

1985

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Recommended Citation

Simpson, K. G. (1985) "Realism and Romance: Stevenson and Scottish Values," *Studies in Scottish Literature*: Vol. 20: Iss. 1.

Available at: <https://scholarcommons.sc.edu/ssl/vol20/iss1/16>

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K.G. Simpson

Realism and Romance:
Stevenson and Scottish Values



On 5 December 1892 Robert Louis Stevenson wrote as follows to Henry James:

You don't know what news is, nor what politics, nor what the life of man, till you see it on so small a scale and with your own liberty on the board for stake. I would not have missed it for much. And anxious friends beg me to stay at home and study human nature in Brompton drawing-rooms! *Farceurs!* And anyway you know that such is not my talent. I could never be induced to take the faintest interest in Brompton *qua* Brompton or a drawing-room *qua* a drawing-room. I am an Epick Writer with a k to it, but without the necessary genius.¹

Man of action and "Epick Writer" were compensatory roles for Stevenson the self-conscious, indeed sometimes self-agonizing, artist. Stevenson exemplifies the fragmentation of the Scottish personality (at least from the eighteenth century onwards) into substitute selves or roles. Stevenson discerned this in Burns, noting that Burns "liked dressing up . . . for its own sake."² He

might have said the same of himself. Edwin Muir identified in Stevenson a "boyish irresponsibility," which he claimed Stevenson shares with Scott, as one of the direct effects of the Calvinist influence on Scottish Literature. Muir wrote that

in a country whose culture is almost exclusively religious, conscience finally becomes a matter concerned with only two spheres, the theological and the crudely material. There is no soil on which an artistic or imaginative conscience can grow, and no function for the novelist therefore except that of a public entertainer.

Stevenson can be understood in terms of the artistic duality which this produces.

Furthermore, for Muir, "Scotland was not only a religious, it was also a puritanical country, and not only puritanical, but ruled by a puritanism which had withered into a dry gentility." Such an ambience militates against undistorted imaginative expression, but as Muir suggested, "what distinguishes Stevenson Indeed, throughout his life Stevenson was struggling against deeply rooted racial and cultural forces which discouraged imaginative individualism. At the start of his essay, "Victor Hugo's Romances," Stevenson writes as follows:

Men who are in any way typical of a stage of progress may be compared more justly to the hand upon the dial of the clock, which continues to advance as it indicates, than to the stationary milestone which is only the measure of what is past. The movement is not arrested. That significant something by which the work of such a man differs from that of his predecessors, goes on disengaging itself and becoming more and more articulate and cognisable.⁴

Underlying this is a longing for what might have been, had his own progress not been restricted by the ineluctable influence of Scottish values.

It might be argued that the ultimate mark of greatness resides in the capacity of the writer to rise above such restraints as derive from racial or cultural identity. Stevenson has, undeniably, many great qualities—dedication to his art, powerful

imaginative vision, stylistic expertise and linguistic vitality, and an awareness of the distinct nature of the fictional genre which was equalled in his day only by Henry James. Yet what went wrong? What prevented the full development of such potential genius?

Part, possibly a large part, of the answer may be found in the Scottish character and Scottish values. In particular, the rigidity and the joylessness of Scottish Presbyterianism account for much. It was the Scot in Stevenson that led him to write: "We cannot get the sun into our pictures, nor the abstract right (if there be such a thing) into our books."⁵ He could acknowledge, too, that "about the very cradle of the Scot there goes a hum of metaphysical divinity."⁶ Like many Scots, Stevenson experienced a sense of racial and cultural insecurity and in particular a feeling that to write in standard English was to sever oneself from the endemic traditions of one's race. (This is reflected in *Weir of Hermiston* in the way in which, almost invariably, in the exchanges between Archie and Hermiston and Archie and Kirstie the use of standard English by the former and the Scots idiom by the latter is to Archie's disadvantage). Also, Stevenson exemplifies the marked duality in the Scottish character, and, in particular, the discrepancy between ideal and actual. Above all, he evinces an unusually strong awareness of this discrepancy.

Writing of Victor Hugo, Stevenson spoke of the need to consider the complete *oeuvre* of a writer in order "to get hold of what underlies the whole of them—of that spinal marrow of significance that unites the work of his life into something organic and rational."⁷ In his own case that "spinal marrow" is one of division, conflict, disjunction. This has been widely recognized by critics. James noted "complications" in Stevenson, in effect a set of paradoxical qualities or circumstances whereby he was "a shameless Bohemian haunted with duty."⁸ The reflection of this dualism in Stevenson's writing led Edwin Muir to regard him as "both man of genius and charming poseur, exploiting his attraction."⁹ V.S. Pritchett noted that in "the interplay of the gay, the eager, the malign and the Calvinist's love of dispute . . . preacher and actor change clothes."¹⁰ The principal significance of this in literary terms is in the extent to which Stevenson feels, and his writing reflects, conflicting impulses—in the separate directions of realism and romance.

These correspond closely to a recognition of the moral responsibilities of the writer co-existing, in understandable unease, with a longing to escape to an imaginative realm where the ethical dimension of the literary is minimized, if not removed entirely.

Habitually this formulates itself in Stevenson into the polarization of the individual will and destiny. In the following the literary implications of such polarization become clear:

Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal of life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply non-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.¹¹

This is quintessential Stevenson. Calvinist predetermination minimizes the significance of the individual as moral agent. For Stevenson, "It is certain we all think too much of sin To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto."¹²

The implications for the writer are clear: if individual moral choice is largely illusory then the concern of the writer of tales is to show man as unable to shape his destiny but coping—heroically hopefully—with Fate's disposition. The medium for the expression of this is verse or tale, not drama whose innate moral dimension renders it for Stevenson incapable of such a function (this is illuminating in view of the paucity of Scottish drama). Thus in Stevenson the conflicting demands of realism and romance are the correlatives of the inner conflict between duty and will (to a large extent the theme of *Weir of Hermiston*). Paradoxically, the will is responsible for the creation of the substitute world of the imagination in which man is not agent but, at best, *cope*s.

The extent to which the deep division in Stevenson is reflected in the contending demands of realism and romance is striking. On the one hand, the allegiance to fact is strong: while at work on *St. Ives* and *Weir* Stevenson sought details of life in 1814, when both were to be set.¹³ The quest for background knowledge took him to Fountainhall's *Decisions of the Lords of Council*. To James he described his experience in a way that indicates very clearly the nature and the extent of the artistic duality within him. He wrote:

Fountainhall is prime, two big folio volumes, and all dreary, and all true, and all as terse as an obituary; and about one interesting fact on an average in twenty pages, and ten of them unintelligible for technicalities. There's literature, if you like! It feeds; it falls about you genuine like rain. Rain: nobody has done justice to rain in literature yet: surely a subject for a Scot. But then you can't do rain in that ledger-book style that I am trying for—or between a ledger-book and an old ballad. How to get over, how to escape from, the besotting particularity of fiction. "Roland approached the house; it had green doors and window blinds; and there was a scraper on the upper step." To hell with Roland and the scraper!¹⁴

There is an ambivalence here which recurs throughout his critical writing. Stevenson was to claim: "With all my romance, I am a realist and a prosaist, and a most fanatical lover of plain physical sensations plainly and expressly rendered; hence my perils."¹⁵

Yet at the same time Stevenson took account of what he called the "odd suicide of one branch of the realists"¹⁶ (Zola, Daudet), and, eschewing Naturalism, stressed that it was incumbent on the writer to select and shape.

In the same essay, however, he observed:

. . . we of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, breathing as we do the intellectual atmosphere of our age, are more apt to err upon the side of realism than to sin in quest of the ideal. Upon that theory it may be well to watch and correct our own decisions, always holding back the hand from the least appearance of irrelevant dexterity, and resolutely fixed to begin no work that is not philosophical, passionate, dignified, happily mirthful, or at the last and least, romantic in design.¹⁷

This collocation of the "philosophical" and the "mirthful" or "romantic" is telling: for Stevenson the ideal resides habitually in the realms of romance. And it is a mark of the Calvinist legacy of predetermination that it does so. Likewise, in "A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's" Stevenson stated categorically: "this is the particular crown and triumph of the artist—not to be true merely, but to be lovable; not simply to convince, but to enchant."¹⁸ This doctrine finds its definitive statement in its most extreme form in "A Note on Realism" in the definition of "the one excuse and breath of art—charm."¹⁹

The emphasis upon incident as the heart of romance is the mark of the frustrated man of action. Physical action, rather than mental state or emotional response, is the essence of romance. The avoidance of emotion explains the relegation of woman to a minor role. In Stevenson's eyes, "this is a poison bad world for the romancer, this Anglo-Saxon world; I usually get out of it by not having any women in it at all."²⁰ In light of the influence of Scottish values the insistence on the importance of incident as the basis of identification with an alternative self becomes the more readily understood. Stevenson claimed:

The desire for knowledge is not more deeply seated than this demand for fit and striking incident . . . the great creative writer shows us the realisation and the apotheosis of the day-dreams of common men. His stories may be

nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longing of the reader, and to obey the ideal laws of the day-dream.²¹

For Stevenson, "fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life."²² Prior to *Weir*, and with the partial exception of *The Master of Ballantrae*, Stevenson's fictional writing would endorse to a large extent his claim that "it is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve."²³

The Calvinist emphasis on predetermination is reductive of individualism. Stevenson's response is to create an alternative and largely spurious individualism which expresses itself through participation in the incidents of romance (and this in itself may be related to Scotland's failure to experience high Romanticism's fullest flowering into an idealistic individualism). It is precisely this that accounts for Stevenson's writing that

The obvious is not of necessity the normal; fashion rules and deforms; the majority fall tamely into the contemporary shape, and thus attain, in the eyes of the true observer, only a higher power of insignificance; and the danger is lest, in seeking to draw the normal, a man should draw the null, and write the novel of society instead of the romance of man.²⁴

As this suggests, for Stevenson the normal is not merely the average and the dull: it is the predetermined and unalterable; hence the escape into the alternative world of romance where incident is all. Thus the simultaneous working on *St. Ives* and *Weir* represent, by and large, the two sides of Stevenson. He could demean thus the achievement of *St. Ives* while candidly acknowledging the enjoyment, and indeed the therapeutic function, of writing it:

St. Ives is nothing; it is in no style in particular, a tissue of adventures, the central characters not very well done, no philosophic pith under the yarn; and, in short, if people will read it, that's all I ask; and if they won't, damn them! I like doing it though; and if you ask me why! After that I am on *Weir of Hermiston* and *Heathercat*, two Scotch

stories, which will either be something different, or I shall have failed.²⁵

Repeatedly Stevenson tried to reconcile or, when he failed in this, even to suppress, the conflicting demands of realism and romance. "All representative art, which can be said to live, is both realistic and ideal," he wrote [in "A Note on Realism"], "and the realism about which we quarrel is a matter purely of externals."²⁶ In the same essay he contended that realism is essentially a matter of technique. Stevenson wrote:

This question of realism, let it then be clearly understood, regards not in the least degree the fundamental truth, but only the technical method, of a work of art. Be as ideal or as abstract as you please, you will be none the less veracious; but if you be weak, you run the risk of being tedious and inexpressive; and if you be very strong and honest, you may chance upon a masterpiece.²⁷

Such emphasis on style and technique is characteristic of Stevenson, and it too is explicable at least in part in terms of the background of Scottish values. In the eighteenth century the Scottish writer who wished to avoid parochialism had to master standard English as his written medium. In the post-Union crisis of identity, style provided the Scottish writer with an abiding point of reference, taking the place of those cultural or racial features which had previously helped to characterize the Scottish writer. In Stevenson in particular, a reaction against Calvinist determinism and utilitarianism expressed itself as a compensatory commitment to style and technique. Stevenson wrote:

An art is the very gist of life; it grows with you; you will never weary of an art at which you fervently and superstitiously labour . . . forget the world in a technical trifle . . . In your own art bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile; get to love technical processes; to glory in technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can do. Then when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and

copious.²⁸

As Muir pointed out, style remains the one province where Stevenson "could assert his independence and vindicate his conscience."²⁹ It is principally because Stevenson is a Scot that style has to fulfill this function for him.

A price had to be paid, though, and it was a considerable one. That Stevenson was well aware of the limitations of outright commitment to style is reflected perhaps by those occasions on which he demeans his achievements. To Baxter he wrote on 19 July 1893: "it is strange, I must seem to you to blaze in a Birmingham prosperity and happiness; and to myself I seem a failure."³⁰ The following extract from a letter to Colvin in the October prior to his death exemplifies the depression to which he was always prone:

I am pretty near useless in literature . . . [My skill] was a very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry I am a fictitious article, and have long known it. I am read by journalists, by my fellow-novelists, and by boys I cannot take myself seriously as an artist; the limitations are so obvious.³¹

As Edwin Muir observed,

. . . style and content cannot be divorced, and his style suffered in two ways. It was too uniformly literary, and, his function being after all that of a pleasure maker, it was too anxiously pleasing. Where it displeases us is by trying to please too much.³²

Weir warrants at least partial exemption from this censure. The style of *Weir* is not uniformly literary; rather, there is careful and often subtly effective modulation of styles. Of his stylistic achievement in *The Ebb-Tide* Stevenson commented: "It gives me great hope, as I see that I *can* work in that constipated, mosaic manner, which is what I have to do just now with *Weir of Hermiston*."³³ This lends substance to V.S. Pritchett's stressing the need to "distinguish between the purely mannered, and that ingrained love of the devious and elaborate which comes

naturally from the rich and compressed scruples of the Scottish character and from the tribal ironies of Scottish religious history."³⁴ Both of these elements may be discerned in *Weir*. In it Stevenson achieves a measure of success, especially in the speech of Kirstie and Hermiston, in transferring the expressive energy of Scots idiom into prose fiction. Individual expressiveness is endemic in the tradition of Scottish life, as Stevenson noted.³⁵ Where there is mannered writing or straining after effect in *Weir* it can often be attributed to the narrator, and thus regarded as a further instance of the limitations of individual human judgment.

Paradoxically, as Stevenson, through his commitment to style, expressed and emphasized self, so theme and technique unite habitually to render an essentially reductive view of man. This is reflected in a comparably reductive view of the role of character in fiction. The corollary is that much is made of place or setting as the location of incident. The following extract from "A Gossip on Romance" makes this explicit:

One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant arbour puts it in our mind to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; and when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly.³⁶

This is central to Stevenson in two major respects. Most obviously, there is the habitual relegation of character to an inferior status to that of incident. This is true of almost all

Stevenson's imaginative writing prior to *Weir*, and it is a recurrent feature of his critical writing.³⁷ And, secondly, the importance of background is accentuated by the Scottish element in that the prominence of Providence diverts attention from the characters.

By the end of this essay Stevenson had arrived at the following definition of the function of art:

Art . . . besides helping [men] to feel more intensely those restricted personal interests which are patent to all . . . awakes in them some consciousness of those more general relations that are so strangely invisible to the average man in ordinary moods. It helps to keep man in his place in nature, and, above all, it helps him to understand more intelligently the responsibilities of his place in society.³⁸

The evidence of his fiction suggests that for Stevenson man's place was severely circumscribed, and this view was largely coloured by the Calvinist heritage. Part of Stevenson is repelled by Hermiston's pronouncement to his son—"Na, there's no room for splairgers under the fower quarters of John Calvin"—while part of him, from which, try as he might, he could never escape, tacitly endorses it. With justification, Leslie Fiedler regards the father-son relationship in *Weir* in terms of the conflict of artist and bourgeois.³⁹ Precisely this conflict was acted and re-enacted within Stevenson himself. Noting that "the subtly repulsive figure of Frank Innes sums up the whole tribe" (of time-servers and ingratiating windbags in Stevenson's tales), Edwin Muir asks: "Is it fanciful to see in those portraits a distorted reflection of Stevenson the teller of time-serving tales in the mind of Stevenson the serious artist and the Calvinist?"⁴⁰

The Calvinist influence helps explain the relative disinclination of Scottish writers to engage in psychological investigation of characters as distinct individuals. Given the Calvinist emphasis on the predetermination of human action there is little incentive to consider motivation of behavior. One effect of this is that Stevenson's view of Romanticism, and Romantic individualism in particular, is a distorted one. Significantly, the exemplar of the Romantic spirit in fiction is, for Stevenson, Scott. He contrasts Scott with Fielding in a way that is almost an inversion of the truth:

Fielding tells us as much as he thought necessary to account for the actions of his creatures; he thought that each of these actions could be decomposed on the spot into a few simple personal elements, as we decompose a force on a question of abstract dynamics. The larger motives are all unknown to him; he had not understood that the nature of landscape or the spirit of the times could be anything in a story; and so, naturally and rightly, he said nothing about them. But Scott's instinct, the instinct of the man of an age profoundly different, taught him otherwise; and in his work the individual characters begin to occupy a comparatively small proportion of that canvas in which armies manoeuvre and great hills pile themselves on each other's shoulders. Fielding's characters were always great to the full stature of a perfectly arbitrary will. Already in Scott we begin to have a sense of the subtle influences that moderate and qualify a man's personality; that personality is no longer thrown out in unnatural isolation, but is resumed into its place in the constitution of things⁴¹

What is striking about this is the fact that Stevenson explains the difference between Fielding and Scott purely in terms of the contrasting values of their ages: there is no recognition of cultural or racial differences. In the novels of both Fielding and Scott Providence bulks large, but the Providence of the former is finally benign (at least to most of those who matter to the author), whereas Scott's is that Providence before which individuality either pales into the nondescript or else, all too readily, becomes caricature. It is noteworthy that Stevenson goes on to claim that "it is but natural that one of the chief advances that Hugo has made upon Scott is an advance in self-consciousness There never was artist much more unconscious than Scott."⁴² This overlooks the fact that part of Scott's answer to self-consciousness was the grand gesture. It is perhaps understandable that it does so: gesturing and self-consciousness cohabit in distinct unease within Stevenson himself.

A certain ambivalence with regards to character persists throughout Stevenson's theoretical writing, suggesting that he longed to escape from the Scottish influence. The "orthodox" view finds expression thus in "Some Gentlemen in Fiction":

[Characters] are only strings of words and parts of books; they dwell in, they belong to, literature; convention, technical artifice, technical gusto, the mechanical necessities of the art, these are the flesh and blood with which they are invested.⁴³

Why this view of character is adopted is clarified by Stevenson's contrasting of Hugo's *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* and *Robinson Crusoe*. He designates the latter "this other of the old days before art had learned to occupy itself with what lies outside of human will"; while in Hugo's romance "we have elemental forces occupying nearly as large a place, playing (so to speak) nearly as important a role as the man, Gilliat, who opposes and overcomes them." Within a few sentences, however, Stevenson has conceded, uncharacteristically, that for Hugo "man is no longer an isolated spirit without antecedent or relation here below, but a being involved in the action and reaction of natural forces, *himself a centre of such action and reaction.*" But the Calvinist legacy reasserts itself, inducing Stevenson to write immediately: "or an unit in a great multitude chased hither and thither by epidemic terrors and aspirations and, in all seriousness, blown about by every wind of doctrine."⁴⁴ Precisely this dichotomy in Stevenson accounts for the interest, especially evident in *Weir*, in the problematic relations between self and society, individualism and responsibility. The same dichotomy is reflected in his admission in a letter to Baildon: "I am at bottom a psychologist and ashamed of it."⁴⁵

There is much in *Weir* to suggest a willed self-confrontation on the part of Stevenson, with the time-serving or romance elements kept in check. V.S. Pritchett is right in claiming that in *Weir* Stevenson "has ceased to act or to romance away from Calvinism."⁴⁶ Quite the reverse is so: there is a confrontation of Calvinism, and the book offers the most candid and objective rendering of Scottish values and their influence on the individual in Stevenson's *oeuvre*. Stevenson had already expressed a degree of such awareness in his critical writings. He wrote of Burns:

If he had been strong enough to refrain or bad enough to perservere in evil; if he had only not been Don Juan at all, or been Don Juan altogether, there had been some possible

road for him throughout this troublesome world; but a man, alas! who is equally at the call of his worse or better instincts, stands among changing events without foundation and resource.⁴⁷

Stevenson was comparably divided, but in his case the division found expression primarily in terms of artistic conflict.

In Stevenson the emphasis both on action and on tradition and community which is held to reside, sometimes mysteriously, in place or context is explicable in terms both of the degree of internal personal conflict and of the lack of foundation of post-Union Scottish values. Samoa afforded the location for the man of action but no subject-matter of abiding interest to the writer, given that he was the man he was. Retrospective vision is one of the characteristics of the post-Union Scot, and, as William Power noted, "The literary return to the source . . . is characteristic of the pensively reflective rather than the aspiring soul; and it is a familiar feature of the exiled Scot."⁴⁸ Henry James observed that in *Weir* and *Catriona*

the predominant imaginative Scot reasserts himself after gaps and lapses Samoa was susceptible of no "style"—none of that, above all, with which he was most conscious of an affinity—save the demonstration of its rightness for life; and this left the field abundantly clear for the Border, the Great North Road, and the eighteenth century.⁴⁹

Of the irony of his confronting the Scottish situation from the south seas Stevenson himself was well aware. He exclaimed in a letter: "Singular that I should fulfil the Scots destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile, and have my head filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time."⁵⁰

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NOTES

¹*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*, edited by Sidney Colvin (New York, 1969), IV, 156-7.

²"Some Aspects of Robert Burns," *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* with an introduction by Ashley Sampson (London and Glasgow, n.d.), p. 56.

³"Robert Louis Stevenson," *Edwin Muir: Uncollected Scottish Criticism*, edited and introduced by Andrew Noble (London and Totowa, N.J., 1982), p. 229-31.

⁴*Familiar Studies*, p. 27.

⁵"A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's," *Memories and Portraits*, Tusitala edition (London 1924), p. 115.

⁶"The Foreigner at Home," *Memories and Portraits*, p. 7.

⁷*Familiar Studies*, p. 28.

⁸*Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson: A Record of Friendship and Criticism*, edited with an introduction by Janet Adam Smith (London, 1948), p. 257.

⁹Muir, p. 236.

¹⁰*Novels and Stories by R.L. Stevenson*, selected with an introduction by V.S. Pritchett (London, 1945), p. ix.

¹¹"A Gossip on Romance," *Memories and Portraits*, pp. 120-1.

¹²Cited by Robert Kiely, *Robert Louis Stevenson and the Fiction of Adventure* (Cambridge, Mass., 1964), p. 173.

¹³*Letters*, IV, 171, 301.

¹⁴*Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson*, pp. 232-3.

¹⁵*Letters*, IV, 58.

¹⁶"A Note on Realism," *The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson* (London, 1912), XVI, 235.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 240.

¹⁸*Memories and Portraits*, p. 117

¹⁹*Works*, XVI, p. 239.

²⁰*Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson*, p. 266.

²¹*Memories and Portraits*, pp. 122-3.

²²*Ibid.*, p. 129.

²³*Ibid.*, p. 128.

²⁴"A Humble Remonstrance," *Memories and Portraits*, p. 143.

²⁵*Letters*, IV, 313.

²⁶*Works*, XVI, 235.

²⁷*Ibid.*, p. 236.

²⁸*Letters*, II, 148.

²⁹Muir, p. 232.

³⁰*LettersB*, IV, 234.

³¹*Ibid.*, pp. 362-3.

³²Muir, p. 232.

³³*Letters*, IV, 289.

³⁴Pritchett, p. ix.

³⁵'A Scottish peasant will talk more liberally out of his own experience. He will not put you by with conversational counters and small jests; he will give you the best of himself, like one interested in life and man's chief end' ("The Foreigner at Home," *Memories and Portraits*, p. 6).

³⁶*Memories and Portraits*, p. 121.

³⁷A prime instance is the distinction which Stevenson draws between Fielding and Scott. In Scott 'we suddenly become conscious of the background,' whereas Fielding wrote 'in the spirit of drama.' This is used to emphasize that Scott is 'a modern and a romantic.' ("Victor Hugo's Romances," *Familiar Studies*, p. 31.).

³⁸*Ibid*, p. 50.

³⁹Leslie Fiedler, "RLS Revisited," *No! In Thunder* (London, 1963), p. 89.

⁴⁰Muir, p. 231.

⁴¹*Familiar Studies*, p. 32.

⁴²*Ibid.*, p. 33.

⁴³*Scribner's Magazine*, III (1888), p. 767.

⁴⁴*Familiar Studies*, pp. 41, 49, 50.

⁴⁵*Works*, XXII, p. 342.

⁴⁶Pritchett, p. xiii.

⁴⁷*Familiar Studies*, p. 74.

⁴⁸William Power, *Literature and Oatmeal* (London, 1935), p. 154.

⁴⁹*Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson*, pp. 273, 275.

⁵⁰*Letters*, IV, 249.