

# “At the Farm”: Reliving Mark Twain’s 1884 Summer at Quarry Farm

John Bird

Winthrop University

The Trouble Begins at Eight Lecture

Quarry Farm, November 2018







Lackawanna R.R. Terminal and Ferry to New York, Hoboken, N. J.





FROM W. L. W. R. R. STATION, ALBANY, N. Y.

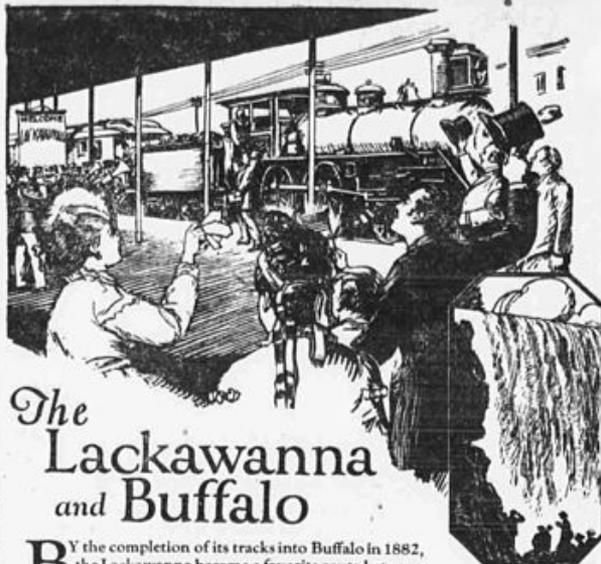


View from the rear end of the Lackawanna Limited. The Daylight Flyer over the road of Anthracite.



Phoebe says  
And Phoebe knows  
That smoke and cinders  
'Spoil good Clothes  
'Tis thus a pleasure  
And Delight  
To take the Road  
Of Anthracite

Lackawanna  
Railroad



Niagara Falls

## The Lackawanna and Buffalo

**B**y the completion of its tracks into Buffalo in 1882, the Lackawanna became a favorite route between New York, Buffalo and the West. The insignificant Pennsylvania coal road of 53 miles had grown within a short thirty years to a trunk line of national importance.

Today the Lackawanna is the shortest line between Buffalo and New York, cutting across the face of Nature by spanning six rivers and crossing three mountain chains. It is a road of magnificent scenery and stupendous engineering accomplishment. With its direct rail connections, it affords to travelers a delightful means of reaching via Buffalo not only Niagara Falls and the great tourist territory of central Canada, but also Chicago and all points west.

The location of the Lackawanna Buffalo terminal on the lake front means that tourists may literally step from car to boat in continuing their journey on the big passenger flyers of the Great Lakes. The building of this terminal and similar improvements of the last few years has called for an expenditure of approximately \$80,000,000. Through them the Lackawanna has sought to perform more efficiently its duty as a carrier of the Nation's commerce and to merit by its service the distinction of being "Mile for mile the most highly developed railroad in America."



Says PHOEBE SNOW—

*It's long ago  
Since Phoebe Snow  
First made the trip  
To Buffalo,  
But still in white  
She takes delight  
In touring Road  
of Anthracite*

#### LACKAWANNA LIMITED

Lv. New York 10:30 a.m.  
Lv. Hoboken 10:20 a.m.  
Ar. Syracuse 1:45 p.m.  
Ar. Ellicott 1:30 p.m.  
Ar. Buffalo 1:15 p.m.  
Ar. Chicago 8:15 a.m.

#### CHICAGO LIMITED

Lv. New York 7:30 p.m.  
Lv. Hoboken 7:20 p.m.  
Ar. Detroit 1:10 a.m.  
Ar. Cleveland 1:00 a.m.  
Ar. Chicago 7:15 p.m.

#### WESTERN EXPRESS

Lv. New York 8:30 p.m.  
Lv. Hoboken 8:20 p.m.  
Lv. Syracuse 11:30 p.m.  
Ar. Cleveland 12:10 a.m.  
Ar. Chicago 7:30 p.m.

#### BUFFALO LIMITED

Lv. New York 7:15 p.m.  
Lv. Hoboken 7:05 p.m.  
Ar. Syracuse 1:45 p.m.  
Ar. Ellicott 1:30 p.m.  
Ar. Buffalo 1:15 p.m.

These trains, except the Western Express, stop at Newark, East Orange and Middletown on route to agents.  
Hoboken Tubes run direct to Lackawanna Terminal at Hoboken from 17th Street and Boulevard, New York,  
in 17 minutes, and from Hudson Terminal, New York, in 9 minutes.

For detailed information telephone BRYANT 2052

\*Via Nickel Plate R. R. †Via Walsh Railway

TRIP THROUGH ADVERTISED BY STANDARD TIME

# LACKAWANNA

WEPDELL P. COLTHER ADVERTISING AGENCY, NEW YORK

Lackawanna  
Railroad



*photo by Arnold Paul*









ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE, ELMIRA, N. Y.

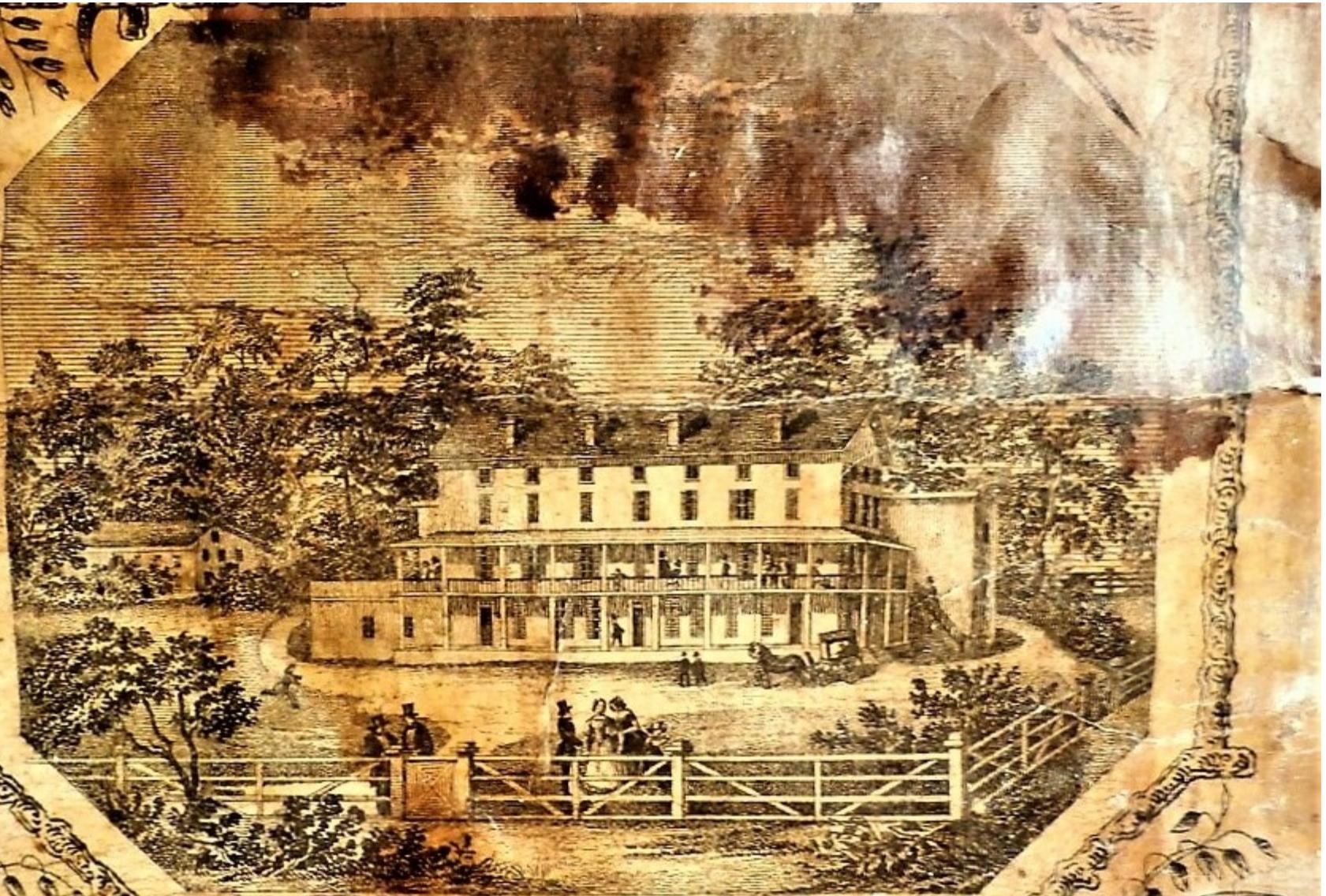










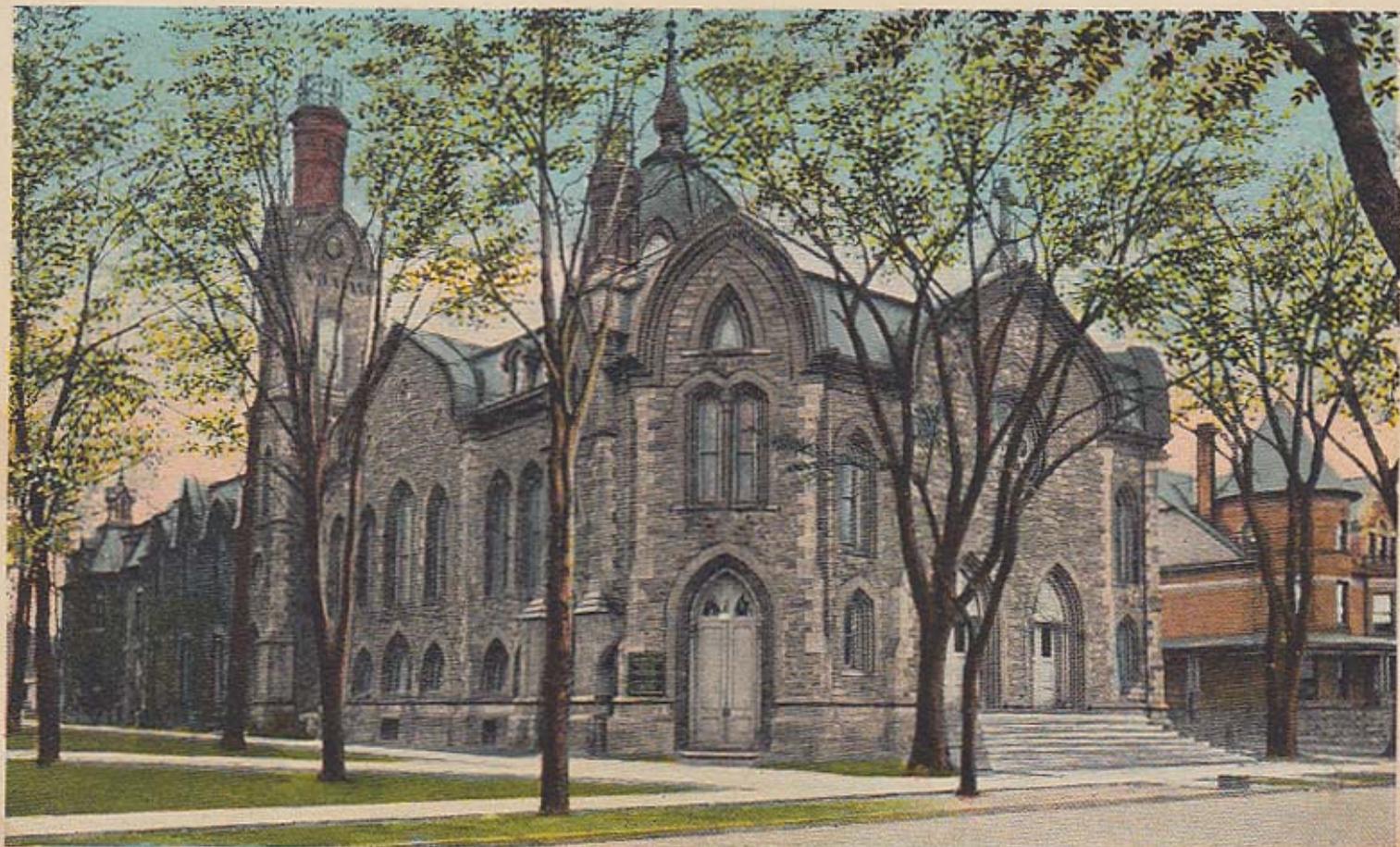


WATER CURE, ELMIRA.



Daggett & Woodside,

Elmira, N. Y.

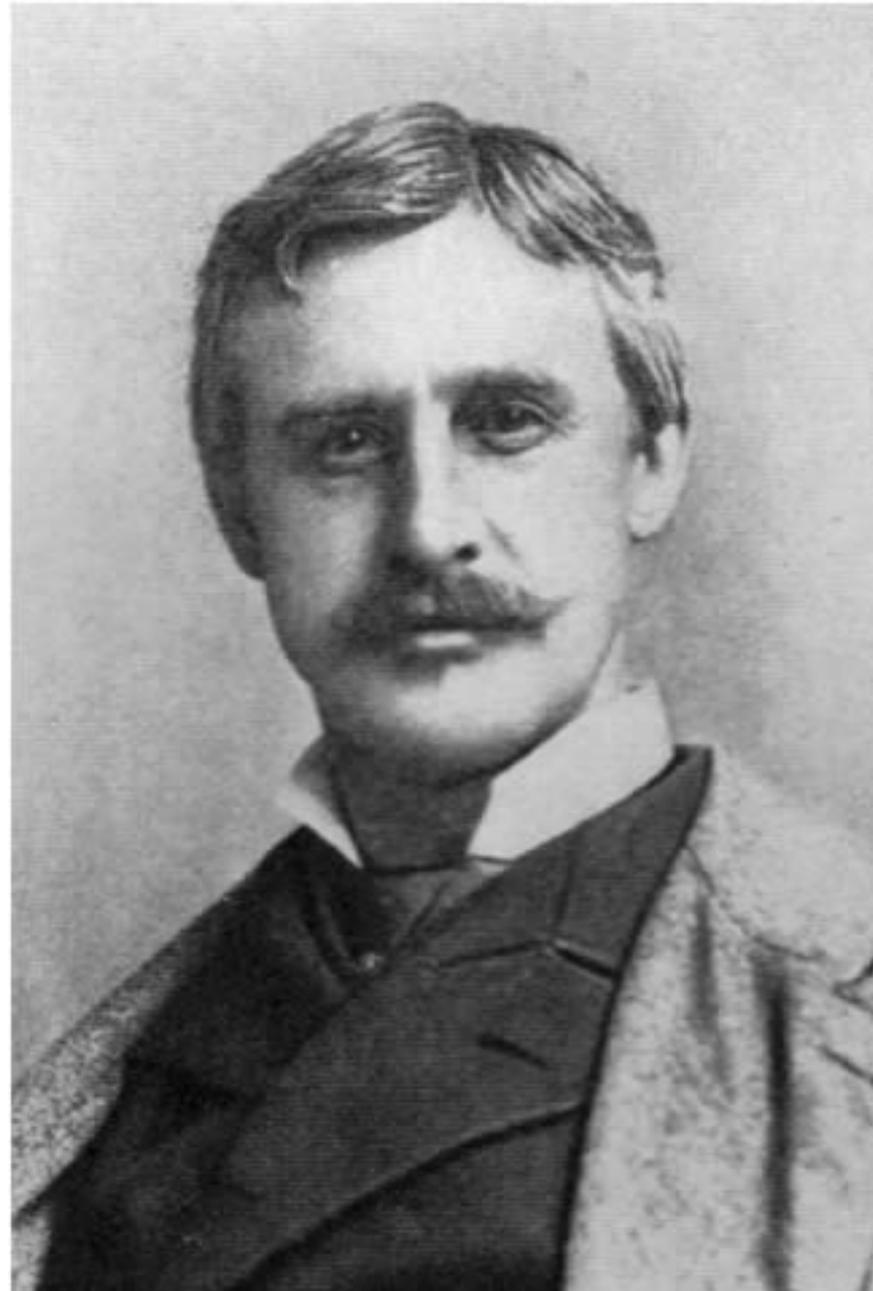


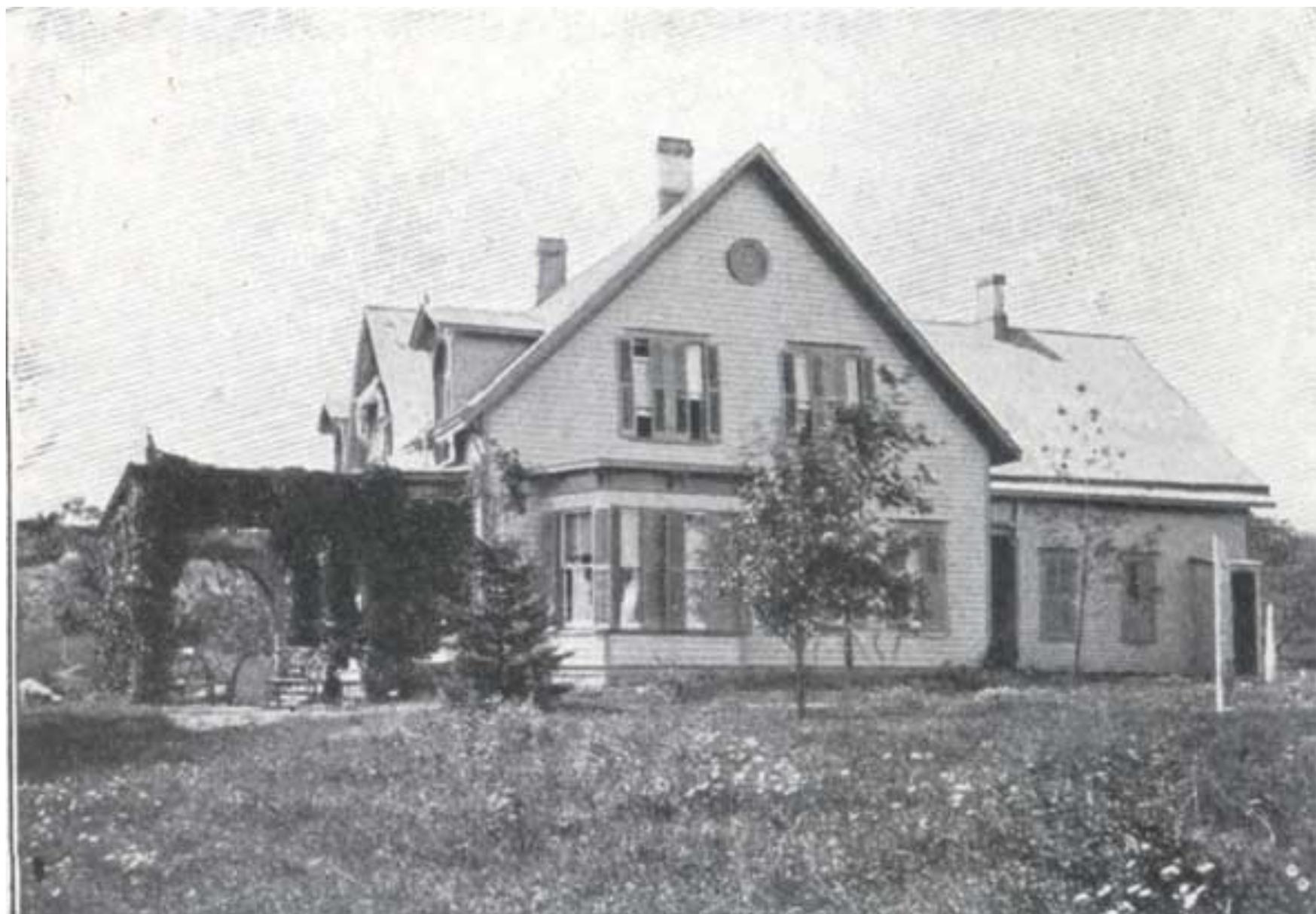
PARK CHURCH, ELMIRA, N. Y.



GARABALDI  
1849

ALSO KNOWN AS THE  
"GARABALDI HOUSE"  
ORIGINALLY LOCATED  
BEHIND THE ROAD  
TO QUARRY FARM, NOW  
ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS  
DURING THE BICENTENNIAL  
YEAR 1976







# A TRUE STORY.



REPEATED WORD FOR WORD AS I  
HEARD IT.

**I**T was summer time, and twilight. We were sitting on the porch of the farm-house, on the summit of the hill, and "Aunt Rachel" was sitting respectfully below our level, on the steps,—for she was our servant, and colored. She was of mighty frame and stature; she was sixty years old, but her eye was undimmed and her strength unabated. She was a cheerful, hearty soul, and it was no more trouble for her to laugh than it is for a bird to sing. She was under fire, now, as usual when the day was done. That is to say, she was being chaffed without mercy, and was enjoying it. She would let off peal after peal of laughter, and then sit with her face in her hands and shake with throes of enjoyment which she could no longer

get breath enough to express. At such a moment as this a thought occurred to me, and I said:

"Aunt Rachel, how is it that you've lived sixty years and never had any trouble?"







My study is a snug little octagonal den, with a coal-grate, 6 big windows, one little one, and a wide doorway (the latter opening upon the distant town.) On hot days I spread the study wide open, anchor my papers down with brickbats and write in the midst of hurricanes, clothed in the same thin linen we make shirt bosoms of. The study is nearly on the peak of the hill; it is right in front of the little perpendicular wall of rock left where they used to quarry stone. On the peak of the hill is an old arbor roofed with bark and covered with vine you call the “American creeper”—its green is already bloodied with red. The study is 30 yards below the old arbor and 100 yards above the dwelling-house—it is remote from all noise.



[c] Mark Twain's Study in 1910, Elmira, N.Y. Photo by Arnold Paine



**"WHEN A MAN LOVES CATS,  
I AM HIS FRIEND AND COMRADE  
WITHOUT FURTHER INTRODUCTION"**

**-MARK TWAIN**





12 10-4 1884

Written 1884

At the Farm.

Summer of 1884 - four weeks 4 yrs old.

Clayton 16 yrs old

Spain 12 yrs old

She goes out a lot more with

one of her young ones is  
o'clock, to look at the cows -- which  
she adores -- no wonder word  
name expresses her feeling for them.  
She sits rapt & contented while  
David milks the three, making  
a nice milk row + three -- always  
about the cows. The time passes  
slow & <sup>dearly</sup> for her attendant,  
but not for her -- she could stand a  
week of it. When the milking is

She goes out to the barn with one of us every evening toward 6 o'clock, to look at the cows—which she adores—no weaker word can express her feeling for them. She sits rapt & contented while David milks the three, making a remark now & then—always about the cows. The time passes slow & drearily for her attendant, but not for her—she could stand a week of it. When the milking is finished and “Blanche,” “Jean,” & “the cross cow” turned into the adjoining little cow-lot, we have to set Jean on a shed in that lot, & stay by her half an hour till Elisa the German nurse comes to take her back to bed.—

The cows merely stand there, amongst the ordure, which is dry or sloppy according to the weather, & do nothing—yet the mere sight of them is all-sufficient for Jean; she requires nothing more. The other evening, after contemplating them a long time, as they stood in the muck chewing the cud, she said with deep & reverent appreciation—

“Ain’t this a sweet little garden!”

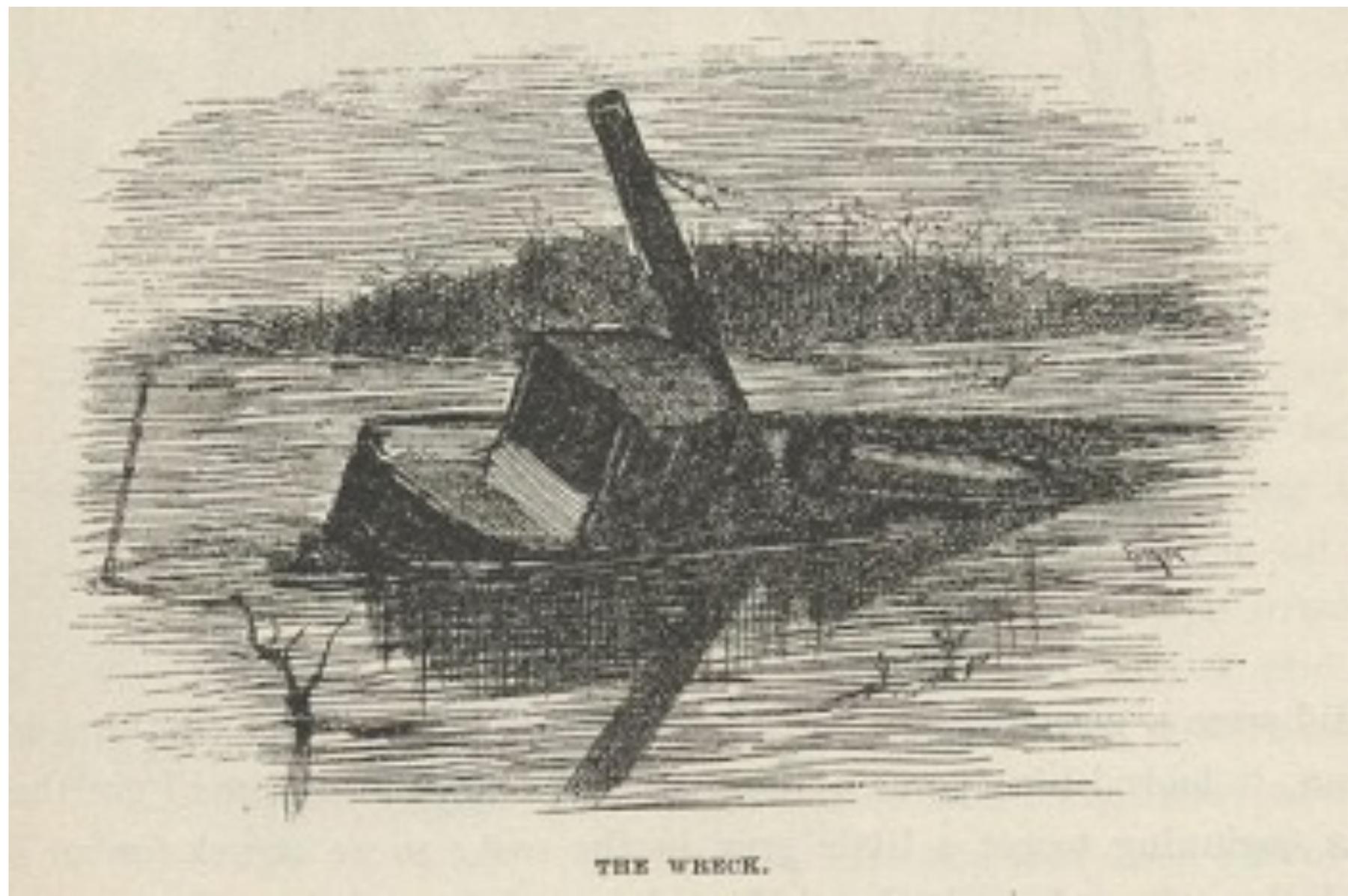




He would pick up a stone, and become so interested in the imprint left in the ground where it had lain or in the shape of the stone itself, that his tongue flowed with observations while his feet stood still. I doubt if he added more than a dozen stones to the pile during one whole summer, and the tower was never built.

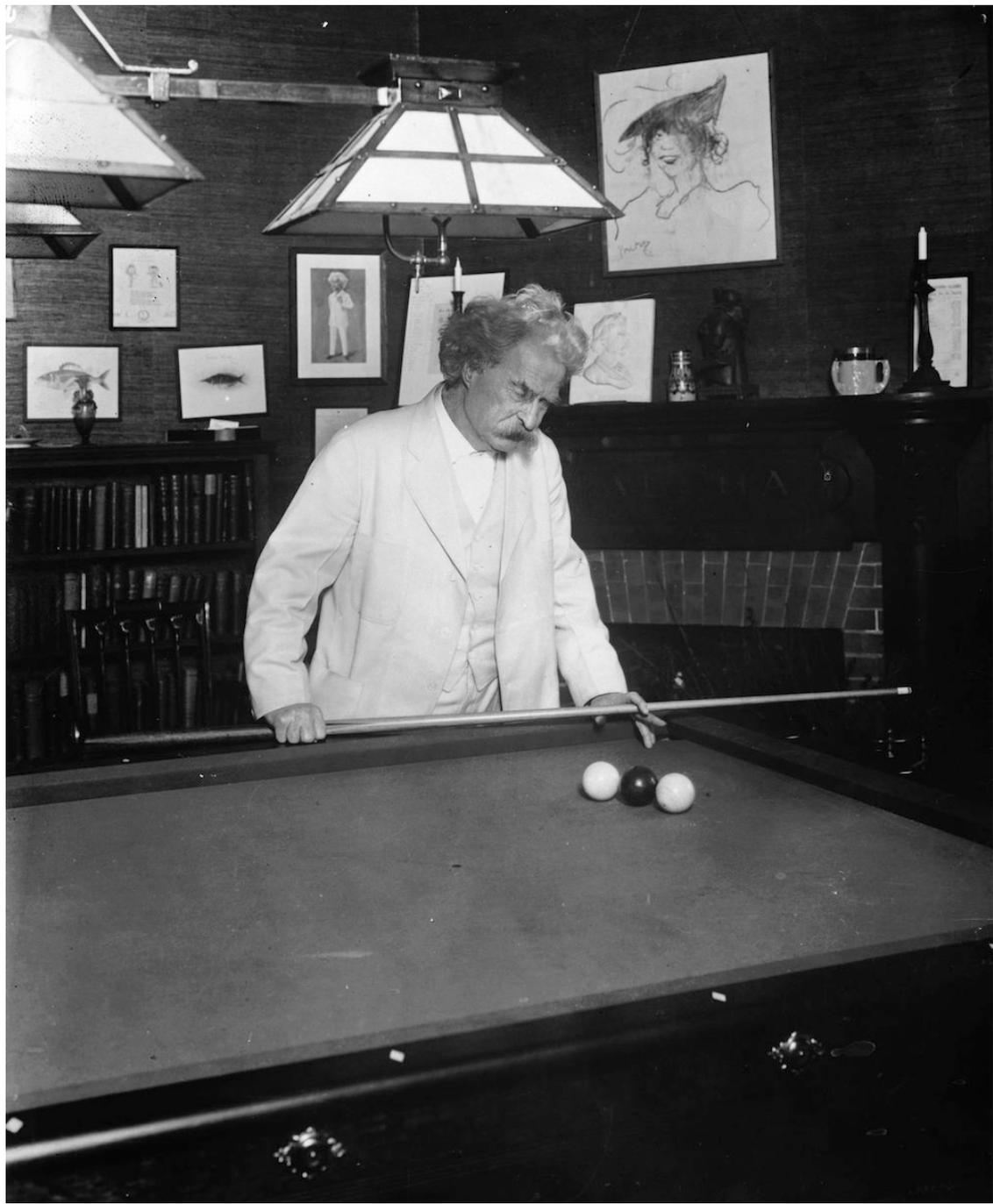






THE WRECK.





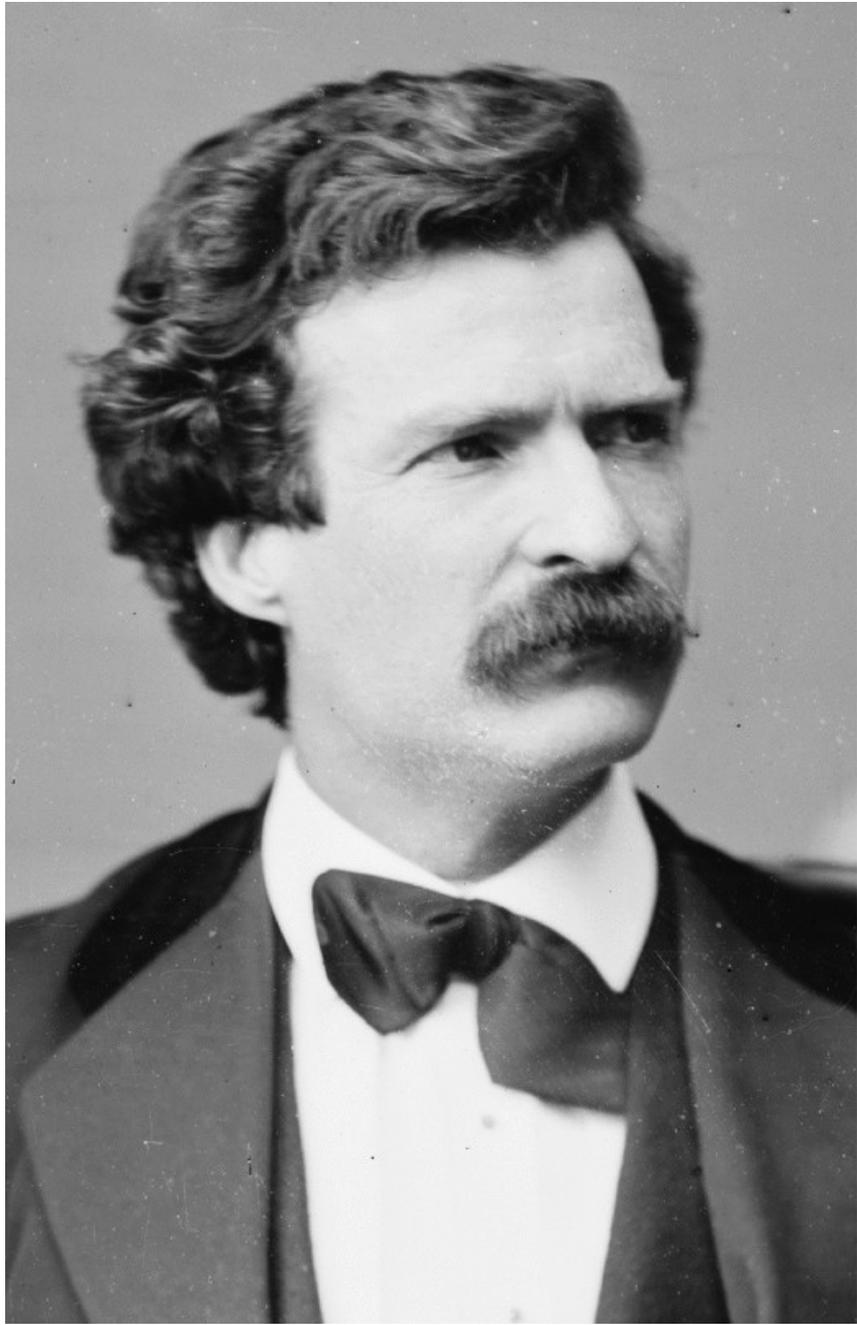
I go down every other day and have one or two teeth gouged out and stuffed. I have been in the dental chair ten days, a couple of hours a day; and shall be there 3 days this week and I suppose as many more next week. The dentist is a bright man, and gouges and digs and saws and rasps and hammers, and keeps up a steady stream of entertaining talk, all the time, like his professional ancestor the barber; and so these have been very pleasant relaxations to me, and I shall be rather sorry to see them come to an end. They have been a vast improvement to me, too—an education; I can stand the most exquisite pain, now, without outward manifestation; and indeed without any very real discomfort. The Indian has fallen, in my estimation; he is no better than you or me—he is merely a product of education. I have picked up a lot of good dental stuff, and I wish I had the time and energy to write it up.





Gardner's Green  
J. B. Porel





W. Kelly  
Mark Twain

For and truly  
J. W. Cable



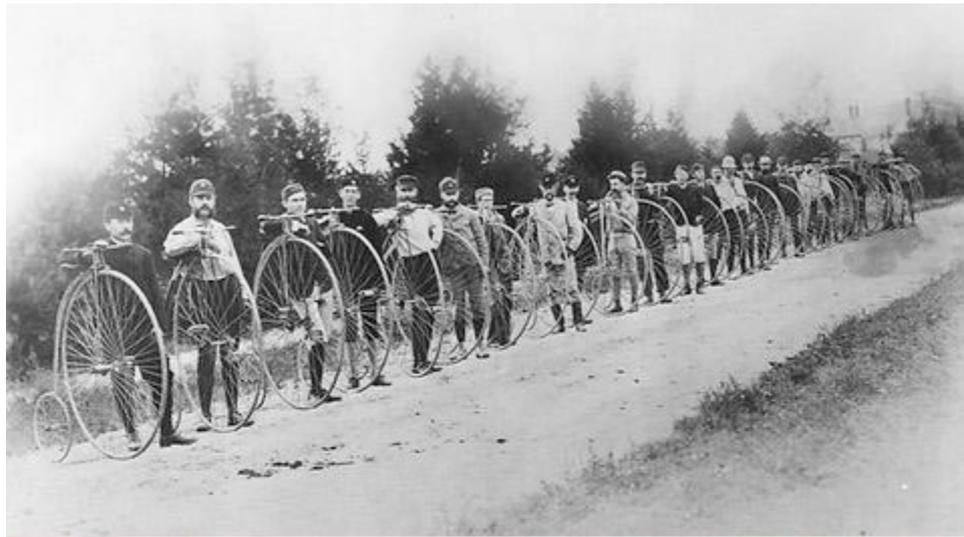


Wishing you  
a Glorious  
4th of July



Mother came up 4<sup>th</sup> of July night & took Jean's room, & she was transferred to another. Next morning Jean blackguarded that new room to me, eloquently & without stint; but in aunt Sue's presence not a word of criticism concerning it could be wrung from her by any trick or art. It was considered that she showed a fine and delicate feeling in the matter.







Send to me, right away, a book by Lieut. Col. Dodge, U S A, called “25 Years on the Frontier”—or some such title—I don’t remember just what. Maybe it is “25 Years Among the Indians,” or maybe “25 Years in the Rocky Mountains.” But the name of the author will guide you. I think he has written only the one book; and so any librarian can tell you the title of it.

I want several other PERSONAL narratives of life & adventure out yonder on the Plains and in the Mountains, if you can run across them—especially life *among the Indians*. Send what you can find. I mean to take Huck Finn out there.



THE END. YOURS TRULY, HUCK FINN.





From the Children's Books.

St. Quary Farm.

Exp<sup>d</sup> July 7, 1884. Yesterday eve-  
ning our cows (after being in-  
spected <sup>to washes by them</sup> from the shed for an  
hour,) wandered off down  
into the pasture, & left Jean  
alone. I thought I was going  
to get back home, now, but  
that was an error. Jean  
knew of some in some cows  
in a field somewhere &  
took my hand & led me thither  
erward. When we turned the  
corner & to see the night-hair

Yesterday evening our cows (after being inspected & worshiped by Jean from the shed for an hour,) wandered off down into the pasture, & left her bereft. I thought I was going to get back home, now, but that was an error. Jean knew of some more cows, in a field somewhere, & took my hand & led me thitherward. When we turned the corner & took the right-hand road, I saw that we should presently be out of range of call & sight; so I began to argue against continuing the expedition, & Jean began to argue in favor of it—she using English for light skirmishing & German for “business.” I kept up my end with vigor, & demolished her arguments in detail, one after the other, till I judged I had her about cornered. She hesitated a moment, then answered up sharply:

“Wir werden Kein mehr darüber sprechen!”  
[I quote exactly—{crossed out}] [We won’t talk any more about it.]

It nearly took my breath away; though I thought I might possibly have misunderstood. I said:

“Why, you little rascal! Was hast du gesaght?”

But she said the same words over again, & in the same decided way. I suppose I ought to have been outraged; but I wasn't, I was charmed. And I suppose I ought to have spoken with her; but I didn't.



Susie (aged 12) came to her mother a week or two ago with a weight on her conscience.— But she found it hard to begin her confession, her crime was of such an unworthy sort. Finally, under encouragement, she got a start, & said—  
“Well, mama, you know Jervis and Julia are always talking about uncle Charley as if he was just everything—as if nobody in the world was so great & remarkable as he is. I’m proud of papa, & I can’t bear it to have them always talking that way about uncle Charley: why it’s just as if he was papa’s equal. Well, this afternoon Jervis—what do you reckon he asked me? He asked me what manuscript was. I told him, & then—well, mama, I couldn’t help it,—I said that if his papa was an author he wouldn’t have to ask that question. I was ashamed, right away, but you know it was too late, mama.”

[However, she seemed to find some faint little grain of comfort in the fact that, deadly as the shot was, it had apparently gone through Jervis without his being aware that he had been hit.]



During an interchange of severe criticisms of the dog Flash's manners & conduct, Susie said—  
“Mama, if you loved that dog as you do your children, he would act right enough.”

[That is to say, she would train him, with a strict & affectionate hand. A very good compliment.]



Dear Charley and Annie—

Your aunt Livy and I congratulate you and rejoice with you. There is nothing so valuable in a home as a baby—and no young home is complete without a baby—a baby and a cat. Some people scorn a cat and think it not an essential; but the Clemens tribe are not of these. I send my little name-sake love and greeting, and all good wishes—and his mother too.” He sent as a gift a silver mug and spoon, and the baby recounted as an adult that he was later “used as a guinea pig for one of his [Twain’s] greatest inventions—a bed-clamp to keep children from kicking off the covers. There was nothing wrong with the bed-clamp—it was either the baby or the way it was hitched on. He probably suggested to my mother to get another baby.”

W. Kelly  
Mark Twain

For and truly  
J. W. Cable





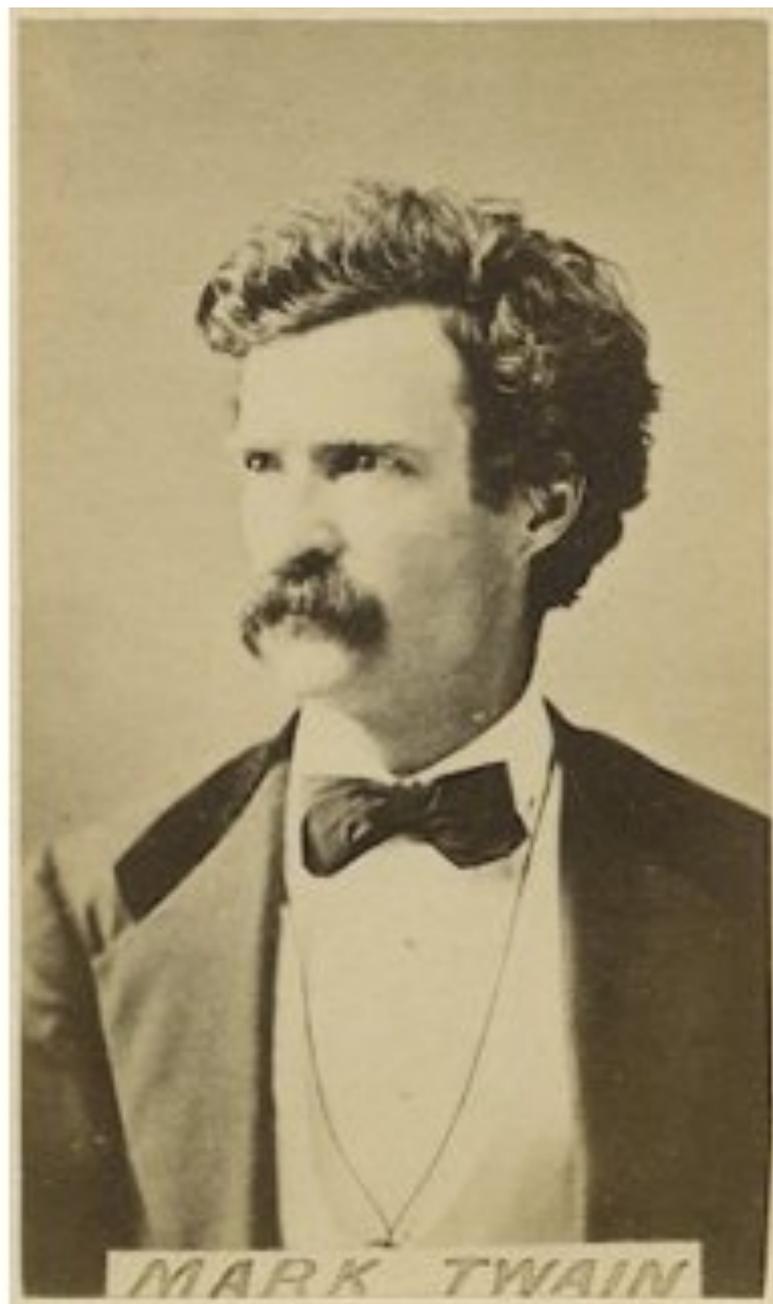
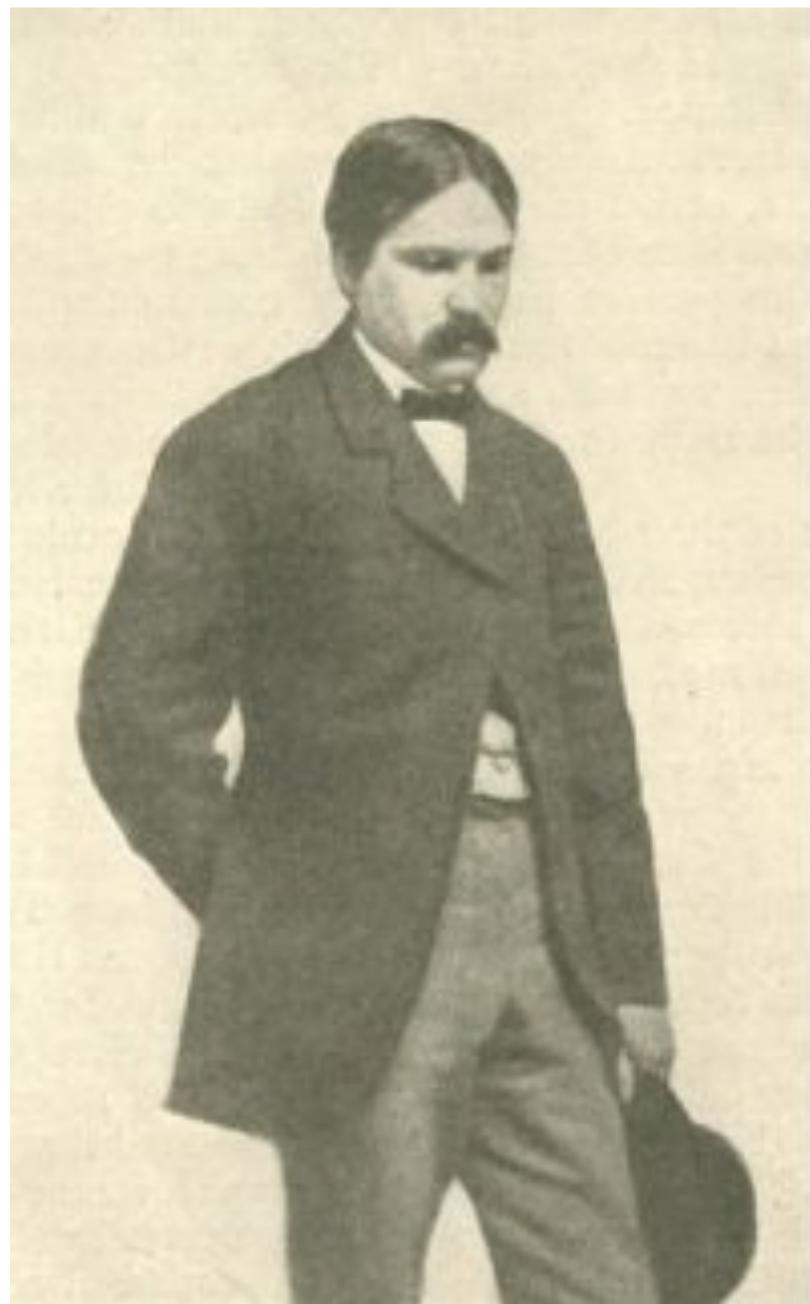
My Dear Howells—

I have no doubt I am doing a most criminal and outrageous thing—for I am sending you these infernal Huck Finn proofs—but the very last vestige of my patience has gone to the devil, and I cannot bear the sight of another slip of them. My hair turns white with rage, at sight of the mere outside of the package; and this time I didn't even try to glance inside it, but re-enveloped it at once, and directed it to you. Now you're not to read it unless you really don't mind it—you're only to re-ship it to Webster and tell him, from me, to read the remnant of the book himself, & send no more slips to me, under any circumstances. Will you? Blackguard me if you want to—I deserve it.

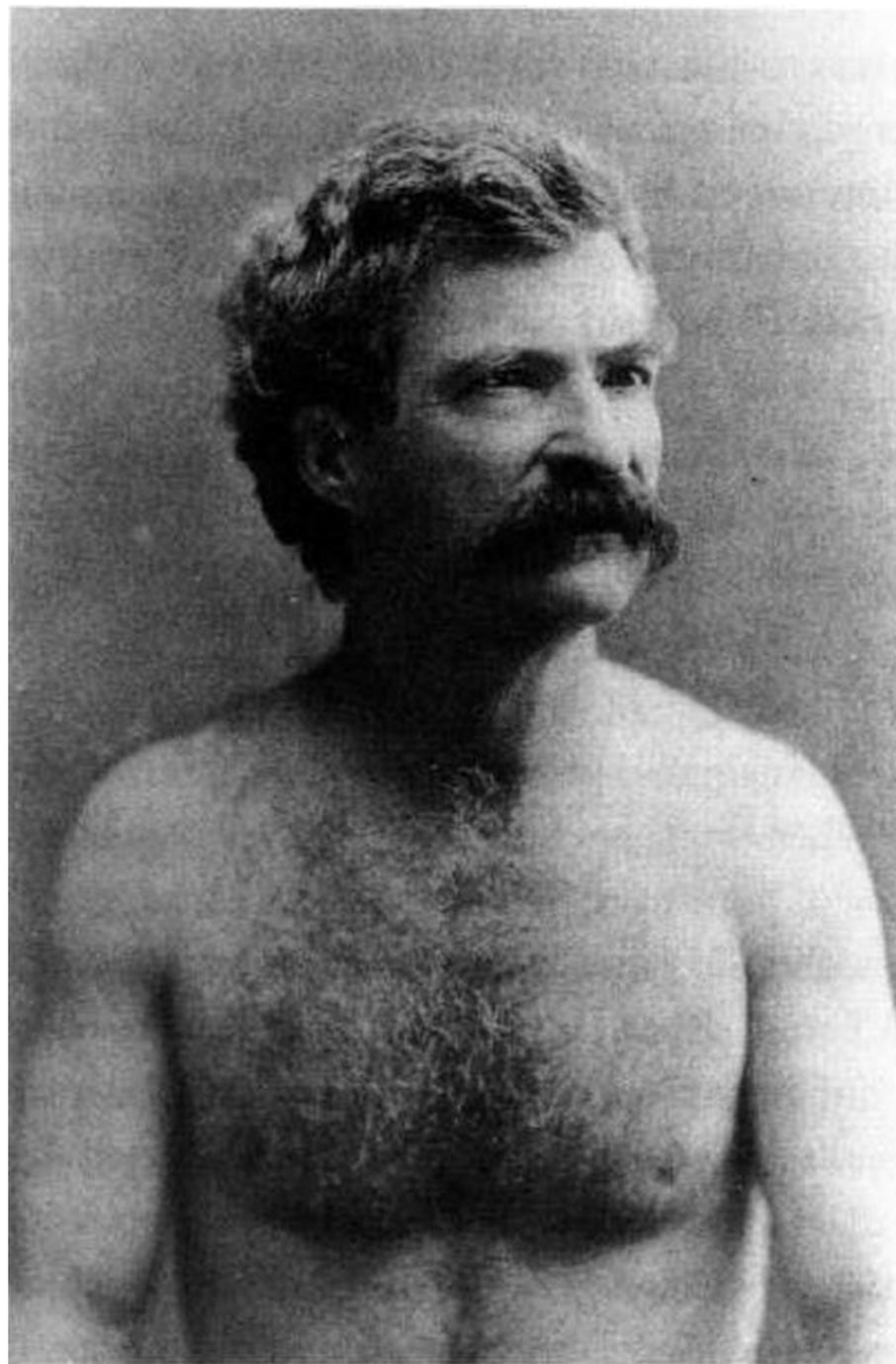
Yrs Ever

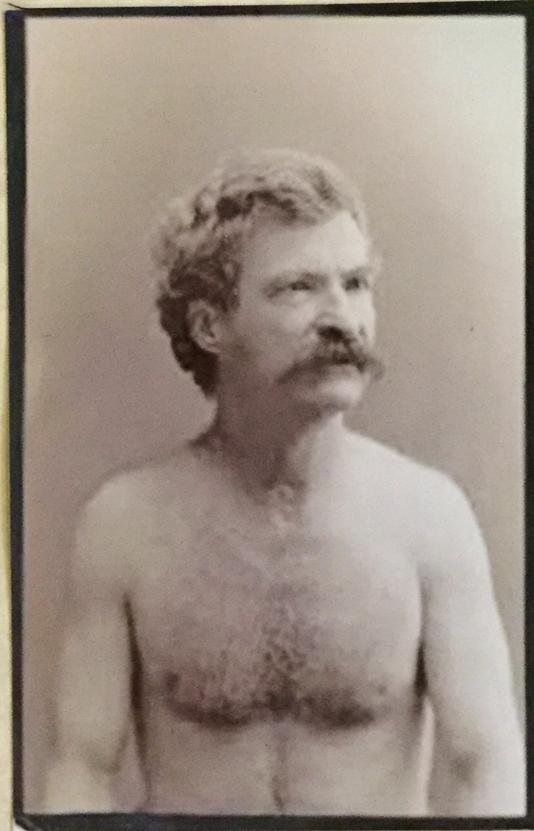
Mark.

I miscalculated my fortitude. I can't read any more proof. I sent this batch to Howells without glancing at it—except to note that that proof reader had left it to me to mark turned letters under cuts! Howells will maybe return it to you to be read—in which case you may send it to me again, and I will get my profanity together and tackle it.



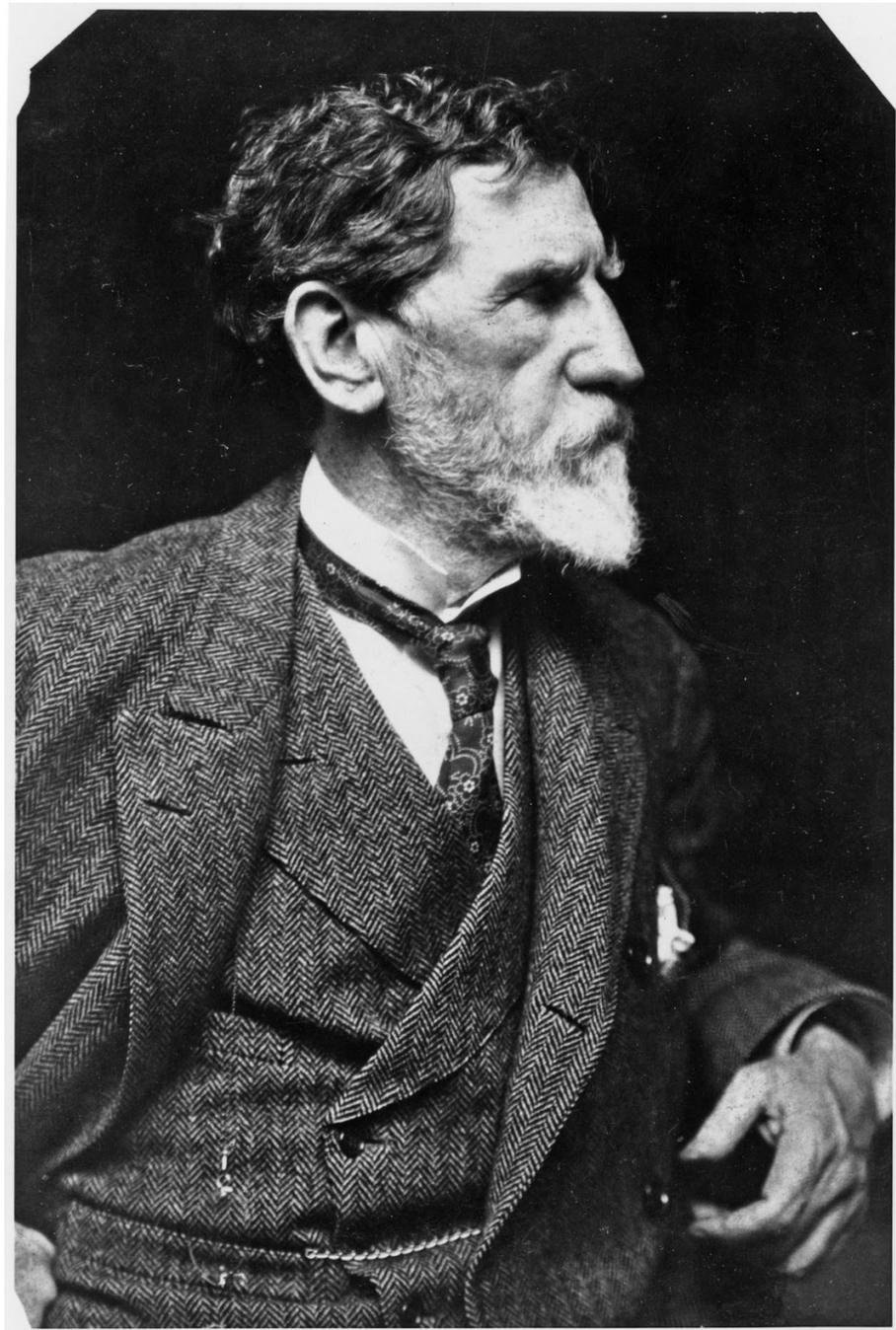






"Clothes make the man. Naked people  
have little or no influence in society."







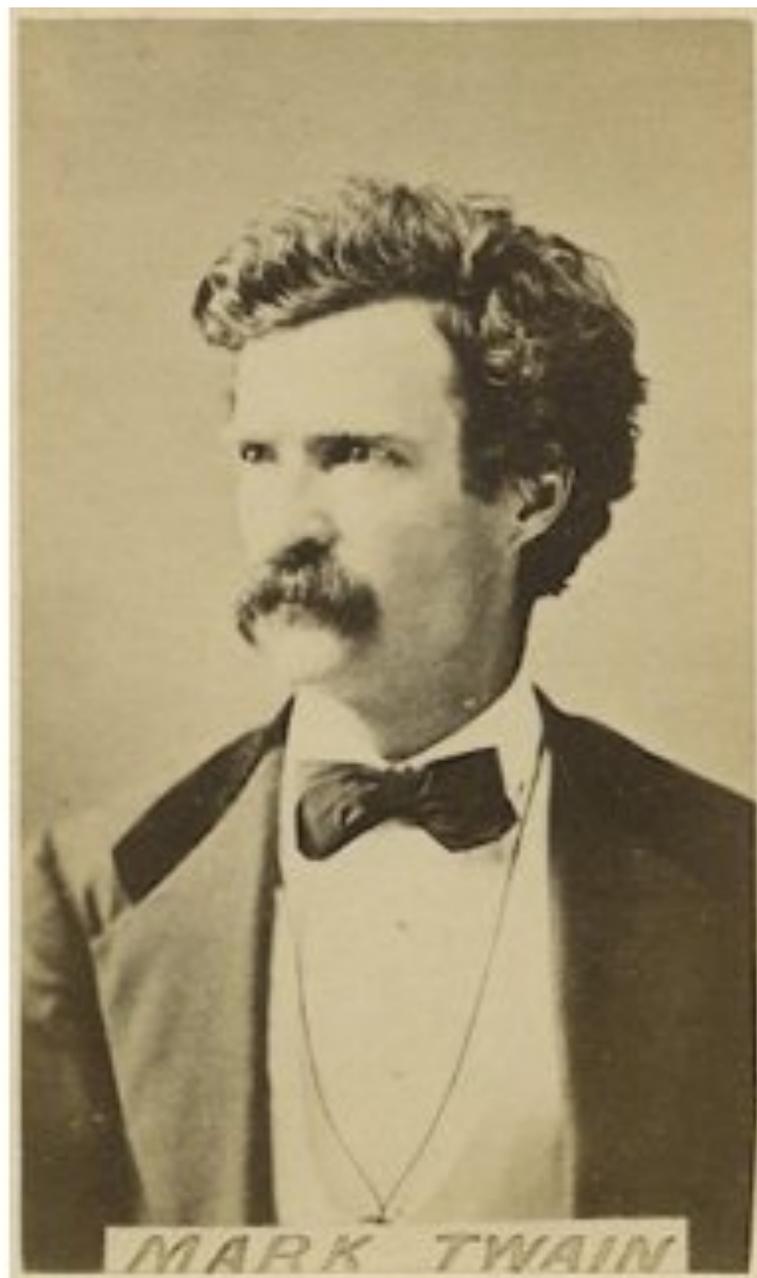
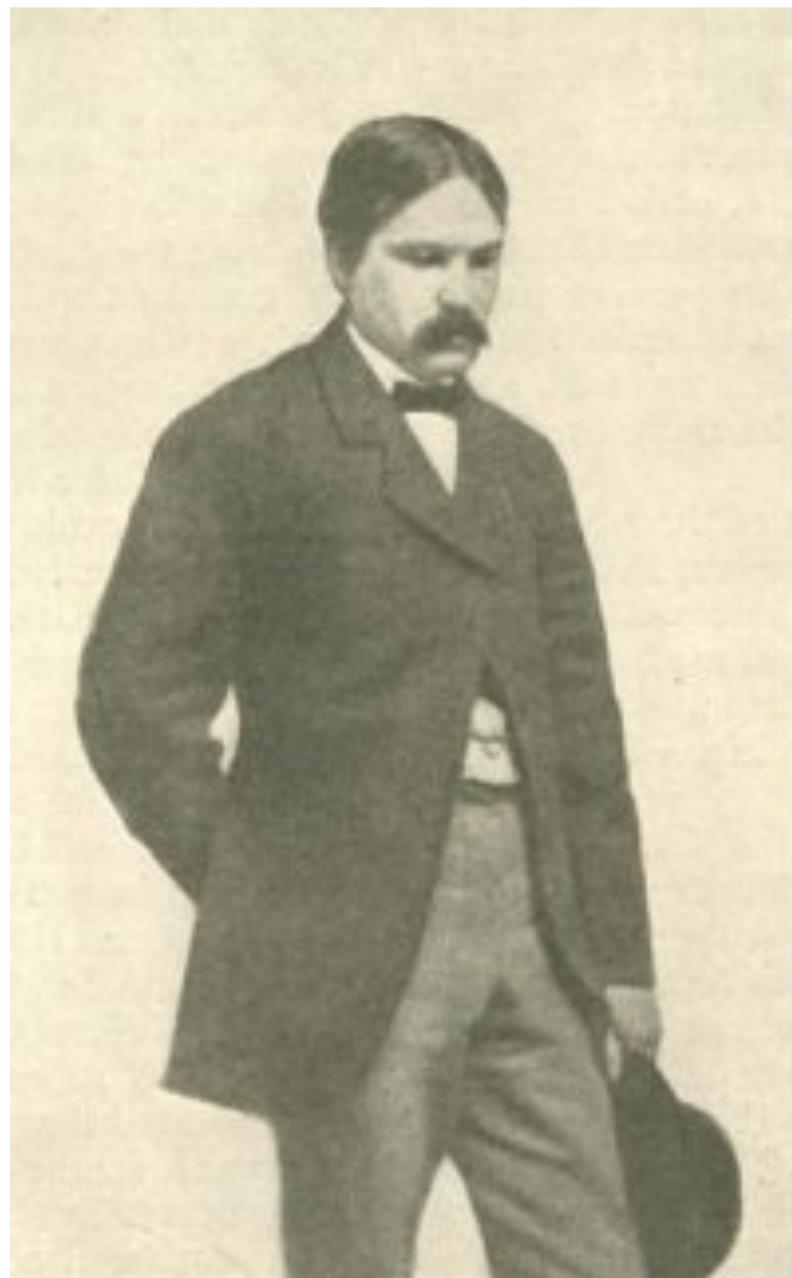
Karl Gerhardt, Sc.

120 West Water Street,

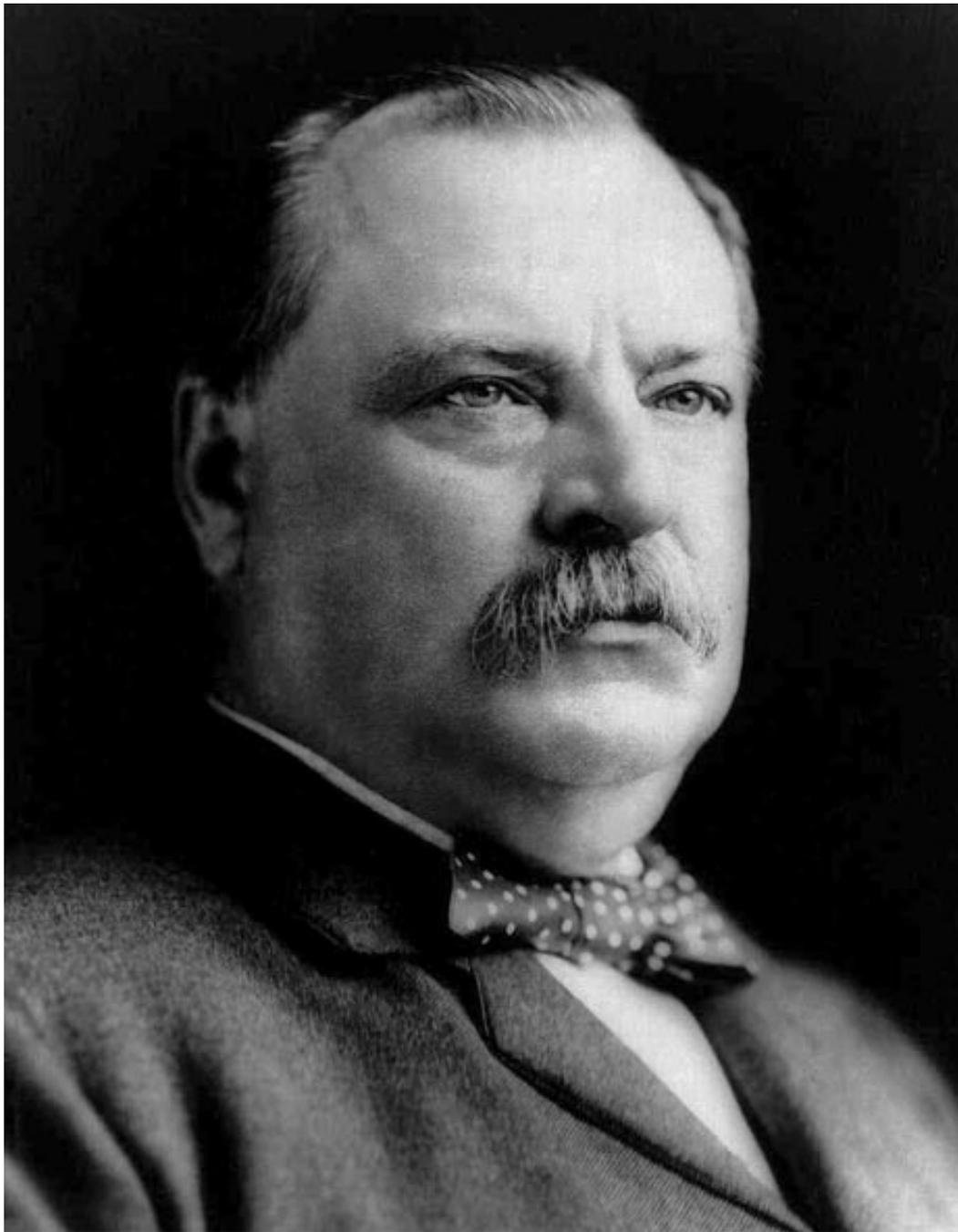
*E. M. Van Aken*  
Sculptor

ELMIRA, N. Y.

The news flew, and everybody on the farm flocked to the arbor and grouped themselves about the wreck in a profound and moving silence—the farm-help, the colored servants, the German nurse, the children, everybody—a silence interrupted at wide intervals by absent-minded ejaculations wrung from unconscious breasts as the whole size of the disaster gradually worked its way home to the realization of one spirit after another. Some burst out with one thing, some another; the German nurse put up her hands and said, “Oh, Schade! oh, schrecklich!” But Gerhardt said nothing; or almost that. He couldn’t word it, I suppose. But he went to work, and by dark had everything thoroughly well under way for a fresh start in the morning; and in three days’ time had built a new bust which was a trifle better than the old one—and tomorrow we shall put the finishing touches on it, and it will be about as good a one as nearly anybody could make.









This presidential campaign is too delicious for anything. To see grown men, apparently in their right mind, seriously arguing against a bachelor's fitness for President because he has had private intercourse with a consenting widow! Those grown men know what the bachelor's other alternative was—and tacitly they seem to prefer that to the widow. Isn't human nature the most consummate sham and lie that was ever invented? Isn't man a creature to be ashamed of in pretty much all his aspects? Is he really fit for anything but to be stood up on the street corner as a convenience for dogs? Man, "know thyself"—and then thou wilt despise thyself, to a dead moral certainty. Take three quite good specimens—Hawley, Warner, & Charley Clark. Even I do not loathe Blaine more than they do; yet Hawley is howling for Blaine, Warner and Clark are eating their daily crow in the paper for him, and all three will vote for him. O Stultification, where is thy sting, O slave where is thy hickory!



I shall vote for Blaine. I do not believe he is guilty of the things they accuse him of; and I know they are not proved against him.

As for Cleveland, his private life may be no worse than that of most men, but as an enemy of that contemptible, hypocritical, lopsided morality which says “a woman shall suffer all the shame of unchastity and a man none,” I want to see him destroyed politically by his past. The men who defend him would take their wives to the White House if he were President, but if he married his concubine—“made her an honest woman”—they would not go near him!

I can't stand that.

He added, “Besides I don't like his hangman-face. It looks dull and brutal.”



120 West Water Street.

*E. M. Van Aken*  
Photo.

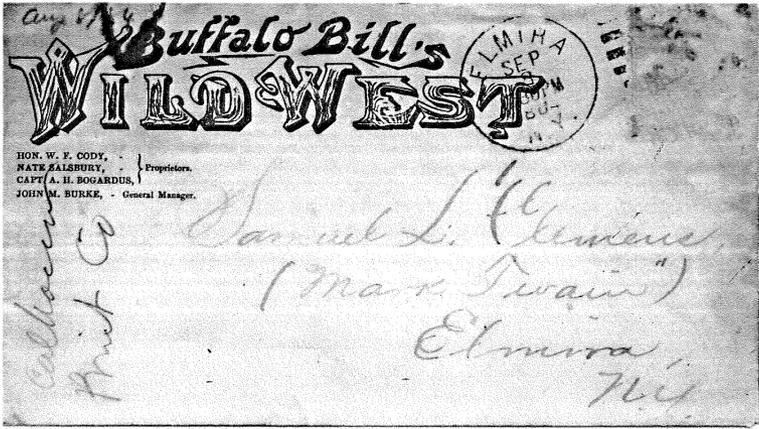
ELMIRA, N. Y.



Mark Twain

—

FROM THE BUST BY KARL GERHARDT.



*Mr Clemens  
Mr Cady, Ed.  
Just give the folks music  
your card - Won't you please  
call at the corner of Elm and  
and Main Street*

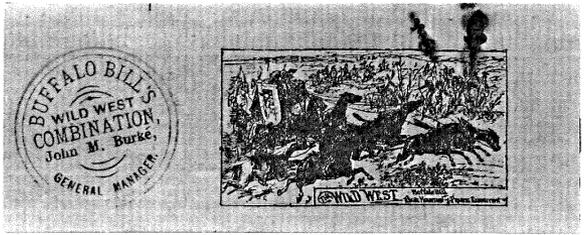
ELMIRA SEP 4 1884  
WILD WEST COMBINATION  
JOHN M. BURKE

**BUFFALO BILL'S**  
ORIGINAL  
**WILD WEST.**

COMPLIMENTS OF  
*J. M. Burke, Gen. Manager.*

NOT GOOD UNLESS STAMPED.

Buffalo Bill's Original  
**WILD WEST.**  
JOHN M. BURKE, General Manager.  
GRAND STAND



Dear Mr. Cody—I have now seen your Wild West show two days in succession, and have enjoyed it thoroughly. It brought vividly back the breezy, wild life of the great plains and the Rocky Mountains and stirred me like a war song. Down to its smallest details the show is genuine—cowboys, vaqueros, Indians, stage-coach, costumes and all; it is wholly free from sham and insincerity, and the effects produced upon me by its spectacles were identical with those wrought upon me a long time ago by the same spectacles on the frontier.

Your pony expressman was as tremendous an interest to me yesterday as he was twenty-three years ago when he used to come whizzing by from over the desert with his war news, and your bucking horses were even painfully real to me, as I rode one of those outrages once for nearly a quarter of a minute. It is often said on the other side of the water that none of the exhibitions which we send to England are purely and distinctively American. If you will take the Wild West show over there you can remove that reproach.

Yours truly,

Mark Twain.

# BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST

AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.



A COMPANY OF WILD WEST COWBOYS. THE REAL ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD WHOSE DARING EXPLOITS  
HAVE MADE THEIR VERY NAMES SYNONYMS WITH DEEDS OF BRAVERY  
BY EVERY STRAIGHTSHOOTER.

On the contrary, the summer has been lost time to me. I spent several weeks in the dental chair, coming down from the hill every day for the purpose; then I made a daily trip during several more weeks to a doctor to be treated for catarrh and have my palate burnt off. The remnant of the season I wasted in ineffectual efforts to work. I haven't a paragraph to show for my summer.

This is the first summer which I have lost. I haven't a paragraph to show for my 3-months' working-season. But there was no help for it—been in the doctor's hands the greater part of the time.



Adventures of  
**HUCKLEBERRY  
FINN.**



(Tom Sawyer's Comrade)  
BY

**MARK TWAIN.**

ILLUSTRATED.

Livy is just getting about from an exhausting spell of sickness; so I don't believe she will be strong enough to travel for at least a week yet. I am down town today, and she is on the hill or she would give me a date and some messages for you.

I am powerful glad you are all home again, and shall be gladder when we join you, and can talk. Mother was well when I saw her last—which was yesterday—and indeed all the tribes are the same—meaning the three families. We shall begin to ship the live stock (cats & dogs), about a week hence, and we shall shortly follow.

Consider that all of us are sending to you and all of you a power of love, and that I am

Always affectionately Yours

Mark.

My Dear Howells:

Somehow I can't seem to rest quiet under the idea of your voting for Blaine. I believe you said something about the country and the party. Certainly allegiance to these are is well; but as certainly a man's first duty is to his own conscience and honor—the party and the country come second to that, and never first. I don't ask you to vote at all—I only urge you to not soil yourself by voting for Blaine. When you wrote before, you were able to say the charges against him were not proven. But you know now that they are proven, and it seems to me that that bars you and all other honest and honorable men (who are independently situated) from voting for him.

It is not necessary to vote for Cleveland; the only necessary thing to do, as I understand it, is that a man shall keep *himself* clean, (by withholding his vote for an improper man,) even though the party and the country go to destruction in consequence. It is not *parties* that make or save countries or that build them to greatness—it is clean men, clean ordinary citizens, rank and file, the masses. Clean masses are not made by individuals standing back till the rest become clean.

As I said before, I think a man's first duty is to his own honor;  
not to his country and not to his party.

Don't be offended; I mean no offense. I am not so  
concerned about the *rest* of the nation, but——well, good-bye.

Ys Ever

Mark









