

MARK TWAIN.

S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) I consider one of the greatest geniuses of our time, and as great a philosopher as a humorist. I think I know him better than most men do, -- universal as his circle of acquaintance is, -- big as is his reputation. He is as great a man as he is a genius, too. Tenderness and sensitiveness are his two strongest traits. He has one of the best hearts that ever beat. One must know him well to fully discern all of his best traits. He keeps them entrenched, so to speak. I rather imagine that he fights

shy of having it generally suspected that he is kind and tender hearted, but many of his old friends do know it.

He possesses some of the frontier traits — a fierce spirit of retaliation, and the absolute confidence that life-long "partners," in the Western sense, developes. Injure him and he is merciless, especially if you betray his confidence. Once a lecture manager in New York, whom he trusted to arrange the details of a lecture in Steinway Hall, swindled him to the amount of some \$1,500. and afterwards confessed it, offering restitution to that amount, that being Mark's share of the

plunder, but not until it had been discovered. They

were on board ship at the time, and Mark threatened to

throw the fellow overboard, and meant it, too, but he

fled ashore. In "The Gilded Age," Mark immolates him.

(Mr. Griller, Lecture Agent. Page 438, London Edition.)

The fellow died soon afterwards, and James Redpath, who

was a witness to the scene on the steamboat, and who

knew the man well, insisted that "Mark's" arrow killed

him, but he would have fired it all the same had he

known what the result would be.

General Grant and Mark Twain were the greatest  
of friends. C. L. Webster & Co. (Mark Twain) published

"General Grant's Memoirs," How like and yet unlike  
are the careers of the soldier and the citizen!

Grant: poor, a tanner, small farmer, selling  
cord-wood for a living, with less prospect for rising  
than any ex-West Pointer in the Army; then the biggest  
military reputation of the age; then twice President of  
the United States; then the foremost civilian of the  
world; then the most honored guest of peoples and rul-  
ers, who ever made the circuit of the earth.

Mark Twain: A printer's apprentice in a small  
Missouri River town; then a "tramping jour" printer;  
a Mississippi River roustabout guarding freight piles

on the levee all night for pocket money; river pilot;  
a rebel guerilla; a reporter in a Nevada mining town;  
then suddenly the most famous author of the age; a man  
of society, with the most aristocratic clubs of America,  
and all around the civilized globe, flung open to him;  
adopted with all the honors into one of the most exclu-  
sive societies on this continent, the favored companion  
of the most cultivated spirits of the age, welcomed  
abroad in all the courts almost as a crowned head.  
"Peace hath its victories," etc., etc.

There is indeed quite a parallel between Grant  
and Twain. Grant found himself impoverished two years

before his death, when was left for him the most heroic part of his life work, to write his memoirs (while he knew he was dying), which, through his publishers, C.L. Webster & Co. (Twain), netted his family nearly half a million dollars. That firm failed in 1894, leaving liabilities to the amount of \$50,000. over and above all it owned, for Mark to pay, and which he has earned with his voice and pen in a tour around the world, and paid every creditor in full, in one year's less time than calculated by Mark when he started at Cleveland on the 15th day of July, 1895. Yes, there is a parallel between the two great heroes, in courage and integrity;

they are more than unlike. . .

## Across the Continent with Mark Twain.

"Mark Twain" first became a lecturer in California, in 1865. He had returned to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands, from which he had written a series of picturesque and humorous letters for a California journal, and was asked to lecture about the Islands. He used to tell his first experience with great glee. He had written the lecture and committed it to memory, and was satisfied with it; still, he dreaded a failure on the first night, as he had had no experience in addressing audiences. Accordingly, he made an arrangement with a woman friend, whose family was to occupy one of the boxes, to start the applause if he should give the sign by looking in her direction and stroking his moustache. He thought that if he failed to "strike" the audience, he would be encouraged by a round of applause if any one would start it after he had made a good point.

Instead of failure, his lecture was a boundless success. The audience raptuously applauded every point, and "Mark" forgot all about his instructions to the lady. Finally, as he was thinking of some new point that occurred to him as he was talking, without thinking of the lady at all, he unconsciously put his hand up to his moustache, and happened to turn in the direction of the box. He had



said nothing just then to cause even his appreciative audience to applaud, but the lady took his action for the signal, and nearly broke her fan in striking it against the edge of the box. The whole house joined her applause.

This unexpected and malapropos applause almost knocked "Mark" off his pins, but he soon recovered himself and became at once one of the favorites of the platform. He lectured a year or two in the West, just after the close of the war, but by Petroleum V. Nasby's advice in 1872-3, Redpath invited him to come East, and he made his first appearance in Boston in the Redpath Lyceum, Music Hall.

His success was instantaneous, and he has remained the universal platform favorite to this date, not only in America, in Australia, in India, in the Cape Colonies, and throughout Great Britain, but in Austria and in Germany, where large crowds pay higher prices to see and to hear "Mark Twain" than any other private citizen that has ever lived.

He wrote me from Paris, May 1st, 1895: "I've a nation to read a few times in America before I sail for Australia. I'm going to think it over and make up my mind".

On May 18th he arrived in this country, and I made arrangements for him to lecture in twenty-one cities on his way to the Pacific, beginning in Cleveland, July 15th, and ending in Vancouver, British Columbia, August 15th. From that place he was

In his Tour Around the World, Mark Twain earned with his pen, money enough to pay all his creditors in full with interest, and this he did almost a year sooner than he had originally calculated. Such a triumphal tour has never before been made by any American hero since that memorable Tour Around the World by General Grant. He has been greeted in France, Switzerland, Germany and England almost like a crowned head.

to sail for Australia, via Honolulu, where it was planned that he should speak while the ship was waiting, *but owing to yellow fever no landing was made & over \$1600. was returned to the disappointed Honoluluans.* June 11th, he wrote me from Elmira:

"If you've got to have a circular for this brief campaign, the chief feature, when speaking of me should be, that he, (M.T.) is on his way to Australia and thence around the globe on a reading and talking tour to last twelve months.

"You get the idea? Travelling around the world is nothing - everybody does it. But what I am travelling for is unusual - everybody doesn't do that.

"I like the approximate itinerary first rate. It is lake, all the way from Cleveland to Duluth. I wouldn't switch aside to Milwaukee for \$200,000."

His original idea was to lecture in nine cities besides two or three others on the Pacific Coast. I was to have one fourth of the profits except in San Francisco, where he was to have four fifths. But we did not go to San Francisco. ~~Fargo was in the original itinerary also.~~

Two days before he started from Elmira, N. Y., he had been dragged from a sick-bed to appear in New York <sup>City</sup> in supplementary proceedings. I declare that never have I witnessed a more pathetic spectacle than this sick man, facing what seemed to be a merciless court and a still more heartless creditor, who owed

more of his business success to his victim than to any other source. Mark did not complain, but silently left the court-room with fixed determined <sup>ation</sup> ~~plans~~ to work out his salvation and his freedom from debts, - a form of slavery more to be abhorred than any other in existence. For weeks he had been suffering from a malignant carbuncle of the most prodigious proportions.

There were five of us in the party, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, Clara, one of their daughters, Mrs. Pond and I. During the journey, I kept a detailed journal, from which I shall quote.

Cleveland, July 15th, '95. The Stillman - with "Mark Twain", his wife and their daughter, Clara. "Mark" looks badly fatigued. His huge carbuncle seven weeks old, and the annoying supplementary proceedings in New York are telling upon him.

Very comfortable quarters at The Stillman. "Mark" went immediately to bed on our arrival. He is nervous and weak. Threats of interference with his lecture business here by his one annoying creditor worries him, but he is nursed and cared for by his tender, affectionate wife, whose soothing influence on him seems instantaneous. Reporters from all the morning and evening papers called and interviewed him. It seemed like old times again, and "Mark" enjoyed it. The young men called at 3 P.M. and paid me the fee for the lecture, which took place in Music Hall. 4,200 people present at prices ranging from 25 ¢ to \$1.00. It was nine

o'clock before the crowd could get in and "Mark" begin. As he hobbled upon the stage there was a grand ovation of cheers and applause which continued for some time. Then he began to speak, and before he could finish a sentence, the appluase broke out again. So it went on for over an hour, on a mid-July night, with the mercury trying to climb out of the <sup>top of the</sup> thermometer. "Mark Twain" kept that vast throng in convulsions.

Tuesday, July 16th. 90 degrees in the shade at 7:30 A.M.

Cleveland. Good notices of "Mark Twain's" lecture in all the papers. "Mark" spent all day in bed until five o'clock. I spent <sup>the</sup> day in writing to all correspondents ahead. If Sault Ste Marie <sup>the next engagement.</sup> turns out as well in proportion as this place, ~~our~~ tour is a success. "Mark" and I <sup>by</sup> went out to dinner with some old friends and companions of the Quaker City tour. He came home very nervous and much distressed. <sup>There are</sup> intimations that his baggage will be attached and other annoyances. I can't help it. I feel that <sup>these people</sup> ~~this man and his wife~~ have surrendered all they have to their creditors, and ~~now~~ I don't believe the ~~creditors~~ think half as much of them as they would, had they taken care of themselves. ~~My heart aches for them both.~~ We discover a remarkable woman in Mrs. Clemens. A good time <sup>is</sup> in store for us all.

Wednesday, July 17th. Mercury 98° degrees still on the ascent.

S.S. Northland. Our party left Cleveland for Mackinac at seven o'clock. ~~"Mark" much debilitated.~~ He is carrying on a big fight

against his bodily disability. All that has been said of this fine ocean ship on the Great Lakes is not exaggerated. ~~The trip across Lake Erie~~ There is an ice plant on board that produces five tons of ice daily, and an electric plant that supplies two thousand seven hundred incandescent burners. The trip across Lake Erie to Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair River is most charming. "Mark" and Mrs. Clemens are very cheerful to-day. The passengers have discovered who they are. Our party is the center of attraction. Wherever "Mark" sits or stands on the deck of the steamer, in the smoking room, dining room, or cabin, he is the magnet, and people strain their necks to see him and to catch every word he utters.

New Venice, on the St. Clair River, is a most interesting resort. I have seen nothing else like it in America. For miles on the American side are rows of cottages built upon piles over the water, with no means of communication with each other except by small row boats, and these are numerous. There is a little slip, or dock, with pretty boats and boat houses by every cottage. Some of the boats are very elaborate. This is a unique resort for wealthy people of Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and quite a number of Chicaroans have elegant summer homes here. There is great opportunity for fish-

ing and duck shooting, as the Canadian side of the river is a vast rice marsh inhabited by water fowls only. How few eastern people know of these extensive luxurious resorts, and all the growth of two decades.

On the second day out on Lake Huron, "Mark" was on deck in the morning for the first time, feeling fresh and spry as a young kitten. Many people made excuses for speaking to him. One man had stopped off in Cleveland on purpose to hear him. Another from Washington Territory, who had lived forty years in the West, owned a copy of "Roughing It," which he and his wife knew by heart. One very gentle elderly lady wished to thank him for the nice things he has written and said of cats. But the one who interested "Mark" the most was a young man who asked him if he had ever seen or used a shaving stone, handing him one. It was a small, peculiar, fine-grained sandstone, the shape of a miniature grindstone, and about the size of an ordinary watch. He explained that all you had to do was to rub your face with it and the rough beard would disappear, leaving a clean shaven face.

Mark took it, rubbed it on his unshaven cheek, and express great wonder at the result. He put it in

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his vest pocket very unceremoniously, remarking at the same time:

"That is just what I want. The Madam (he generally speaks of Mrs. Clemens as "The Madam") will have no cause to complain of my never being ready in time for church because it takes so long to shave. I will just put this into my vest pocket on Sunday. Then when I get to church, I'll pull the thing out and enjoy a quiet shave in my pew during the long prayer. I see it is called "Adam's Saving Stone." Of course Adam had no other means of shaving, so he just laid his cheek on a stone and it became smooth."

Friday, July 19th,

Mackinac, Grand Hotel.

We came by steamer T.S. Faxton, of the Arnold Line. It was an ideal excursion among the islands. It was cold, but none of our party would leave the deck until dinner bell rang. Mark said, "That sounds like an old fashioned summons to dinner. It means a good old fashioned unpretentious dinner, too. I'm going to try it." We all sat down to a table reaching the entire length of the cabin. We naturally fell in with the rush and all got seats. It was a good dinner, too -- the best I ever heard of for 25 cents. At 4:30 we

reached the Grand Hotel, where I saw one of Mark's lithographs in the hotel office, and "Tickets For Sale Here" written in blue pencil upon the margin. It seemed dull and dead about the lobby and also in the streets. The hotel manager said the Casino, an adjoining hall, was at our service, free, and the keeper had instructions to seat and light it. Dinner time came and we all went down together. It was Mark's first appearance in a public dining room since we started. He attracted some attention as he entered and sat down, but nothing especial transpired. After dinner the news stand man told me he had not sold a ticket, and no one had enquired about them. I waited until eight o'clock and went to the hall to notify the man that he need not light up, as there would be no audience. The janitor and I stood chatting until about half past eight. I was about to leave when a man and woman came to the door and asked for tickets. I was about to tell them there would be no lecture when I saw a number of people, guests of the house, coming. So I suddenly changed my mind and told them: "Admission \$1.00. Pay the money to me and walk right in." The crowd kept rushing on me and I was obliged to ask everybody who could to please have the exact amount ready, as I was unable to change large



bills without a good deal of delay. It was after nine o'clock before the rush was over and I sent a boy for "Mark". He expressed his pleasant surprise. I asked him to walk to the platform and introduce himself, which he did. I don't believe there was ever an audience that had a better time of an hour and a half. Mark was simply immense.

I counted my money while the show was going on and found I had taken in \$398. When the entertainment was about half over, two young men came to the door and wanted to be admitted for \$1.00 for the two. I said, "No, \$1.00 each. I cannot take less." They turned to go, when I called them back and explained that I needed two more dollars to make receipts just \$400., and said, "Now, if you'll pay a dollar each and complete my pile, you can come in and enjoy the best end of the programme, and when the show is out I'll take you down stairs and blow you off to twice that amount." They paid the two dollars and after the crowd had left the hall, I introduced them to Mark and we all went down to the billiard room, had a good time until 12 o'clock, and Mark and I made two delightful acquaintances. This has been one of our best days. Mark is gaining.

Saturday, July 20th.

Mackinac to Petoskey.

M.T.

"Mark" and I left the ladies at The Grand and went to Petoskey on the two o'clock train and boat. The smoke is so thick as to be almost stifling. There are forest fires on both sides of the track. There is a good hotel here. Mark dressed his carbundle himself without assistance. He is surely gaining. We had a full house, and for the first time in a number of years I had a lecture room so crowded at \$1.00 a ticket that many could not get standing room and were obliged to go away. The theatre has a seating capacity of five hundred, but over seven hundred and fifty got in. "Mark's" programme was just right -- one hour and twenty minutes. He stopped at an hour and ten minutes, and cries of "Go on! Go on!" were so earnest that he told one more story. George Kennan was one of the audience. He is going to give a course of lectures at Lake View Assembly, an auxiliary Chautauqua adjoining Petoskey, where about five thousand people assemble every summer. Mr. Hall, the manager, thought that "Mark Twain" would not draw sufficient to warrant engaging him, so I took the risk outside, and won.

Sunday, July 21st.

"Mark" and I left Petoskey for Mackinac at 5:30 this morning, to spend Sunday. It was severe on the

poor man, but he was heroic and silent all the way. He has not tasted food since the dinner on the Faxton, Friday.

Monday, July 22nd.

On Lake Superior. S.S. Northwest. We went on deck early and found the smoke all gone and the sun shining brightly, but it has been so cold all day that few passengers are on deck. It took us a long time to pass through the Locks, although our big steamer had the right of way and Capt. Brown and Purser Pierce did all they could to hurry us on, for we were already eight hours late. There are hundreds of sailing and steam craft waiting their turn to pass through. The lock's capacity is tested every moment from the opening to the closing of navigation. I counted upwards of six hundred craft during the day yesterday. The commerce of these lakes is astonishingly great, and little known by the eastern people.

We landed at Duluth at just 9 P.M. Mr. Briggs, our correspondent, met us at the wharf with a carriage. As our boat neared land, Briggs shouted:

"Hello, Major Pond."

"Hello, Briggs".

"Is Mark Twain all right?"

"Yes, he is ready to go to the hall. He will be the first passenger off the ship".

"Good. We have a big audience waiting for him", said Mr. Briggs.

"We'll have them convulsed in ten minutes", said I.

"Mark" was the first passenger to land. Mr. Briggs hurried him to the church, which was packed with ~~two~~<sup>three</sup> hundred and fifty warm friends (100° in the shade) to meet and greet him. It was a big audience. Got through at 10:50. Were all on board train for Minneapolis at 11:20. ~~at 11:20~~.

It was my busy night. The train for Minneapolis was to start at 12 o'clock. The agents in New York who had fitted me out with transportation and promised that everything should be in readiness on our arrival in Duluth, had forgotten us, and no arrangements for sleeper or transfer of baggage had been made. I had all this to attend to, besides looking after the business part of the lecture, which was on sharing terms with a church society. Everything mixed up, as the door-tender and finance committee were bound to hear the lecture. I could get no statement, but took all the money in sight, and "Mark" ~~and~~ and I got on board the train as it was starting. *for Minneapolis*

Tuesday, July 23.

Minneapolis 7:30. West Hotel, - a delightful place.

Six skilled reporters spent about two hours with Mark. He was lying in bed, and very tired, I know, but he was extremely courteous to them and they all enjoyed the interview. The Metropolitan Opera House was filled to the top gallery with a big crowd of well-dressed, intelligent people. It was about as big a night as Mark ever had, to my knowledge. He had a new entertainment, blending pathos with humor, with unusual continuity. This was at Mrs. Clemens' suggestion. She had given me an idea on the start that too much humor tired an audience with laughing. Mark took the hint and worked in three or four pathetic stories that make the entertainment perfect. The "show" is a triumph, and Mark will never need a running mate to make him satisfactory to everybody.

The next day the Minneapolis papers were full of good things about the lecture. "The Times" devoted three columns and a half of fine print to a verbatim report of it. The following evening in St. Paul, Mark gave the same programme, which was commented on in glowing terms by St. Paul papers.

Thursday, July 25, 1900.

Mr. Chute, who had had the Minneapolis lectures, sent baskets of flowers to the ladies, and Mrs. Clemens

invited him to dine with us. Mark was not very attentive to him, and after dinner Mrs. Clemens reminded him of his seeming impoliteness, whereupon Mark wrote Mr. Chute a letter of thanks, regret and praise, such as few people ever received from that source. Mr. Chute proudly showed it to me and said he would rather have that letter than \$1,000. profit on the lecture.

Friday, July 26th.

Winnipeg. The Manitoba. We have had a most charming ride through North Dakota and South-east Manitoba. It seems as if everything along the route must have been put in order for our reception. The flat wild prairies (uninhabited in 1883) are now all under cultivation. There are fine farm houses, barns, wind mills and vast fields of wheat -- "oceans of wheat" as Mark said -- as far as the eye can reach in all directions, stirred into billows by the wind like the waves of the sea, and all the country so flat! Mr. Beecher remarked to his wife when riding through here in '83: "Mother, you couldn't flatter this country."

We had a splendid audience. Mark and I were entertained at the Manitoba Club after the lecture -- a club of the leading men of Winnipeg. We did not stay out very late as Mark feared Mrs. Clemens would not re-

tire until he came, and he was quite anxious for her to rest, as the long night journey in the cars had been very fatiguing. On our arrival at the hotel we heard singing and a sound of revelry in the parlors. A party of young gentlemen of the reception committee had escorted our ladies home. They were fine singers, and, with Clara at the piano, a concert was in progress that we all enjoyed for another hour.

Saturday, July 27th.

We all put down this day as the pleasantest we have thus far spent. Several young English gentlemen who have staked fortunes in this northwest, in wheat ranches and other prime enterprises, brought out their tandems and traps and drove the ladies about the country. They saw the largest herd of wild buffalo that now exists, in a large enclosure.

They were also shown the various interesting suburban sights, of which there are more than one would believe could exist in this far northwestern city. Bouquets and banks of flowers of most beautiful colors were sent in. Many ladies called, and all in all it has been an ovation. Mark, as is his custom, did not get up until it was time to go to the lecture hall, but he was happy. Several journalists called whom he told me were the best informed and the most scholarly lot of newspaper men he had found anywhere, and I believe he was correct. There was another large crowd at the lecture, and another and final reception at the famous Manitoba Club. We were back at the hotel at twelve, and all so happy! We surely are on the real road to true happiness.



F

M.T.

Sunday, July 28, 1895.

We arrived in Crookston on the christening night of the new hotel. Mark Twain's name was the first on its register. We did not get there until after dark and had to remain in darkness a couple of hours until the electrician could get the incandescent lights adjusted in our room. But Mark was in bed ten minutes after our arrival and did not get up until time for the lecture next day. We have travelled all day through an ocean of wheat.

Monday, July 29th.

We have been at Crookston, Minn., all day. ~~The first~~

We have been the first and especially favored guests of this fine new hotel, "The Crookston". "Mark Twain's" name was the first on the register. We are enjoying it. Mark is as gay as a lark, but he remained in bed until time to go to the Opera House. This city is wonderfully improved since I was here in '83 with Mr. Beecher, and in '85 with Clara Louise Kellogg, and in '87 with Charles Dickens, 2nd. The opening of this house is a great event. People are filling up the town from all directions to see and hear "Mark", and taking advantage of the occasion to see the first new hotel in their vicinity with hot and cold water, electric lights, and all modern improvements.

M.T.

Tuesday, July 30, 1895

This morning we had our first experience of being obliged to get out at the unseasonable hour of 3:30 in the morning to take the four o'clock overland train from Crookston, but it has done us all good. Even Clara enjoyed the unique experience. It refreshed her memory. She recollected that she had telegraphed to Elmira to have her winter cloak expressed to Crookston. Fortunately the express agent was sleeping in his office near the station. We disturbed his slumbers to find the great cloak, which was another acquisition to our sixteen pieces of hand baggage. There were five in our party: Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and their daughter Clara; Mrs. Pond and myself. We were all at the depot five minutes before the train was due, only to read on the bulletin board:

"Pacific Mail one hour and twenty minutes late." It was a chilly morning, and the passenger room with its rough benches very dreary, so we all paced up and down the platform waiting. Mark began to grumble and

we all thought him unreasonably cross. He had contracted with Pond to travel, he said, and to give entertainments, and not to stand shivering around depots at this inhuman hour waiting for delayed trains that never were known to arrive. He kept this up for some time, much to my discomfort, when finally Mrs. Clemens, whose influence is always instantaneous, asked him if he was not a little unreasonable. He was standing at ~~the baggage truck on which he sat down~~ the time by the baggage truck on which he sat down, at the same time answering his wife, "No, I am not unreasonable. I insist on Pond keeping his contract to the letter by

M.T.

travelling me on this truck." So I wheeled him about  
the station just as the five o'clock sun was coming up,  
and Clara got a snap shot of the act, which Mark said  
would be documentary evidence of my having keep the  
agreement.

When we boarded the train, we found five lower berths (which means five sections) ready for us; a splendid dining car, à la carte, and excellent cooking. The level prairies of North Dakota wheat just turning, and the whole country a lovely green, all the afternoon; and then the arid plains, the cactus, ~~and~~ *old friend that had been both of us on* Buffalo grass, jack rabbits, and wild life *and the Missouri River, down muddy bottom, may a day.* It was a great day for "Mark", and also for me. The ladies were enthusiastic in proportion, to see that "Mark" and I were boys again, travelling our native heath.

Wednesday, July 31st.

Great Falls, Montana, - Park Hotel. Arrived here at 7:30 after a good night's sleep. The interest grows more and more intense

as we come near to the Rocky Mountains. It brings back fond memories of other days. Two Brothers Gibson, proprietors of the hotel, drove our party out to Giant Spring, three miles. It is a giant, too. I never saw a more beautiful or wonderful spring.

A river fairly boils up out of the ground and the most beautiful

deep peacock green color I ever saw in clear water.

*The largest*  
~~No one~~  
*Copperone smelted in no world are here. The first falls*  
~~here that knows about the business. No notices in the papers; no~~  
~~are water power enough for all the machinery~~  
~~one seems to know or care about our coming. The first time there has~~  
~~been no advance sale. Receipts of evening were only \$220.50.~~  
*with 9 Chicago, with some to spare.*

~~We got 70% of that.~~

"Mark" is improving. For the first time since we started he appeared about the hotel corridors and on the street. He and I walked about the outskirts of the town, and I caught a number of interesting snap shots among the Norwegian shanties. I <sup>got</sup> had a good group including four generations, with eight children, a calf, and five cats. "Mark" wanted a photograph of each cat. He caught a pair of kittens in his arms, greatly to the discomfort of their owner, a little girl. He tried to make friends with the child, and buy the kitties, but she began to cry and beg that her pets might be liberated. He soon captured her with a pretty story, and finally consented to let them go. Few knew "Mark's" great love for cats, as well as for every living creature.



Thursday, August 1st,

Great Falls to Butte, Montana. Started at 7:35.

All seem tired. The light air and the long drive yesterday told very much on ~~Mark~~ <sup>us all.</sup> ~~He~~ <sup>Mark</sup> had an off night and was not at his best, which has almost broken his heart. He couldn't get over it all day. The Gibson Brothers have done much to make our visit delightful, and it has proved very enjoyable indeed. Of course being proprietors of the hotel they lose nothing, for I find they charge us \$5.00 a day each, and the extortions from porters, baggage-men, and bell-boys, surpass anything I ever heard of. *The smallest money is two bits here - absurd.*

Aug. 2<sup>d</sup> -

Butte, Mont.

~~We~~ We enter the Rocky Mountains through a cañon of the Upper Missouri. We have climbed mountains all day, and at Butte are nearly 8,000 feet high. It tells on me, but the others escape. Mrs. Clemens says it has been one of the most interesting days of her life. "Mark" has taken great interest in everything, but kept from talking. *After reaching the hotel he* ~~On our arrival in Butte he went directly to bed, and~~ ~~did not get up~~ <sup>until he went to the hall.</sup> He more than made up for last night's disappointment. He was at his best. I escorted Mrs. Clemens and Clara to <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ box <sup>in the theatre,</sup> expecting to return <sup>immediately</sup> to the hotel, but I found myself listening and sat through the lecture enjoying every word. *It actually seemed as if I had never* ~~Never have I~~ known him quite so good. He was great. The house was <sup>very</sup> full and responsive.

After the lecture many of his former Nevada friends came forward to greet him. We went to a fine Club, where champagne

and stories blended until twelve, much to the delight of many gentlemen,  
 Friday, August 2nd. *much near Mark's Shoup sign. this is not Scotch*  
*written a summer, without any sugar, and*  
*never before 11 a.m.*

Butte to Anaconda with "Mark" without the ladies.

We left the hotel at 4:30 by trolley car in order to have plenty of time to reach the train. We had gone only three blocks, when the power gave out and we could not move. It was twelve minutes to five. No carriage in sight. We tried to get a grocery wagon but the mean owner refused to take us for less than \$10.00 I told him to go to - . I saw another grocery wagon near by, and told its owner I would pay any price to reach that train. "Mark" and I mounted the seat with him. He laid the lash on his pair of broncos, and I think quicker time was never made to that depot. We reached the train just as the conductor had shouted "All Aboard" and signalled the engineer. The train was moving as we jumped on. The driver charged me a dollar, but I handed him two.

At Anaconda we found a very fine hotel and several friends very anxiously waiting to meet "Mark". Elaborate arrangements had been made to lunch him and give him a lively day among his old mountain friends, as he had been expected by the morning train.

Fortunately, he missed this demonstration and was in good condition for the evening. *He was introduced by the mayor of the city in a very address of welcome* Here was our first small audience, where the local manager came out a trifle the loser.

A little incident connected with our experience here shows "Mark Twain's" generosity. The local manager was a man who

had known "Mark" in the sixties, and was very anxious to secure him for a lecture in Anaconda. He therefore contracted to pay the price asked, ~~████~~. Anaconda is a small city, whose chief industry is ~~is~~ a large smelting foundry. There were not enough people interested in high class entertainments to make up a paying audience, and the manager was ~~out~~ <sup>short</sup> about \$60. I took what he had, and all he had, giving him a receipt in full. As "Mark" and I were not equal partners, of course the larger share of the loss fell to him. I explained the circumstances when we had our next settlement at the end of the week, hoping for his approval.

"And you took the last cent that poor fellow had! Send him a hundred dollars, and if you can't afford to stand your share, charge it all to me. I'm not going around robbing poor men who are disappointed in their calculations as to my commercial value. I'm poor, and working to pay debts that I never contracted, but I don't want to get money in that way".

I sent the money, and was glad to have the honor of standing my share. The letter of acknowledgment from that man brought out the following expression from "Mark": "I wish that every hundred dollars I ever invested had produced the same amount of happiness.

In Helena (August 3) the people did not care for lectures. They all liked "Mark", and enjoyed meeting him, but there was no public enthusiasm for the man that has made the early history of

that mining country romantic and famous all over the world. The Montana Club entertained him grandly after the lecture, and he met many old friends and acquaintances. Some of them had come all the way from Virginia City, to see their former comrade of the mining camps.

One man, now very rich, came from Virginia City, Nevada, on purpose to see Mark and settle an old score. When the glasses were filled and Mark's health proposed, this man interrupted the proceedings by saying:

"Hold on a minute. Before we go further I want to say to you, Sam Clemens, that you did me a dirty trick over there in Silver City, and I've come here to have a settlement with you."

Deathly silence prevailed for a moment, when Mark

said: in his deliberate drawl:

"Let's see. That - was - before - I - reformed, -  
wasn't - it?"

Senator Sanders suggested that inasmuch as the other fellow had never reformed, Clemens and all the others present should forgive him and drink together, which all did. Thus the row was broken up before it commenced and all was well. Mark told stories until after twelve. We walked from the Club back to the hotel up quite a mountain -- the first hard walk Mark has had. He stands the light air and is getting strong.

Helena, Sunday, August 4th.

c We all slept late. The dry burning sun makes life almost intolerable. There has been scarcely a soul on the

streets all day. "Mark" and I had a good time at the

Montana Club last night. He simply beats the world

telling stories, but we find some bright lights here.

There were present Senator Sanders, Hon. Major Maginnus,

Hon. Hugh McQuade, Mr. A. J. Seligman, Judge Knowles, of

the U.S. Supreme Court, who introduced Mr. Beecher in

Deer Lodge and Butte in '83, Mr. L. A. Walker, Dr. C.K.

Cole, m.A.J. Steele and Mr. Frank L. Sizer. We have very

heavy mails, but we are all too tired to open and read

any letters that are not absolutely necessary.

Mark lay around all day in his room on the floor, reading and writing in his note book, and smoking. In

the gloaming Dr. Cole, with his trotters, drove Mark and

M.T.

Mrs. Clemens out to Broadwater, four miles. The heat gave way to a delicious balmy breeze that invigorated everybody. How delightful these summer evenings in the Rocky Mountains.

M.T.

Missoula, Mont., August 5th.

Senator Sanders and Mark walked to the station in Helena this morning, while I accompanied the ladies in a carriage. Who should we meet walking on the station platform but Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, on her way to visit her son Herbert, in Port Townsend. It was a delightful surprise. Senator Sanders at once recognized her, as in 1893, with her husband, he joined our party and drove from Helena, then the end of the eastern section of the Northern Pacific R.R., to Missoula, the eastern end of the western section. We then drove in a carriage with four horses, via Butte and Deer Lodge.



It took four days to make the journey. Senator Sanders traveled with us to-day the same distance, in five hours, in a Pullman car. At Missoula we all drove in a bus to the Florence Hotel, the ladies inside and Mark and I outside with the driver. Here we saw the first sign of the decadence of the horse: a man riding a bicycle along side of the bus, leading a horse to a near by blacksmith shop. At "Mark's" suggestion I caught a snap shot of the scene.

Officers from Fort Missoula, four miles out, had driven in with an ambulance and an invitation from Lieut. Col. Burt, Commandant, for our entire party to

drive out to the Fort. The ladies accepted. Mark went to bed and I looked after the business. We had a large audience in a small hall. The patrons were mainly officers of the Fort and their families, and it was a gathering of people that appreciated the occasion.

Many of the ladies who marry officers are from our best eastern society. After the lecture the meeting took the form of a social reception and it was midnight before it broke up.

As we do not leave until 2:30 to-morrow, we have all accepted an invitation to witness guard mounting and to lunch early at the Fort.

August 6th.

Two army ambulances were sent to the hotel for our party and Adjutant Gen. Ruggles, who is here in a tour of inspection. "Mark" rose early and said he would walk to the Fort slowly; he thought it would do him good. Gen. Ruggles and the ladies went in one ambulance (the old four-mule army officer's ambulance) and the other waited some little time before starting, that I might complete arrangements for all the party to go direct from the Fort to the depot. I was the only passenger in it, riding with the driver and enjoying former like experiences on the plains when in the army. We

were about half way to the Fort when I discovered a man walking hurriedly toward us, quite a distance away to our left. I was sure it was "Mark" and asked the driver to slow up. In a minute I saw him signal to us, and I asked the driver to turn and drive towards him. We were on a level plain, and through that clear mountain atmosphere one can see a <sup>great</sup> ~~long~~ distance. We were not long in reaching our man, much to his relief. He had come out alone and taken the wrong road, and did not discover his mistake until he had walked five or six miles on it. He was countermarching when he saw our ambulance and ran across to meet us. He was tired --

too tired to express disgust -- and sat quietly inside the ambulance until we drove up to headquarters, where were a number of officers and ladies, besides our party.

As "Mark" stepped out, a colored sergeant laid hands on him, saying:

"Are you Mark Twain?"

"I am."

"I have orders to arrest ~~you~~ and take you to the guard house."

"All right."

And the sergeant marched him across the parade ground to the guard house, he not uttering a word of protest.

19

I saw him signal to us. I asked the driver to turn & drive towards him. We were on a level plain & thought that clear mountain atmosphere we can see a long distance. We were not long in reaching our man. Much to his relief. He had walked out alone & taken the wrong road, <sup>and after walking</sup> after five or six miles of it discovered his mistake & was countermarching when he saw our ambulance & ran across late to meet us. He was tired, too tired to express disgust, & sat quietly inside the ambulance, until we drove up to headquarters, where were a number of officers & ladies besides our party. As Mark got out stepped out a Colonel Sargent laid hands on him, saying "Are you Mark Twain?"

"I am."

"I have orders to <sup>escort and</sup> take you to the guard house."

"All right."

And the Sargent walked him across the parade ground to the guard house - he not uttering a word of protest.

Immediately followed Lieut. Col. Burt & the ambulance hurried over. Mark, to relieve the prisoner. Col. Burt very promptly asked Mark's pack for the judicial file & offered to ask him to ride back to head quarters, Mark said, "Thanks. I prefer freedom if you don't mind. I'll walk." I see you have ~~that~~ thorough discipline here." casting an approving eye to the Sargent who had had him under arrest.

The prisoner was 7 companies of the 27<sup>th</sup> U.S. Colored Regiment. A military Band of 30 pieces. Guard mount was delayed ~~wait~~ for Gen. Ruggles & our

inspection. ~~The~~ ~~board~~ The board played quite a programme, & we all declared it one of the finest military bands in America, we witness some fine drilling of the soldiers, & we learned that for this kind of service the colored soldiers were more subordinate, & subservient to rigid drill & discipline than white men. ~~that~~ ~~there~~ ~~are~~ desertions.

~~Some~~ ~~some~~ ~~started~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~Montana~~ ~~Station~~ Attached to our train from Missoula Station were two special cars, bearing an excursion party of the new Receiver of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and his friends, one of whom was the U.S. Supreme Judge who had appointed this receiver. An invitation was sent in to Mark to ride in their car, but as it only came for him alone & not the ladies he declined. It was an enjoyable ride to Spokane, where we arrived at 11.30. Spokane House, the largest hotel I ever saw. A large commercial ~~block~~ building, covering an entire block or more revamped into a hotel. Rooms & whole store converted into one bed room, and nicely furnished 60. Reporters in waiting to interview the distinguished guest. Mark is gaining in strength & is enjoying everything, & the interviewees had good time.

All day August 8 in Spokane. Hotel full. The new Receiver & his gay party are spending the day, but all leave ~~at~~ just before time for the lecture.

<sup>in the forenoon</sup> Mark & I walked about this remarkable city, with its asphalt-streets, electric lights, nine story telegraph poles, & commercial blocks that would do credit to any Eastern

City. Buildings ten stories high,  
with the nine top stories empty,  
may find stores with great plate glass  
fronts "to-rent." Afternoon we drove  
about the city, our entire party in  
an open carriage. Our driver  
pointed out some beautiful <sup>suburban</sup> residences,  
& told us who occupied them.

"That house", said he, as we drove by a  
~~place~~ palatial establishment, "is where Mr.  
Brown lives. He is receiver for the  
Spook Bank, which failed last year.  
You all know about that big failure, of  
course. He lives there."

Another "That man, living up in that  
big house is receiver for the  
Great Falls Company. It failed for nearly  
a million. The President & directors of that  
Company are ~~at~~ most all in the State Prison,  
and this very house that we are coming to  
<sup>now</sup> is where the receiver of the <sup>Wash.</sup> gas & water company  
lives: &c.

Mack said to the ladies, "If I had a son  
to send west I would educate him for a  
recreation. It seems to be about the only thriving  
industry." We find here a magnificent



New theater, The Opera House. It has cost over \$200.00. & never yet was a quarter filled. The manager was awfully disappointed at receipts of the lecture. ~~It was no~~ He had counted on a full house. Where he expected the people to come from I never could imagine. The receipts were not much better than Missoula. Mark didn't enjoy it - & manifested no delicacy in so expressing himself.

~~has~~ <sup>we</sup> overhauled & re-packed their trunks. I think there is no occupation that has the fascination for women when traveling as the unpacking & overhauling large traveling trunks. They go at it early, & must have luncheon & are late to dinner & show no signs of fatigue. There are two ladies that I would like to pit against each other in an international trunk-packing <sup>tournament</sup>. Mrs. Clemens and Mrs. Dr. Watson. (Jan MacLaren) I would give Mrs. Clemens four large Saratoga trunks to manipulate & Mrs. Watson two large English portmanteaus and seven small bags including sorted linen bag & a few ~~shirts~~ catch all's. Mrs. C. to stand on her feet with her back bent ~~over~~ to her work & Mrs. W. not rise from her knees during the performance. This business seems to enhance the power of enchantment for delicate women, as nothing else can.

~~we~~ Another incident here one lady dressed their best for dinner & outdressed the <sup>receivers</sup> exquisites who occupied most of the great ~~dining~~ <sup>dining</sup> hall. Mark didn't see it as he near comes down to dinner. I know I saw it & enjoyed a feeling of ~~envy~~ pride, & just felt & know I was envied by the ~~others~~ <sup>others</sup> at the other <sup>table</sup>. Mrs. Clemens was so the most beautiful girl I ever <sup>saw</sup>. As we passed out of the dining room into great parlor she sat down to

The large chattering Grand Piano. ~~soon~~ ~~at~~  
~~a death~~ and began playing a Chopin nocturne,  
 It was in the gloaming. stealthily guests from  
 the dining room came in & sat breathlessly  
 in remote parts of the boundless room  
 listening to a performance that would be  
 credit to any great pianist. Never did I witness  
 a more beautiful sight than this sweet brunette,  
 unconsciously halting a large audience of charmed  
 listeners. Her mother saw & loved her & if it was not  
 one of the ~~supreme~~ <sup>supreme</sup> moments of her life, then I have guessed  
 wrong. It was an incident forever fixed in my memory.

That night at 11.30 we went aboard the  
 Sleeper on the Great Northern Road. Everything was in  
 readiness for us. The next day was one full of interest as  
 we ride over the "Rockies" on the zigzag road, traveling over  
 30 miles to make seven. Mark rode on the engine & ~~gave~~  
~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~greatest~~ to the delight of the engineer.

We transferred to at Seattle, to the little "Grey House"  
 of Puget Sound. The Flyer, ~~from Tacoma, where we arrived~~  
~~at 4:30~~ ~~from~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~Tacoma,~~ ~~where~~ ~~we~~ ~~the~~ ~~locks~~ ~~are~~ ~~to~~ ~~rest~~ ~~while~~ ~~Mark~~ ~~is~~ ~~to~~ ~~go~~ ~~to~~  
 Portland & Olympia.

said to be the fastest steamer in the world.  
 Mark sat on the deck of the Flyer watching the

baggage-smashers removing our trunks from the

baggage car to the truck which was to convey them to the Flyer,  
 at Seattle

he exclaimed, "Oh! how I do wish one of those trunks were filled  
 with dynamite and that all the baggage-destroyers on earth were  
 gathered about it, and I just far enough off to see them hurled into  
 Kingdom Come!"

We arrived in Tacoma at 5 o'clock & here sumptuous  
 apartments at the Tacoma - a gem ever as a luxury, built by  
 the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. ~~It is~~ ~~the~~ ~~renewer~~ ~~is~~ ~~an~~ ~~old~~

friend of mine, formerly a contractor on the N.P.R.R. another friend also. C.H. Prescott one of the prosperous. He is local receiver of the Northern Pacific R.R. the highest distinction a man can attain out here. This is another

Here at ~~Hatona~~ ~~the loches are to remain~~ overgrown meliopotis. We can't see it nor anything else owing to the dense smudge everywhere.

Here in Tacoma the loches are to remain and rest while "Mark" & I "take in" Portland & Olympia.

The gross receipts were only \$262., in spite of the fact that The Daily Times, "the official daily of Spokane County" warned its readers that "those who fail to attend his lecture to-night, will miss one of the rarest treats of their lives". My opinion is that the local manager was not energetic.

Thursday, August 8th.

Tacoma, Wash. - The Tacoma. Arrived at five o'clock. Never has a country so changed. This is another overgrown metropolis. We can't see it, nor anything else, owing to the dense smoke everywhere. At Seattle we waited an hour and a half, and I had to change transportation. We are in danger of being late at Portland and may be obliged to charter a train. Our ride by a pretty little steamer, the Flyer, from Seattle to Tacoma, was intensely interesting.

"Mark" is at his best in vituperative adjectives this morning. He will "never travel in America again". Every comfort possible on the journey, but he is not travelling for comfort; he is travelling and lecturing to pay debts that somebody else contracted. Watching the baggage-smashers removing our trunks from the baggage car to the truck which was to convey them to the Flyer, he exclaimed, "Oh! how I do wish one of those trunks were filled with dynamite and that all the baggage-destroyers on earth were gathered about it, and I just far enough off to see them hurled into Kingdom Come!"

Friday, August 9th.

Portland, Oregon, (from Tacoma). Left at 2:35 P.M., train forty minutes late, but we made up the time, the conductor and engineer having been instructed to make it. Mr. S. E. Moffett, of the San Francisco Examiner appeared. He is "Mark's" nephew and resembles his uncle very much. On his arrival, "Mark" took occasion to blaspheme for a few minutes that his relatives might realize that men are not all alike. He cursed the journey, the fatigues and annoyances, winding up by acknowledging that if everything had been made and arranged by the Almighty for the occasion, it could not have been better or more comfortable, but he "was not *usueling* for pleasure" etc.

He and I reached Portland on time, 8:22, and found

the Marquam Grand packed with a waiting audience, and the sign "Standing Room Only" out. *After the lecture Mark's friend Col. Wood, formerly of the U.S. Army, gave a supper at the Portland Club while the*

*about two dozen of the leading men here were entertained with for two hours with Mark's story telling. They will all remember that evening as long as they live. There is surely but one Mark town.*

Saturday, August 10th.

Portland to Olympia. Smoke, smoke, smoke.

It was not easy to tear ourselves away from Portland so early.

The Oregonian contains one of the best notices that "Mark" has had.

He is pleased with it and is very jolly to-day.

We left for Olympia at eleven o'clock, via N.P.R.R.

Some how, "Mark" seems to grow greater from day to day. Each time it seemed as though his entertainment had reached perfection, but last night surpassed all. A gentleman on the train, a physician,

K

Mark Twain's Cigar Case Made of "The Skin of a Young Lady."

While on the train going from Tacoma to Portland, Mark and I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Geo. M. Paschall, whose father had been editor of the "Missouri Republican" during the days of Mark's life on the Mississippi River, and a Mr. Ames, a young lawyer and graduate of Yale. We were in the smoking compartment and Mark offered these gentlemen cigars from his full cigar case, which he remarked to them was made from the skin of a lady, and he related the following story.

"While I was traveling in Europe I visited Prof.

Flammarion, the greatest French astronomer, in company with Prof. Holden, of the Lick Observatory in California. You ought to have heard the conversation between those two scientific men. It was an intellectual tournament and I was the only auditor. To my enthusiastic expressions of envy of the Professor for his great knowledge and the delight his conversation had given me, he replied that my appreciation reminded him of a late lady friend, who was so earnest in her declarations of the delight his books and lectures had given her that she said:

"Professor, I do wish there was something that I might do to show my appreciation, in return for all the pleasure you have given me."

"She was a beautiful woman, with the fairest

complexion and the most beautiful shoulders and neck I ever saw. I said to her:

"I think if I had your beautiful neck and shoulders and complexion I would be perfectly satisfied. I would aspire to nothing higher than to own them."

"She replied: 'Well, when I am through with them I will send them to you.' She died a few years later, and to my surprise I found that she had left directions that the skin of her neck and shoulders be sent to me, and, pointing to a beautifully bound volume on his centre table, 'this book is bound with that lady's skin.'"

"The lady," continued Mark, "of whose skin my



cigar case was made probably had the small pox very

bad.▪ (It was an alligator skin case.)

24 20

from Portland, said that no man ever left a better impression on a Portland audience; <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ "Mark Twain" was the theme on the streets, and in all business places. A young reporter for The Oregonian met "Mark" as he was boarding the train for Olympia. Probably five minutes talk. He wrote a two column interview, which "Mark" declared was the most accurate and the best that had ever been reported of him.

On the train a bevy of young ladies ventured to introduce themselves to him, and he entertained them all the way to Olympia, where a delegation of leading citizens met us, headed by John Miller Murphy, editor of the oldest paper in Washington. We were met outside of the city, in order that we might enjoy a ride on a new trolley car to the <sup>town</sup> ~~city~~. As "Mark" stepped from the train, Mr. Miller said: "Mr. Twain, as chairman of the reception committee, allow me to welcome you to the capital of the youngest and most picturesque state in the Union. I am sorry the smoke is so dense that you cannot see our mountains and our forests, which are now on fire". "Mark" said, "I regret to see - I mean to learn (I can't see, of course, for the smoke) that your magnificent forests are being destroyed by fire. As for the smoke, I do not so much mind. I am accustomed to that. I am a perpetual smoker myself".

M  
Monday, August 12th.

Tacoma, Wash. The Tacoma. Had trouble in settling at the Opera House. <sup>The manager</sup> ~~is~~ is a scamp. Expected trouble and had it.

(N)

M.T.

Sunday, August 11, 1895.

Mark had his breakfast in his room and declared that it was nice to have a quiet breakfast and not be interrupted. (See picture.)

Was at the Olympian, a very pleasant hotel, made to accommodate large gatherings when the legislature meets every other year. <sup>on this occasion</sup> Mark & I & 2 travelling men, & the only guests. The hotel clerk performs the functions of waiter - and a very polite & considerate waiter he was - also bartender, porter & bell boy.

~~Heinig is trying to avoid his contract and construe it as meaning that we were guaranteed \$500 on the two lectures in Portland and Tacoma, not \$250. guarantee on each night with 60% gross. He uses my letter, which did read to that effect, but which was written long before the contract was signed.~~

The Tacoma Press Club gave "Mark" a reception after the lecture in their rooms. It was a very bright affair. "Mark" is finding out that he has found his friends by the loss of his fortune. People are constantly meeting him on the street, and at halls, and in hotels, telling him of the happiness he has brought them, old and young alike. He seems as fresh to the rising generation as he is dear to older friends. Here we met Lieut. Commander Wadhams, who is executive officer of the "Mohican", now in Seattle Harbor. He has invited us all on board the man-of-war to dine to-morrow. *and we have all accepted.*

*great audience in* ~~the~~ *evening. 'Dancing room only' again*  
 Seattle the next day we had a fine business. ~~gross~~

~~Mark~~ "Mark" was <sup>a</sup> horse, but the hoarseness seemed to augment the volume of his voice.

He met <sup>(he)</sup> many of his friends and admirers ~~met~~ at the Ranier Club after the lecture. Surely he is finding out that his misfortunes are his blessings. He has been the means of more real pleasure to his readers <sup>and hearers</sup> than he ever could have imagined had not this opportunity presented itself.

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Wednesday, August 14th.

Seattle to Whatcom. "Mark's" cold is getting worse.

He worried and fretted all day. He ~~only~~ had two swearing fits;

~~with but a short interval between them they~~  
~~They came near together and~~ lasted from our arrival in town until he went to sleep after midnight.

*It was with great difficulty he got from long distances & from long intervals*

the lecture. The crowd, stringing in until after half past nine, made him so nervous that he left the stage for a time. I thought he was ill and rushed to the stage, only to meet him in a white rage.

He looked daggers at me, and remarked:

"You'd never play a trick like this on me again.

Look at that d - audience. It isn't half in yet". I replied that

the cars only <sup>ran</sup> ~~came~~ every half hour, and that was why the last installment, ~~which~~ came so late. He cooled down and went at it again.

He captured the crowd. Had a good time and an encore, *a was obliged to give an additional song.*

Thursday, August 15th.

Vancouver, B. C., The Vancouver. "Mark's" throat is in a very bad condition. It was a great effort to make himself heard.

~~Mrs. Clemens and I both suffered for the poor man.~~ He is a thorough-  
*on he would have succeeded*

bred. A great man, - with wonderful will power, We had a ~~good~~ *fine* audience, very English, and I think "Mark" liked it. Everything here

is English and Canadian. There is a rumor afloat that the country about is beautiful. We can't see it. Smoke, smoke, everywhere, and no relief. My eyes are sore from it. We are told that the

29 27

"Warimoo" will not sail until Wednesday, so I have arranged for the Victoria lecture Tuesday.

Friday, August 16th.

Vancouver. Our tour across the continent is virtually finished and I feel the reaction. "Othello's occupation gone". "Mark" had a doctor this morning who says he is not seriously ill. Mrs. Clemens is curing him. The more I see of this lady, the ~~more great~~ <sup>greater</sup> and <sup>more</sup> wonderful she appears to be. There are few women that could manage and absolutely rule such a nature as "Mark's". She knows the gentle and smooth way over every obstruction he meets, and makes everything lovely. This has indeed been the most delightful tour I have ever made with any party, and I wish to record it as one of the most enjoyable of all my managerial experiences. I hardly ever expect another. "Mark" has written in a presentation copy of "Roughing It";

"Here ends one of the smoothest and pleasantest trips across the continent that any group of five has ever made".

"Mark" is better this evening and we surely shall have a good lecture in Victoria.

Saturday, August 17th.

Vancouver. We are all waiting for the news as to when the "Warrimoo" will be off the dry dock and ready to sail. "Mark" is getting better. Have booked Victoria for Tuesday the 20th, ~~and~~

Mark is bed as usual. Reports are anxious to meet and  
interview him, & I have urged it. He finally said,  
if they'd excuse my bed show them up." They come up, a quartet of  
bright young English journalists. They all had a good time & made much  
of the last interview with Mark I want in "America" & so it was  
then May and I go to Port Townsend, Seattle, and home.  
"Mark" has lain in bed all day. He is writing, and in  
excellent spirits,  
~~somewhat but very nervous.~~ His throat is better.

H  
Monday, August 19th.

Vancouver still, and smoke is as firmly fixed as the  
town. It is bad. "Mark" has <sup>not</sup> been <sup>very cheerful to-day</sup> feeble all day. He doesn't get  
his voice back. ~~He is weak, and seems to have collapsed.~~

He and I took a walk about the streets and he seemed <sup>discouraged. I</sup> to weak to walk.  
<sup>think on account of Mrs. Clemens, chief of the long voyage</sup>  
<sup>& the unfavorable stories of the warms</sup> Slight rain to-day, but the smoke is more <sup>dense</sup> powerful  
and hosts of new prints  
ever. We leave Vancouver for Victoria, B. C., and then we part.

That is not easy, for we are all very happy. It does make my heart  
ache to see "Mark" so <sup>down hearted</sup> weak after such continued success as he has  
had.

On August 20th the boat for Victoria arrived half an  
hour late. We all hurried to get on board, only to be told by the  
Captain that he had 180 tons of freight to discharge, and that it  
would be four o'clock before we left. This lost our Victoria  
engagement, and I was obliged to telegraph and postpone it. <sup>30 A</sup> We left  
Vancouver <sup>on the Chamner</sup> at six o'clock, arriving in Victoria a little after midnight.

Wednesday, August 21st.

<sup>The Doctor</sup>  
Victoria, B. C. "Mark" has been in bed all day.  
He doesn't seem to get strength. He smokes constantly, and I fear  
it is too much, still he may stand it. Physicians say it will

(H)

M.T.

Vancouver,  
Sunday, August 18, 1895.

We have finally had an escapade. Mrs. Chase  
and her son, who heard me lecture at Chautauqua, wanted  
me to give a little entertainment in the parlors. Mrs.  
Clemens wanted me to do so, too. So did Clara, but  
after all arrangements had been completed, "Mark" would  
not allow it, on the ground that I was still his man-  
ager, so everything had to be stopped. It threw a wet  
blanket on all of us.



24<sup>30</sup> A.

Mark was not in condition to relish this news, and as he stood on the wharf, after the lockers had gone aboard, he took occasion to tell the Captain very loud & unpropitious language his opinion of a Passenger Carrying Company that for a few dollars extra would violate their contract & obligations to the public. They were a lot of --- something & deserved the sentimentary. The captain listened without response, but got very red in the face. It seems that the lockers had overheard the loud talk. Soon after Mass joined them he came to me & asked if I wouldn't see that captain & apologize for his unmanly abuse & see if any possible restitution could be made. I did & the Captain & Mark had become great friends.

eventually kill him.

*who come back on the stage after the lecture and said many very interesting things. We had a good audience. Lord & Lady Aberdeen in a box. Mark's voice began strong but one of the most appreciative he ever had.*

showed fatigue towards the last. His audience was in great

*sympathy with him as they realized his condition. The effort he was obliged to make, owing to his hoarseness.*

A telegram from Mr. George McL. Brown says the

"Warimoo" will sail at six o'clock to-morrow evening. This is the last appearance of "Mark Twain" in America for more than a year, I know, and I much fear the very last, for it doesn't seem possible that his physical strength can hold out. After the lecture to-night he expected to visit a club with Mr. Campbell, who did not come round. He and I went out for a walk. He was tired and feeble. He did not want to come back to the hotel. He was nervous, and weak, and disappointed. He had expected to entertain and meet a lot of gentlemen. He and I are alike in one respect, - we don't relish disappointment.

Thursday, August 21st.

Victoria yet. The blessed "tie that binds" seems to be drawing tighter and tighter as the time for our final separation approaches. We shall never be happier in any combination, and Mrs. Clemens is the great magnet. What a noble woman she is ! It is Mark Twain's wife who makes his works so <sup>great</sup> popular. She edits everything and brings purity, dignity, and sweetness to his writings. In "Joan of Arc" I see Mrs. Clemens as much as "Mark Twain".

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Friday, August 23.

Victoria. Mark and I were out all day getting books, cigars, and tobacco. He bought 2,000 manilla cheroots, thinking that with four pounds of Durham smoking tobacco he could make the 3,000 cheroots last three weeks. If perpetual smoking ever killed a

man, I don't see how "Mark Twain" can expect to escape. He and Mrs. Clemens, and an old friend, and his wife, <sup>now living near here</sup> went for a drive and were out most of the day. This is remarkable for him. I never knew <sup>him</sup> to do such a thing before.

The "Warrimoo" arrived about one o'clock, and we all went on board and lunched together for the last time. Mrs. Clemens is disappointed in the ship. The whole thing looks discouraging, and <sup>one</sup> <sup>are</sup> ~~my~~ heart <sup>is</sup> almost broken for the poor woman. She tells me she is going to brave it through, for she must do it. It is for her children. Our party got out on the deck of the "Warrimoo" and Mr. W. G. Chase, <sup>a passenger</sup> took a snap shot of our quintette. Then wife and I went ashore, and the old ship started across the Pacific Ocean with three of our most beloved friends on board. We waved to one another as long as they kept in sight.

Before sailing he wrote a letter to the editor of San Francisco Examiner, from which I quote:

"Now that I reflect, perhaps it is a little immodest in me to talk about my paying my debts, when by my own confession I am

Taber's  
7

Just before sailing for Australia, in August, 1895, Mark Twain gave to the public, through the San Francisco Examiner, a remarkable statement regarding the firm debts which he had determined to pay, the success that had attended the American segment of this great tour under my management, and the effect upon himself, physically and mentally, of his lecturing experiences.

As to the debts, he said:

"I furnished the capital for that concern. It made a fortune the first year, and wadded it in the second. After that it began to accumulate debts, and kept this industry diligently up until the collapse came. My wife and I tried our best to save it; we emptied money down that bottomless hole as long as we had a penny left, but the effort went for nothing. When the crash

came the firm owed my wife almost as much as it owed all the other creditors put together. By the advice of friends I turned over to her my copyrights, she releasing the firm and taking this perishable property in full settlement of her claim -- property not worth more than half the sum owing to her. She wanted to turn her house in, too, and leave herself and the children shelterless; but she hadn't a friend who would listen to that for a moment."

The money Mark earned in 1894, added to the assets, enabled him to pay off one-half of the great indebtedness. He wrote that,

"A month ago I supposed it would take me a dreary long time to earn the other half, but my eyes have been opened by this lecture trip across the continent. I find I have twenty-five friends in America where I thought I had only one..... Did those unknown friends troop to my houses in this perditionary weather to hear

me talk? No; they came to shake hands and let me know that they were on deck and all was well. I shall be out of debt a long way sooner than I was supposing a month ago, before Cleveland spoke up and set the pace of my jog around the globe.

"I shall be 60 years old in November. A month ago it grieved me to be under this load of debt at my time of life, but that feeling is all gone now. Such a burden is a benefaction, a prize in the lottery of life, when it lifts a curtain and shows you a continual spread of personal friends where you had supposed you had merely a good sprinkling of folks friendly to your books, but not particularly concerned about their author.

. . . . .

"And so, let me sound my horn. It doesn't do you any harm, and I like the music of it.

"Properly, one-third of our dead firm's debts should be paid by my partner; but he has no resources. This is why I must pay them all. If I have time and health, I can do it, and I think the creditors have confidence in me. And my wife and children are not troubled. They never knew anything about scrimping before, but they have learned it now; they know all about

it these last two years, and whatever murmuring is done I do -- not they.

. . . .

"My trip means a year's lecturing all around the world, and thereafter a lecture trip all over the United States, beginning either at New York or San Francisco -- the latter, I expect. My agent was a little afraid of San Francisco in summer. He thought we couldn't fairly expect to get great audiences. Maybe he was right, but I doubted it. It has been one of my homes.

"Now that I reflect, perhaps it is a little immodest in me to talk about my paying my debts, when by my own confession I am blandly getting ready to unload them on to the whole English speaking world. I didn't think of that. Well, no matter, so long as they get paid.

"Lecturing is gymnastics, chest-expander, medicine, mind-healer, blues-destroyer, all in one. I am twice as well as I was when I started out; I have gained nine pounds in twenty-eight days, and expect to weigh 600 before January. I haven't had a blue day in all the twenty-eight. My wife and daughter are accu-

M.T.

mulating health and strength and flesh nearly as fast  
as I am. When we reach home a year hence I think we  
can exhibit as freaks.

Mark Twain.

Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 15, 1895."



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blandly getting ready to unload them on the whole English speaking world. I didn't think of that; well no matter, so long as they are paid.

sublight  
"Lecturing is gymnastics, chest-expander, medicine, mind-healer, blues-destroyer, all in one. I am twice as well as I was when I started out. I have gained nine pounds in twenty-eight days, and expect to weigh six hundred before January. I haven't had a blue day in all the twenty-eight. My wife and daughter are accumulating health and strength and flesh nearly as fast as I am. When we reach home two years hence, we think we can exhibit as freaks."

Vancouver, B. C.,  
August 15, 1895.

Mark Twain.

On September 17th, 1897, he wrote to me from Weggis,

Lake Lucerne:-

"I feel quite sure that in Cape Town, 13 months ago, I stood on a platform for the last time. Nothing but the Webster debts could persuade me to lecture again, and I have ceased to worry about those. You remember in the Sam Moffett interview in Vancouver, in '95, I gave myself four years in which to make money enough to pay those debts - and that included two lecture seasons in America, one in England, and one around the world. But the Madam and I are well satisfied now that we shall have those debts paid off a year earlier than the prophecy, if I continue able to work as I have been working in London and here, and without any further help from the platform.

(L)  
On our return from seeing Mr. &  
Mrs. Clemens & their daughter Clara  
embark at Victoria, B.C., on the S.S.  
Warrimoo, for Australia & around  
the world, my wife & I paid a visit  
to Mark's ~~summer home~~ <sup>which has been the summer home of</sup>  
"Quarry Farm" ~~where Mark Twain~~  
& his family ~~have spent their sum-~~  
~~mer for many years.~~ It is

~~Mark Twain's summer home for a number of years~~

~~has been Quarry Farm, on the hill north of and overlook-~~

ing Elmira, New York. <sup>It</sup> is owned by Mrs. S. L. Crane,

*with whom Susy & Gene, the eldest & young-  
est daughters, were left when Mr & Mrs  
Clemens started in July 75 on the great*  
a sister of Mrs. Clemens. There the Clemens children

have spent their summers, playing about the beautiful

grounds, from babyhood to womanhood. Mrs. Crane has no

children of her own, but has hardly ever been able to

realize that the young nieces were not as much to her as

to their own mother. ~~It was with Mrs. Crane that Susy~~

~~and Gene, the eldest and youngest daughters, were left~~

~~when Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and Clara started in July,~~

*learn around the world*

1895, on the ~~great tour~~ around the world.

It was my custom to visit Mark, when I had business with him, at this summer retreat, and it was here, in a beautiful rustic, outdoor study, which Mrs. Crane had built especially for the purpose, that "The Gilded Age," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Tom Sawyer," and other of the great humorist's books were written.

Mark's favorite domestic animal is the cat, and on Quarry Farm he was invariably accompanied by a drove of cats. They followed him wherever he strolled about the place. By his desk in his bower study and by his side at the table was a large chair which they occupied

if he were there. He had for a long time a quartette of the handsomest specimens I ever saw, and they were under complete control. He would call them to "come up" on the chair, and simultaneously they all jumped on the seat. He would tell them, "Go to sleep," and instantly the group were all apparently fast asleep and would remain that way until he called, "Wide awake," when up went their ears and wide open their eyes. The accompanying pictures Mark had taken of his four especial favorites, whose names were Beelzebub, Blatherskite, ~~Apollonius~~ Apollonius and Buffalo Bill. The pictures were presented to me by Mrs. Crane, ~~on the occasion of my~~

And so it is as I said a moment ago, I am a cheerful man these days.

"It is the madam's economical genius that is accomplishing this. She knows where every penny goes, and that it does not go unnecessarily. She was reared in wealth, and therefore she knows the actual - not the imaginary - value of money".

In another letter he said:

"I managed to pull through that long lecture campaign, but I was never very well, from the first night in Cleveland to the last one in Cape Town, and I found it pretty hard work on that account. I did a good deal of talking when I ought to have been in bed. At present I am not strong enough for platform work, and am not going to allow myself to think of London, or any other platform, for a long time to come. It grieves me, for I could make a satisfactory season in London and America, now that I am practiced in my trade again. "

On April 4th, 1899, he wrote me from Vienna:

"No,- I don't like lecturing. I lectured in Vienna two or three weeks ago, and in Budapest last week, but it was merely for fun, not for money. I charged nothing in Vienna, and only the family's expenses in Budapest. I like to talk for nothing, about twice a year, but talking for money is work, and that takes the pleasure out of it. I do not believe you could offer me terms that would dissolve my prejudice against the platform. I do not expect

to see a platform again until the wolf commands. ---- Honest people do not go robbing the public on the platform, except when they are in debt. (Disseminate this idea - it can do ~~me~~ good)".

In the autumn of '95, I wanted him to give fifty lectures in England, but he thought it would not be worth his while. His book was the next thing to be thought of and planned for. <sup>Four</sup> ~~one year~~ <sup>Four</sup> ~~years~~ later while he was in Sweden, I again suggested lecturing at a thousand dollars a night. "I think there's stuff in "Following the Equator" for a lecture, but I cant' come", he wrote.

As a letter-writer, Mark Twain is inimitable. He writes with the same unconventionality with which he talks, and his letters are the man.

"Dear Pond,

O, b'gosh, I can't. I hate writing.

Ever thine,

Mark",

is characteristic. "Hold on!" "Oh, come now!" "Oh, dang it, I'm head over heels in hard work on a book", "sho - go 'long!" "Lead us not into temptation, b'gosh!" "Goway ! you and his reverence. Tempt me not", are such expressions as give personality to his letters.

In the autumn of 1899 he wrote to me, "I'm not going to barnstorm the platform any more, but I am glad you have corralled

Howells. He's a most sinful man and I always knew God would send him to the platform, if he didn't behave".

*In another letter,*

And again, "Say! some time ago I received notice that I had been elected as honorary member of the 'Society of Sons of Steerage Immigrants', and was told that Kipling, Hop Smith and Nelson Page are officers of it. What right have they to belong? Ask Page or Smith about it".

"Mark Twain" eats only when he is hungry. I have known him to go days without eating a particle of food: at the same time he would be smoking constantly when he was not sleeping. He insisted that the stomach would call when in need, and it did. I have known him to sit for hours in a smoking car on a cold day, smoking his pipe and reading his Dutch book, with the window wide open. I said once, "Mark, do you know it's a cold day and you are exposing yourself before that open window, and you are booked to lecture to-night?"

"I do -- know -- all -- about it. I am letting some of God's fresh air into my lungs for that purpose. My stomach is all right and under these conditions I am not afraid of taking cold".

"But", said I, "the car is cold and you are making the passengers uncomfortable by insisting on that window being wide open".

"They deserve to be uncomfortable for not knowing how to live and take care of themselves". He closed the window however.



Mark never had a cold, and with the exception of carbuncles was never ill.

Mark's appreciation of Frank Mayo was very sincere. *After seeing it for the first time. He at the Grand Square Theatre. Mark was so vociferously call, "Mark Twain!" "Mark Twain!!" - He rose right up and said:*

"I am sure I could say many complimentary things about this play which Mr. Mayo has written, and about his portrayal of the chief character in it, and keep well within the bounds both of fact and of good taste; but I will limit myself to two or three. I do not know how to utter any higher praise than this; that when Mayo's Puddn'head walks this stage here, clothed in the charm of his gentle charities of speech, and acts the sweet simplicities and sincerities of his gracious nature, the thought in my mind is, Why, bless your heart, you couldn't be any dearer or lovelier or sweeter than you are without turning into that man whom all men love, and even Satan is fond of - Joe Jefferson."

In May, 1895, he wrote to me from Paris, "Frank Mayo has done a great thing for both of us; for he has proved himself a gifted dramatist as well as a gifted orator, and has enabled me to add another new character to American drama. I hope he will have

(J)

Continuation of Mark Twain's speech at the theatre when "Pudd'n Head Wilson" was first produced.

"I am gratified to see that Mr. Mayo has been able to manage those difficult twins. I tried, but in my hands they failed. When I was here year before last, there was an Italian freak on exhibition in Philadelphia who was an exaggeration of the Siamese twins. This freak had one body, one pair of legs, two heads and four arms. I thought he would be useful in a book, so I put him in. And then the trouble began. I called these consolidated twins Angelo and Luigi, and I tried to make them nice and agreeable, but it was not possible.

They would not do anything my way, but only their own.

They were wholly unmanageable, and not a day went by

that they didn't develop some new kind of devilishness

-- particularly Luigi. Angelo was of a religious turn

of mind and was monotonously honest and honorable and

upright, and tediously proper; whereas Luigi had no

principles, no morals, no religion -- a perfect blather-

skite, and an inextricable tangle, theologically -- in-

fidel, atheist and agnostic all mixed together. He was

of a malicious disposition, and liked to eat things which

disagreed with his brother. They were so strangely or-

ganized that what one of them ate or drank had no effect

upon himself, but only nourished or damaged the other one. Luigi was hearty and robust because Angelo ate the best and most wholesome food he could find for him; but Angelo was himself delicate and sickly because every day Luigi filled him up with mince pies and salt junk just because he knew he couldn't digest them. Luigi was very dissipated, but it didn't show on him, but only on his brother. His brother was a strict and conscientious teetotaler, but he was drunk most of the time, on account of Luigi's habits. Angelo was President of the Prohibition Society, but they had to turn him out, because every time he appeared at the head of the proces-

sion on parade he was a scandalous spectacle to look at. On the other hand Angelo was a trouble to Luigi the infidel, because he was always changing his religion, trying to find the best one, and he always preferred sects that believed in baptism by immersion, and this was a constant peril and discomfort to Luigi, who couldn't stand water outside or in; so every time Angelo got baptised Luigi got drowned, and had to be pumped out and resuscitated. Luigi was irascible, yet was never willing to stand by the consequences of his acts. He was always kicking somebody and then laying it on Angelo. And when the kicked person kicked back, Luigi would say,

"What are you kicking me for? I haven't done anything to you." Then the man would be sorry, and say, "Well, I didn't mean any harm, I thought it was you; but you see, you people have only one body between you, and I can't tell which of you I'm kicking. I don't know how to discriminate. I do not wish to be unfair, and so there is no way for me to do but to kick one of you and apologize to the other." They were a troublesome pair in every way. If they did any work for you, they charged for two; but at the boarding house they ate and slept for two and paid for only one. It was the same at the theatre. Luigi bought one ticket and deadheaded

Angelo in. They couldn't put Angelo out because they couldn't put the deadhead out without putting out the twin that had paid, and scooping in a suit for damages.

"Luigi grew steadily more and more wicked, and I saw by and by ~~that~~ <sup>from</sup> the way he was going on that he was bound to land in the eternal tropics, and at bottom I'm was glad of it; but I knew he would necessarily take his righteous brother down there with him, and that would not be fair. I did not object to it, but I didn't want to be responsible for it. I was in such a hobble that there was only one way out. To save the righteous brother I had to pull the consolidated twins apart and

make two separate and distinct twins of them. Well, as soon as I did that, they lost all their energy and took no further interest in life. They were wholly futile and useless in the book; they became mere shadows, and so they remain. Mr. Mayo manages them, but if he had taken a chance at them before I pulled them apart and tamed them he would have found out early that if he put them in his play they would take full possession and there wouldn't be any room in it for Puddrhead Wilson or anybody else.

"I have taken four days to prepare these statistics, and as far as they go you can depend upon their



M.T.

being strictly true. I have not told all the truth about the twins, but just barely enough of it for business purposes, for my motto is -- and Pudd'head Wilson can adopt it if he wants to -- my motto is, "Truth is the most valuable thing we have; let us economize it."

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grand success."

The serious side of Mark Twain is shown in the following letter to a woman whose sister wished to go upon the lecture platform. The letter also points a moral.

"I have seen it tried many and many a time. I have seen a lady lecturer urged upon the public in a lavishly complimentary document signed by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and some others of supreme celebrity, but - there was nothing in her and she failed. If there had been any great merit in her she never would have needed those men's help; (and (at her rather mature age) would never have consented to ask it.

There is an unwritten law about human successes, and your sister must bow to that law. She must submit to its requirements. In brief, this law is:-

1. No occupation without an apprenticeship.
2. No pay to the apprentice.

This law stands right in the way of the subaltern who wants to be a general before he has smelt powder; and it stands (and should stand) in everybody's way who applies for pay and position before he has served his apprenticeship and proved himself.

39.

Your sister's course is perfectly plain. Let her enclose this letter to Major J. B. Pond, <sup>Everet House New York</sup> and offer to lecture a year for \$10.00 a week and her expenses, the contract to be annulable by him at any time after a month's notice, but not annulable by her at all. The second year, he to have her services, if he wants them, at a trifle under the best price offered by anybody else.

She can learn her trade in those two years, and then be entitled to remuneration -- but she cannot learn it in any less time than that, unless she is a human miracle.

Try it, and do not be afraid. It is the fair and right thing. If she wins, she will win squarely and righteously, and never have to blush."

No man has ever written whose humor has so many sides, or such breadth and reach. His passages provoke the joyous laughter of young and old, of learned and unlearned, and may be read the hundredth time without losing but rather multiplying in power. Sentences and phrases that seem at first made only for the heartiest laughter, yield at closer view a sanity and wisdom that is good for the soul. He is also a wonderful storyteller. Thou-

sands of people can bear testimony that the very humor which has made him known all over the world is oftentimes swept along like the debris of a freshet by the current of his fascinating narrative.

Business relations and travelling bring out the nature of a man. After my close relations with Mark Twain for sixteen years, I can say that he is not only what the world knows him to be, a humorist, a philosopher, and a genius, but a sympathetic, honest, brave gentleman.

Q (MARK TWAIN.)

Sentences and phrases that seem at first only made for the heartiest laughter, yield, at closer view, a sanity and wisdom that is good for the soul. He is, too, a wonderful story teller, and many will bear testimony that the very humor which has made him known around the world is sometimes swept along with the debris of a fresh torrent by the current of his fascinating narrative.