Robert Louis Stevenson - His life and works

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Then we see a man, who is fired by genius, full of bright thoughts and with a clear and quiddity gift of expressing them. A man who not only writes for men but is a man himself, and who when we read him makes us wonder if such perfect expression can come from mortal men. When I say, we see such an one, one cannot not discuss in the prime of his manhood and in the harvest time of his genius. After he is taken from us we realize how great has been our loss, and wonder if after all he was not come sixpence who was here but for a little time to brighten up this groovy old world of ours by telling us of the customs and manners of a different people.

Such a man was Rott. Louis Stevenson and with his death on the third of last December Scotland lost another of her list of famous writers, and the world one of its most valuable contributors to its storehouse of knowledge and romance.

He was one of the few writers whose personally reached through his books to his readers and it is through them that we get at the real life and character.
of the man. His stories tell us of physical, intellectual and moral fight. The idea of conflict always interested him. He thus narrates his true character and life which was a continual struggle with disease.

He was born, as many of our other great men were, under very ordinary circumstances. His father being a lighthouse builder while his grand father was the inventor of the famous revolving light. P. H. Louis had the advantage of the schools of his native city. Omitting and also of the university at that place. It was the desire of his father that he should take up some what the same line of work as he himself had done but much to his disgust and much against his will. He studied and made it a profession in the strictest sense of the word. He did not know that art was inherited but that it had to be learned like any other trade. This developed a style which many think too literary and self-conscious too artificial. But never the less he gained a consummate mastery of a singularly small style.
tired with words he said, and while he did not blur in the opportunity of art or in inspiration, he developed by incessant practice and mimicry of great models a style peculiarly his own— one which is pleasing and might serve as a model truly for clearness, force, and beauty. His expression he has also been criticized for being too much with words and that, unlike Dickens and Thackeray, he lacked experience which can only come by being in direct contact with his fellow men. If this is true, it is probably due to his forced isolation from all human society on account of his health.

By chance he is objected to on the ground that his scenes are laid in unfamiliar places and that the customs and habits of his characters are not like our own. The people like to read of what is familiar to them. This is true. Stevenson has nothing to do with the drudge and the routine of routine. Everything with him must be impulsive and instinct. He piano the music of men's spirits. He was not a narrow hater. He made
a good and loyal husband to a true and
loving wife but his choice of characters
fortold his introducing them as they
were not adapted to his style of writing.
They are too orderly and little
place in his writing for all that they
are interesting and even fascinating for
the simple reason that they are different
from the common run of folks and
from our every day existence and when
one reads he wants to be interested as well
as instructed—life’s peaceful employment
and women’s sphere he does pass by but
he revires the “stay-at-homes” by gliding
into an unknown world—a world strange
and different from their own; he introduces
new scenes and people with different
customs—he works upon the imaginative
and it is here that he shows the mastery
of his craft by the brilliancy of his style
and the distinctness with which he por-
trays the emotions and incidents in the
dream of his character. This does not nec-
essarily entice in the reader a roving
Egyptian-like disposition dissatisfied with
his life and surroundings but rather makes
him to appreciate the advantages which he enjoys and also let his imagination has full sway by following a mastery of the English language.

Sir Herries's books of travel are too rather to interest him in geographical

Nearby every type of character may be found in his books.

In "Prince Otto" we have the political scheme, the man without decision, and the touch of nothing woman. In "Kidnapped" fugitives from justice - legends of Scottish life in the "Suicide Club". Traders in "South Sea Tales". Hevelius in "The Nocret". Plants of Transvaal's medicines in "The Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde". People violently and lustiously in love in his earlier tales.

In "Treasure Island" we have a story of pirates and this novel reaches the high water mark of technical perfection among the romances of this century. Who having read this thrilling narrative will not forget it? However is it at his best in the principle of a villain and in "Treasure Island" there are many manner of them as he is at his
that all of the time - the story opens with a description of Admiral Benbow, which is an inn, and its curious lodger who is an old sea captain and pirate - Jim Hawkins the winter journey begins the story. The descriptions are most vivid and the analysis of the emotions, feelings, and motives of the characters is perfect. As an example of wicked, cunning, undersized, plotting and deceit, the sea cook "Silver" is an admirable example. While in direct contrast is placed "Smollet," the captain of the crew in search of the treasure, who is the embodiment of honor, patience, kindness, and yet withal firmness and just. Jim Hawkins, who is a mere lad and in reality the hero of the tale, earns a little our admiration and esteem. He succeeds in making us all admire the bravery with which he overcomes all the obstacles and in finally succeeding in gaining his purpose. The description of the mutiny and the attack of the mutineers is one of the best in English. It introduces one rather striking character and one which only a master would undertake to handle. But time
a man who had been isolated on a desert island for a number of years. His mind seems almost a wizard when he comes to describe this man— a man with thoughts and ideas different from any one else caused by his long confinement from human society.

Some object to this book—saying that it puts unwise ideas into the heads of the young and untaught and gives a charm to the life of a pirate in their eyes that seems wholly desirable. But it rather shows up the life of the people engaged in piracy in such a light as to make it any thing but desirable. All of the hideous crimes of such a life are shown and contrasted with the lives of just, good, brave, and noble men, and talked makes the reader look to something higher.

Though it is his stories that are at first most attractive and that are condemned by some and commended by others, it is perhaps as an essayist who writes for those who write novels that future generations will know time.
his four as a critic as well as his four to analyze human character.
The rationalizing vein in his nature from the Scotch grids run in his essays.
Shirimond preached optimism and blind that cheerfulness and gentleness cause morality and that these are the perfect virtues. These his virtues are very conspicuous in his own life. He learned the wide world over in search of health and in his journeys suffered much rejoiced by suffering. His kindness and gentleness to the natives of Samoa made them almost to worship him as is shown by their treatent during his final illness and the mystical way in which they bore him on their shoulders to the summit of Palu Mt. and there in the wind while he had worked with them and for them and when he had found temporary relief from his internal suffering they tenderly and respectfully laid to rest their most devoted friend and champion and the greatest novelist of his time.
 Critics have been at work on the
problem as to what part of his work was due to the efforts of his chief, one Lord Ateson, with whom he wrote several books. Yet, as yet, they have been unable to decide just what his influence was. But this young writer's work will be carefully watched for and studied. As it appears from time to time, one of the spirit of his great master: to refine him and also to ascertain if feasible what his part was in Stevenson's work.

He also wrote several plays with Mr. Hulm, but they do not take well. They are not "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as has been set as a play and is quite a success.

His poetry was also unsuccessful. It was too artificial and he followed too closely after his model. Wordsworth, Homer, and Tennyson. "Underwood" it is claimed, is the most imitative of any established author's work. Stevenson realized this himself and often referred to it.

He has been accused of plagiarism in that he followed Wasing the Deep, where he studied and greatly admired. His work has shown a distinct characteristic.
color of its own. Thackeray was his one companion in finish and felicity of manner.

In summing up and reviewing his work, his name will be handed down in literature as an essayist and a novelist. When his work has been tried by the fire of time, it will come out bright and shining, and Roth, Lewis Shinn or will have become a classic.