

**AN INLAND
VOYAGE.
[BOSTON-1895]**

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An Inland Voyage. [Boston-1895] by Robert Louis Stevenson

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

**AN INLAND
VOYAGE.
[BOSTON-1895]**

AN
INLAND VOYAGE.

BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CÉVENNES,"
"NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS," ETC.

"Thus sang they in the English boat." — MARVELL.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1895.

62101

"Robert Louis Stevenson is, in his own way, one of the most perfect writers living." — *Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

"'Travels with a Donkey' is charming, full of grace, and humor, and freshness. Such refined humor it is, too, and so evidently the work of a gentleman. I am half in love with him, and much inclined to think that a ramble anywhere with such a companion must be worth taking. What a happy knack he has of giving the taste of a landscape or any out-door impression in ten words!"

62101



PREFACE.

To equip so small a book with a preface is, I am half afraid, to sin against proportion. But a preface is more than an author can resist, for it is the reward of his labors. When the foundation stone is laid, the architect appears with his plans, and struts for an hour before the public eye. So with the writer in his preface: he may have never a word to say, but he must show himself for a moment in the portico, hat in hand, and with an urbane demeanor.

It is best, in such circumstance, to represent a delicate shade of manner between humility and superiority: as if the book had been written by some one else, and you had

merely run over it and inserted what was good. But for my part I have not yet learned the trick to that perfection; I am not yet able to dissemble the warmth of my sentiments towards a reader; and if I meet him on the threshold, it is to invite him in with country cordiality.

To say truth, I had no sooner finished reading this little book in proof than I was seized upon by a distressing apprehension.

It occurred to me that I might not only be the first to read these pages, but the last as well; that I might have pioneered this very smiling tract of country all in vain, and find not a soul to follow in my steps. The more I thought, the more I disliked the notion; until the distaste grew into a sort of panic terror, and I rushed into this Preface, which is no more than an advertisement for readers.

What am I to say for my book? *Caleb*

and *Joshua* brought back from *Palestine* a formidable bunch of grapes; alas! my book produces naught so nourishing; and for the matter of that, we live in an age when people prefer a definition to any quantity of fruit.

I wonder, would a negative be found enticing? for, from the negative point of view, I flatter myself this volume has a certain stamp. Although it runs to considerably upwards of two hundred pages, it contains not a single reference to the imbecility of *God's* universe, nor so much as a single hint that I could have made a better one myself, — I really do not know where my head can have been. I seemed to have forgotten all that makes it glorious to be man. 'Tis an omission that renders the book philosophically unimportant; but I am in hopes the eccentricity may please in frivolous circles.

To the friend who accompanied me I owe