4-29-38. SA.

Monterey

Bancroft Library
Pac Cal
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M178

McGroarty John Steven
California, its history and romance.

Stevenson's House

pp 112-114.

Immortal among the dreamers who found their way — only God knows how — to Monterey, was Robert Louis Stevenson. You shall see the house where in he lodged for a year or more, the restaurant where he had his meals, though he and old Jules Simoneau, who fed and loved him, are now with the dust. You shall set foot on the green pathways where he wandered and that are dear to-day if for no other reason than he touched them with his fancy. It was the year 1879 that Stevenson spent in Monterey when he was thirty years old. — He was scarcely ever well in Monterey, and at times was besieged for many days at a stretch in his lonely room, fighting death inch by inch, yet he loved Monterey and said so in many ways and places. When he was well enough he used to

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4-29-38. H (2)
Monterey

Stevenson House

pp 112-114. take long walks, where says he, "a great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland canyons; the roar of waters dwells in the clean empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney. Go where you will, you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific"

Not Edinburgh, where he was born, nor Samoa where he died, nor all the far flung places, where he wandered in his restless life, held more charming or tender memories of Robert Louis Stevenson than Monterey.

Bank Lib
Ref Room
C51
Ov2
Vol. 82

6/16/38
Monterey County

Connor Gorrell.
Overland Monthly (August)
San Francisco, 1924

"The Romance of the Adobe"

Stevenson's House

Jfp 349, 368.

Time, the one thing that our autoing, trallying, airplaning, hustling generation cannot buy, borrow nor steal, went unrecorded days as it ministered to ease or pleasure. At the hour of siesta, the laisurely activities of the household were stilled; the spat-spat-spatting of tortilla that went on interminably, ceased; the busy patter of talk that ran from sala to kitchen, was hushed. In the coal patio alone were noises heard: the musical drip of the fountain, into the mossy basin of which the oleander dropped the pink petals of abundant bloom; the rumble of the bronze-coated bees, vying in the trellised vines; the plaint of a drowsy parroquet - a feather-bodied of green and orange on his

6/.6/38. 41 (2)
Monterey County

Bancroft Library
Pac Coast
051
C12
Vol. 82

Connor Journey
Overland Monthly (Camp)
San Francisco 1924.

Stevenson's House

pp 349, 368.

Canvas cage.
Then - three O'clock; the siesta was done. A shutter banged open; musical voices called one to the other; the parroquet screamed discordantly. Savory odors from the kitchen pleased the fancy.
The real business of the day - dining, visiting, love-making in the twilight of dancing, when the moon hung out her silver lamps - began.
Writers of today slavish time-clock punchers who turn out their so-many-per-hour, would not have fallen in with the life that was Monterey's even as late as Stevenson's day of lounging in that quaint old town of historic charm. No, they would - unless to the manner born - side-track those thrifty souls who would build big, glittering hotels in the odorous stillness of the pines and shout down with the blaring bands, the music of the surf, running

6/16/38.WPA.
(3)

Bank Lib
Ref C
051
Ov 2
Vol. 82

Monterey County

Conover Survey
Overland Monthly (Camp)
San Francisco, 1924

Stevenson's Haunt

Jof 349, 368.

along the shore.
They waved them dim the forest trails, where but yesterday all lanterns twinkled and bobbed o'nights, into paved and sidewalked streets, electric-lighted.
And then they waved sit back and complacently invite the public to come to a place that they have made just like every other place on the tourist-map.
Charles F Lummis, in his plea to "save the enchanted romance of Old California," remarks pertinently:
"Romance is the greatest asset of California. The very name is from the romance of Montalvo, which university bred Cortez read; for 300 years the Word has been a fairy story, a lure, a spell. Its magic grew with the heroic era of the Missions, then the glorious Patriarchal pastoral

6/.6/38. F.1.4

Monterey County

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Ref C
651
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Vol 82

Connor Lavery.
Overland Monthly (Aug)
San Francisco, 1924.

pp 349, 368

Stevenson's House

period - the happiest, the most generous, the most hospitable, the most lovable, life lived on this continent.

"The Romance of California, is Spanish Romance.

California has had another Romance — the biggest, bravest, wildest Epic the sons of man ever Crawled across a continental Wilderness. But Where are the Argonauts today? — —

To go back to Stevenson, and to a bit of unrecorded history of that lord Vagabond's brief life among us;

There stands in Monterey a two-storied house of adobe, known as the Stevenson House because he roomed there. This house — at least up to recent date — has escaped the fate of the Sherman-Rose-Iron adobe, to see which hundreds of tourists bringing valuable trade journeyed to Monterey.

That Stevenson stepped his dreams in

6/16/38. JL (5)

Monterey County

Book Title
Reg C
O51
Ov 2
Vol. 82

Connor Garvey
Overland Monthly (aug)
San Francisco, 1924

pp 349, 368.

Stevenson's House

The romance of those early days as he rented in the Shadow of Carmel's Mission, or paced the shore of the bay, where the Custom House, where the fishing boats lay, there can be little doubt. Could he visualize the old order of things, the bailes, the serenader with his guitar beneath the grated, the holiday crowd at the adobe theater - the first theater in California. Perhaps, too, by virtue of the magic that was his, he repopulated the old town bring back "the Caballeros, the great Spanish landowners, the Señoras, the Señoritas - their wives and daughters, the peons, and the Indian Serfs" who sometimes adventured into town, "the Commandante of the military post, in crimson and gold, riding at the head of his leather-jacketed soldiers" the padre in the brown habit of the Franciscan Order - Common dust, these long graves in the Campo Santo.

A Fisherman with whom Stevenson walked and

6/16/38. F.T.
Monterey County (6)

Bark Life
Pag C
051
Ov 2
Vol. 82

Connor Savory
Overland Monthly (aug)
San Francisco, 1924

pp 349, 368.

Stevenson's House

talked, with whom he sailed, a man whose family name was a part of the romance of the adobe days, said of Stevenson:

"Senor, but the man was crazy! He sit in my boat, senor, and look in the water, and look and look. I, look, too, but I see nothing. Si, senor — me, I think he is loco. I say to him: 'Shall me go outside?' And he nod his head, and drag his hand in the water. 'Fish?' No, senor. Why then should he hire my boat if not to fish?... But me, I don't care. I like that man. --- But the Senor Stevenson, he gone — and he does not come back."

The Spanish Caballero, the stately senora of the Mantilla, la senorita of the shy glance, the Serenader under the grated windows. "The Commandante and his leather-jacketed Soldiers" — they, too, have gone not to return. But — we are here, and:

"To us a heritage she gave;
'Tis ours to cherish, ours to save."

Reg. No. (680) Landmarks of Monterey County.
Robt Louis Stevenson's House."

Whyte, W. Farmer "More Tales of Tusitala." in
Sunset Vol. XXV. 498, 497.
San Francisco November, 1910.

P. Stack
Vol. 25 p 498

Stevenson himself rests on the summit
of Mount Vaea, "under the wide and starry sky,"
thirteen hundred feet above the sea, close to his
old home in Apia.

p 497 Of the climate of Sydney, Australia's
biggest and most beautiful city, had been a
little kinder to him, it is conceivable that
Robert Louis Stevenson would have lived
his last days there instead of in Samoa,
for he made many friends there and he often
said that he loved nothing better than to
sit in the Domain, or the Botanic Gardens,
taking in the beauties of the harbor of
Port Jackson.

Illustration
Apia, Principal Port of the Samoan Islands.
The cross indicates the remote resting-place
of Robert Louis Stevenson.

11/29/38 BES.

12

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"Monterey
"Old Customs House Museum"
Stevenson's Home

Markham, Edwin California
The Wonderful
New York, Hearst's
International Library Co.
400 pp. Index. Illus. 1914

Table of Contents.

p 251

Touching on Monterey, we find the ocean in her serene mood. Pulsing and purring along the shore, although the waves may be breaking in splendor on the rocks & other shores. Let Robert Louis Stevenson picture the scene:

"The waves that lap so quietly about the jetties of Monterey grow louder and larger in the distance. You can see the breakers leaping high and white by day; at night, the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all around, under the quiet weather, the low, distant, thrilling roar of the Pacific hangs over the coast and the adjacent

Country like smoke above a battle."

p252. "The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their transparent necks and burst with a surprising uproar that runs, weaving and dancing, up and down the long keyboard of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy in calm, sunny weather, such a spectacle of Ocean's greatness, such wealth of changing color or such deep-toned thunder in the sounds. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep."

p252. But the sea at Monterey is not always so gentle, so stirring. She has wilful moods, even on clear sunny days, and times when the tempest rides her billows she grows white and terrible. Then her swift and monstrous waves break in awful

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3-2-38. Y4.
Monterey

Brooks Charles S.
a Western Wind
New York, 1935.

pp 3-6

Stevenson at Monterey

"There is no place but the Pacific coast," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "to hear the eternal roaring surf." It was a letter of October, 1879, addressed to William Ernest Henley, whose window through that year commanded, in contrast, the daily tide of London hat trash upward each night along the Strand.

"When I get to the top of the woods behind Monterey," Stevenson continued, "I can hear the sea breaking all around over ten or twelve miles of coast from near Carmel on my left, out to Point Pinos in front, and away to the right along the sands of Monterey, to Castroville and the mouth of the Salinas." And having finished his letter and licked the stamps, we may think of Stevenson as he issues from his adobe lodging

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3-2-38. 84 (2)

Monterey

Stevenson at Monterey

pp 3-6. into Alvarado Street around the corner for a raw nip at Sanchez's saloon. On perhaps the day is wearing on towards dinner and LE Housta his lousy Rum lugs under Jules Simoneau's "dirty tablecloth --- in a whitewashed back-room." Genius must be nourished, and we suspect an omlette or a tortilla. There is more than a ~~Hint~~ hint of these warm comforts in his letters home.

Today's tourist will search Monterey in vain for Simoneau or Sanchez. He will find, at most, Stevenson's Room properly tagged for strangers, with its balcony and five windows— a room, however, that he may not enter, inasmuch as the present occupant has been too much pestered by the trippers who steal a souvenir and scrawl their names upon the wall. Nor can we blame the lady who owns the house. It must be a nuisance to live inside a shrine and to

Bank Life
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B79

3-2-38. V.T. ③

Monterey

Stevenson at Monterey

Sat 3-6. Near all day the tapping of curious pilgrims— to watch them sneak out a pencil and rub the whitewash. We ourselves, once in greenest youth, found a quarter-inch of bare wall at Stratford— a narrow niche of immortality near Shakespeare— and we blush at the recollection. The arrangement is better in Verona at Juliet's tomb where tourists are merely permitted to leave their Cards.

Every movable is nailed in place and a marble bin is provided for the pasteboards of the folk who have found the lady not at home. A similar shrine in San Diego, Ramona's home, also collects its Calling Cards. I once examined a score of them. There was a few dry-cleaners and laundries in the lot, but most of them were Cards of men who were selling real-estate and took this means of spreading the knowledge of their dirty wares.

But more wandering from our theme which is the Ocean.

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3-2-38. H. (4)

Monterey

Stevenson, at Monterey.

fpp 3-6. The sixty years or less since Stevenson resided in Monterey are to nature but a snapping of the fingers, and a tourist will hear the surf still roaring on the sands and rocks of the Pacific coast. In any Western wind it thunders on the drumhead of the hollow shore as in the remoter days of early pioneers when Father Serra set up his first rude cross upon this shore.

But these explosions of the noisy ocean disturbed his meditations. A saint cannot hold an undistracted desire for heaven when he hears at prayer these triumphant symphonies of the earth and water. So he chose for a site for his sun-baked mission a mile above the tide in a dip of the rolling Valley of the Carmel. The very sunlight is cloistered here and it speaks its quiet litany behind a wall of hills, and the sea is the far-off murmur of the restless World.

Bank Life
9.7.94
386c

Lane J. Smealon
California Coast Trails
Ms. Book. 1913.

2-21-38. M.
Monterey.

326 p/o

Stevenson House.

pp 221-222.

A ramshackle wooden house on a side street bears the sign, "R. Stevenson House." I was sad sorry to find that the authenticity of this particular relic was denied by my hostess, who declared that Stevenson was merely an occasional visitor at the house in question, and that he lived in a house (now pulled down) adjoining the one which professes to have been occupied by the last American Consul Thomas O. Larkin. As circumstantial evidence, the señora confessed how she and others of the vivacious damsels of Monterey used to watch, from the windows of the opposite house, where the kind, Stevenson, with the painter, and other cronies as they smoked and joked on the veranda of the Larkin House.
It must go hard with every lover of the gentle

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2-21-38. (2)

Monterey

Stevenson House

Jeff 221-222.

Sent to think- I live as inhabiting that other dismal Shell, the ugliest House, I think, in all Monterey. I looked in at some of the windows, and saw only bare whitewashed rooms with broken walls and floors.

There was a Notable débris of empty bottles, and in one room it seemed that some conscience-stricken Carouser had sought to dispose of his incriminating evidence by stuffing it under the flooring, whence the necks of more bottles protruded in a waggish fashion, as though they were "tipping the wink," to the Spectators. At one end of the House an outside Stairway led to the upper floor. At the other was a Square of garden ground, in a corner of which a few Nasturtiums and Stalks of mint grew in a secret and furtive manner. Over all there ruled a quaint, olden odor, rare in this country, which oddly reminded me of English almshouses.

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856
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MONTEREY

#680

ROBERT LUIS STEVENSON'S HOUSE, (1)

BURDY, HELEN THROOP. "STEVENSON'S CALIFORNIA" IN CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY III, 292. SAN FRANCISCO, 1924 (OCTOBER)

When Stevenson made his way to Monterey as soon as possible after his arrival in San Francisco on August 30, 1879 in the old, rose-embowered adobe home of Señorita Bonifacio, he found Mrs. Osbourne and her younger sister, Nellie Van de Grift, not then Mrs. Sanchez. She did not marry until after Stevenson had taken his wife to Scotland. The Señorita's name is misspelled, but that is probably a printer's error. "Deux Reaux" is decidedly Spanish for "Two Bits", but perhaps the same printer is responsible for omitting the "Dos Reales" of the quotation.

XXX

2-15-38.

Monterey

299 pp

Bk. Lib
9.7.94
$87.00

Saunders Burton Francis,
Under the Skies in California
New York, 1913.

Stevenson's House

p. 228. Monterey has been a home to the bearer of more than one honored name in literature and art. The one all know is Robert Louis Stevenson's. A dilapidated adobe mansion in a dreary part of town, passes for a house in which thirty-odd years ago, he had lodgings for a few months and slept rolled in his blankets on the floor. Above the door is a sign, matter-of-fact as the house, reading: "R. Stevenson House." A carriage painter makes use of a room or two for his simple needs and a couple of Spanish families are quartered in other rooms. The rest is given over to vagrant winds and bats.

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C386c

ROBERT STEVENSON'S HOUSE

#680

MONTEREY COUNTY.

CHASE, J. SMEATON. California Coast Trails.

Pages.- 219, 220, 220, 221-222. NEW YORK, 1913.

Monterey forms almost a compendium of California history. It was only half a century after the first voyage of Columbus that Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed into the bay, and the first civilized anchor dropped into its quiet waters.

Page 220.- Much of the air of its early days still pervades the place, and makes it in a way the most interesting town in California.

Many of the buildings are ticketed with some legend to attract the interest of tourists.

Page 221-222.- A ramshackle wooden house on a side street hoists the sign, "R. Stevenson House." I was not sorry to find that the authenticity of this particular relic was denied by my hostess, who declared that Stevenson was merely an occasional visitor at the house in question, and that he lived in a house (now pulled down) adjoining the one which professes to have been occupied by the last American Consul, Thomas O. Larkin. As circumstantial evidence, the señora confessed how she and

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ROBERT STEVENSON'S HOUSE

Monterey County.

others of the vivacious damsels of Monterey used to watch, from the windows of the opposite house, where she lived, Stevenson, Keith the painter, and other cronies as they smoked and joked on the veranda of the Larkin house.

It must go hard with every ~~gentle~~ lover of the gentle Scot to think of him as inhabiting that other dismal shell, the ugliest house, I think in all Monterey. I looked in at some of the windows, and saw only bare whitewashed rooms with broken walls and floors. There was a notable debris of empty bottles, and in one room it seemed that some conscience-stricken caroucer had sought to dispose of his incriminating evidence by stuffing it under the flooring, whence the necks of more bottles protruded in a waggish fashion, as though they were "tipping the wink" to the spectator. At one end of the house an outside stairway led to the upper floor. At the other was a square of garden ground, in a corner of which a few nasturtiums and stalks of mint grew in a secret and furtive manner. Over all there ruled a quaint, olden odor, rare in this country, which only reminded me of English almshouses.

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON HOUSE. (1) #680
MONTEREY COUNTY.

DRURY, AUBREY. CALIFORNIA: AN INTIMATE GUIDE. 204-205, NEW YORK, 1935.

Pilgrims turn eagerly toward local reminders of one of the most lovable men that ever trod our shores - Robert Louis Stevenson. You may read his inspired description of Monterey in the sketch, The Old Pacific Capital; and he caught up some of the wilder sea-scapes of Monterey shore and used them later as settings for Treasure Island. R.L.S., then just thirty, wrote here The Pavilion on the Links and assembled his material for An Amateur Emigrant.

This beloved romancer dwelt here from September to December, in 1879. The "Stevenson House," on Houston Street, near Pearl, is in reality two whitewashed adobe houses built into one. That wherein Stevenson lived (in a room on the second floor back) was frequented by Jules Simoneau, French restaurateur, whose loyal friendship and substantial viands gave new strength to the fragile wanderer. With Simoneau he "played chess and discussed the universe" daily, and the restaurant near by (the place has disappeared) he praised as the most satisfying he had ever come upon in his years of world travel. Monterey of that day was a dreamy town, its streets "economically paved with sea sand," as he said.

Monterey

#680

Cal.
917.94
C386c

Robert Stevenson's House

Chase, J. Smeaton. California Coast trails, 220-221, Boston, 1913.

Many of the buildings are ticketed with some legend to attract the interest of tourists. Generally a claim to be the first or last of their kind or purpose in the State is their theme. Here is the first brick house, and here the first one built of lumber. That low shady house was the home of Governor Alvarado, one of the last governors of the Mexican province; and at the bottom of the street that bears his name is the custom house, where, on the 7th of July, 1846, the flag of the United States took the place of that which Dana saw flying. Near by is the first theater, and on the hill is a large frame building which served as the first State Capitol.

A ramshackle wooden house on a side street hoists the sign, "R. Stevenson House." I was not sorry to find that the authenticity of this particular relic was denied by my hostess, who declared that Stevenson was merely an occasional visitor at the house in question, and that he lived in a house (now pulled down) adjoining the one which professes to have been occupied by the last American Consul, Thomas O. Larkin. As circumstantial evidence, the señora confessed how she and others of the vivacious damsels of Monterey used to watch, from the windows of the opposite house, where she lived, Stevenson, Keith the painter, and other cronies as they smoked and joked on the veranda of the Larkin house.

It must go hard with every lover of the gentle Scot

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#680

to think of him as inhabiting that other dismal shell, the ugliest house, I think, in all Monterey. I looked in at some of the windows, and saw only bare whitewashed rooms with broken walls and floors. There was a notable débris of empty bottles, and in one room it seemed that some conscience-stricken carousers had sought to dispose of his discriminating evidence by stuffing it under the flooring, whence the necks of more bottles protruded in a waggish fashion, as tho they were "tipping the wink" to the spectator.

Monterey

12/23/37 G.T.

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P359
Bank. Lib.

Frixotto Ernest
Romantic California.
New York. 1910.

Book. 219 pp.

"Souvenirs of the Past"
of
Stevenson House Monterey.
Illustration p. 114.

p. 115. With the American occupation came the discovery of gold, and under its impelling force Monterey was turned topsy-turvy. Departed forever were the lazy days of guitar and mandolin; the quiet siestas in the patio; the long rides on fleet horses over the sharp ranges. Spanish ladies who had never touched a broom swept off their own door steps, for every servant departed for the mines. The Mayor himself recounts how he cooked his own steaks in company with the general commanding

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Berk

Monterey 12/23/37 L.P.

"Souvenirs of the Past."

Stevenson House Monterey

p.115-16, The troops and the captains of the frigate
Moored in the harbour, joining forces
against the arch-enemy of peace — Gold.
But later came more tranquil times and
their literary laurels. In a backwater of the
town, now dismantled and forlorn, stands
the old house, dilapidated and deserted,
with nailed-up doors and with nasturtium
climbing in at its broken window-panes
that sheltered Robert Louis Stevenson during
the years he spent in Monterey. For some
time he was the leading spirit in a coterie
of writers and painters of more than local
reknown.

#680 Monterey County. ✓

Robert Louis Stevenson's House.

Mc Groarty, John Stevens. California its history and romance. 112.

Los Angeles, 1911.

C979.4
M178

#680 Robert Louis Stevenson's House. ✓

Murphy, Thos. D. On Sunset Highways. 254–255, 267.

Boston, 1915.

(Cal)
F866
M9

#680 Robert Louis Stevenson's House. ✓

Powers, Laura Bride. Old Monterey. 222–228.

San Francisco, 1934.

C
979.476
P873
Ber. Lib.

#680 Robert Louis Stevenson's House. ✓

Rider, Fremont. Rider's California. 299–300.

New York, 1925.

(Berk)
C
917-94
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12-31-37. H.

Cal
979.4 Ford Jirey L.
F75 Monterey.
Bank. Dawn and the Dons.
San Francisco, 1926.

Stevenson House.

Jfp 185-86, 220-21.

Monterey, shut off from the whirl of the gold rush, became the center of a little world where the traditions of family life were preserved, where Cavalier and Señorita continued their social delights, where ceremonial customs still prevailed, where generous hospitality survived, and where the patio retained its magic charm. Here came the world-wanderer lured by the local enchantment and the climatic excellence of this peaceful haven. Here came the painter and the poet, to find a fitting field for brush and pen. Here came Robert Louis Stevenson, who found inspiration in the heights, in deep shadowy ravines, and in the quiet recesses loomed by jutting headlands, the inspiration for "Treasure Island". Here came Charles Warren Stoddard whose love for the Monterey peninsula so grew upon him he made it his permanent home,

12/31-37. (2)
F.T.

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Berk.

Monterey.

Stevenson House

pp 185-86, 220-24.

and where amid the scenes he loved, he is sleeping his last long sleep. Here came Jules Tavernier whose canvases are in demand wherever art is admired. Here came Joseph Strong the great portrait painter, who married a daughter of Mrs Stevenson, and whose son Austin, is now a gifted and successful play-wright. Here came Joseph Strong's sister, Elizabeth, who acquired fame as a painter of animals. Here came Julian Rix, whose landscapes brought him fame and fortune. Here came Henry Heyman, whose skill with the violin brought him a knighthood from King Kalakaua, and who wore kid gloves to premiers and other outdoor festivities to preserve the delicate touch of his magical fingers. - - -

With the Stevenson's was Mrs Stevenson's youngest sister Nellie van de Grift, now Widdy

12/31-37. (3)

Monterey.

Cal
979.4
F75.

Stevenson House

Jef 185-86, 220, 21.

Known as Nellie Vande Griffe Sanchez, whose "Spanish and Indian Race Names of California, Their Meaning and Romance" is but one of her rich contributions to our Voluminous California.

Mrs Sanchez has delightful Memories of the Monterey of Stevenson and Stoddard, where as a girl she joined in the festivities that were characteristic of Monterey's social life.

220.21 There on Houston Street is still preserved the first California home of Robert Louis Stevenson, where he lived with his friend Osbourne and next door to which lived the little doctor and his little wife," so frequently referred to by the author of "Treasure Island"

12-31-37
V.P.

Monterey.

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979.4
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V. 1.

Hunt, Rockwell D. (ed)
History of California.
San Francisco 1926.

Book Rec 569/p

p. 540

"Our Heritage from Spain and Mexico".

Spanish Fame.

When the Americans took over California they acquired much more than the mere land and its potential riches. In every part of the Western Hemisphere in which Spain planted her characteristic civilization she has left her imprint deeply etched in the survival of her language and institutions: in the names of rivers, mountains, towns, and cities, in types of architecture; in social, religious, and economic customs; in legal usage; and, above all, in a romantic atmosphere which has colored the literary product of the entire west. To quote Bolton's "Spanish Borderlands",

> The Spanish occupation has stamped the literature of the Borderlands and has furnished theme and color for a myriad of writers, great and small. Nor is this Hispanic cult - or culture -

Ref C
979.4
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Book Lib

Monterey

"our heritage from Spain & Mexico."

Stevenson House.

540. losing its hold.
On the contrary it is growing stronger. In short, the Southwest is as Spanish in color and historical in background as New England is Puritan, as New York is Dutch or as New Orleans is French.
To one who has studied the subject from this point of view it is surprising that many Writers should refer to Spain's "failure" as a colonizer. As a matter of fact, never did a mother country leave a more permanent heritage of her own peculiar features to her colonies than did Spain. California is no exception to this rule. Let us see what Robert Louis Stevenson had to say about the survival of the language even as late as 1880, when he visited Monterey:

"Spanish was the language of the streets. It was difficult to get along without a word or two of that language for an occasion.

Ref. C
979.4
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Montana

"Our Heritage from Spain and Mexico"

Stevenson House

540. Night after night serenaders would be going about the street sometimes in a company and with several instruments and voices together, sometimes severally, each guitar before a different window. It was a strange thing to lie awake in nineteenth century America, and hear the guitars accompany, and one of these old, heart-breaking Spanish love songs mount into the night air.

Monterey

12/28/37 S.P.

9.7.94
M958o
Perk. Lib

Murphy, Thomas D.
On Sunset Highways,
Boston, 1921.

Robert Louis Stevenson House

212-213. Another structure nearing the century mark was built in 1832, is the Washington Hotel, though that was not its original name, and nearby it is the ramshackle old adobe known by common consent, as the Robert Louis Stevenson House. For the well-beloved author was for four months of 1879 a resident of the town when his health and fortunes seemed at their lowest ebb. Even there he was the leading spirit of a little coterie of Bohemians — artists and litterateurs — among them, Charles Warren Stoddard, Jules Tavernier, and William Keith, who often met for dinner in the restaurant kept by Jules Simonneau.

To the last named, Stevenson gives credit for saving his life by careful nursing during a severe illness which he suffered shortly after coming to Monterey.

9.7.94
M 9580
Bk 4 Lib

"The Charm of old Monterey"

Robert Louis Stevenson House, contd

213. The House was in a bad state of disrepair, the first floor being occupied by a Sign painter's shop at the time of our visit. An erect old fellow, who looked as if his chief failing might be a too free indulgence in one of California's chief products, came out to greet us as we paused before the House, and pointed out the room the great Writer occupied during his stay in Monterey. It must have been hard for this prince of optimists to "travel hopefully" under the conditions that surrounded him these few months of his life— exiled, friendless, and ill, domiciled in such rude and comfortless quarters, he must have been as near despair as at any time in his career, yet out of it all came his best work.

Picture facing p. 212.

Our picture, the work of a Monterey artist, shows the harsh outlines and bare surroundings of the old House accentuated by a flood of California sunshine.

1-7-38. F.T.

Ref Cal
920 Osbourne, Katherine D.
St 480 Robert Louis Stevenson in California.
Bork Lib Chicago, 1911.

Monterey.

Bork Lee. 11½ pp.

Stevenson Haunt.

Jfp. 1-18

He found in the large adobe house of Dr. Heintz, a Frenchman, upstairs in the ell, two airy rooms with five windows opening on a balcony. The rooms were barely furnished, but it seems that there was even more furniture than Stevenson wanted; for he did not occupy the bed, but slept on the floor in camp blankets.

For his meals he went to a little restaurant kept also by a Frenchman, M. Jules Simoneau.

It was a humble affair: a small wine room in front and a dining room behind. In the little whitewashed back room where the table was spread, there were daily gathered with Stevenson, Francis, the baker, Augustin Sutro, an Italian fisherman, and Simoneau himself; and now and then a rancher from

(2)

1-7-38. H.T.

Cal
920
Sf 80
Bank Lib

Monterey

Stevenson House.

Jef 1-7-18.

The Mountains, staying in town over night joined them. They were waited on by a kind, quiet Mazatlan Indian woman who was Simancas's sole helper in his business

1-6-38. V.P.
Monterey.

Pf Cal
920
St48bf
BerkLib

Robert Henry Meade
Stevenson's California
San Jose, 1924.

Stevenson's House

Picture, Stevenson's House facing p. 32.

pp 16-17. Stevenson was a reporter on the Californian at the munificent salary of two dollars per week; yet he did not find his work irksome. He boasted knowing personally every advertiser in Hardcastle's paper; and no doubt his work suited his fancy and gave chance for the making of elaborate notes to be used later in his romances.

Stevenson was deeply touched at the evidences of the passing of the Indian life from California, as he saw it in the shattered Carmel Mission at mass held for the pitiful remnant of the Redmen. Once a year the Padres from Monterey went to conduct the religious service for the ancient derelicts, as it was

1-6-38 V.T. (2)

Ref Cal
920
St 4864
Bark Life

Monterey

Stevenson House.

Jap 16-17. Done of old when neophytes worshiped every Sunday by the Lundberds. As the Indians chanted the mass Stevenson noted they sang the Gregorian music correctly and pronounced the Latin perfectly. An aged Indian, hopelessly blind, led the choir which was made up of Indians. His service was typical of the last sorry days of a race seemed destined to extinction; and it made a deep impression on Stevenson.

During his Monterey sojourn of less than four months from the first days of September 1879, to the middle of December of the same year, Stevenson caught all the varying dramatic incidents in the Old Town life. "A lord Adolpho Sanchez who kept a tavern and Robert Louis was by no means "dry." Contemplating what it would mean if he could not get his daily draught of the grape he once said in a spirit of old John Falstaff, "If wine is to desert me, go thy way, poor Jack!"