



*Three of the suspected
men still in confine-
ment at Aurora.*

MARK TWAIN IN THE WEST: * An Exhibition *

**Created and Organized
by Victor Fischer**

The Mark Twain Papers and Project

ELMIRA 2013

**The Seventh International
Conference on the State
of Mark Twain Studies**



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✧ INTRODUCTION ✧

About “Mark Twain in the West”

This exhibition was created for the Seventh International Conference on the State of Mark Twain Studies. It was organized by Victor Fischer, of the Mark Twain Papers and Project, who selected and scanned the images, and wrote the captions and supplementary materials.

Where did these materials come from?

The images in this exhibition, taken almost entirely from materials in the Mark Twain Papers of The Bancroft Library, show a sample of the surviving items from Clemens’s years in the West. Clemens kept many of the items, including letters, notebooks, and autobiographical dictations, until the end of his life. They formed part of the original Mark Twain Papers collection, with Albert Bigelow Paine acting as Clemens’s first literary executor. Other items shown here, including letters, scrapbooks, mining deeds, and photographs, were acquired by the Mark Twain Papers in 1954 as part of the Anita Moffett Collection—the portion of family papers given by Pamela Clemens Moffett, Clemens’s sister, to her son, Samuel Moffett, and passed to his daughter Anita. The collection was found and identified in a warehouse sale in 1953, a year after Anita’s death, and purchased by the University of California. (The papers passed by Pamela to her daughter, Annie Moffett Webster, now make up the Jean Webster McKinney Family Papers at Vassar.) Copies of the Robert M. Howland photographs were given to the Papers by Howland’s grandson,

Robert M. Gunn, and Mrs. Gunn. The photographs of Dan DeQuille and Bret Harte are from the photographic archives of The Bancroft Library. Other sources for images are identified in the captions.

What more is out there to find?

A great number of items which bear on the Western years are irretrievably lost, including “almost four trunks” of letters “from Mark Twain to his mother, running through many decades, from youth to worldwide fame,” burned in 1904, after Mollie Clemens’s death, by the executor of her estate, John R. Carpenter. “He had a treasure of incalculable value and an imperative order to destroy it. ... It took him several long evenings to complete the job thoroughly” (“Mark Twain Letters to Mother Burned at Direction of Author,” unidentified clipping, datelined 14 December 1935). A great deal of Clemens’s early newspaper writing is also lost—three complete archives of the *Territorial Enterprise* were destroyed by fires, one in Virginia City in 1875 and the other two in San Francisco in 1906. Scholars have searched local libraries and collections for much of the last century unearthing and identifying lost items. And yet letters and photographs are still being found, along with newspaper printings or reprintings of Clemens’s early journalism and sketches, as family collections of letters and photographs come to light, and especially as nineteenth-century local newspapers and other materials become available on the web.

✧ **Chronology of Clemens in the West** ✧

1861

July–August: 21-day stagecoach journey from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Carson City, Nevada Territory.

September: Trip to *Lake Bigler* (Lake Tahoe). Timber claim. Trip to *Aurora*, Esmeralda County (disputed between California and Nevada Territory). Mining claim: “Black Warrior.”

1862

February–March: By then, clearly a Union sympathizer, Clemens encloses Matthew Whittier’s “Ethan Spike” letters to family.

April–August: *Aurora*, Esmeralda, by now a town of 2000 (6 hotels and restaurants; 11 billiard saloons; 10 quartz mills). Various mining claims (tunnels and ledges—“Red Bird,” “Pugh,” “Governor,” “Douglas,” “Live Yankee”; etc.). No money to work them. Sends letters to Orion requesting money, as money is sunk into working and paying help to work one claim after another. Writes “Josh” letters to *Enterprise*, culminating in July offer to be on staff.

October: First known pieces attributed to Clemens in the *Enterprise* printed on 1 October: “A Gale,” “The Indian

Troubles on the Overland Route,” and “[More Indian Troubles.]” (*Early Tales & Sketches 1*, 389–91). “The Petrified Man” published on 2 October.

November–December: Reports Second Territorial Legislature.

1863

3 February: First known newspaper piece signed “Mark Twain”—“Letter from Carson City.”

May–June: First visit to *San Francisco*, with Clement T. Rice (the Unreliable).

July–5 September: *Virginia City*, *Lake Bigler*, *Steamboat Springs*, *Virginia City*.

8 September–9 October: *San Francisco*.

October–December: Travels between Carson City and *Virginia City*; in Carson, reports First Territorial Constitutional Convention; in *Virginia*, has uproarious 10-day visit with Artemus Ward in December. Rooms with Dan DeQuille.

1864

May: Sanitary Fund Ball (*Gold Hill*) duel controversy in *Virginia City*, J. W. Wilmington and James L. Laird of *Union* versus Clemens and Steve Gillis. Duel averted only when Gillis shoots head off a sparrow and convinces Laird’s seconds that Clemens had done

it. Controversy and challenges continue. Exit to *San Francisco*.

Summer–Fall: Writes for *San Francisco Call*, *Golden Era*, and *Californian*. Backs \$500 straw bond for Steve Gillis; Gillis a no-show. Exit from *San Francisco*: steamboat to Stockton, stagecoach to *Tuttletown*, Tuolumne County.

4 December 1864–22 January 1865: *Jackass Hill*, near *Tuttletown*, in a cabin with Dick Stoker, Jim and Billy Gillis. Hears Jim Gillis’s “Tragedy of the Burning Shame” (*Huckleberry Finn*); Gillis’s tale about Dick Stoker’s cat, Tom Quartz (*Roughing It*); and Gillis’s “Blue-Jay Yarn,” again attributed to Dick Stoker (*A Tramp Abroad*). On 1 January visits *Vallecito*, where he notes a “magnificent lunar rainbow.”

1865

22 January–20 February: *Angel’s Camp*, mostly confined in cabin until 6 February telling tall tales and anecdotes, and afterwards spends time at Angel’s Hotel bar. Hears “Jumping Frog” story. Makes note for “The Californian’s Tale” (“Boden crazy, asking after his wife, who had been dead 13 years—first knowledge of his being deranged”). Travels to *Calaveras Big Trees* and *Yosemite*.

20–23 February: *Jackass Hill.*

23 February: Back to *San Francisco.*

26 February–September: Writes for *Californian* and *Territorial Enterprise* (“An Unbiased Criticism,” “Answers to Correspondents”).

1 September–16 October: Struggles to write “Jumping Frog” story, rejecting two attempts as “flat and stale”—“The Only Reliable Account of the Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County” and “Angel’s Camp Constable.”

16–18? October: Writes “Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog” (published in New York *Saturday Press* on 18 November).

19 and 20 October: “I have had a ‘call’ to literature” letter to Orion and Mollie.

1866

March–early August: Travels to and from *Sandwich Islands* as correspondent for the *Sacramento Union*.

October: First *Sandwich Islands* lecture in *San Francisco*; subsequent tour of *California* and *Nevada Territory*.

December: Sails for *New York*.

1868

March: Travels to *San Francisco* to gain permission from the *Alta California* editors to use his *Quaker City* letters—written for the *Alta* during his voyage to *Europe* and the *Holy Land* in 1867—for his travel book (later entitled *The Innocents Abroad*). Gains permission by 1 May.

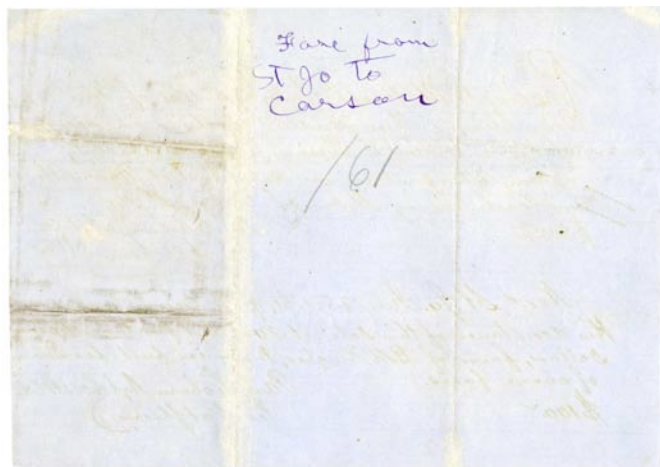
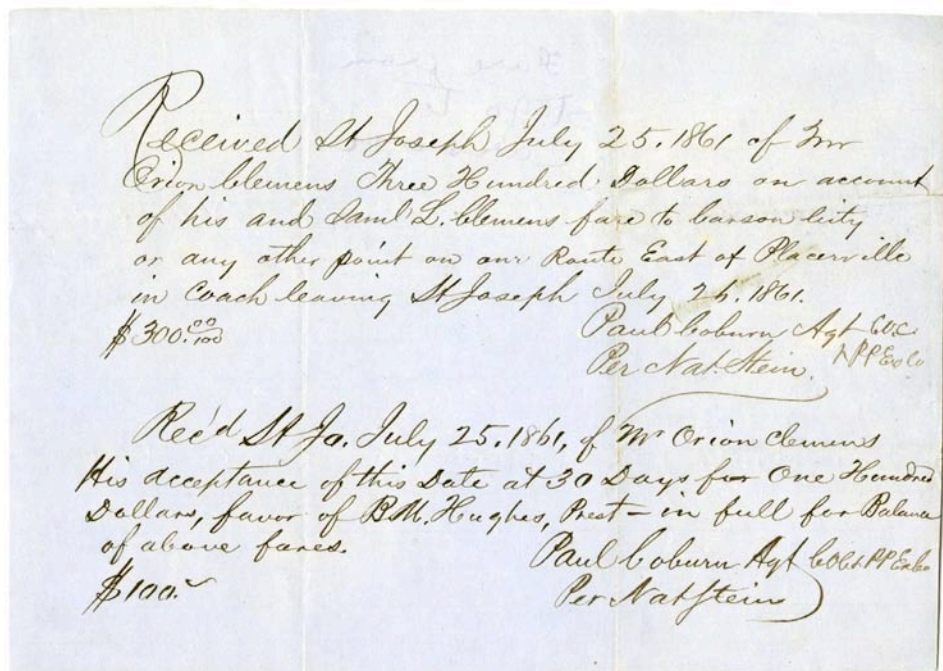
14 April–2 July: Lectures on his travels (“The Frozen Truth” and “Pilgrim Life”) for a benefit in *Oakland*, and then in *San Francisco*, the first of a tour that takes him to *Sacramento*, *Marysville*, *Nevada City*, and *Grass Valley*, *California*, and *Virginia City* and *Carson City*, *Nevada*, and *San Francisco* again.

6 July: Leaves *San Francisco* for the last time; sails back to *New York*, arriving on 29 July.

The Overland Trip

Samuel and Orion Clemens's Overland Trip West

Receipt for Samuel and Orion Clemens's stagecoach passage from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Carson City, Nevada Territory, on the Wells Fargo and Pony Express's Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express line (which soon became known as the "Clean Out of Cash & Poor Pay Express"). Orion paid \$300 the day before their 26 July 1861 departure, and promised to pay the balance within thirty days. Orion wrote on the verso: "Fare from St Jo to Carson".



Transcription:

Received St Joseph July 25, 1861 of Mr Orion Clemens Three Hundred Dollars on account of his and Saml L. Clemens fare to Carson City or any other point on our Route East of Placerville in Coach leaving St Joseph July 25, 1861.

\$300.⁰⁰/₁₀₀

Paul Coburn Agt. C.O.C.

Per Nat Stein & PPE&Co

Rec'd St Jo. July 25, 1861, of M^r Orion Clemens His acceptance of this Date at 30 Days for One Hundred Dollars, favor of B.M. Hughes, Prest—in full for Balance of above fares.

\$100.~

Paul Coburn Agt COC & PPE&Co

Per Nat Stein

Aurora

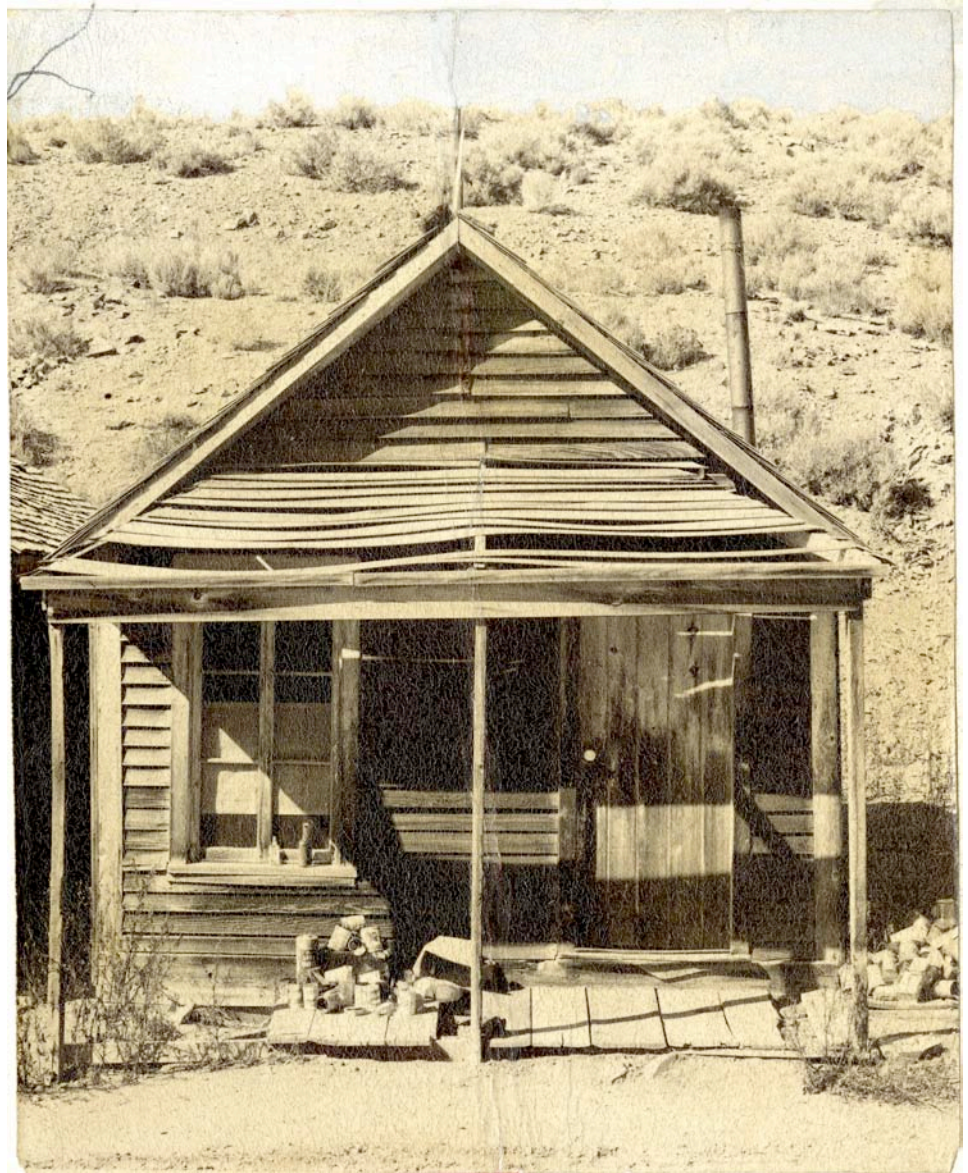
Sam Clemens's cabin?

The cabin in Aurora that became known as Mark Twain's cabin was evidently the cabin built by his friend Robert Howland. Clemens lived in at least three cabins, including one with a canvas roof, with a changing cast of cabin mates—including Horatio (Raish) Phillips, Dan Twing, and Calvin Higbie—in Aurora in 1862, as he attempted to make his fortune in gold or silver mining claims. This photograph was taken in 1891 by Scrutton, Superintendent of Esmeralda County, and given to Clemens's biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, in October 1907. Paine had recently traveled West retracing Clemens's footsteps.

Cans on the porch?

The cans on the porch were doubtless piled there to lend authenticity to a story that had become a local legend. As Howland told it to a reporter in 1876:

“Bob and Mark ... lived principally on hardtack and beans. On Sundays, however, they managed to get hold of some few extras in the grub line. When Sunday came they feasted on canned



oysters, canned turkey, chicken and the like, with something in the fruit and jelly line. When the cans had been emptied of these luxuries the ‘boys’ ostentatiously threw them out in front of the door of their cabin.

In the course of a few weeks the accumulation of cans ... began to attract attention. ... It was finally noised about the camp that Clemens and Howland lived like two princes—fared sumptuously every day.”

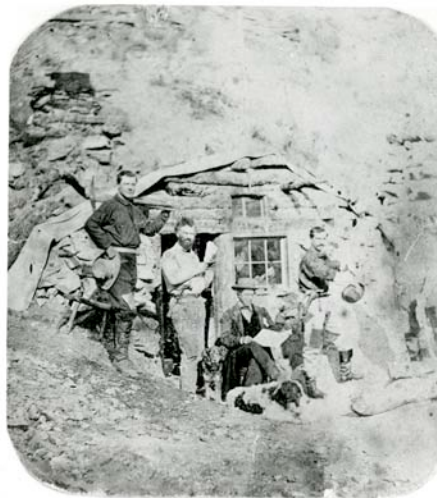
(“How They Played It,” *Territorial Enterprise*, 28 April 1976, 2)

Where is it now?

Once a town of up to 10,000 people, Aurora was abandoned and became a ghost town. This cabin was moved to Reno in 1924 to protect it but was thereafter picked apart and vandalized and had entirely disappeared by the 1950s (according to Clifford Alpheus Shaw).



Two photographs of Clemens’s friend Robert F. Howland. In the first, taken in 1861 when Howland was 23, Howland and his dog are seated in two chairs. In the second, taken in 1862 in front of a cabin in Aurora, Howland and his dog are accompanied by three friends and another dog.



Eight 1862 Mining Deeds and One Bond

1. H. G. Phillips to Orion Clemens, 16 January 1862, “Twenty five (25) feet on the Horatio Lode ... on Martinez Hill” for \$125.

2. H. Pfersdorff to Samuel Clemens, 28 January 1862, “ten feet in the Alba Nueva lead” in the Buena Vista District, Humboldt County, for \$100.

3. Hugo Pfersdorff to John D. Kinney, 28 January 1862, “ten feet (10 ft) in that certain vein or lode of gold and silver bearing quartz known as the ‘National Company’s’, Buena Vista District, Humboldt County, for \$500. Witnessed by Orion and Samuel Clemens.

4. John D. Kinney to Samuel L. Clemens, 1 March 1862, “One hundred feet (100 ft) in the ‘Allamoocha’— One hundred feet (100 ft) in the ‘Scioto’— Twelve and a half feet (12½ ft) in the 1st S Ex of ‘Winnemucca’— One hundred and twenty five feet (125 ft) in the ‘Horatio’— Two hundred feet (200 ft) in the 1st N Ex of ‘Fresno’— Two hundred feet (200 ft) in the ‘Carrie Corwin’— One hundred & fifty feet in the ‘Rosetta’— Two hundred feet

in the 'Potomac'— Twenty five feet in the 'Danl Boone'— Twenty five feet in the 'Great Mogul'— Twenty five feet in 'Long Island' Fifty feet in the 'Mountain Flower' ” for \$1,000.

5. Unsold deed, D. W. Harroun, 12 July 1862, “fifty feet in each of the following named Lodes or Ledges Magna Charta, Quartz Ledge, Henry Clay, Quartz Ledge, Leland, Quartz Ledge, Margaretta, Quartz Ledge, George-Anna, Quartz Ledge, and Seward, Quartz Ledge,” in Santa Clara District, Humboldt County, for \$3,500. Apparently no takers.

6. H. G. Phillips to S. L. Clemens, 22 July 1862, “Seventy five (75) feet undivided in the Discovery Claim of the Lashaway Co ... also an undivided (50) fifty feet in the 1st north Extension of the La Plata Lode ... also an undivided (33) thirty three feet in the Discovery Lode of the Annapolitan Ledge ... also an undivided (66) Sixty-six feet in the 1st Southwesterly Extension of the Fily-a-Way Lode ... also (50) fifty undivided in the Monitor Lode & Co” in Esmeralda District, Mono County, for \$300.

7. C. H. Higbie to Sam. L. Clemens, 3 October 1862, “Fifty (50) feet in the First North Extension of the ‘Annapolitan’ Lode, situated on Last Chance Hill in Esmeralda Mining District,” for \$200.

8. Thomas Nicholson to H. L. Joachimsen, 28 October 1862, “Ninety one (91) feet in ... Virginia Mining District, County of Storey” for \$10. Perhaps given to Clemens as security for a loan, or to hold.

9. \$200 Bond from John Steiner to Orion Clemens, 2 December 1862, in repayment of a loan.

Deed to Sam Clemens from C. H. Higbie, 3 October 1862, for \$500:

“An undivided interest of Fifty (50) feet in the first North Extension of the ‘Annapolitan’ Lode, situated on Last Chance Hill in Esmeralda Mining District”



Letter from Aurora

Sam Clemens's letter to Orion Clemens, 17 and 19 April 1862, written in the midst of the mining fever in Esmeralda County:

"As to the 'Live Yankee,' I will see the President in the morning, and get the Secy's address.

No, don't buy any ground, anywhere. The pick and shovel are the only claims I have any confidence in now. My back is sore and my hands blistered with handling them to-day. But something must come, you know.

We shall let a contract on the H. & Derby in a day or two. Most folks like these ledges. I don't. ...

I, too have seen very rich specimens from East Walker. Not quite so rich, and gold hardly as fine as that taken from the National, though.

The 'Live Yankees,' as you call them, are a pack of d-d fools. They have run a tunnel 100 ft long to strike the croppings. They could have blasted, above ground, easier."

P.S. I wrote for \$40 or \$50
& some 3 or 4 stamps - get
the letter?
I could buy 10 let me have \$100
when I call for it.
Aurora, 17th / 62.

My dear Bro:

As to the "Live Yankee," I will see the President in the morning, and get the Secy's address. No, don't buy any ground, anywhere. The pick and shovel are the only claims I have any confidence in now. My back is sore and my hands blistered with handling them to-day. But something must come, you know.

We shall let a contract on the H. & Derby in a day or two. Most folks like these ledges. I don't. It will not cost much now, though, to test it with the tunnel. I, too, have seen very rich specimens from East Walker. Not quite so rich, and gold hardly as fine as that taken from the National, though.

The "Live Yankees," as you call them, are a pack of d-d fools. They have run a tunnel 100 ft long to strike the croppings. They could have blasted, above ground, easier. It is the craziest piece of work I know of, except that wherein the owners of the "Esmeralda" discovery sold one-half their interests to get money to run a seventeen-thousand-dollar tunnel in, to strike the ledge just under the croppings, when said croppings are 100 feet high, and pay \$300 a ton in Clayton's mill - which, by the bye, is an excellent mill, and cannot be beaten anywhere. It is the only mill here.

Oh, Dewy be d-d. Keep a chance at

the "six" if you can, but pay Harroun no money. If I can dig pay rock out of a ledge here myself, I will buy - not otherwise.

Yes - if we find good rock in the H. & Derby, will incorporate it. Raish and I would then have full control of it - we represent 750 feet in it.

Got Billy's letter. Tell him to be Recorder.

Croaker wants you to certify his claim, as enclosed, or, if it isn't figured up right, why, figure it up right yourself, get the scrip for it, and, if you can sell the scrip for 75 cents, do so, and forward the money - if not, forward the scrip. I told him it was a d-d sight easier to sell tracts than scrip in Carson. (It may be well enough, though, to sell enough to pay your fee for the deal, you know.) All so, do ditto and likewise for R. M. Workman, who was Messenger, only, but traveled 30 miles more, (to Mono) making 150 miles.

You can sell his for 50 cents, if any body offers that, and send the money to me or Raish - don't collect your fee in this case. Though, Croaker sent his bill by Kinney to Farmer, once.

Well, things are so gloomy that I begin to feel really jolly and comfortable again. I enjoy myself hugely now.

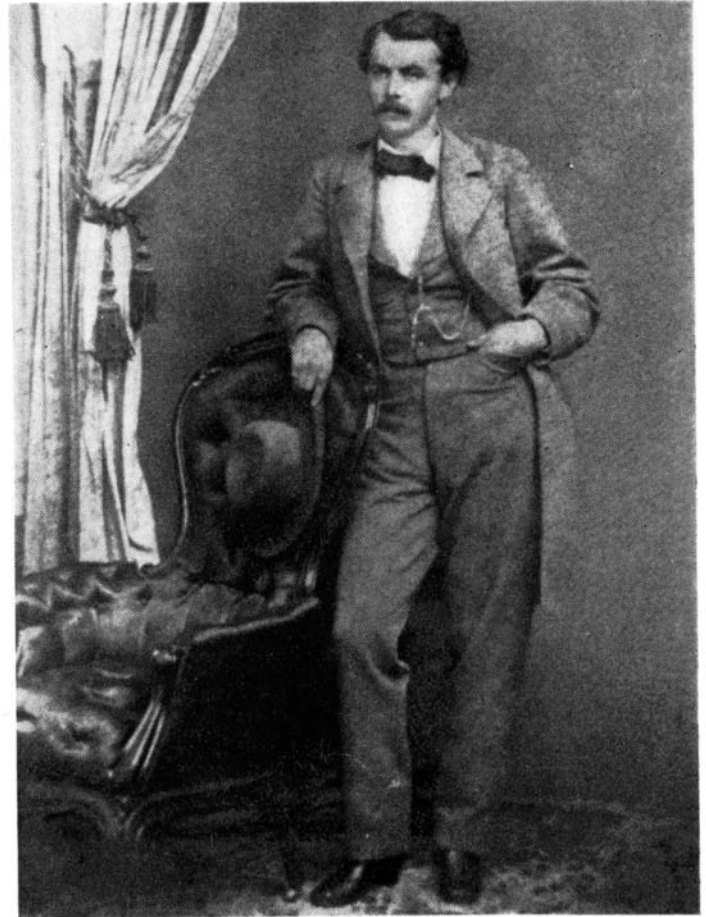
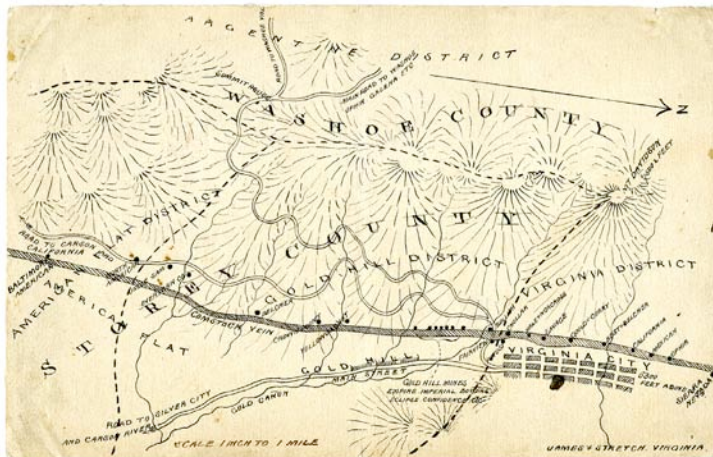
Saturday - I have fixed the "line gumbies" - it is all right now. Postoffice & the bus letter came to hand all right.

Esmeralda Cal
April 21st 1862
April 21
O. Clemens, Esq.
Carson City
N. T.

Virginia City

Pocket Map of Washoe and Storey Counties

Published by James & Stretch, Virginia City, Nevada Territory, c. 1863.



Joseph T. Goodman, editor and publisher of the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise*, 1860s (halftone print from Effie Mona Mack's 1947 *Mark Twain in Nevada*):

"Let me see—it was in 1862 that Sam Clemens came to work for us on the 'Territor[ial] Enterprise.' He was prospecting in Esmeralda County and had sent us some voluntary contributions. They struck us so funny that we sent him word to come to Virginia City and take a job on the paper.

He came and we put him to work reporting local affairs. Later on we sent him to Carson to report a session of the legislature, and it was from Carson that he sent his first article signed 'Mark Twain.' He had asked me if he might sign a name to some stories apart from the regular reports of the daily proceedings in the legislature, and I had told him he might. So he wrote a humorous series of letters on what he called 'The Third House,' which described amusingly the carryings-on of a number of congenial legislators that were in the habit of gathering for a jolly social time after both houses of the legislature had adjourned over night."

("Jos. Goodman's Memories of Humorist's Early Days," San Francisco *Examiner*, 22 April 1910, 3)



Advertisement for Joe Goodman's and Denis McCarthy's *Daily Territorial Enterprise* of Virginia City. From J. Wells Kelly's *First Directory of Nevada Territory*, 1862, in which Samuel Clemens is listed as "Assistant Secretary Nevada Territory."

VIRGINIA CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE DAILY TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE

Is published every morning, Sundays excepted,
—BY—
GOODMAN & McCARTHY,
J. T. GOODMAN, ... D E. McCARTHY.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
A STREET, . . VIRGINIA CITY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION :

ONE YEAR, in advance.....	\$16 00
SIX MONTHS.....	10 00
THREE MONTHS.....	6 00

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Served by the Carriers at Fifty Cents per Week.

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DONE AT REASONABLE RATES.

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As we have the finest assortment in the Territory, of
PLAIN AND FANCY TYPE, BORDERS,
etc. etc., and employ none but good workmen, we are prepared to
execute, in the best style and at reasonable prices,
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOB WORK
— SUCH AS —
Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Certificates of Stock,
Wedding Cards, Bill-Heads, Real Estate Deeds,
Business Cards, Circulars, Mining Deeds,
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GOODMAN & McCARTHY.

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**“Letter from Carson City”:
Signed “Mark Twain”**

Clemens’s “Letter from Carson City” of 3 February 1863, undated in Scrapbook 4, is “likely ... the first piece to which Clemens signed the name ‘Mark Twain,’” (Branch and Hirst, *Early Tales & Sketches, Volume 1*, 192). In this letter, purportedly telling why he stayed awake two days and consequently had to sleep the next two, Clemens manages to satirize his taciturn boss, Joe Goodman, and provide a description of a party at the Governor’s new house, including food, guests, and entertainment. Clemens uses his friend and “rival,” Clement T. Rice, “The Unreliable,” of the *Virginia City Union*, as a comic foil:

“EDS. ENTERPRISE: I feel very much as if I had just awakened out of a long sleep. I attribute it to the fact that I have slept the greater part of the time for the last two days and nights. On Wednesday, I sat up all night, in Virginia, in order to be up early enough to take the five o’clock stage on Thursday morning. I was on time. It was a great success. I had a cheerful trip down to Carson, in company with that incessant talker, Joseph T. Goodman...

“So, having been awake forty-eight hours, I slept forty-eight, in order to get even again, which explains the proposition I began this letter with.

Yours, dreamily,
MARK TWAIN.”



Western Scrapbooks

These scrapbooks in the Mark Twain Papers are filled with clippings from the Western years, including Nevada Territory items of interest to Orion Clemens or written by him, and Samuel Clemens’s newspaper writing (pieces from the *Golden Era*, the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise*, the *San Francisco Call*, and the *Californian*, among others). They were kept mostly by Orion and doubtless also by Mollie Clemens, with contributions and occasional notes by Sam Clemens.

Three 1863 Mining Deeds

Peter Cavanaugh to Orion Clemens,
June 12th 1863:

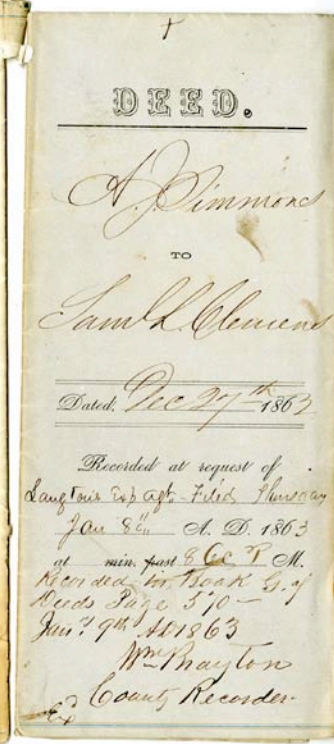
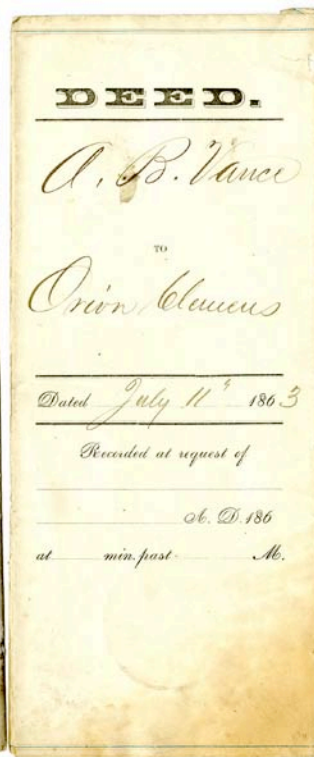
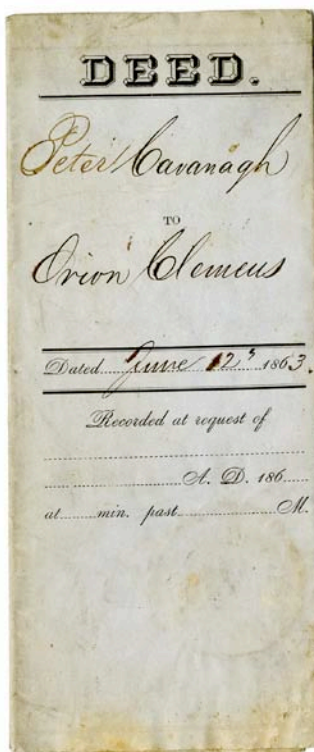
"An undivided interest of Twenty five (25) feet in the Warfield Ledge, Cavanaugh Company, situate lying & being in the Eagle & Washoe Valleys Mining District" for the sum of \$100.

A. B. Vance to Orion Clemens, July 11th 1863:

"An undivided interest of Twenty five (25) feet in the Mineral Point Ledge, Palermo Company" in Ormsby County for the sum of \$1.

A. J. Simmons to Samuel L. Clemens, December 27th 1863:

"An undivided interest of Ten (10) feet in the Butte Ledge Tehama Mining Company, and an undivided interest in (10) feet in the Kentucky Ledge Union Tunnel Company both situated in Santa Clara Mining District" in Humboldt County for the sum of \$1,000.

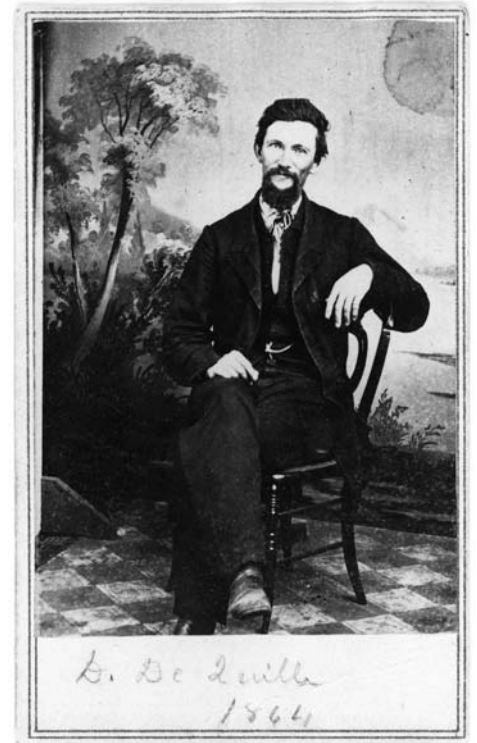


1863 Mining Stock Certificate

5 Shares of stock in Sonora Silver Mining Company, Virginia Mining District, dated San Francisco, August 1st 1863:

“This Certifies That *S Clements* is the owner of *Five* Shares of the Capital Stock of the Sonora Silver Mining Company ...

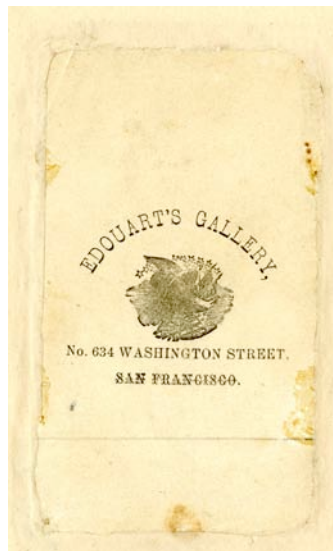
CAPITAL STOCK . . . \$1,200,000.
1200 SHARES \$1000 EACH.”



William Wright (Dan De Quille) in 1864. De Quille, Clemens’s friend and sometime roommate in Virginia City, was local editor of the *Territorial Enterprise* from 1862 until his death in 1898. Widely recognized for his humorous writing and as an authority on mining, he wrote *The Big Bonanza* (1876) with Clemens’s encouragement.

San Francisco: Mark Twain's First Trip

Clemens's first trip to San Francisco. Clemens and his friend Clement T. Rice (The Unreliable) get a sendoff in the columns of the *Enterprise*. The original and a partial type facsimile based on the original.



Sam Clemens during his first visit to San Francisco, May-June 1863. Edouart's Photographic Gallery, 634 Washington Street.

Daily Territorial Enterprise.

Sunday May 3, 1863.

Mark Twain.

Mark Twain has abdicated the local column of the *Enterprise*, where, by the grace of Cheek, he so long reigned Monarch of Mining Items, Detailer of Events, Prince of Platitudes, Chief of Biographers, Expounder of Unwritten Law, Puffer of Wildcat, Profaner of Divinity, Detractor of Merit, Flatterer of Power, Recorder of Stage Arrivals, Pack Train, Hay Wagons, and Things in General. As he assigned no adequate reason for this sudden step, we thought him the pitiable victim of self-conceit and the stock mania. He possessed some wildcat, and had lectured the Unreliable on manners till he fancied

himself a Chesterfield. Yes, the poor fellow actually thought he possessed some breeding—that Virginia was too narrow a field for his graces and accomplishments; and in this delusion he has gone to display his ugly person and disgusting manners and wildcat on Montgomery street. In all of which he will be assisted by his protegee, the Unreliable. It is to be regretted that such scrubs are ever permitted to visit the Bay, as the inevitable effect will be to destroy that exalted opinion of the manners and morality of our people which was inspired by the conduct of our senior editor. We comfort ourselves, however, with the reflection that they will not be likely to shock the sensibilities of San Francisco long. The ordinances against nuisances are stringently enforced in that city. We said, at first we thought him the pitiable victim of self-conceit and the stock mania. In this charitable belief we reposed nearly a week. But a horrid suspicion begins to haunt us. Can it be? No, it is impossible. Yet the circumstantial evidence is strong. Ah, Mark Twain! With all your faults, dear to the hearts that loved you as the flowers of May—who ever suspected you of being a gay lothario? Who ever thought beneath that ingenuous face was concealed a heart that could wrong confiding innocence? Yet the angels fell, and why not Mark Twain? We weep for him as Raphael, leaning over the crystal battlements of Heaven, wept for Belial, fairest of the angels who fell. The subjoined tender verses tell the story—the same old story of maiden love betrayed. How we came in possession of them we will not state, as we deem it a sacred duty to keep their source an inviolate secret. Since Ariadne wept her Theseus, since Elzine mourned her Paris, nothing more passionate has gushed from a loving, lonely heart:

TO MARK TWAIN.
Mount Parnassus still rears aloft
And grandly frowns on our dull hill;
Do but this gleam the finger lead
As I grieve to see the finger lead
The same Greek's shadow for legend
On Mount's glowing heights rest—
As often, in your mind I find
Your hand has laid upon this breast:
Mark Twain, Mark Twain,
Ah, when again
Shall this breast be disquieted?
The May returns with in my hand,
And every flower of joy is dead;
The watching "dewdrops" on my heart—
The watchful "dewdrops" on my heart—
And every joy is dead and gone
And every joy is dead and gone
Of hours when I've sat and wept
Chained by your gentle yet cruel
Mark Twain, Mark Twain,
Ah, when again
Shall your voice be in my heart replied?
Hark! speak of life in discordant
His lovely form from the street,
Whose sweet soul on trade has set
Perfect form growing within a fret;
But brightly on the hill above
The sweet dreamer rises to view—
My maiden heart coupled out to you,
Mark Twain, Mark Twain,
Ah, when again
Shall I see you? For heart's sake!
At noon, at noon, in evening light,
As we dream I see you dead;
For I know too well its beautiful sight
And mark its sweetest smile—
Do find smiling self I see—
For her from whom your steps have strayed—
Or has not floating city boats
Relieved your pained once-truth heart?
Mark Twain, Mark Twain,
Ah, when again
To her whom true love you betrayed?

Daily Territorial Enterprise.

Sunday May 3, 1863.

Mark Twain.

Mark Twain has abdicated the local column of the *Enterprise*, where by the grace of Cheek, he so long reigned Monarch of Mining Items, Detailer of Events, Prince of Platitudes, Chief of Biographers, Expounder of Unwritten Law, Puffer of Wildcat, Profaner of Divinity, Detractor of Merit, Flatterer of Power, Recorder of Stage Arrivals, Pack Trains, Hay Wagons, and Things in General. As he assigned no adequate reason for this sudden step, we thought him the pitiable victim of self-conceit and the stock mania. He possessed some wildcat, and had lectured the Unreliable on manners till he fancied himself a Chesterfield. Yes, the poor fellow actually thought he possessed some breeding—that Virginia was too narrow a field for his graces and accomplishments; and in this delusion he has gone to display his ugly person and disgusting manners and wildcat on Montgomery street. In all of which he will be assisted by his protegee, the Unreliable. It is to be regretted that such scrubs are ever permitted to visit the Bay, as the inevitable effect will be to destroy that exalted opinion of the manners and morality of our people which was inspired by the conduct of our senior editor. We comfort ourselves, however, with the reflection that they will not be likely to shock the sensibilities of San Francisco long. The ordinances against nuisances are stringently enforced in that city. We said, at first we thought him the pitiable victim of self-conceit and the stock mania. In this charitable belief we reposed nearly a week. But a horrid suspicion begins to haunt us. Can it be? No, it is impossible. Yet the circumstantial evidence is strong. Ah, Mark Twain! With all your faults, dear to the hearts that loved you as the flowers of May—who ever suspected you of being a gay lothario? Who ever thought beneath that ingenuous face was concealed a heart that could wrong confiding innocence? Yet the angels fell, and why not Mark Twain? We weep for him as Raphael, leaning over the crystal battlements of Heaven, wept for Belial, fairest of the angels who fell.

No. 3 - \$20 enclosed.

Lick House, San Francisco
June 4, 1863.

My Dear Mother & Sister

My visit to San F is gradually drawing to a close, and it seems like going back to prison to go back to the snows & the deserts of Washoe, after living in this Paradise. But then I shall soon get used to it—all places are alike to me. I have put in the time here, "you bet." And I have lived like a lord—to make up for two years of privation, you know. I haven't written to the paper but twice, I believe. I have always got something more agreeable on hand.

At the opera to-night I saw some one whom I took to be Bill Ash. I know he was to have been here this week, & I am very sure it was him—I never forget faces. I get fooled with them sometimes, though, & I want to give you an instance of it—a case which I consider very remarkable. The first Sunday

Letter from San Francisco

Sam Clemens's letter to his mother and sister from the Lick House, San Francisco, 4 June 1863, "No. 3—\$20 enclosed":

"My visit to San F is gradually drawing to a close, and it seems like going back to prison to go back to the snows & the deserts of Washoe, after living in this Paradise. But then I shall soon get used to it—all places are alike to me. I have put in the time here, 'you bet.' And I have lived like a lord—to make up for two years of privation, you know."



Virginia City Again

Letter from Virginia City

Sam Clemens's letter to his mother and sister from Virginia City, 18 July 1863, after he returned from San Francisco, "No. 10—\$20 enclosed":

"Ma, you are slinging insinuations at me again. Such as 'where did I get the money?' and 'the company I kept' in San Francisco. Why I sold 'wildcat' mining ground that was given me, & my credit was always good at the bank for two or three thousand dollars, & is yet. I never gamble, in any shape or manner, and never drink anything stronger than claret or lager beer, which conduct is regarded as miraculously temperate in this country. ...

No. 10—\$20 enclosed Virginia, July 18.

My Dear Mother & Sister

Ma, you are slinging insinuations at me again. Such as "where did I get the money?" and "The company I kept" in San Francisco. Why I sold "wildcat" mining ground that was given me, & my credit was always good at the bank for two or three thousand dollars, & is yet. I never gamble, in any shape or manner, and never drink anything stronger than claret or lager beer, which conduct is regarded as miraculously temperate in this country. As for my company, Ma, I went into the very best society to be found in San Francisco, & to do that, you must know, of course, that I had to keep myself might-straight. I also move in the best society of Virginia, & actually have a reputation to preserve.

As for money, I manage to make a living, but if I had any business tact the office of reporter here would be worth \$30,000 a year — whereas, if I get 4 or \$5,000 out of it, it will be as much as I expect. I have stock in my possession, which, if I had sold when it was first given me, from time to time, in the last 6 months,

would have brought me \$10,000 -
but I have carelessly let it go down
to nothing again. I don't think I am
any account, any how. Now, I raised
the price of "North Ophir" from \$13
to \$45 a foot, to-day, & they
are five feet. That will go the
way of all the rest. I shall prob-
ably mislay it or throw it in my
trunk & never get a dollar out
of it. But I am telling you too
many secrets, & I'll stop. One
more. A gentleman in San Francisco
told me to call at his office, & he
would give me five feet of "Over-
man". Well, do you know I never
went after it? The stock is worth
\$400 a foot, now - \$2,000 thrown
away. I don't care a straw, for
myself, but I ought to have had
more thought for you. Never mind,
though, Ma - I will be more careful
in future. I will take care that
your expenses are paid - sure.

You and Pamela only pay
\$8 a week apiece for board (& lodging
too?) Well, you are not in a very ex-
pensive part of the world, certainly.
My room-mate & I pay, together, \$70 a
month for our bedchamber & \$50 a month,
each, for board, besides. Put in my
washing, & it costs me \$100 a month to live.
Affectionately, Mark

You and Pamela only pay \$8 a week
apiece for board (& lodging too?) Well,
you are not in a very expensive part of
the world, certainly. My room-mate &
I pay, together, \$70 a month for our
bedchamber, & \$50 a month, each, for
board, besides."



**San Francisco:
Clemens Writes for the Territorial Enterprise, the
San Francisco Call, and Other Newspapers**

**Mark Twain Reviews Adah
Isaacs Menken in "Mazeppa"**

Right: "Letter from Mark Twain," *Territorial Enterprise*, 17 September 1883, excerpt. In "Mazeppa," based on Lord Byron's poem, a young Ukrainian page in the Court of King John II is discovered having an affair with a young countess. In punishment, her elderly husband straps Mazeppa naked to a wild horse, taunts it and sets it loose to ride through Eastern Europe. Menken played the hero, Mazeppa. Type facsimile based on the original clipping. This review is not among the journalism pieces that Clemens later chose to keep in print.

Far right: Maguire's Opera House, on Washington Street between Kearney and Montgomery, San Francisco, where Clemens saw Adah Isaacs Menken in *Mazeppa* in September 1863.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE

T. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor
W. STEVENSON.....Treasurer | C. L. GRAVES.....Stage Manager
S. TUTHILL.....Macchina

THE GREATEST SUCCESS!
— EVER ACHIEVED IN THIS CITY, IN THE ENGAGEMENT OF —
**Miss ADAH ISAACS
MENKEN**

The Greatest Wonder of the Living Age, whose Personation of Lord Byron's Great Creation,
MAZEPPA!

Is acknowledged by the Thousands who have witnessed it, to be Unparalleled in Daring, and
Unapproachably Superior to any other person who has attempted this Perilous Character in the
United States.

Miss ADAH Ascends and Descends to and from the
Entire Height of this Immense Theater, lashed to the Bare-Back
of the Wild Steed, a Feat never accomplished by any other
Lady in the World.

— SHE WILL BE SUPPORTED BY —
**MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,
FRANK MAYO,
J. B. BOOTH,**
And the Full Strength of the Great Star Company.



Advertisement for the San Francisco performances of "Mazeppa."

"Miss ADAH Ascends and Descends to and from the *Entire Height* of this Immense Theater, lashed to the Bare-Back of the Wild Steed, a Feat never accomplished by any other Lady in the World."

TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1863.

LETTER FROM MARK TWAIN.

...

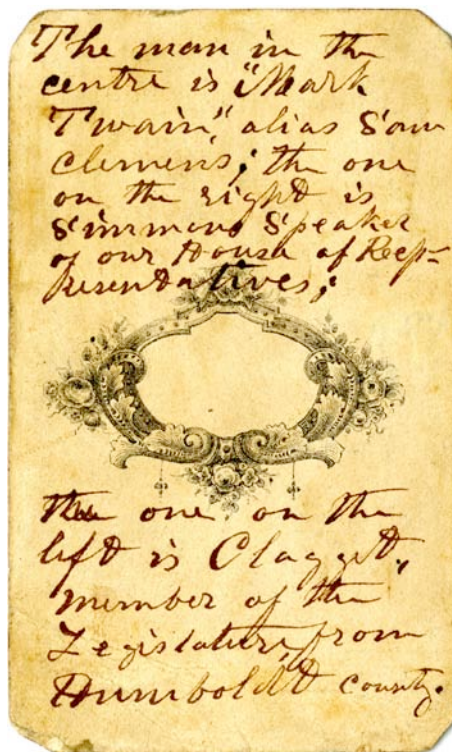
The Menken—Written especially for Gentlemen.

When I arrived in San Francisco, I found there was no one in town—at least there was nobody in town but “The Menken”—or rather, that no one was being talked about except that manly young female. I went to see her play “Mazeppa,” of course. They said she was dressed from head to foot in flesh-colored “tights,” but I had no opera-glass, and I couldn’t see it, to use the language of the inelegant rabble. She appeared to me to have but one garment on—a thin tight white linen one, of unimportant dimensions; I forget the name of the article, but it is indispensable to infants of tender age—I suppose any young mother can tell you what it is, if you have the moral courage to ask the question. With the exception of this superfluous rag, the Menken dresses like the Greek Slave; but some of her postures are not so modest as the suggestive attitude of the latter. She is a finely formed woman down to her knees; if she could be herself that far, and Mrs. H. A. Perry the rest of the way, she would pass for an unexceptional Venus. Here every tongue sings the praises of her matchless grace, her supple gestures, her charming attitudes. Well, possibly, these tongues are right. In the first set, she rushes on the stage, and goes cavorting around after “Olinska;” she bends herself back like a bow; she pitches headforemost at the atmosphere like a battering-ram; she works her arms, and her legs, and her whole body like a dancing-jack; her every movement is as quick as thought; in a word, without any apparent reason for it, she carries on like a lunatic from the beginning of the act to the end of it. At other times she “whallops” herself down on the stage, and rolls over as does the sportive pack-mule after his burden is removed. If this be grace then the Menken is eminently graceful.



Carson City and Aurora

"Three of the suspected men still in confinement at Aurora."



Photograph of William H. Clagett, Mark Twain, and A. J. Simmons, at the time of the third Territorial Legislature, Carson City, January 1864. Clagett was the representative from Humboldt County, Mark Twain was the correspondent for the Virginia City Territorial Enterprise, and Simmons was the Speaker of the House. In a letter of 18 March 1864 to his sister, he wrote that he was sending a copy (not this one) to his niece, Annie Moffett, for her scrapbook:

"I also send her full-length pictures of his Excellency Gov. Mark Twain, of the Third House, Hon W^m H. Clagett of the House of Representatives, and Hon. A. J. Simmons, Speaker of the same. Ma will know Clagett by his frowsy hair & slovenly dress. He is the greatest, ablest, public speaker in the Territory."

Three Months in California Gold Country

Clemens was a friend of the Gillis family and especially of three of the Gillis brothers, Steve, Jim, and Billy. He first knew Steve from Virginia City, where Steve worked as a typesetter on the *Enterprise*. They were roommates in San Francisco, where Clemens stayed for a time in the boarding house of Gillis's parents, Angus and Margaret, at 44 Minna Street. Reportedly Clemens signed a straw bond for \$500 after Steve got in trouble with the police for intervening in a bar fight. Rather than report to court, Steve left for Virginia City and sent Clemens to stay with his brothers. On 4 December 1864, Clemens left San Francisco, with \$300 in his pocket, and spent three months in the California Gold Country, first in the Gillis cabin with Jim and Billy and Jim's mining partner Dick Stoker at Jackass Hill, near Tuttletown, and then in Angels Camp, with Jim and Dick Stoker.

The Gillis cabin, Jackass Hill, near Tuttletown, California, where Clemens stayed in the winter of 1864–65. What the Gillis cabin looked like in 1864–65 is not known. A series of later photographs, displayed here, shows it increasingly dilapidated during the latter part of the 19th century, torn down, and then “rebuilt” in the early 20th century. The rebuilt cabin, reconstructed yet again in the early 21st century, still stands as California Historical Landmark 138.

The Gillis cabin, 1895, around the time when a number of miners or prospectors were living in it. Jim Gillis is seated next to the door. Courtesy of John Meiser. Second from left is Meiser's father, Frederick, 17 years old, who worked at the Longfellow Mining Company.





The Gillis cabin circa 1900.
 Photographed by C. Gladstone Bird of
 Oakland, California, who sent a copy to
 Samuel Clemens in 1908, and received
 the following reply from Albert Bigelow
 Paine, Clemens's biographer:

“He asks me to thank you for it and
 to say that it is certainly the real cabin.
 ... A year ago I ... paid a visit to that very
 spot, though, of course, no trace of the
 old cabin is left. I did see Steve Gillis and
 his brother Billy, who were there so long
 ago, and got much rich material.”



Albert Bigelow Paine's 1907 photograph
 of the site where the Gillis cabin formerly
 stood on Jackass Hill.



William R. Gillis (Billy) standing in front of the “reconstructed” or “rebuilt” cabin, May 1922.

Wrote this
 Story for
 Subscribers
 with 20¢ put
 in each
 to save the
 paper
 //

Time 13 ok How
 land came into Mrs.
 Murphy's garage in
 Cassan, Bunker, worked
 down wagon in battle
 of tarantulas & scorpions
 & killed them on the
 floor.

Some hunting by
 and in changed & at
 diers coming through
 from Mexico to Cal
 in early days. The man
 whose house got which
 had to get supper for

place him on the
 bottom of a frying
 pan - draw a half
 circle round him
 heat the pan & the
 last house over the
 line had to get supper.

Time story of
 Kiliu & his relatives
 of furnishing beds
 into to strangers as
 they could carry
 off some of the
 food.



The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County (“Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog”). In this little notebook, which dates from early 1865, the 29-year-old Samuel Clemens made the first note in pencil for the story that would launch his national fame:

“Coleman with his jumping frog—bet stranger \$50—stranger had no frog, & C got him one—in the meantime stranger filled C’s frog full of shot & he couldn’t jump—the stranger’s frog won.”

Later he wrote across it in ink: “Wrote this story for Artemus—his idiot publisher, Carleton gave it to Clapp’s Saturday Press.”

The remainder of the text shown reads:

Time Bob Howland came into Mrs. Murphy’s corral in Carson, & drunk, knocked down Wagners bottle of tarantulas & spilled them on the floor.

Louse betting by sold discharged soldiers coming through from Mexico to Cal in early days. The man whose louse got whipped had to get supper. Or place them on the bottom of a frying pan—draw a chalk circle around them, heat the pan & the last louse over the line had to get supper.

Jim story of Kilien & his method of furnishing lodgings to strangers so they could carry off some of the lice.



**"I have had a 'call'
to literature"**

Letter from Sam Clemens to his brother and sister-in-law, Orion and Mollie, 19 and 20 October 1865, before "Jumping Frog" was published:

P.S. You had better shove this in the stove—for if we strike a bargain I don't want any absurd "literary remains" & unpublished letters of Mark Twain published after I am planted.

San F.—Oct. 19, 1865

My dear Bro & Sister:

Orion there was **genius**—true, unmistakable **genius**—in that sermon of yours. It was not the gilded base metal that passes for intellectual gold too generally in this world of ours. It is one of the few sermons that I have read with pleasure—I do not say profit, because I am beyond the reach of argument now. But seven or eight years ago that single sermon would have saved me. It even made me **think**—yea, & regret for a while, as it was. (Don't preach from ^{the above} this text, next time.) Viewed as a **literary** production, that sermon was first-class.

P.S. You had better shove this in the stove—for if we strike a bargain I don't want any absurd "literary remains" & unpublished letters of Mark Twain published after I am planted. S. C. J. - Oct. 19, 1865.

My Dear Bro & Sister:
Orion there was genius—true, unmistakable genius—in that sermon of yours. It was not the gilded base metal that passes for intellectual gold too generally in this world of ours. It is one of the few sermons that I have read with pleasure—I do not say profit, because I am beyond the reach of argument now. But seven or eight years ago that single sermon would have saved me. It even made me think—yea, & regret for a while, as it was. (Don't preach from ^{the above} ~~this~~ text, next time.) Viewed as a literary production, that sermon was first-class.

And now let me preach you a sermon. I never had but two powerful ambitions in my life. One was to be a pilot, & the other a preacher of the gospel. I accomplished the one & failed in the other, because I could not supply myself with the necessary stock in trade—i.e. religion. I have given it up forever. I never had a "call" in that direction, anyhow, & my aspirations were the very ecstasy of presumption. But I have had a "call" to literature, of a low order—i.e. humorous. It is nothing to be

proud of, but it is my strangest ²
suit, & if I were to listen to that maxim
of stern duty, which says ~~raise~~
that to do right you must multiply
the one or the two or the three talents
which the Almighty entrusts to your
keeping, I would long ago have
ceased to meddle with things for
which I was by nature unfitted
& turned my attention to seriously
scribbling to excite the laughter of
God's creatures. Poor, pitiful
business! Though the Almighty
did His part by me — for the talent
is a mighty engine when supplied
with the steam of education — which
I have not got, & so its pistons & cyl-
inders & shafts move feebly, & for a
holiday show & are useless for any
good purpose.

But as I was saying, it is
human nature to yearn to be what
we were never intended for. It is sin-
gular, but it is so. I wanted to be a
pilot or a preacher, & I was about
as well calculated for either as is
poor Emperor Charlot for Chief Jus-
tice of the United States. Now you
aspire to be a lawyer, when the voice
of God is thundering in your ears
& you are wilfully deaf & will not
hear. You were intended for a
preacher, & lo! you would be a staggering,
groveling, mud-cat of a lawyer. A man

And now let me preach you a
sermon. I never had but two **powerful**
ambitions in my life. One was to be
a pilot, & the other a preacher of the
gospel. I accomplished the one &
failed in the other, **because** I could not
supply myself with the necessary stock
in trade—i.e. religion. I have given it
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you **must** multiply the one or the two
or the three talents which the Almighty
entrusts to your keeping, I would long
ago have ceased to meddle with things
for which I was by nature unfitted
& turned my attention to seriously
scribbling to excite the **laughter** of
God's creatures. ...

3

never is willing to do what his Creator intended him to do. You are honest, pious, virtuous — what would you have more? Go forth & preach. When you preach from a pulpit, I will listen to you & not before. Until that time, I will read your sermons with sincere pleasure, but only as literary gems. That is my ultimatum. Ever since I got acquainted with you — which was in the autumn of 1861 — I have thought many & many & many a time ~~what~~ how you would tower head & shoulders above any of the small-fry preachers of my experience. I know what I am talking about. It is the nature of man to see as by the light of noonday the talents of his neighbor, (& to which that neighbor is blind as night) & at the same time to be unaware of his own talents, while he is gazing afar off at those of ^{that} ~~his~~ neighbor, as aforesaid. You see in me a talent for humorous writing, & urge me to cultivate it. But I always regarded it as brotherly partiality, & attached no value to it. It is only now, when editors of standard literary papers in the distant east give me high praise, & who do not know me & cannot of course be blinded by the ~~flavour~~ ^{on your part} of partiality, that I really begin to believe there must be something in it.

But I'll tuss up with you. 4

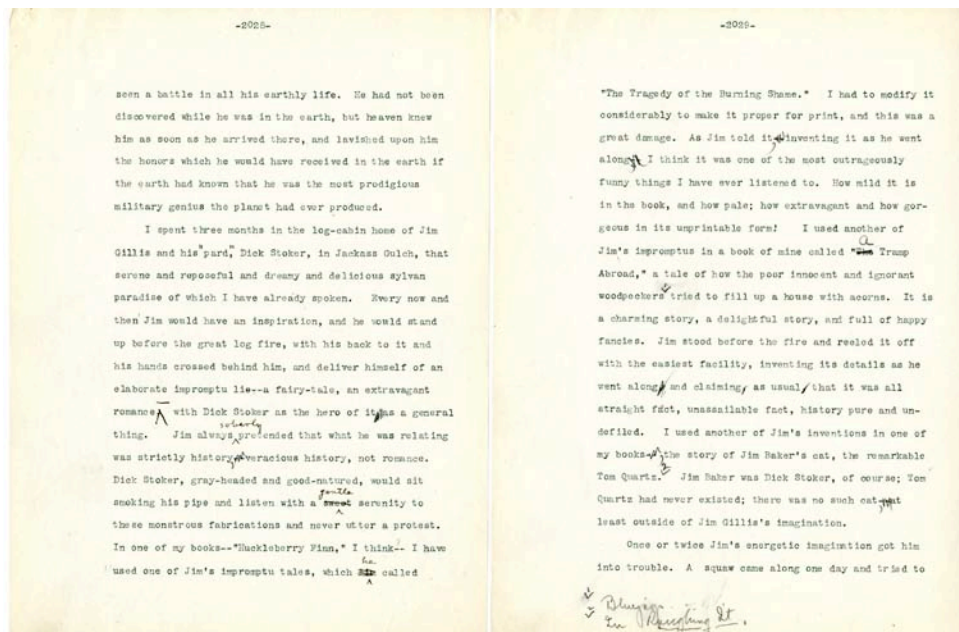
Your letter has confirmed me. I know
I don't suppose — I know you
would be great & useful as a min-
ister of the gospel, & I am satisfied
you will never be any better law-
yer than a good many others. Now
I don't know how you regard the min-
istry, but I would rather be a shining
light in that department than the
greatest lawyer that ever trod the
earth. What is the pride of saving
the widow's property, or the homi-
cide's trivial life, to snatching an
immortal soul in mercy from
the jaws of hell? Bah! The one is
the ~~useless~~ ^{people} glitter of the fire-fly,
& the other the regal glory of the sun.

But as I said, I will tuss up
with you. I will drop all trifling, &
sighing after vain impossibilities,
& strive for a fame — unworthy & evan-
escent though it must of necessity be —
if you will record your promise to
go hence to the States & preach the gos-
pel when circumstances shall enable
you to do so? I am in earnest. Shall
it be so?

I am also in debt. But I have
gone to work in dead earnest to get out. For Good-
man pays me \$100 a month for a daily letter, and
the Dramatic Chronicle pays me ~~4~~ or rather
will begin to pay me, next week — \$40 a month
for dramatic criticisms. Same wages I got on
the Call, & more agreeable & less laborious work.
The Call, Mallie, my dear, I send you slathers of love.
Wrote to you to-night. Apr 12 70 Sam.

Jackass Hill Days in Clemens's Autobiography

In his 26 May 1907 Autobiographical Dictation, Clemens describes Jim Gillis telling tales in the Gillis cabin on Jackass Hill in the winter of 1864-65. Typescript made by Josephine Hobby; ink revisions and corrections by Clemens; pencil markings (ignored in the transcription below) by Bernard DeVoto, who published the passage in *Mark Twain in Eruption* (1940). The full text of the dictation will appear in the Mark Twain Project's *Autobiography of Mark Twain*, Volume 3.



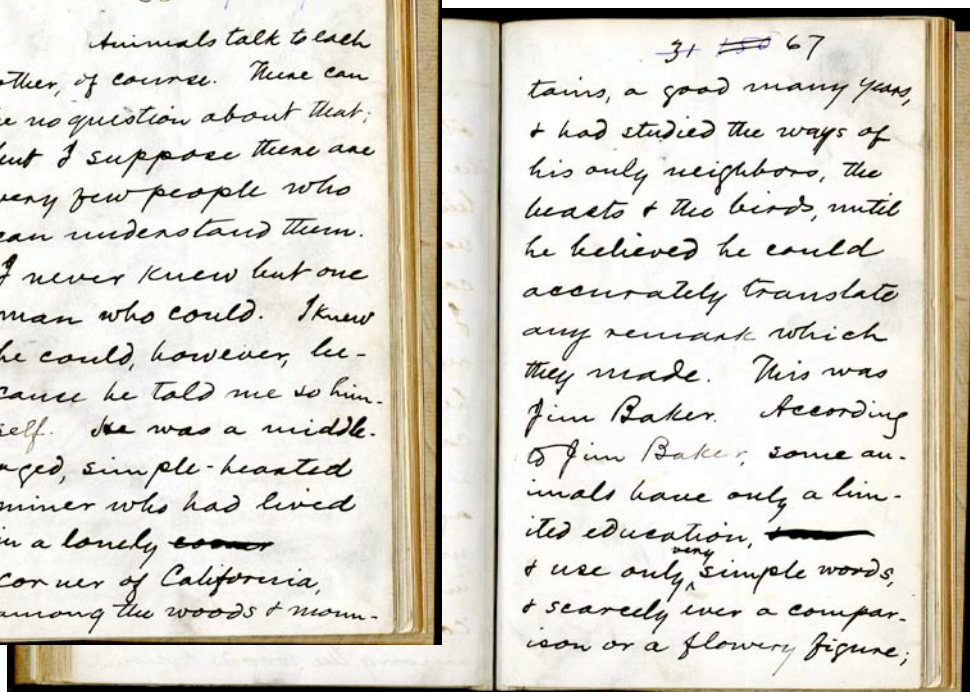
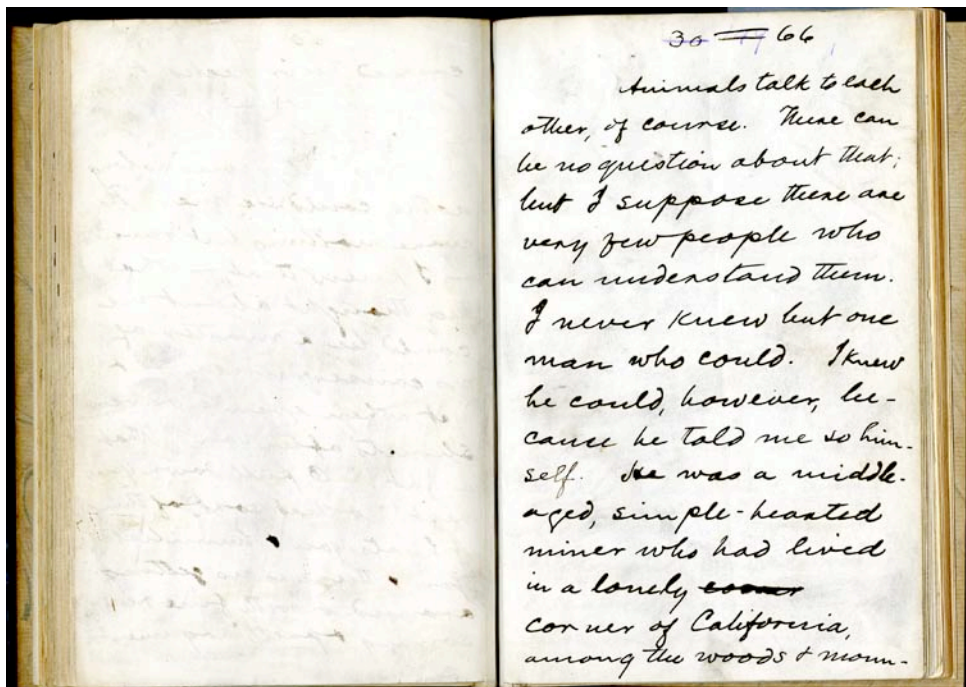
"In one of my books—'Huckleberry Finn,' I think—I have used one of Jim's impromptu tales, which he called 'The Tragedy of the Burning Shame.' I had to modify it considerably to make it proper for print, and this was a great damage. How mild it is in the book, and how pale; how extravagant and how gorgeous in its unprintable form! I used another of Jim's impromptu in one of my books

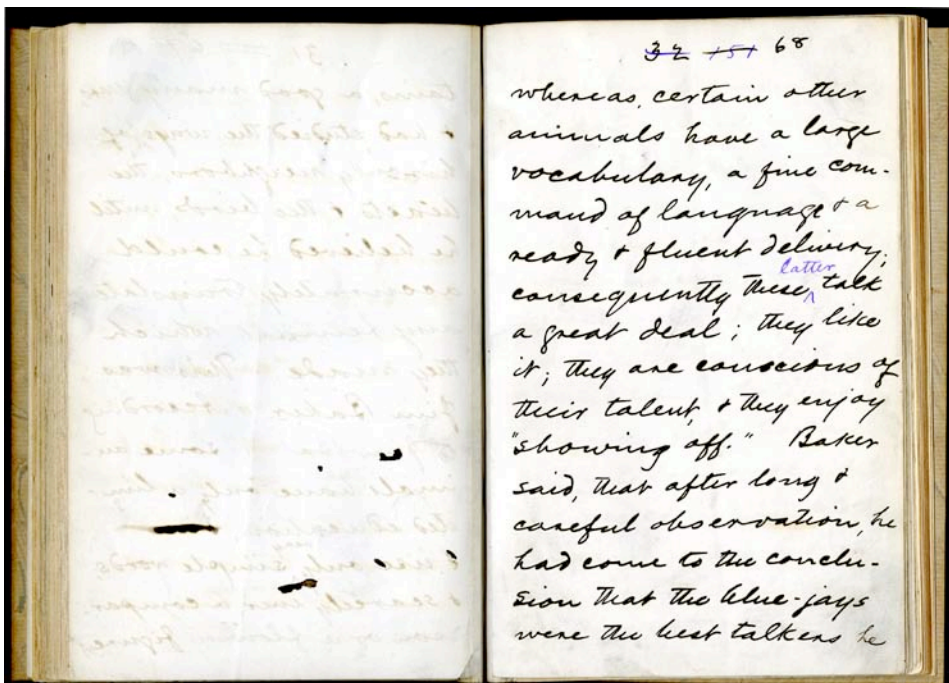
called 'The Tramp Abroad,' a tale of how poor and ignorant woodpeckers tried to fill up a house with acorns. ... I used another of Jim's inventions in one of my books—the story of Jim Baker's cat, the remarkable Tom Quartz. Jim Baker was Dick Stoker, of course; Tom Quartz had never existed; there was no such cat—at least outside of Jim Gillis's imagination."

Clemens credited one of Jim Gillis's tales about Dick Stoker to "Jim Baker" in *A Tramp Abroad* (1880). Here is the introduction to what later became known as "Baker's Blue-Jay Yarn" from the manuscript of chapter 2:

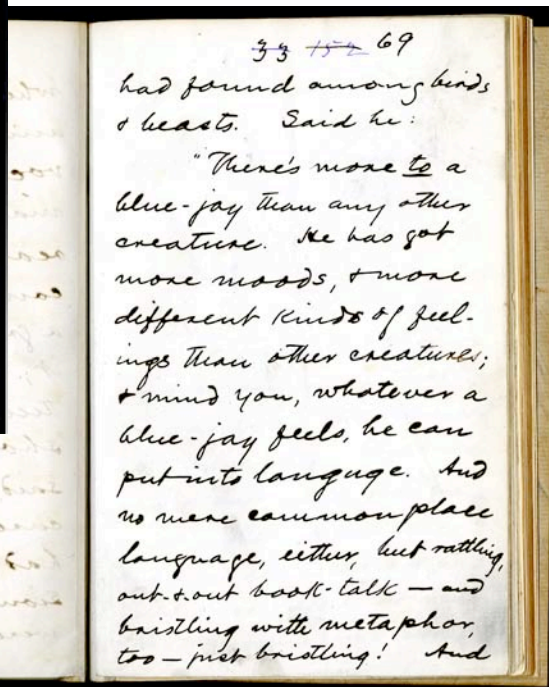
"Animals talk to each other, of course. There can be no question about that; but I suppose there are very few people who can understand them. I never knew but one man who could. I knew he could, however, because he told me so himself. He was a middle-aged, simple-hearted miner who had lived in a lonely corner of California

among the woods & mountains, a good many years, & had studied the ways of his only neighbors, the beasts & the birds, until he believed he could accurately translate any remark which they made. This was Jim Baker. According to Jim Baker, some animals have only a limited education, & use only very simple words, & scarcely ever a comparison or a flowery figure;





whereas, certain other animals have a large vocabulary, a fine command of language & a ready & fluent delivery; consequently these ^{latter} talk a great deal; they like it; they are conscious of their talent, & they enjoy "showing off." Baker said, that after long & careful observation, he had come to the conclusion that the blue-jays were the best talkers he had found among birds & beasts. Said he:



"There's more to a blue-jay than any other creature. He has got more moods, & more different kinds of feelings than other creatures; & mind you, whatever a blue-jay feels, he can put into language.

And no mere commonplace language, either, but rattling, out-&-out book-talk—and bristling with metaphor, too—just bristling! And ..."

The calm is no more. There are 3 vessels in sight. It is so cheering, sociable, to have them hovering about in this limitless world of waters. It is sunny and pleasant, but blowing hard. Every rag about the ship is spread to the breeze & she is speeding over the sea like a bird. There is a large

In my journal I find
The calmer is no more. There
on 3 vessels in sight. It is co
specially to have them hovering
about us in this fruitless waste
of waters. It is sunny and
pleasant but blowing hard. Es
pecially about the ship we speak
to the breeze & she at speed
comes over the sea like a bird.
There is a large ship right a
stern of us with all her anchors
set & chasing us at her very
best. She came up fast
while the winds were light
but now it is hard to tell
whether she gains or not. We
can see the people on her deck
cattle with the fleet. The
race is very exciting.
Further along
May 13 - San Francisco -
Home again. No - not home
again - in prison again
and all the while some off prison

„Aug 13—, San Francisco—Home again. No—*not* home again—in prison again—and all the wild sense of freedom gone. The city seems so cramped, & so dreary with toil & care & business anxiety. God help me. I wish I were at sea again!”

Mark Twain's First Lecture

"They said nobody would come to hear me, and I would make a humiliating failure of it. They said that as I had never spoken in public, I would break down in the delivery, anyhow. I was disconsolate now. But at last an editor slapped me on the back and told me to 'go ahead.' He said, 'Take the largest house in town, and charge a dollar a ticket.' The audacity of the proposition was charming."—*Roughing It*, chapter 78.

Advertisement from the San Francisco *Alta California* of 2 October 1866 for Mark Twain's first lecture, which he delivered that evening at Maguire's Academy of Music. The lecture, which he later entitled "Our Fellow Savages of the Sandwich Islands" and frequently revised, was drawn from his experiences as the Hawaiian correspondent of the *Sacramento Union* in the spring and summer of 1866. Its success led to Clemens's first lecture tour, in California and Nevada Territory towns, including Sacramento, Marysville, Grass Valley, Red Dog, You Bet, and Virginia City.

Maguire's Academy of Music, where Mark Twain gave his first lecture on the Sandwich Islands, third building from right. Courtesy of Society of California Pioneers.



MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC The Sandwich Islands!

MARK TWAIN,

(Honolulu Correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*)
will deliver a

Lecture on the Sandwich Islands, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2,

In which passing mention will be made of Harris, Bishop Staley, the American Missionaries, etc., and the absurd Customs and Characteristics of the Natives duly discussed and described. The great **VOLCANO OF KILAUEA** will also receive proper attention.

A SPLENDID ORCHESTRA

Is in town, but has not been engaged.

ALSO,

A DEN OF FEROCIOUS WILD BEASTS
Will be on Exhibition in the next Block.

MAGNIFICENT FIREWORKS
Were in contemplation for this occasion, but the idea has been abandoned.

A GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION
May be expected; in fact, the public are privileged to expect whatever they please.

Dress Circle.....\$1 | Family Circle.....50 cts.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. The Trouble to begin at 8 o'clock. se28-td

Box Office open Monday, at 9 o'clock, when seats may be secured without extra charge.

Stage Fright and Success

Clemens tells the story of his first lecture in *Roughing It* (American Publishing Company first edition).



MY FIRST ATTEMPT.

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I ate nothing on the last of the three eventful days—I only suffered. I had advertised that on this third day the box-office would be opened for the sale of reserved seats. I crept down to the theatre at four in the afternoon to see if any sales had been made. The ticket seller was gone, the box-office was locked up. I had to swallow suddenly, or my heart would have got out. "No sales," I said to myself; "I might have known it." I thought of suicide, pretended illness, flight. I thought of these things in earnest, for I was very miserable and scared. But of course I had to drive them away, and prepare to meet my fate. I could not wait for half-past seven—I wanted to face the horror, and end it—the feeling of many a man doomed to hang,

no doubt. I went down back streets at six o'clock, and entered the theatre by the back door. I stumbled my way in the dark among the ranks of canvas scenery, and stood on the stage. The house was gloomy and silent, and its emptiness depressing. I went into the dark among the scenes again, and for an hour and a half gave myself up to the horrors, wholly unconscious of everything else. Then I heard a murmur; it rose higher and higher, and ended in a crash, mingled with cheers. It made my hair raise, it was so close to me, and so loud. There was a pause, and then another; presently



SEVERE CASE OF STAGE-FRIGHT.

came a third, and before I well knew what I was about, I was in the middle of the stage, staring at a sea of faces, bewildered

by the fierce glare of the lights, and quaking in every limb with a terror that seemed like to take my life away. The house was full, aisles and all!

The tumult in my heart and brain and legs continued a full minute before I could gain any command over myself. Then I recognized the charity and the friendliness in the faces before me, and little by little my fright melted away, and I began to



MY THREE PARQUETTE ALLIES.

talk. Within three or four minutes I was comfortable, and even content. My three chief allies, with three auxiliaries, were on hand, in the parquette, all sitting together, all armed

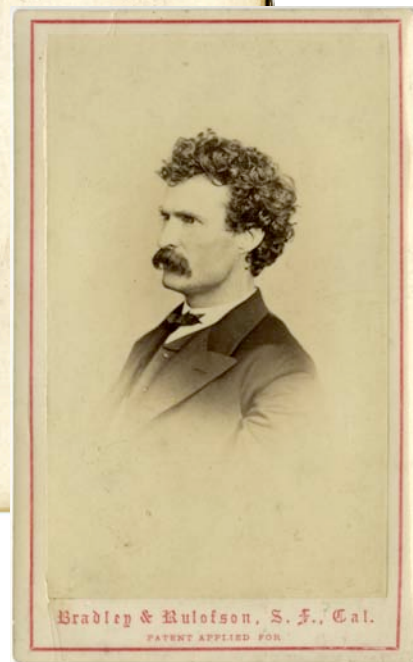


SAWYER IN THE CIRCLE.

with bludgeons, and all ready to make an onslaught upon the feeblest joke that might show its head. And whenever a joke did fall, their bludgeons came down and their faces seemed to split from ear to ear; Sawyer, whose hearty countenance was seen looming redly in the centre of the second circle, took it up, and the house was carried handsomely. Inferior jokes never fared so royally before. Presently I delivered a bit of

serious matter with impressive unction (it was my pet), and the audience listened with an absorbed hush that gratified me more than any applause; and as I dropped the last word of the clause, I happened to turn and catch Mrs. ——'s intent and waiting eye; my conversation with her flashed upon me, and in spite of all I could do I smiled. She took it for the signal, and promptly delivered a mellow laugh that touched off the whole audience; and the explosion that followed was the triumph of the evening. I thought that that honest man Sawyer would choke himself; and as for the bludgeons, they performed like pile-drivers. But my poor little morsel of pathos was ruined. It was taken in good faith as an intentional joke, and the prize one of the entertainment, and I wisely let it go at that.

All the papers were kind in the morning; my appetite returned; I had abundance of money. All's well that ends well.



Sam Clemens in San Francisco, 1868, when he returned to negotiate with the *Alta California* for the rights to use his newspaper correspondence for *The Innocents Abroad*. His visit resulted in another lecture tour, after which he left California for the last time. Photograph by Bradley & Rulofson.

**Albert Bigelow Paine Follows Clemens's
Tracks and Seeks Clemens's Friends in
the West in 1907**

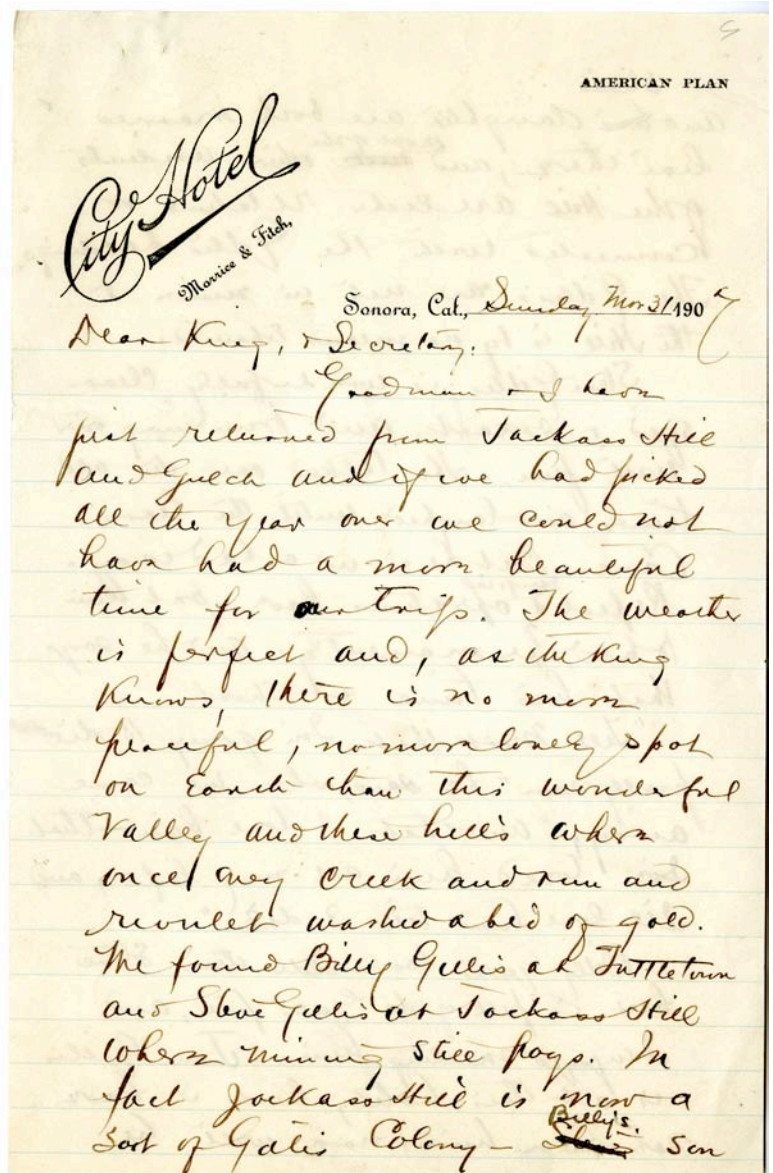
Paine recounts his adventures to Clemens and Isabel Lyon in this letter of 31 March 1907 from the City Hotel in Sonora, California:

"Dear King, and Secretary:

Goodman & I have just returned from Jackass Hill and Gulch and if we had picked all the year over we could not have had a more beautiful time for our trip. The weather is perfect and, as the King knows, there is no more peaceful, no more lovely spot on earth than this wonderful Valley and these hills where once every creek and run and rivulet washed a bed of gold. We found Billy Gillis at Tuttletown and Steve Gillis at Jackass Hill where mining still pays. In fact Jackass Hill is now a sort of Gillis Colony—Billy's son and Steve's daughter are both married & live there, and most of the other residents of the Hill are either relatives or connected with the Gillis holdings. The Gillis's are rich in mines & the Hill is by no means exhausted.

Steve Gillis is wonderfully clear-eyed & smart and brimming over with fun. He talked over the old times and laughed until the tears came. But he is in a bad way. Repeated surgical operations have put him to bed, permanently, and he says that his time is short.

'Tell Mark that I'm going to die pretty soon' he said, when we came away, 'and that I love him—that I've loved him all my life, and I'll love him till I die.'



Billy Gillis looks older than Steve but is full of the Gillis fire, and I enjoyed meeting him. Jim Gillis is at this hotel; but I have not seen him, nor will he send any word, for the old fire in him is very low and cannot burn more than a few days longer. Goodman saw him last night, but he is beyond speaking more than a few sentences and those are only to repeat with a persistency which seems to give him comfort that he has entirely finished with the interest of this world and is simply waiting for the obsequies. Goodman thinks he might rally if he had not settled the matter in his own mind.

The trip up here, except for the disability of Jim Gillis has been a perfect success, and a great satisfaction— I wouldn't have missed it for any price. In fact my whole trip this far has been all that I could hope for in every way. Goodman's coming up here with me has doubled the enjoyment & value of the excursion, & he has enjoyed it, too. Only, he wishes me to say that I have corrupted him. He has never until now ridden on a RR pass, or in an automobile, or smoked cigars at luncheon, and for years has not drunk beer over a bar—. He has parted with all these virtues now and has none left that his family would wish to see him lose. Perhaps it is just as well that I move on, to Los Angeles, Tuesday.

I gave Steve Gillis a copy of Christian Science and three of the pictures I made last summer. His eyes filled with tears he was so glad to get them. He is beautiful in his old age—

With love & good wishes—
The Senegambian."

Steve
another daughter are both married &
live there, and ^{most of the} ~~and~~ other residents
of the Hill are either relatives or
connected with the Gillis household.
The Gillis's are not in ruins &
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City Hotel
 Monica & Fish.

AMERICAN PLAN

Sonora, Cal.,

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I gave Kate Galt a copy of
 Christian Science and three of
 the pictures I made last summer.
 His eyes filled with tears he
 was so glad to get them. He is

Beautiful in his old age -
 Was time of Goodman - The Sanguinarian.



Steve Gillis, Clemens's old friend from the Virginia City and San Francisco days, in 1907. Photograph by Albert Bigelow Paine. Gillis wrote Joe Goodman after Clemens's death in 1910:

Dear Joe:

I am not sorry Mark is gone, on the contrary I exult. As you intimate, his work was done and he died in time to save his reputation. What Shakespeare hero was that who said when he died on the field of battle, 'I have saved the bird in my bosom?' That exactly fits the case. His fame is now secure. Poor old Sam! ... And think of the doctors cutting off Mark's only comfort, his life-long comfort and inspiration—smoking. I am glad to know he died waving an imaginary cigar and puffing imaginary smoke.

Well, he has joined the old Enterprise Gang—Jerry Driscoll, Dennis McCarthy, Dan De Quille and Daggett. Perhaps he was already on the other side when he died smoking that phantom cigar. ...

About mining. Well, mining is in the doldrums. Everybody is *borasco*—and bacon 30 cents a pound. (24 April 1910)

"Borasco" comes from the Mexican Spanish mining term "borrasca," meaning "oreless" or "unproductive."



Joe Goodman in 1907 on Jackass Hill,
the site of the former Gillis cabin.
Photograph by Albert Bigelow Paine.

“Back in the old days Sam was the best company, the drollest entertainer and the most interesting fellow imaginable. His humor was always cropping out, and it has not failed him with advancing years. A few weeks ago I received a letter from him containing an invitation couched in droll terms so characteristic of him. He wrote:

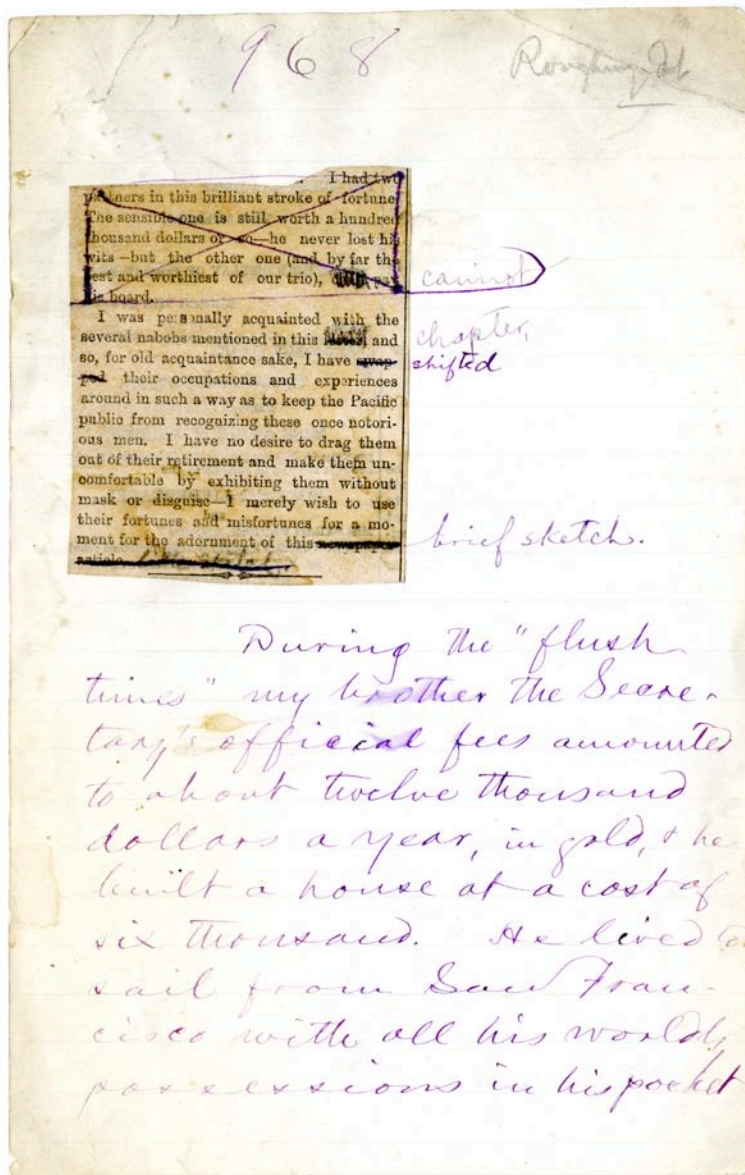
‘Come on and visit me once more before we both get so old we can’t hear each other swear.’”

(“Jos. Goodman’s Memories of Humorist’s Early Days,” *San Francisco Examiner*, 22 April 1910, 3)

What the Lost *Roughing It* Manuscript Looked Like

One of three surviving leaves removed by Mark Twain from the *Roughing It* manuscript when he was revising it. The printer's copy manuscript was probably discarded in 1871 after it had been set in type. Mark Twain incorporated many of his newspaper pieces in the book. The clipping is from the *Buffalo Express*, 8 January 1870. Page 968 originally began chapter 46:

"During the 'flush times' my brother the Secretary's official fees amounted to about twelve thousand dollars a year, in gold, & he built a house at a cost of six thousand. He lived to sail from San Francisco with all his worldly possessions in his pocket ..."





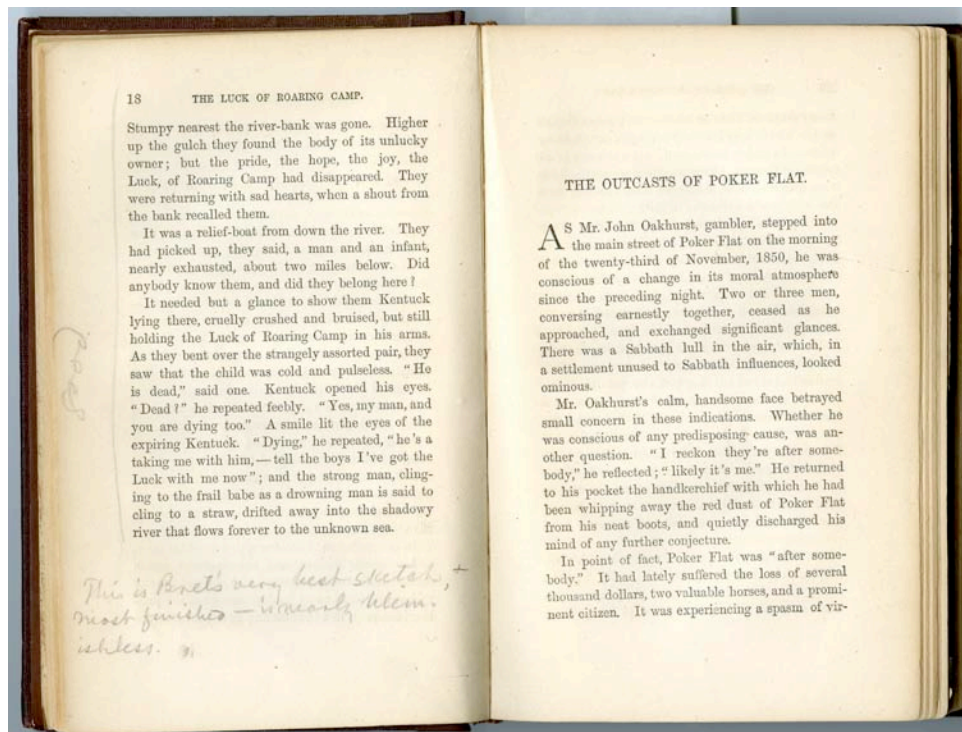
Bret Harte in 1871, a year after he left California.

Clemens Comments on Bret Harte's Stories

Mark Twain's appreciative comments on Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp." In the margin of the 1870 edition of *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches* he writes:

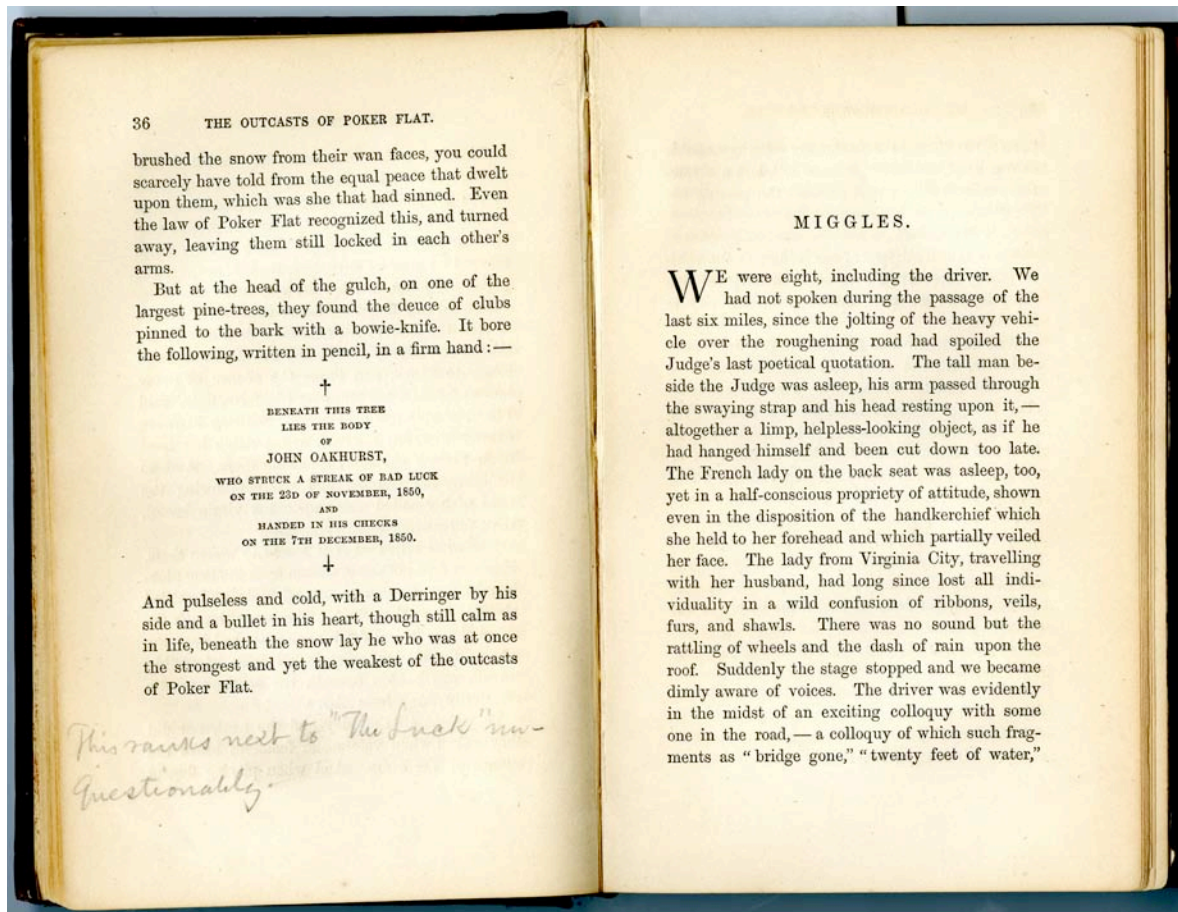
"good."

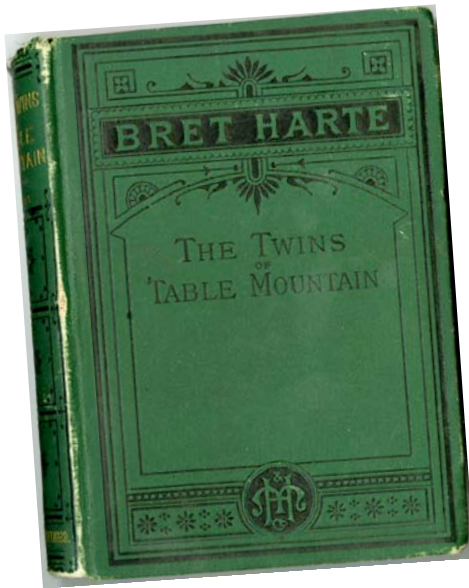
"This is Bret's very best sketch, & most finished—nearly blemishless."



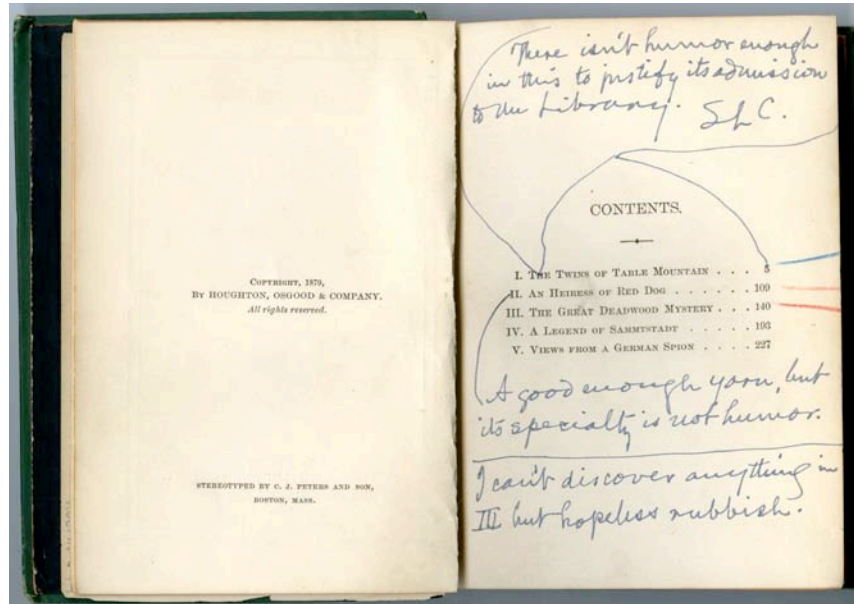
And on the last page of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," he writes:

"This ranks next to 'The Luck' unquestionably."





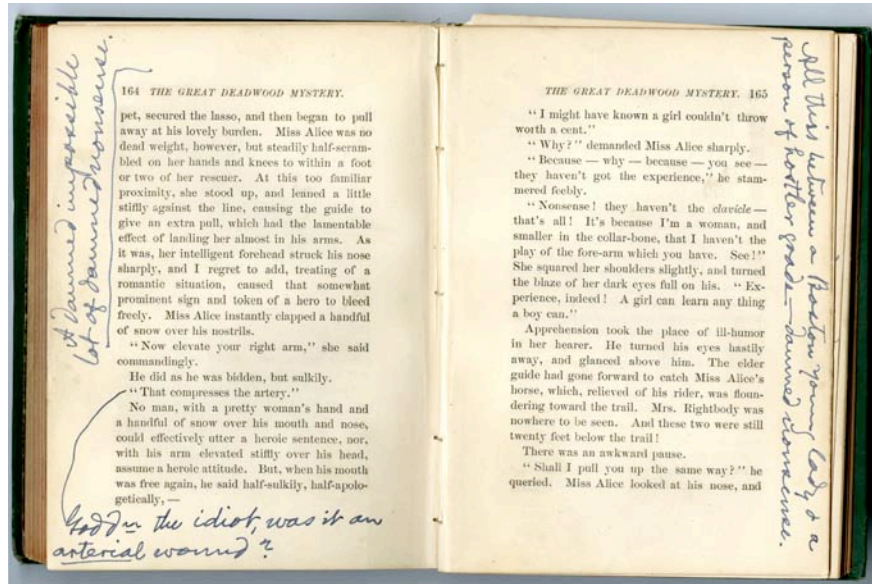
Mark Twain's comments on three of Bret Harte's stories in the 1879 edition of *The Twins of Table Mountain and Other Stories*, written when he was attempting to choose selections from other humorists for the prospective *Library of Humor*.



About "The Twins of Table Mountain":
There isn't humor enough in this to justify its admission to the Library. SLC.

About "The Great Deadwood Mystery":
I can't discover anything in III but hopeless rubbish.

About "An Heiress of Red Dog":
A good enough yarn, but its specialty is not humor.

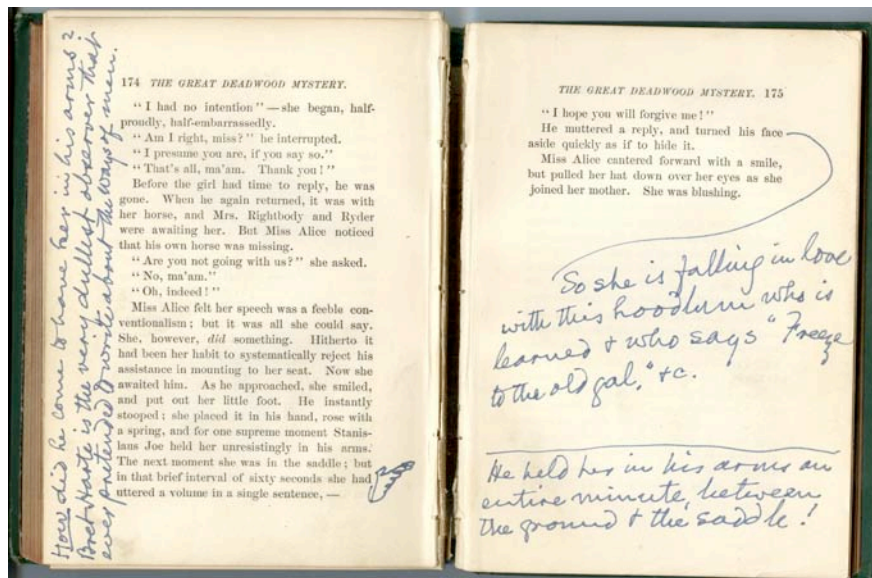


Mark Twain's exasperated comments on Bret Harte's "The Great Deadwood Mystery" in the 1879 edition of *The Twins of Table Mountain and Other Stories*. In the margin of pages 164–65 he writes:

"A damned impossible lot of damned nonsense."

"Goddn the idiot, was it an arterial wound?"

"All this between a Boston young lady & a person of hostler grade—damned nonsense."



And in the margin of pages 174–75 he writes:

"How did he come to have her in his arms? Bret Harte is the very dullest observer that ever pretended to write about the ways of man."

"So she is falling in love with this hoodlum who is learned & says 'Freeze to the old gal,' &c."

"He held her in his arms an entire minute, between the ground & the saddle!"

Victor Fischer. *Mark Twain Papers and Project*.

“Mark Twain in the West.”

Samuel Clemens’s photographs, letters, notebooks, and newspaper pieces show him as he looked in his late twenties and early thirties; they give his voice and tell his adventures and misadventures (at least those he was willing to tell) in his letters home; and they show him developing a writing style that we have come to recognize as inimitably his. These years in the West, 1861–1866, when he listened to the tales told in the voices of California pioneers from Pike County, Missouri, and elsewhere, provided the basis for stories he told, re-told, and transformed in literary works throughout his career.

