor do we know what happened to the efforts of Louis's friends, 'school-girl reading in comparison' and bound as a companion volume called The History of Peru. Might a version of the Red-Litten Windows have been among them?

In the autumn of 1885, Katharine and the rest of the household at Skerryvore went about on tiptoe while Louis spent another three days writing the Jekyll and Hyde we have today. He had accepted his wife's criticism, but did not thank her for it - nor did he dedicate the story to her. The verses of dedication seen by the public were for his cousin, and in a private letter he said more: 'Dearest Katharine - Here, on a very little book and accompanied with lame verses, I have put your name. Our kindness is now getting well on in years; it must be nearly of age; and it gets more valuable to me with every time I see you. It is not possible to express any sentiment, and it is not necessary to try, at least between us. You know very well that I love you dearly, and that I always will. I only wish the verses were better, but at least you like the story; and it is sent to you by the one that loves you - Jekyll, and not Hyde.'¹⁰

THE 'kindness' between the cousins, dating back to the boy-girl relationship of their childhood, had been strengthened as they comforted each other in the autumn of 1878. Louis, abandoned by the woman he loved when she went back to her husband in California, could not face returning to Edinburgh. A few days after putting Fanny and her family on the train at Euston, he headed for Paris once more. Meanwhile Katharine, after four years of unhappy marriage, had fled from Sydney de Mattos, taking her two-year-old daughter Snoodie with her to France but leaving one-year-old Richard behind with a nurse. At some point she met up with Louis, for as an old lady she would recall how 'he and I, with my baby daughter, travelled in France to many places. When he started on his journey "with a Donkey" we were there'¹¹.

Katharine was not a liar. So why does nothing Louis wrote make any reference to her presence during the time he spent in Paris before travelling via Le Puy to the

town of Monastier, where he spent three weeks before setting out on his famous travels with a donkey in the Cevennes? Even when writing to Henley, Louis was at pains to announce: 'Here I am alone in this hill village.'¹² Yet he did not just meet up briefly with Katharine, as her marriage settlement trustee, to give her money and make sure she and the child were all right. They travelled together. But such intimate association with a runaway wife, even if she were his cousin, could put Louis in a compromising position if ever it came to a public divorce. While there is no indication that de Mattos ever thought Louis guilty of adultery with Katharine, he did regard his behaviour in the autumn of 1878 as highly improper.

The 'hill village' of Monastier stretched out along a single, narrow street on the road between Le Puy and Vivarais. There was a fountain at which the women filled their pitchers, some old houses with carved doors and pediments and ornamental work in iron, and a handful of humble inns and pensions. For three weeks Louis stayed at a pension run by the Morels, where board and lodging was just three shillings a day 'and the food capital, really good and plenteous, and the wine much stronger and pleasanter than most ordinaires'¹³.

The town's main industry was lace-making, with the women in their white caps and gaudy shawls gossiping together above the noise of the bobbins as they worked in little groups in the street. Although the good people of Monastier could drink and swear like troopers - especially the women - they were also devout Sabbatarians and keen observers of other people's business, so it might have been unwise for Katharine and her little daughter to share lodgings with her cousin. It is more likely they found accommodation elsewhere and met up occasionally with Louis, when he was not engaged in his solo pursuits of writing, sketching and target shooting with a revolver in the surrounding countryside - the occasional wolf still haunted the Cevennes and he did not care to meet one unprepared. In the town, he became a familiar figure to the locals, who greeted him cheerfully but forever mispronounced the outlandish surname of 'Monsieur Steams' and eventually took to calling him 'Monsieur Louis' instead. There is no telling what they surmised as to the identity of the young Scottish woman and child with whom he seemed acquainted.

The wellbeing and safety of another young mother back in Edinburgh was also on

Louis's mind. Gracie Baxter's time had come and her husband was worried. Louis wrote to his friend: 'I am not much given to the praying, but I do heartily supplicate God for you and your wife and your child. May all go better with you, old man, than it has gone with me.'¹⁴ But his tone changed on receiving the news that Edmund Baxter had been delivered safely on September 9: 'Health to the Baxterine! I wish him all that is well, as merry a youth and as pleasant a lot as his father. Damn it, man, I envy you; it makes me think bitterly of my own little ones.'¹⁵

What Louis meant by this is hard to fathom. Unless he was thinking in abstract terms of children he could never have with Fanny, this could only mean illegitimate offspring from a murky past. Or perhaps he believed the disease he had contracted in a moment of folly had wrecked his chances of becoming a father - even if he remained fertile, he might not wish to risk creating a child with congenital syphilis.

As compensation he had the children of his imagination. Throughout 1878, Louis had achieved steady success placing essays with the Cornhill - Crabbed Age and Youth, Aes Triplex, the English Admirals - and with London: A Plea for Gas Lamps, Pan's Pipes and El Dorado. All of these had been seen by Fanny, but not his essay on Child's Play which appeared in the September Cornhill. A letter from Monastier to Henley reveals the complicated route by which he communicated with Sam Osbourne's wife via the husband of her old schoolfriend Ella Hale: 'Please send a copy to Mrs Fanny M. Osbourne, care of Dr Up de Graff, Elmira, New York (no relation of Pho de Graff).'16

At Monastier, Louis worked hard on the remaining Latter-Day Arabian Nights for Henley, and on completing the series of sketches of his native city that would be published in book form as Edinburgh Picturesque Notes. The sights he described were familiar, of course, to Katharine. She would recognise instantly the broad and comely approach to Princes Street, driven through the Calton graveyard by their grandfather, without heed of his infants buried there. Katharine had passed the spot daily in walking into town from her father's house in Regent Terrace, along Waterloo Place and crossing the arch where it 'makes a leap over the gorge of the Low Calton'.

If you cast a glance over the parapet, you look direct into that sunless and disreputable

*confluent of Leith Street; and the same tall houses open upon both thoroughfares. This is only the New Town passing overhead above its own cellars; walking, so to speak, over its own children, as is the way of cities and the human race.*¹⁷

This haunting metaphor may have reminded Katharine of the bones of the little Stevenson uncles and aunts who never reached maturity, swept aside in the name of progress. But she would not have known of a more private association in Louis's mind, nor would she have gone with him at night into that 'sunless and disreputable confluent'¹⁸ by the Leith Street brothels and Collett's shebeen, where some claimed he had met the girl called Kate Drummond. Was the original for Catriona, as an innocent 'child' of 19, 'walked over' by Louis in the Low Calton, or trampled like the poor, frozen corpse of the two-bit whore beneath Francois Villon's feet? In a few years Katharine, as a connoisseur of horror stories, would be among the first to see the same metaphor developed to a still more disturbing level. Jekyll and Hyde might ostensibly be set in London but, to anyone who knew Edinburgh, the picture of the lamplit city by night was unmistakable.

*I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep... All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloo, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running...*¹⁹

In the story Edward Hyde is allowed to go into the back entrance of a house to get money to placate the child's parents, and returns with a cheque signed by Henry Jekyll, who is 'a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of 50, with something of a slyish cast, perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness'²⁰. The description

would fit Tom Stevenson to a T. Likewise the description of Jekyll's house might equally do for the Stevenson home in Heriot Row. From the front, the house was a picture of affluent respectability. To reach the back entrance involved walking several hundred yards down the unbroken Georgian frontage of Howe Street, turning into Northumberland Street and doubling back up a court. From there, the back of 17 Heriot Row looked more like the old town, with rough-hewn stone and a sunless back garden, running down to a long building resembling Dr Jekyll's laboratory. There was a blind, windowless gable and a door, through which Louis could slip back into the house from one of his after-dinner sallies into the lamplit vicious fairy land of Edinburgh's brothel quarters.

Was Louis himself the original for Hyde? Like Henry Jekyll's bestial alter ego, Tom Stevenson's son was his father's physical opposite - a younger, slighter figure whose Bohemian clothes hung loosely on him. While not quite 'pale and dwarfish' like Hyde, the photographs taken in the days before Louis grew a moustache show a face with a disturbing, ghostly aspect. Well might he scrutinise it in the mirror, searching for visual evidence of moral deformity within, like the young man Katharine would describe in the Red-litten Windows, fearful of being taken over by some other personality...

Unable to bear the steady oppression longer, I moved to the mantleshef and gazed at my own reflection. The pale image stared back at me, and I noted its ravages. Was I really to see my own face dwindle before my eyes to make way for those other unknown lineaments? I gazed into the hunted, imploring eyes that seemed to gloom and waver at me. The shadow of something flitted across them. Was the dread change beginning? I looked again. IT HAD COME. THE FACE WAS HIS. WAS IT ALSO MINE? A fearful longing to obliterate the awful duality of the being came upon me...²¹

Louis's fascination with man's dual nature was reawakened at Monastier by letters from Henley, who was keen to capitalise on a dark and curious work that had lain in his friend's bottom drawer for almost a decade. Louis had been just 19 when he wrote Deacon Brodie, a melodrama based on the double life of the man who rubbed shoulders by day with respectable Edinburgh, yet whose nocturnal crimes would lead him to the same fate on the gallows that Chantrelle would suffer a

century later. Now Brodie would walk anew through Louis's imagination as he collaborated by post with Henley to revamp the play they hoped would make them a fortune. During the three weeks at Monastier with Katharine, Louis's imagination worked overtime, squeezing out *Arabian Nights*, roaming the streets of Edinburgh for *Picturesque Notes*, and venturing forth into the Old Town at night with the Deacon, planning a more powerful portrayal of the double life. After several exchanges with his enthusiastic collaborator, Louis concluded: 'It is a very surprising thing, William Ernest Henley, what crowds of real, good dramatic stuff this piece contains.'²²

But Deacon Brodie would have to wait. In the same letter, Louis signed off: 'I start tomorrow morning with Modestine; for fifteen days or so you will hear nothing of me. Yours ever, RLS.'²³ Modestine the donkey was a recent acquisition but for the best part of two years Louis had been planning a journey through the Cevennes as a follow-up to the *Inland Voyage*. Before setting off he wanted to repay Monsieur Goguelat, the local 'Conductor of Roads and Bridges', who had befriended the former trainee lighthouse engineer, taking him with him on his rounds and unerringly finding them good places at which to eat. Now, as a gastronomic thank-you, Louis stood him a slap-up meal at Le Puy: 'I certainly ate more than ever I ate before in my life: a big slice of melon, some ham and jelly, a filet, a helping of gudgeons, the breast and leg of a partridge, some green peas, 8 crayfish, some Mont d'Or cheese, a peach, and a handful of biscuits, macaroons and things. It sounds Gargantuan: it cost 3fr a head...'²⁴

Louis set off on his adventure on September 22 - a Sunday, in mischievous defiance of his father's Sabbatarian beliefs. Perhaps Katharine and little Snoodie turned out at 6am for the pantomime of his departure. Heedless of his unfortunate encounter with a donkey in the beechwoods of Buckinghamshire, Louis had purchased Modestine, 'about the size of a Newfoundland dog... the colour of a mouse; costing 65 francs and a glass of brandy'²⁵ from an old man in Monastier known as Father Adam. No sooner was anything loaded on to this small beast of burden than it promptly slid off onto the ground. In fact there was no real need for a donkey at all, except to provide a companion and talking point for the travelogue.

Instead of travelling light like a modern back-packer, Louis had equipped himself with an enormous sheepskin sleeping bag of his own design, into which he packed all manner of goods from the revolver and a spirit stove to a great bar of black bread, several bars of chocolate and tins of Bologna sausage and a whole leg of cold mutton. This improbable load would persist in slipping off Modestine's back throughout the first day's journey, a rich source of comedy. In the end, he threw away much of the donkey's burden and carried a good deal of the rest in a basket slung on his own shoulder. That Sunday night, after learning to shout "Proot! Proot!" at the donkey and thrash her with a switch, Louis sought out an inn at Bouchet St-Nicholas and found himself sleeping in the same room as a cooper from Alais with his young wife and child: 'I was sufficiently sophisticated to feel abashed. I kept my eyes to myself as much as I could, and I know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, full white and shapely; whether she slept naked or in her slip, I declare I know not; only her arms were bare...'²⁶

All the sexual frustration that had been kept at bay by a month of hard work and long walks with the Conductor of Roads and Bridges now rose to the surface. Physically as well as emotionally, Louis missed Fanny Osbourne. He had little or no knowledge of what she was doing in California - had she made a clean break with her husband, or were they reconciled? Had she returned to the marital bed? He missed the dear head on the pillow and the womanly curves that had once enfolded his boney frame. A Freudian would have a field day with the sublimated feelings Louis laid on Modestine as he whipped and pricked the little female ass with a goad across the Cevennes.

The goad improved the donkey's rate of progress, but not her infuriating tendency to go in circles. Walking around Edinburgh or on the Pentlands, Louis was fit enough to manage ten miles in a long afternoon, but with a donkey to drive on the slopes of the Cevennes he would struggle to cover 120 miles in twelve days of travelling, sometimes from dawn to dusk. The September darkness fell quickly and at one point, just past the tiny hamlet of Fouzilhic, he and Modestine were plunged into pitch black night with the rain falling steadily. Louis looked for a wood in which to camp, using little more than sense of touch to find a branch to tether

Modestine and some matches and the spirit lamp to shed a little light. Having fed the donkey with black bread he crawled into his sleeping sack with its waterproof cart-cloth cover and devoured a dinner of chocolate and Bologna sausage - 'All I had to wash down this obscene mixture was neat cognac'²⁷ - before trying to sleep beneath the patter of the rain, the flap of his fur cap pulled down over his neck and eyes.

This was as dramatic as man's battle with the elements would get during a journey which, apart from the antics of Modestine, was no more eventful than the Inland Voyage. At the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of the Snows he was given a courteous welcome by Father Appolinaris, who 'asked me if I was a Christian; and when he found that I was not, or not after his way, he glossed over it with great good will'²⁸. Father Michael poured Louis a glass of liqueur 'to keep me in patience while my dinner was being got ready'²⁹ and, after a good meal, he was given a clean white room, complete with crucifix and a bust of the late Pope. While at the monastery, Louis composed prayers that would sustain him on his journey, far from those he loved: 'God, who hast given us the love of women and the friendship of men, keep alive in our hearts the sense of old fellowship and tenderness...'³⁰

On learning Louis was a Protestant, two of his fellow *retraitants* - a parish priest and an old soldier - insisted vehemently that he must convert to Catholicism. When he pleaded family affection as an excuse for not abandoning the religion of his forefathers, the priest told him he must convert his Presbyterian family as well. Imagining Tom Stevenson's apopleptic reaction, Louis noted eloquently: 'I think I see my father's face!'³¹

Leaving the monastery the following afternoon, Louis and Modestine pressed on to Chasserades, where at the inn he stayed up talking until late with some railway engineers. Next morning he was awoken with a cry: 'Hey Bourgeois, *il est cinq heures!*'³² Yet his peasant landlady could be forgiven for mistaking an incognito Prince of Bohemia for a middle-class son of Mrs Grundy, and gave him milk and coffee before he set off on an idyllic day's journey in bright sunshine. The long walk through hills and small towns to the bleating of flocks and the tinkling of sheep bells was marred only by a serious conflict with Modestine, who refused to take a short-

cut up a steep hill: 'She turned on her haunches, she backed, she reared, she, whom I had hitherto imagined to be dumb, actually brayed with a loud hoarse flourish like a cock crowing for the dawn... Half a dozen times, the vile brute was nearly over backwards on top of me...'³³

After a late lunch at Bleynard, Louis was keen to begin the climb into the wild and hilly region known as La Lozere, once home to the Protestant Camisard rebels who, with British support, had been a thorn in the flesh to the Catholic King of France. There were obvious parallels with Scotland's Covenanters who had fought and died on the Pentland Hills to uphold the true Kirk against the Episcopalian dictates of Stuart monarchs. Now man and donkey ascended on an ill-marked stony drove road until they reached pine woods where Louis found a streamlet 'to serve me for a water tap' and pitched camp. Tucking his legs into the sheepskin sack, he dined on bread and sausage, followed by chocolate and brandy drunk decorously from a tin with a modicum of water from the crystal stream. As dusk fell, Louis slid down into the sleeping sack and pulled the fur cap over his eyes.

He regained consciousness around 2am, the hour when 'cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night'³⁴. As he lay looking up at the pines and the infinity of the night, the woman he loved, on whom the sun was now setting in California, did not seem quite so far away...

I sat up and made a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured and jewel-like, but neither sharp nor frosty; a faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way; all around me, the black fir-points stood upright and stood still. By the pack saddle I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether and hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, except the indescribable, quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the firs to where, high above, it showed glossy blue-black between the steady sapphires and emeralds of the heavenly bodies. To be like a pedlar, if possible, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I lowered and raised my cigarette, and at each whiff, the inside of my hand was lit up, and became for a moment the

highest light on the landscape. In the whole of my life, I have never tasted a more perfect hour of life...

And yet... I was aware of a strange lack. I could have wished for a companion, to be near by me in the starlight, silent and not moving if you like, but ever near and within touch. For there is, after all, a sort of fellowship more quiet than even solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. The woman whom a man has learned to love wholly, in and out, with utter comprehension, is no longer another person in the troublous sense... there is no need to speak; a look or a word stand for such a world of feeling; and where the two watches go so nicely together, beat for beat, thought for thought, there is no call to conform the minute hands and make an eternal trifling compromise of life.³⁵

Next morning Louis and Modestine continued through the Lozere, where the travelogue could be padded out with the history of the Camisards, researched carefully in Edinburgh beforehand. They arrived on Sunday in Pont de Montvert and by 11am Louis was enjoying an early lunch in a public house. His description of the serving wench was a remarkable combination of Quixotic gallantry coupled with frank appraisal of female flesh. It gives rare insight into his view of women who were not of his own class, the kind of girls who might be entertained as grisettes without being accepted as social or intellectual equals.

What shall I say of Clarisse? She waited the table with a heavy placable nonchalance, like a performing cow; her great grey eyes were steeped in amorous languor; her features, although fleshy, were of an original and accurate design; her mouth had a curl; her nostril spoke of dainty pride; her cheek fell into strange and interesting lines. It was a face capable of strong emotion, and, with training, it offered the promise of delicate sentiment. It seemed pitiful to see so good a model left to country admirers and a country way of thought... Before I left I assured Clarisse of my hearty admiration. She took it like milk, without embarrassment or surprise, merely looking at me steadily with her great eyes; and I felt glad I was going away...³⁶

From Pont de Montvert, man and donkey journeyed along the valley of the Tarn through a landscape of chestnut gardens, planted in terraces on the valley sides. As dusk fell, Louis had no option but to camp on one of these little plateaus. Conscious he was trespassing on some chestnut farmer's property, he imagined himself as a

fugitive Camisard: 'I picked a meal in fear and trembling, half lying down to hide myself from the road.'³⁷

He did not sleep well, disturbed by the shrill songs of frogs, the rustlings of rats, and an avalanche of stones disturbed in the middle of the night by Modestine, tethered on a tiny little plateau above. Louis awoke with the dawn, but not early enough to avoid two peasants eyeing his makeshift camp with suspicion.

The pair, who seemed to be father and son, came slowly up to the plateau, and stood close beside me for some time in silence. The bed was open, and I saw with regret my revolver lying patently disclosed on the blue wool. At last, after they had looked me all over, and the silence had grown laughably embarrassing, the man demanded in what seemed unfriendly tones:

'You have slept here?'

'Yes,' said I. 'As you see.'

'Why?' he asked.

'My faith,' I answered lightly, 'I was tired.'

He next inquired where I was going and what I had had for dinner; and then, without the least transition, 'C'EST BIEN,' he added, 'come along'. And he and his son, without another word, turned off to the next chestnut-tree but one, which they set to pruning.'³⁸

Soon Louis was on the road again and assuaged his feelings of guilt by giving alms to a poor woman. The day brightened, the journey down the valley of chestnuts was picturesque, and by mid-day he was in Florac where, after lunch at an inn, he spent the afternoon at a cafe, chatting with locals.

The following day, he pressed on along the valley of the Mimente. By evening, he was still in cultivated farmland and anxious about finding somewhere to camp. He waited until nightfall to unpack Modestine and resolved to be up with the dawn: 'Still it seemed hard in this great caravanseraï of the green world and tented heaven, to have to tread softly as if there were a sick man in the next room or as if I were a dissipated student stealing home with a passkey.'³⁹

By now Louis had mastered the art of donkey-driving and some of the novelty of his journey was beginning to wear off. At Cassagnas, he dined with a gendarme and a merchant, who informed him it was very unwise to sleep outdoors: "'There are wolves," said he, "and it is known that you are an Englishman - the English have

always long purses; and it might very well enter into someone's head to deal you an ill blow some night."⁴⁰ Apart from the dangers, the trip was also beginning to run out of colourful copy and would need supplementing with more history of the Camisards. Yet as Louis pushed on towards his ultimate destination of Alais, there was one more magic moment.

I saw not a human being all the way, but I heard the voice of a woman singing among the trees. I could barely catch the words, but there was something about a bel amoureux, a handsome lover. I wished I could take up the strain and answer her, as I went along my invisible woodland way... What could I have told her? Little enough; and yet all the heart requires. How the world gives and takes away, and brings sweethearts near only to separate them again into distant and strange lands...⁴¹

Thoughts of Fanny made Louis restless and eager to complete his journey. Letters would be awaiting him, *poste restante* at Alais, and among them might be news from California. Two days later, having reached the inn at Saint-Jean du Gard - 'fifteen miles and a stiff hill in little beyond six hours!⁴² - he decided the adventure was complete. He was now in 'a civilised country of stagecoaches'⁴³ and when the ostler pronounced Modestine unfit for travel, needing at least two days' rest, it was time for the parting of the ways. Louis got just 35 francs for the donkey, making a 30 franc loss, but managed to overcome any regrets: 'Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I had sold her in my turn, I was tempted to follow his example; and being alone with a stage-driver and four or five agreeable young men, I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion.'⁴⁴

At Alais, Louis collected letters and the proofs of his Picturesque Notes, which he corrected and sent back to Seeley's. Henley's letters were full of Deacon Brodie and champing at the bit to get on with the drama. Louis replied indignantly: 'I find you a hell of a fine fellow to complain of my idleness with this cursed Deacon. Idleness! parbleu! I have just finished the Arabians and Edinburgh; I go on a tour on my own two feet, goading a she ass before my face, pass most of the Cevennes, traverse a good distance, write about 24,000 words of Journal; and on my arrival, I find you complaining of my idleness!'⁴⁵

Henley, who longed for adventure and would have loved to travel anywhere on

his own two feet, must have felt a pang of envy but could only sympathise with his friend's troubled love life. In a note to Baxter, Louis confirmed: 'I received the three letters, for which I was glad and heartbroken.'⁴⁶ If these were from California, they did not bring glad tidings. He confided to Henley: 'My news, dear lad, is all cursed. Accurst and in a cursed hour, my letters hie to me. I have need of all my fresh air, and all my courage. I wish God would give me rest a little, before I go hence to be with the dead...'⁴⁷

From Alais, Louis went to Lyons, where he planned to stay a week. He did not give his reasons but may have met up there once more with Katharine and Snoodie. Certainly he rewrote two tableaux from Act I of Deacon Brodie and posted them off to Henley. Louis travelled on to Paris, but Grez now had no attraction. By October 18, Louis was with Bob at Cernay la Ville, the former King of Nosingtonia's new hideaway. Bob was still struggling to get over Belle Osbourne, whose flirtatious charms were now playing havoc with other young men in California. The two cousins could share their sorrows, and concerns about their artistic careers - Louis's on the ascendant, Bob's unfocussed and freewheeling. Inevitably they would also discuss the predicament of Bob's sister, who had no desire to return to her husband.

It seems Katharine's marital difficulties were the reason for Louis going into hiding in London that autumn. He stayed with Henley and his wife, who had moved to another home in Earl's Terrace, Shepherd's Bush. At the end of October, Louis wrote to Baxter from Henley's house: 'I am still in France, please. Please remember that.'⁴⁸ He remained on reasonably good terms with his parents, and must have confided in his mother regarding the Katharine situation, for around the same time he wrote to her: 'Let no one know I am here.'⁴⁹

Louis was anxious no word of his whereabouts should reach Sydney de Mattos in London, nor de Mattos's lawyers. He did not want to be dragged into a messy divorce case, particularly since he might soon become involved in other divorce proceedings in California. For this he would need plenty of money. He asked Baxter to sell a debenture and 'chunk the money into the bank on deposit' where it would be ready to hand, as 'I am only in great suspense from almost the most distressing news possible, and I wish to be ready in an emergency...'⁵⁰

On arriving in San Francisco, Fanny, Belle and Sammy had returned to the house in Oakland. Until recently it had been occupied by Sam's latest mistress, a cheap actress, who was moved out shortly before Mrs Osbourne's arrival. Signs of the woman's influence were evident everywhere - except in Hervey's bedroom, which Sam had insisted should be kept just as the little boy left it. It remained like a constant reproach, and simply looking into that room conjured up visions of hell for Fanny as she remembered her dying son: 'Blood, mama...'

Yet life on the surface returned to normal, with Sam coming home at weekends but spending weeknights in his mistress's bed in San Francisco. Belle returned to her art studies with Virgil Williams, who was impressed by the progress she had made in Paris, while ten-year-old Sammy went back to school and rode his pony. For his mother, however, it seemed three years in Bohemia had brought nothing, except that awful, aching sense of responsibility for the death of her son. Her sister Nellie came across from Indiana to keep her company and give moral support, but it was not enough to save a despairing woman. As the realisation of the empty, loveless years that lay ahead sank in, Fanny slipped into mental breakdown. Nobody knows what letters she sent to Louis via Baxter, but it would seem they made less and less sense and could only cause him to fear for her sanity. No wonder he was scraping together all the cash he could to go to her rescue, yet no summons came. He wrote to Baxter: 'I don't know what is going to become of me. I don't know what I ought to do; and I have not a notion what I want to do.'⁵¹

After two weeks with the Henleys, working on Deacon Brodie and well looked after by Anna, Louis grew restless and set off for Cambridge, where Colvin had offered him the use of his rooms at Trinity College. On the way, at Ware in Hertfordshire, he posted a letter home:

'My dear Mother, I got your kind letter this morning and it made me feel much ashamed of myself... The world is not such a bad place after all; only there are cruel moments in it, when one wants all one's courage to hold oneself together... I wish you and my father a thousand good wishes, and I wish I could give them in person. I really feel as if I were born again today; and your nice letter has had a large share in my regeneration.'⁵²

He signed off the letter with 'many happy returns of the day', for his parents would receive it on his 28th birthday. At 28, what had Robert Louis Stevenson achieved? Instead of settling down to the profession of law in Edinburgh, he spent long months away from home, yet still relied on his father to bankroll his Bohemian lifestyle. At great intellectual effort he had managed to write a few essays of sufficiently high standard to appear in national publications. After years of agonising, his *Gospel According to Walt Whitman* had at last made it into print in the *New Quarterly*. The groundbreaking essay that should have been dynamite, sending Mrs Grundy into hysterics, ended up as the sort of thing his mother liked to read. 'I am glad of that,' he told her, much to his private chagrin. 'It gives great satisfaction generally I hear; people think it adequate and, in the matter of delicacy, adroit.'⁵³

Had it come to this? Had the free Bohemian who once sneered between two puffs of smoke and declared 'give me the publican and harlot', who despised common bankers and dared make love to another man's wife, been reduced to a writer so adequate and mindful of delicacy that his work could be left lying in Mrs Grundy's drawing room without causing the slightest offence? As an essayist, Louis had developed a polished style but quite often there was little substance. He had yet to realise that the other kind of writing which seemed to pour out of him with considerably less effort was where his strength as an artist lay. He tossed off the *Arabian Nights* with far less labour than he spent on *Walt Whitman*, regarding the stories as little more than newspaper fodder for London, yet they were strikingly original works of imagination.

Louis had continued his development as a writer of short stories by turning a tale he had been told by two impoverished strolling players at Grez into *Leon Berthelini's Guitar*, now running in the columns of *London* throughout November. In true Bohemian spirit, he would repay the couple by sending them the fee. Meanwhile, he had a longer story, *The Pavilion on the Links*, already on the stocks for future serialisation. Also that month, Seeley would publish his Edinburgh articles in book form, giving his parents a second slim volume to show proudly to Heriot Row visitors along with *An Inland Voyage*.

The Edinburgh book came illustrated with drawings by W.E. Lockhart and Sam Bough, who around the time of Chantrelle's trial had climbed the Pentlands above Swanston to do a sketch for the final plate, Distant View of Edinburgh. Louis, who was at Swanston at the time, probably went up the hill with him. Already Bough was an ill man and knew he was dying, confiding to Mary Tait that he would not see the year out. Early in November, the woman who looked after his Hill Street studio found him there in a bad way, declaring: 'I'm done. I'll never be here again.'⁵⁴ For two weeks Bough suffered at the big house in Jordan Lane, tended by his 'damned saucy old woman', before breathing his last on November 19. His funeral in the rain brought 16 mourning coaches and 14 private carriages to the Dean Cemetery as Edinburgh mourned the loss of a most gifted, adopted prodigal son, his Bohemian excesses now safely in the past. When the Wild Man of Jordan Lane died, Louis was staying in Colvin's lodgings at Cambridge, unable to work: 'I can only write ditch-water.'⁵⁵ His private feelings on the death of his old drinking partner are unrecorded but must have given him pause for thought - would he, too, one day be bundled discreetly into an Edinburgh grave, his early fire and youthful indiscretions all charitably buried with him?

Louis was determined that the essence of Edinburgh's most bold and colourful Bohemian should be preserved for posterity. Immediately he set about writing an obituary of the 57-year-old artist which appeared on November 30 in the Academy magazine:

Spectacled, burly in his rough clothes, with his solid, strong, and somewhat common gait, his was a figure that commanded notice even in the street. He affected rude and levelling manners; his geniality was formidable, above all for those whom he considered too fine for their company; and he delivered jests from the shoulder like buffets. He loved to put himself in opposition, to make startling, and even brutal speeches, and trample proprieties under foot. But this, although it troubled the amenities of his relations, was no more than a husk, an outer man, partly of habit, partly of affectation; and inside the burr there was a man of warm feelings, notable powers of mind, and much culture...

Perhaps he was a little disappointed with himself, and partly because he loathed fustian, partly because he did not succeed in living consistently up to the better and more beautiful

qualities of his nature, he did himself injustice in the world, and paraded his worst qualities with something like a swagger... It was only when you got him alone, or when, in company, something occurred to call up a generous contempt, that you became clearly aware of his sterling, upright and human character...

It was a sight to see him attack a sketch, peering boldly through his spectacles and, with somewhat tremulous fingers, flooding the page with colour; for a moment it was an indescribable hurly-burly, and then chaos would become ordered and you would see a speaking transcript: his method was an act of dashing conduct like the capture of a fort in war. I have seen one of these sketches in particular, a night piece on a headland, where the atmosphere of the tempest, the darkness and the mingled spray and rain, are conveyed with remarkable truth and force. It was painted to hang near a Turner; and in answer to some words of praise - 'Yes, lad,' said he, 'I wasn't going to look like a fool beside the old man.'⁵⁶

From Cambridge, Louis had attempted a walking tour along the river Stour, writing to Henley: 'Could you kindly send me in a parcel, grrrande vitesssse, my gaiters, my velveteen country trousers, which are both lying out, and three pairs of those adorable thick socks? Grrrrrrrande vitesse?'⁵⁷ But the walk was abandoned within two days: 'My heel gave way and hurt horrid, and it was dull, cold and not singularly pretty on the road.'⁵⁸ Louis returned to London and would remain there another month, staying with the Henleys but spending every morning at the Savile Club, where he would rough out his own sections of Deacon Brodie before joining Henley mid-afternoon to work on the fair copy. Louis could not afford to stay at the club when he was anxious to build up a fund of £400 in case of a call to America. He was still involved in Katharine's affairs, although now on (barely civil) speaking terms with her husband, who lived next door to Aunt Alan in St Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea. Louis now found himself acting as an intermediary between de Mattos and Katharine, still with Snodie in France but missing her baby, Richard.

'I have found out what was the matter with Katharine,' Louis informed Baxter, in the brusque, slightly patronising tone he often used when talking of his cousin to his friends. 'It was her kid, about which, honestly I had forgot. The kid, if you report favourably of our position, shall be forwarded afterwards.'⁵⁹ It seems de Mattos was prepared to let Katharine have Richard, but not to appear compliant in her

desertion. In a curious letter to Baxter, Louis outlined a solution:

'I propose the husband to say:

(1) That he had met Katharine in town, thought her looking ill and packed her to the country.

(2) After a few days, that he believed she couldn't stand this excitement and had packed her abroad.

Then, as it seems to me, he could send the child after; and, sticking to the same story, refuse her address. This system I shall develop to the husband tonight...'⁶⁰

Katharine, meanwhile, was running short of funds, for which de Mattos gave Louis a rocket, telegraphing Baxter on November 23: 'Lewis grossly careless. Send ten pounds to Katharine D.M. to poste restante Paris to avoid subpoena.' This drew an indignant response from Louis, who told Baxter: 'If people, out of a singular futile delicacy, delay writing for money till they are cleaned out, and if I, through no possible fault of mine, do not receive the letter for two days, I question the right of anyone to telegraph in the terms communicated by you... Our man makes about as much as I do, has more to do with this complication, and has had no heavier load upon his shoulders. If it would do anything else but bring trouble on his wife, I should write myself and advertise him of my views... At any rate, honour no more telegrams from him... On the other hand, should Katharine (separately) ask an advance, do not hesitate to honour it...'⁶¹

It is not clear why Louis should be personally liable for Katharine's finances, rather than simply as a trustee of her money. Certainly de Mattos seems to have held him in some way responsible for Katharine's departure. The prospect of Richard being despatched to Paris with a nurse gives cause for concern in the light of poor Hervey Osbourne's fate when dragged into a similar Bohemian flight from the misery of an unhappy marriage. At a time when Katharine may have been in fragile mental health, Louis's attitude does seem a little blasé. Eventually she would return to de Mattos, living opposite her mother in Chelsea and taking in lodgers to help feed the family - with three servants to do the housework.

Progress on Deacon Brodie was slow, although it did give Louis an excuse for postponing his return to Edinburgh. By letter he continued to exhort Baxter to rake in

all funds owing, ready for a transatlantic crossing. At the start of December he told his friend exultantly: 'I HAD GOOD NEWS FROM AMERICA. Glory Halleluiah.'⁶² Perhaps Fanny had shaken off her depression for long enough to write a coherent letter, but any evidence that she found life with her husband intolerable would give Louis reason to hope.

On December 21, he arrived back in Edinburgh, the Deacon still incomplete. Rather than risk straining relations any further with his parents, he felt it best to be home for Christmas. When the carriages of his mother's social callers drew up in Heriot Row, Maggie Stevenson at last had a son who could be shown off and congratulated as the author of *Edinburgh Picturesque Notes*. For Louis, there could be joyous reunions with the married Baxter, now proudly showing off his new son, and with poor Ferrier. The unsuccessful author of *Mottiscliffe* had lost his mother at the end of June and now all the family he had was his sisters and brother, whose affections he did his best to alienate through his continuing penchant for the bottle. That Christmas Ferrier appeared at times to have taken too much of the festive spirit, but to Louis he remained his charming, courteous self, always willing to listen to his friend's troubles without dwelling on his own.

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¹ Edgar Allan Poe, *The Haunted Palace*.

² 'Theodor Hertz-Garten' (Katharine de Mattos), *Through The Red-litten Windows*, Chap II.

³ Katharine de Mattos, *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson*, ed. Rosaline Masson.

⁴ Lloyd Osbourne, *An Intimate Portrait of RLS*, Stevenson at Thirty-seven.

⁵ Graham Balfour, *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, Chap XI.

⁶ Eve Blantyre Simpson, *Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days*.

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ WE Henley to Charles Baxter, Chiswick, London, April 25, 1888. Yale 2078, MS Yale.

⁹ Charles Baxter to RLS, Edinburgh, April 27, 1888. Yale 2079, MS Yale.

¹⁰ RLS to Katharine de Mattos, Skerryvore, Bournemouth, January 1, 1886. Yale 1507.

¹¹ Katharine de Mattos, *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson*, ed. Rosaline Masson.

¹² RLS to WE Henley, Le Monastier, Early September, 1878. Yale 550, MS National Library of Scotland.

¹³ RLS to his Mother, Chez Morel, Le Monastier, September 1878. Yale 558. Facsimile Sotheby Catalogue, New York, June 7, 1988.

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- ¹⁴ RLS to Charles Baxter, Le Monastier, September 9, 1878. Yale 556, MS Princeton.
- ¹⁵ RLS to Charles Baxter, Le Monastier, September 18, 1878. Yale 564, MS Yale.
- ¹⁶ RLS to WE Henley, Le Monastier, September 1878. Yale 561, MS Writers Museum, Edinburgh.
- ¹⁷ RLS, Edinburgh Picturesque Notes, Chapter VI.
- ¹⁸ Ibid.
- ¹⁹ RLS, Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, Story Of The Door.
- ²⁰ RLS, Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, Dr Jekyll was Quite at Ease.
- ²¹ 'Theodor Hertz-Garten' (Katharine de Mattos), Through The Red-litten Windows, Chapter IV.
- ²² RLS to WE Henley, Le Monastier, September 21, 1878. Yale 568, MS Writers Museum, Edinburgh.
- ²³ Ibid.
- ²⁴ RLS to WE Henley, Le Monastier, September 14, 1878. Yale 562, MS Edinburgh.
- ²⁵ RLS to Charles Baxter, Le Monastier, September 19, 1878. Yale 566, MS Yale.
- ²⁶ RLS, The Cevennes Journal (Mainstream, 1978), I Have A Goad.
- ²⁷ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, A Camp In The Dark.
- ²⁸ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, Father Apollinaris.
- ²⁹ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, The Monks.
- ³⁰ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, The Monks, A Prayer For Friends.
- ³¹ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, The Boarders.
- ³² RLS, The Cevennes Journal, Across The Goulet.
- ³³ Ibid.
- ³⁴ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, A Night Among The Pines.
- ³⁵ Ibid.
- ³⁶ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, Pont de Montvert.
- ³⁷ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, In The Valley Of The Tarn.
- ³⁸ Ibid.
- ³⁹ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, In The Valley Of The Mimente.
- ⁴⁰ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, The Heart Of The Country.
- ⁴¹ Ibid.
- ⁴² RLS, The Cevennes Journal, The Last Day.
- ⁴³ RLS, The Cevennes Journal, Farewell Modestine!
- ⁴⁴ RLS, Ibid.
- ⁴⁵ RLS to WE Henley, Alais, October 4, 1878. Yale 570, MS National Library of Scotland.
- ⁴⁶ RLS to Charles Baxter, Alais, October 5, 1878. Yale 573, MS Yale.
- ⁴⁷ RLS to WE Henley, Alais, October 4, 1878. Yale 570, MS National Library of Scotland.
- ⁴⁸ RLS to Charles Baxter, London, late October, 1878. Yale 577, MS Princeton.
- ⁴⁹ RLS to his Mother, London, October 30, 1878. Yale 579, MS Bradford Brinton Memorial Ranch, Wyoming.
- ⁵⁰ RLS to Charles Baxter, London, October 28, 1878. Yale 578, MS Yale.
- ⁵¹ Ibid.
- ⁵² RLS to his Mother, Ware, Hertfordshire, November 12, 1878. Yale 580, Text copy Yale.
- ⁵³ Ibid.
- ⁵⁴ Gil and Pat Hitchon, Sam Bough, RSA, The Rivers in Bohemia.
- ⁵⁵ RLS to WE Henley, Trinity College, Cambridge, November 17, 1878. Yale 582.
- ⁵⁶ RLS, Sam Bough, Academy, November 30, 1878.
- ⁵⁷ RLS to WE Henley, Cambridge, November 19, 1878. Yale 583, MS National Library of Scotland.
- ⁵⁸ RLS to his Mother, Savile Club, London, November 25, 1878. Yale 585, MS Yale.
- ⁵⁹ RLS to Charles Baxter, Savile Club, London, late November, 1878. Yale 586, MS Yale.
- ⁶⁰ Ibid.
- ⁶¹ RLS to Charles Baxter, Savile Club, London, November 29, 1878. Yale 587, MS Yale.
- ⁶² RLS to Charles Baxter, Savile Club, London, early December, 1878. Yale 588, MS Yale.