

**A LAST MEMORY  
OF ROBERT LOUIS  
STEVENSON**

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A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson by Charlotte Eaton

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**BY**  
**CHARLOTTE EATON**

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## A LAST MEMORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WHEN I came face to face with Robert Louis Stevenson it was the realization of one of my most cherished dreams.

This was at Manasquan, a village on the New Jersey coast, where he had come to make a farewell visit to his old friend Will Low—the artist. Mr. Low had taken a cottage there that Summer while working on his series of Lamia drawings for Lippincotts, and Stevenson, hearing that we were on the other

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*A Last Memory of*

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side of the river, sent word that he would come to see us on the morrow.

"Stevenson is coming," was announced at the breakfast-table as calmly as though it were a daily occurrence.

*Stevenson Coming to Manasquan!*

I was in my 'teens, was an enthusiastic student of poetry and mythology, and Stevenson was my hero of romance. Was it any wonder the intelligence excited me?

My husband, the late Wyatt Eaton, and Stevenson, were friends in their student days abroad, and it was in honor of those early days that I was to clasp the hand of my favorite author.

WYATT EATON  
1886  
Y. A. B. L.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

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It was in the mazes of a contradance at Barbizon, in the picturesque setting of a barn lighted by candles, that their first meeting took place, where Mr. Eaton, though still a student in the schools of Paris, had taken a studio to be near Jean François Millet, and hither Stevenson had come, with his cousin, known as "Talking Bob," to take part in the harvest festivities among the peasants.

These were the halcyon days at Barbizon. When Millet tramped the fields and the favorite haunts of Rousseau and Corot could be followed up through the Forest of Fontainebleau, before Barbizon had become a resort for holi-