

Sam & Livy's 150th Wedding Anniversary

A Staged Reading and Musical Performance

Wednesday, February 5, 2020

7-8 PM

Watson Arena Theatre
Elmira College

READERS

Sarah Turner'20 as Narrator and Ida Langdon
Marisa Woodley'23 as Mary Mason Fairbanks and Eve
Elijah Jordan'23 as Adam and Mark Twain

MUSICIANS

Patrick Hoose-Saukas'21 singing *The Wedding Song*
Noah Dorchester'21 singing *Lay Me Down*

BACK STAGE

Hanna Yoselevich'22 - Lighting
Professor George deFalussy - House Manager and Consultant
Jan Kather - Script



This production is based on selected readings from Herbert Wisbey & Robert Jerome's *Mark Twain in Elmira* and Mark Twain's *Extracts from Adam's Diary* (1893) and *Eve's Diary* (1903) accessed through Project Gutenberg. The readers collaborated to edit the script for contemporary audiences. The character Mary Mason Fairbanks was re-imagined by Marisa Woodley'23.

Special thank you to Scott McGuire, Technical Director of Theatre, and Hannah Hammond, Professor of Theatre for their assistance in making this production a reality.

The performance, sponsored by the Center for Mark Twain Studies and Elmira College Theatre Department, is free and open to the public.



Celebrating the 150th Wedding Anniversary of Sam & Livy February 2, 2020

NARRATOR

It's February, the month of valentines and love, and coincidentally the month that Sam Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, wed a young woman from Elmira, New York, Miss Olivia Langdon. Tonight we look back on that time and how Mark Twain's marriage of thirty-four years to "Livy" created the rock solid foundation for his everlasting literary fame.

I'm Sarah Turner and on behalf of the Center for Mark Twain Studies, we welcome you.

We will begin tonight's festivities by recognizing that Sam Clemens found an endless source of inspiration for his writings, both humorous and serious, in Biblical stories. In fact, later this evening, we will hear Twain's "translations" of the diaries of Adam and Eve, based on the story of creation in Genesis. Because of their shared regard for religious texts, we will start our celebration by imagining what it would be like if Sam Clemens and Olivia Langdon planned their wedding today. We think they might have chosen to hear music like Paul Stookey's *The Wedding Song*, because the lyrics are based on two Biblical verses:

Genesis 2:24 ***Therefore a man shall leave his father and mother and be joined to his wife, and they shall become one flesh.***

Matthew 18:20 ***For where two or three are gathered together in My name, I am there in the midst of them.***

Patrick Hoose-Saukas will play *The Wedding Song* for us now.

[MUSIC - audience applause? A thank you?]

Sam Clemens married Olivia Langdon in Elmira on February 2, 1870. The ceremony, held in the Langdon home on the corner of Main and Church Streets, attracted little attention in the Elmira newspapers. A brief notice read, "Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, one of the editors of the Buffalo Express, and well known as "Mark Twain," and Miss Olivia Langdon, daughter of Jervis Langdon, Esq., were married at the residence of the bride's father in this city, last evening. The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher also recorded the event in the register of Park Church, where Sam and Livy's signatures can be viewed today.

Among the wedding guests was a friend of Sam Clemens who was the newspaper writer Mrs. Mary Fairbanks, who had met him on the Quaker City cruise when she was covering the trip for her husband's Cleveland newspaper. She befriended both young Charles Langdon and Sam Clemens, becoming Sam's confidant in his courtship of Livy. Though only a guest at their wedding, she felt obligated to her readers to report on the occasion. We can forgive her for this minor indiscretion, as she has allowed us a first hand view of the newlyweds, from their wedding ceremony in Elmira to their honeymoon house in Buffalo.

With a few imaginative details, Marisa Woodley will bring Mary to life for us, as she gives us the "scoop" on the marriage, once the couple arrived in Buffalo.

MARY MASON FAIRBANKS (as revised by Marisa Woodley'23)

As many are aware, I was recently able to attend the wedding of my two-best friends: Samuel Clemens, and his beautiful bride, Olivia Langdon. Now, I've heard some rumors floating around that Sam only married Livy for her family's money- it isn't hard to see that they're the richest people in Elmira, and who wouldn't love to live in the lap of luxury?

Well my Sam isn't like that! From the moment I saw them together, I knew it was true love! And thus, on February 2nd, a kiss sealed their marriage, and off they were sent on their honeymoon!

If you haven't heard, Mr. Twain's been off on his lecturing tour for the past few months. He didn't have the time to arrange anything himself, not up to his astute standards, of course! He had a dear friend from Buffalo do it all for the two! While their guests resided in the Tift House, the young couple made their way to their quiet quarters, an absolutely darling brick house on the Upper East side of Delaware Street. (Now here's where it gets good)

Waiting for Mr. Clemens was his wife's mother and father. Although he had already quartered them back at the hotel, there was still some unfinished business. Out of the generosity of their hearts, they had purchased and gifted the newlyweds the house in which they would be staying in for their honeymoon! Now who would've known Ol' Sam would ever be at a loss for words. From the delicate blue satin drawing room to the little sanctum quite apart, with its scarlet upholstery, and amid the pretty adornments- he hated it. He called it "a first-class swindle," as it trapped him within the confines of Buffalo, New York. (I wouldn't have been so ungrateful)

But nonetheless, the happy couple accepted the gift, pleasing the beaming set of parents. Long life and happy days to our young friends, whose morning sky gives such rosy promise.

Note: Marisa's source for her "reimagined" Mary Fairbanks' account is printed below.

Chapter Twelve

Samuel and Olivia

1870-1872

Olivia Louise Langdon and Samuel Langhorne Clemens married on February 2nd, 1870 in the Langdon home in Elmira, New York. Mary Mason Fairbanks, who first met Samuel Clemens aboard the Quaker City, attended the wedding and noted that the "quiet, impressive ceremony with all its beautiful appointments is sacred to the few who witnessed it." As the first year of marriage progressed, however, many challenges awaited the newlyweds. On August 6th, Olivia's father died in Elmira. On September 29th, Emma Nye died in the Clemenses' home in Buffalo. On November 7th, Samuel and Olivia's first child, Langdon, was born prematurely. The following pieces highlight three of these events.

Mark Twain's 115th Wedding Anniversary

Published in the Mark Twain Society Bulletin (Vol. VIII, No. 2), July, 1985, pp. 2-3, this article commemorates the 115th wedding anniversary of Samuel Clemens to Olivia Langdon. The article, written by Mary Mason Fairbanks and published in the Cleveland Daily Herald on February 7, 1870, was not widely available in the 1980s. Transcription of this article was credited to Mary Boewe, and the reprint was shared "as an anniversary present" to the readers of the Mark Twain Society Bulletin. The Introduction to the article in the Bulletin included the following comments:

An event to remember in this year of Mark Twain celebrations is the 115th anniversary of his marriage to Olivia Langdon in Elmira on February 2, 1870. The ceremony held in the Langdon home on the corner of Main and Church Streets attracted little attention in the Elmira newspapers. A brief notice read, "Mr. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, one of the editors of the Buffalo Express, and well known as "MARK TWAIN," and Miss OLIVIA LANGDON, daughter of JERVIS LANGDON, Esq., were married at the residence of the bride's father in this city, last evening.

The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher also recorded the event in the records of Park Church, where the entry is now on display.

Among the wedding guests was a friend of Mark Twain's who was also a newspaper writer. Mrs. Mary Fairbanks was one of the passengers on the Quaker City cruise, covering the event for her husband's newspaper. She "adopted" a group of "young cubs" including Charles Langdon and Sam Clemens, who called her "Mother Fairbanks." Their close friendship lasted until her death. She was his confidant in his courtship of Livy and it would have been unthinkable for her not to have attended the wedding.

We cannot tell if there was a conflict between her concept of the role of friend and guest and her instincts as a newspaper woman, but we may be glad that the latter role prevailed.

Samuel L. Clemens, more widely known as "Mark Twain," was married on the evening of the 2nd inst. to Miss Olivia L. Langdon, daughter of Jervis Langdon, Esq of Elmira, N.Y. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thos. K. Beecher of that city, assisted by the Rev. Joseph E. [sic] Twitchell, of Hartford, CT. There was no "Jenkins" among the guests to give publicity to all the pretty detail of the occasion. Suffice it that the sweet-faced girl who that evening hid her blushes in the folds of her bridal veil, has been reared in a household whose very atmosphere

is love and refinement, and the humorous author, with all his rapidly increasing popularity, has received no endorsement which can compare with the cordial surrender of this treasure to his keeping.

The quiet, impressive ceremony with all its beautiful appointments is sacred to the few who witnessed it, but "Mark Twain" belongs to the public which has the right to know that he filled the role of bridegroom with charming grace and dignity.

Through the politeness of the President of the Pennsylvania Northern Central road, a Director's car was sent on from Baltimore and placed at Mr. Langdon's disposal, while the Superintendent of the N.Y. Central supplemented the complimentary arrangement by orders for its conveyance to Buffalo. The wedding party, including a number of invited guests, proceeded to Buffalo on Thursday. Mark, arrogating to himself a considerable amount of artificial dignity in consequence of his new position, and the magnificence of his "trousseau" to which he attached much importance.

Here comes in a delicious bit of romance which as a reporter we have no right to give, but which, holding it too good to keep, we venture to share with the friends of Mark Twain in this city.

It had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Clemens should proceed at once to their boarding house, on arriving in the city, while the rest of the party were to be domiciled at the "Tift [sic] House." The securing of a desirable, genteel home in a private family, had been delegated to an intimate friend and resident of Buffalo, who understanding the tastes and requirements of the young couple would of course be the best person to make for them judicious arrangements. Mr. Clemens having been absent on his lecturing tour for the past few months, accepted the assurance that everything had been attended to. At the depot hearty "good nights" were exchanged, the larger party driving to the hotel, the bride and groom taking carriage for more quiet quarters. Stopping in front of a modest but very attractive brick house in the upper part of Delaware street, Mr. Clemens was somewhat surprised to be met in the hall by the father and mother of the bride and his own sister, whom he supposed already quartered at the hotel. The landlady of the house suddenly disappeared from the scene, and as leaf by leaf of the charming little drama unfolded, Mark Twain found himself the victim of what he termed "a first class swindle," the proprietors and abettors of which were the delighted father and mother, who stood there silent spectators of the happiness they had prepared for their children in the gift of this beautiful home. For once the fun-loving Mark failed in repartee, and moistened eyes spoke a deeper thanks than words.

Nothing that love or wealth could suggest or supply was wanting to make the scene the fulfillment of the poet's dream, from the delicate blue satin drawing room to the little sanctum quite apart, with its scarlet upholstery, amid the pretty adornments of which inspiration must often come to its happy occupant.

Long life and happy days to our young friends, whose morning sky gives such rosy promise.

NARRATOR

Although some Mark Twain scholars like to research and speculate on the marriage of Sam and Livy, we turn, instead, to Langdon family recollections as our source for information about the marriage. Mark Twain's niece, Ida Langdon, a professor of English at Elmira College, wrote several pieces about their courtship and wedding. We have chosen one of the accounts that can be found in *Mark Twain in Elmira*.

The story may be familiar to you. It starts when a young Charley Langdon meets the older Samuel Clemens on a cruise to the Holy Land in 1867. Ida Langdon reports that Charley's father, Jervis, sent him on this trip, this "grand tour," instead of sending him to college. The romance begins with love at first sight, when Sam viewed a daguerreotype image of Charley's sister Livy. Here's the word for word account by Ida Langdon:

IDA LANGDON

Charles was carrying with him a daguerreotype of his sister Olivia to whom he was devoted. One day, possibly seeking diversion, possibly homesick, he showed the little portrait to Sam Clemens, who instantly was possessed by its beauty, and experienced something like love at first sight. At any rate, it was agreed that as soon as possible after both young men were in America again Mr. Clemens should be introduced to Miss Langdon.

The first meeting was in New York where Mr. Jervis Langdon, Olivia, and Charles were staying briefly at the old St. Nicholas Hotel. Mark Twain was asked to dine with them and to go afterwards to Steinway Hall to hear a reading by Charles Dickens. The evening sufficed to prove to young Clemens that the actual girl far surpassed the charm of the daguerreotype. Before very long the invitation to visit his family promised by Charles was received and Mark Twain came hot-foot to Elmira.

Livy and Sam

Now, the center of their hospitable attention, he really burst upon the Langdons. Their reaction has not always been very accurately described. He was, it is true, unlike any one they (or any body else) had ever seen. But his Western gusto and innate originality did not, as has so

often been said, shock them: it did astonish and fascinate them. Left to themselves they would perhaps never have thought of him as a husband for Olivia. But they were not in this matter left to themselves. It was soon clear that Livy and Sam loved each other. Livy's brother already had a strong liking for his stimulating travel mate, and Livy's parents soon felt confidence in his sincerity, delight in his personality, and admiration for his character. They gave him their affection unreservedly. Shortly there was an engagement (during which it is interesting to know that the two young people read proof together on *Innocents Abroad*), and in February, 1870, less than a year before Jervis Langdon's death, Olivia Langdon was married to Samuel Clemens by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, in the house among the many trees across from The Park Church.

NARRATOR

Author Don E. Roberts is among a group of writers and playwrights who have recognized how Sam and Livy's love story is reflected in his later writings about Adam and Eve. Sam wrote his "Extracts from Adam's Diary" in 1893, and in 1905, "translated" Eve's diary. Roberts says, "Although both diaries were published separately as books, the author always intended for the two to be united in one volume, saying, "They score points against each other -- so, if not bound together, some the points would not be perceived..."

We have combined portions of these texts that can be freely obtained online through Project Gutenberg, to help you envision with us, the most ancient relationship between a man and a woman: Adam, read by Elijah Jordan, and Eve read by Marisa Woodley. We can easily imagine that Twain speaks about his relationship with Livy, as well as Livy's thoughts about him, through these first two people who discover each other, and discover love, in the Garden of Eden.

EVE

Saturday

I am almost a whole day old now. I arrived yesterday. That is as it seems to me. And it must be so, for it there was a day-before -yesterday, I was not there when it happened, or I should remember it. It could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not noticing. Very well; I will be very watchful now, and if any day-before-yesterdays happen, I will make a note of it. It will be best to start right and not let the record get confused, for some instinct tells me that these details are going to be important to the historian some day. For I feel like an experiment, I feel exactly like an experiment; it would be impossible for a person to feel more like an experiment than I do, and so I am coming to feel convinced that that is what I AM — an experiment; just an experiment, and nothing more

ADAM

Monday

This new creature with the long hair is always in the way. It's always hanging around and clinging to my side like scum on a pond-top and I HATE it; I'm not used to being around others and don't plan on getting any more comfortable with it.

EVE

Tuesday

I followed the other Experiment around yesterday afternoon, at a distance, to see what it might be for, if I could. But I was not able to make it out. I think it is a man. I had never seen a man, but it looked like one, and I feel sure that that is what it is. I realize that I feel more curiosity about it than about any of the other reptiles. If it is a reptile, and I suppose it is; for it has frowsy hair and brown eyes, and looks like a reptile. It has no hips; it tapers like a carrot; when it stands, it spreads itself apart like a derrick; so I think it is a reptile, though it may be architecture.

I was afraid of it at first, and started to run every time it turned around, for I thought it was going to chase me; but by and by I found it was only trying to get away, so after that I was not timid anymore, but tracked it along, several hours, about twenty yards behind, which made it nervous and unhappy. At last it was a good deal worried, and climbed a tree. I waited a good while, then gave it up and went home.

ADAM

Wednesday

It never shuts up; it seems like every thirty seconds it has a new, useless thought. I know that it sounds harsh and that I'm being overly critical, but I have no ill-will towards the experiment, I just enjoy my own space. Going from complete solitude and serenity to nonstop and shrill speaking is a shock. And it's not like it's a faint or a far sensation, no, it's right in my ear and revolves as it bounces around the garden.

EVE

Thursday

All week I tagged around after him and tried to get acquainted. I had to do the talking because he was so shy, but I didn't mind it. He seemed pleased to have me around, and I used the sociable "we" a good deal because it seemed to flatter him to be included.

ADAM

Thursday

Cloudy today, wind in the east; think we shall have rain... We? It's beginning to rub off on me. The incessant talking has taken over my own vocabulary.

EVE

Monday

This morning I told him my name, hoping it would interest him. But he did not care for it. It is strange. If he should tell me his name, I would care. I think it would be pleasanter in my ears than any other sound.

ADAM

Monday

It says its name is Eve. That's fine by me, I have no complaints. Eve says to call her by it when I need her help with something. At first I said it was superfluous as I really don't need any help, especially not from someone as erratic as the experiment, but I might as well get used to using it, it'll make it easier for the both of us. It also says it is not an It, it is a She. All these new words and specifications, I wish she would realize that it's all the same to me. I don't care.

EVE

Tuesday

He talks very little. Perhaps it is because he is not bright, and is sensitive about it and wishes to conceal it. It is such a pity that he should feel so, for brightness is nothing; it is in the heart that the values lie. I wish I could make him understand that a loving good heart is riches, and riches enough, and that without it, intellect is poverty.

ADAM

Sunday

Pulled through. This day is getting to be more and more exhausting. It was selected and set apart as a day of rest. I already had six of them per week before. This morning I found Eve trying to clod apples out of that forbidden tree. Key word: forbidden.

EVE

Sunday

It is up there yet. Resting, apparently. But that is a subterfuge: Sunday isn't the day of rest; Saturday is appointed for that. It looks to me like a creature that is more interested in resting than in anything else. It would tire me to rest so much. It tires me just to sit around and watch the tree. I do wonder what it is for; I never see it doing anything.

ADAM

Monday

Not only does she not stop talking, but apparently she doesn't stop eating either! If she doesn't stop, more than likely we'll starve. "We" again — that's her word; mine too, now, from hearing it so much. To make the day even better, there's a good deal of fog too. I choose to not go out in the fog myself, but Eve has no problem with it. She goes out in all weathers, and stomps right in with her muddy feet without a second thought. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here.

I'm definitely not as happy as I was before.

EVE

Wednesday

We are getting along very well indeed, now, and getting better and better acquainted. He does not try to avoid me anymore, which is a good sign, and shows that he likes to have me with him. That pleases me, and I study to be useful to him in every way I can, so as to increase his regard.

During the last day or two I have taken all the work of naming things off his hands, and this has been a great relief to him, for he has no gift in that line, and is evidently very grateful. He can't think of a rational name to save him, but I do not let him see that I am aware of his defect. Whenever a new creature comes along I name it before he has time to expose himself by an awkward silence. In this way I have saved him many embarrassments. I have no defect like this. The minute I set eyes on an animal I know what it is. I don't have to reflect a moment; the right name comes out instantly, just as if it were an inspiration, as no doubt, it is, for I am sure it wasn't in me half a minute before. I seem to know just by the shape of the creature and the way it acts what animal it is.

When the dodo came along, he thought it was a wildcat—I saw it in his eye. But I saved him. And I was careful not to do it in a way to hurt his pride. I just spoke up in a quite natural way of pleased surprise, and not as if I was dreaming of conveying information, and said: "Well, I do declare, if there isn't the dodo!" I explained—without seeming to be explaining—how I knew it for a dodo; and although I thought maybe he was a little piqued that I knew the creature when he didn't, it was quite evident that he admired me.

ADAM

Friday

Not only does she talk and eat too much, but she gives me zero chance to name anything myself! Eve names literally everything in sight, before I can even get a syllable out. And she always says the same thing—it looks like the thing. There's the dodo for instance. Eve says the moment one looks at it one sees at a glance that it 'looks like a dodo.' I guess it'll have to keep that name, there's no point in confusing the both of us. Dodo! It looks no more like a dodo than I do.

EVE

Next week Sunday —

It has low tastes, and is not kind. When I went there yesterday evening in the gloaming, it had crept down and was trying to catch the little specked fishes that play in the pool, and I had to clod it to make it go up the tree again and let them alone. I wonder if THAT is what it is for? Hasn't it any heart? Hasn't it any compassion for those little creatures?

ADAM

Monday

Eve taking the reins on naming a few creatures was fine, but she hasn't stopped! I had picked out the PERFECT name for my little haven, and it was musical and pretty —GARDEN-OF-EDEN. When I'm by myself I still call it that, but I don't when she's around to avoid conflict. She says it is all woods and rocks and scenery, and therefore has no resemblance to a garden. Says it looks like a park. This is sufficiently high-handed, it seems to me. And already there is a sign up: KEEP OFF THE GRASS

EVE

Friday

The birds and animals are all friendly to each other, and there are no disputes about anything. They all talk, and they all talk to me, but it must be a foreign language, for I cannot make out a word they say; yet they often understand me when I talk back, particularly the dog and the elephant. It makes me ashamed. It shows that they are brighter than I am, for I want to be the principal Experiment myself — and I intend to be, too.

ADAM

Monday Noon

If there's anything on the planet that she doesn't like to talk about or touch or smell, it's not on my list. There are animals that I just don't care or think about, but it's not the same with Eve. She loves every little thing. It's like she's created trillions of little boxes in her heart for each one.

EVE

Sunday

I tried to get him some of those apples, but I cannot learn to throw straight. I failed, but I think the good intention pleased him. They are forbidden, and he says I shall come to harm; but so I come to harm through pleasing him, why shall I care for that harm?

ADAM

Tuesday

She's talking with snakes now! The one thing that these animals and I have in common is the immediate relief we felt when we realized that she wouldn't be bothering us anymore! Maybe I can finally get some rest.

Thursday

I swear she just spits out any little thought that comes to mind; this time she's going on about how she was made from one of my ribs. If this isn't crazy, I don't know what is.

Friday

She says the snake told her to try the fruit of that tree, and that she'll get a great and fine and noble education. I told her there would be another result, too — it would introduce death into the world. I should have kept that part to myself...no going back now though.

NARRATOR

At this point, Adam and Eve, after eating the forbidden fruit, have been expelled from the garden. In the following, they share their experiences of life without the safe haven that had become accustomed to.

EVE

AFTER THE FALL

When I look back, the Garden is a dream to me. It was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, enchantingly beautiful; and now it is lost, and I shall not see it any more.

ADAM

NEXT YEAR

We have named it Cain. She caught it while I was up country trapping on the North Shore of the Erie; caught it in the timber a couple miles from our dug-out. It looks like us in some ways, and there may be a relation. That's what she thinks at least, but this is an error, in my judgment. The difference in size warrants the conclusion that it's a different and new kind of animal — a fish, perhaps, but when I put it in the water to see, it sank, and she plunged in and snatched it out before there was the opportunity for the experiment to determine the matter. The coming of the creature seems to have changed her whole nature and made her unreasonable about experiments. She thinks more of it than she does of any of the other animals, but is not able to explain why. Sometimes she carries the fish in her arms half the night when it complains.

She doesn't work Sundays, but lies around all tired out, and likes to have the fish wallow over her; and she makes fool noises to amuse it, and pretends to chew its paws, and that makes it laugh. I have not seen a fish before that could laugh.

Wednesday

It isn't a fish. I cannot quite make out what it is. It makes these curious and devilish noises when not satisfied, and says "goo-goo" when it is. It is not one of us, for it doesn't walk; it is not a bird, for it doesn't fly; it is not a frog, for it doesn't hop; it is not a snake, for it doesn't crawl; I feel sure it is not a fish, though I cannot get a chance to find out whether it can swim or not. I said I believed it was an enigma, but she only admired the word without understanding it.

Three Months Later

It's finally stopped lying around, and has started trying to walk on its four legs now. Although it has four legs, it is NOTHING like the other four-legged animals we've encountered. This freakish way of walking has caused the main part of its person to stick up uncomfortably high in the air, and this is the most unattractive thing i've ever witnessed. The difference in leg lengths has swayed me into thinking it's part of the kangaroo family.

Three Months Later

The kangaroo still continues to grow, which is very strange and kind of stressful. I just want to know what it is! It has fur on its head now; not like kangaroo fur, but exactly like our hair, except that it is much finer and softer, and instead of being black, it is red.

Five Months Later

It is not a kangaroo. It now supports itself by holding on to Eve's finger, and thus goes a few steps on its hind legs, and then falls down, which is the most joyful thing of this experiment. It is probably some kind of bear;

A Fortnight Later

I examined its mouth. There is no danger yet; it has only one tooth. It has no tail yet. It makes more noise now than it ever did before—mainly at night. I have moved out. But I shall go over, mornings, to breakfast, and to see if it has more teeth. If it gets a mouthful of teeth, it will be time for it to go, tail or no tail, for a bear does not need a tail in order to be dangerous.

Three Months Later

I have been off hunting and fishing a month. Meantime the bear has learned to paddle around all by itself on its hind legs, and says "poppa" and "momma." This imitation of speech, taken together with general absence of fur and entire absence of tail, sufficiently indicates this is a new kind of bear.

Three Months Later

It has been a weary, weary hunt, yet I have had no success. In the meantime, without stirring from the home estate, she has caught another one! I never saw such luck. I might have hunted these woods a hundred years, I never should have run across that thing.

Next Day

I have been comparing the new one with the old one, and it is perfectly plain that they are the same breed. The old one is tamer than it was, and can laugh and talk like the parrot. I think I'd pass out if it turns out to be a new kind of parrot. The new one is as ugly now as the old one was at first; has the same sulphuric-and-raw meat complexion and the same singular head without any fur on it. She calls it Abel.

Ten Years Later

They are boys; we found it out long ago. It was their coming in that small, immature shape that puzzled us, we were not used to it. There are some girls now. Abel is a good boy, but if Cain had stayed a bear, it would have improved him.

After all these years, I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than inside without her. At first I thought she talked too much; but now I should be sorry to have that voice fall silent and pass out of my life.

Forty Years Later (Eve's Prayer)

It is my prayer, it is my longing, that we may pass from this life together — a longing which shall never perish from the earth, but shall have place in the hear of every wife that loves, until the end of time; and it shall be called by my name.

But if one of us must go first, it is my prayer that it shall be I; for he is strong, I am weak, I am not so necessary to him as he is to me — life without him would not be life; how could I endure it? This prayer is also immortal, and will not cease from being offered up while my race continues. I am the first wife; and in the last wife I shall be repeated.

ADAM

At Eve's Grave

*Whereso ever she was, **THERE** was Eden.*

NARRATOR

Two years after Livy died, Mark Twain described what Olivia Langdon Clemens meant to him. Elijah will now read Sam's loving words about Livy. We cannot doubt but that she was his inspiration for Eve's Diary, as well as his muse.

MARK TWAIN

To-morrow will be the thirty-sixth anniversary of our marriage. My wife passed from this life one year and eight months ago, in Florence, Italy, after an unbroken illness of twenty-two months' duration.

I saw her first in the form of an ivory miniature in her brother Charley's stateroom in the steamer Quaker City in the Bay of Smyrna, in the summer of 1867, when she was in her twenty-second year. I saw her in the flesh for the first time in New York in the following December. She was slender and beautiful and girlish—and she was both girl and woman. She remained both girl and woman to the last day of her life. Under a grave and gentle exterior burned inextinguishable fires of sympathy, energy, devotion, enthusiasm, and absolutely limitless affection. She was always frail in body, and she lived upon her spirit, whose hopefulness and courage were indestructible. Perfect truth, perfect honesty, perfect candor, were qualities of her character which were born with her. Her judgments of people and things were sure and accurate. Her intuitions almost never deceived her. In her judgments of the characters and acts of both friends and strangers there was always room for charity, and this charity never failed. I have compared and contrasted her with hundreds of persons, and my conviction remains that hers was the most perfect character I have ever met. And I may add that she was the most winningly dignified person I have ever known. Her character and disposition were of the sort that not only invite worship, but command it. No servant ever left her service who deserved to remain in it.

The love which she bestowed upon those whom she loved took the form of worship, and in that form it was returned—returned by relatives, friends, and the servants of her household. It was a strange combination which wrought into one individual, so to speak, by marriage—her disposition and character and mind. She poured out her prodigal affections in kisses and caresses, and in a vocabulary of endearments whose profusion was always an astonishment to me. I was born reserved as to endearments of speech, and caresses, and hers broke upon me as the summer waves break upon Gibraltar. I was reared in that atmosphere of reserve. As I have already said, I never knew a member of my father's family to kiss another member of it except once, and that at a deathbed. And our village was not a kissing community. The kissing and caressing ended with courtship—along with the deadly piano-playing of that day.

She had the heart-free laugh of a girl. It came seldom, but when it broke upon the ear it was as inspiring as music. I heard it for the last time when she had been occupying her sick bed for more than a year, and I made a written note of it at the time—a note not to be repeated.

Note: Elijah slightly revised by eliminating some parts of this reflection by Twain.

NARRATOR

Twain's account of his life without Livy is heartbreaking. His sadness reminded us of the lyrics of a Sam Smith song "Lay Me Down," a song about longing for the one you love, the one who is no longer with you. Noah Dorchester will sing this song for us now.

[MUSIC- Applause- Thank you]

With those final, poignant words of love and loss, we close our reading, with the recognition that we must thank a young woman from Elmira, Miss Olivia Langdon, for bringing Sam Clemens to live, love, and find his final resting place in our city, Elmira, New York. When you leave the theatre tonight, look toward Cowles Hall and notice to your left and right, the watchful gazes of the statues just outside of Watson: Sam to the west, Livy to the east. Fill your hearts with their love and respect for each other.

We thank you for joining us to celebrate the marriage of the Clemenses and wish you all an everlasting love befitting of Sam and his darling Livy.