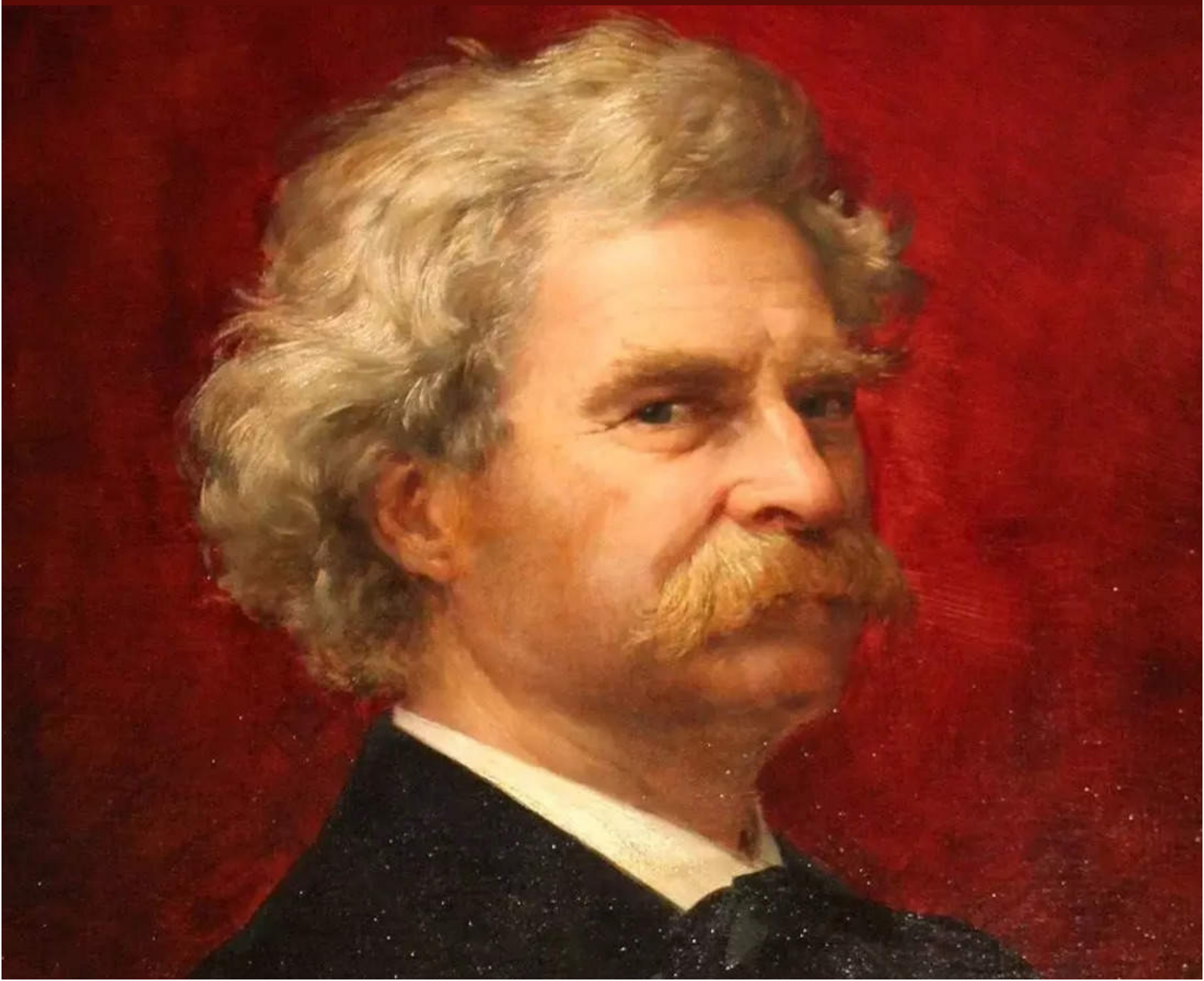
# Critical Interpretation of Mark Twain

Rita Sachdev
Rajesh Kumar Samala



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# CONTENTS

# CHAPTER 1

## A BRIEF DISCUSSION GRANT DICTATIONS

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**ABSTRACT:**
With Mark Twain and Ulysses S. Grant, two well-known individuals in American history, "The Grant Dictations" provides a rare and insightful look into their interpersonal and professional interactions. Twain's friend and employee James Redpath transcribed this collection of dictations, which provides insight into both Twain's personal interactions with Grant and the larger historical background of the late 19th century. Grant's public engagements, his relationships with other well-known people, and Twain's attempts to persuade Grant to write his memoirs are all covered in the dictations. These dictations have historical value because they offer light on Grant's reluctance to become a published author and Twain's creative ambitions. Additionally, the language successfully conveys Twain's narrative style, which is open and often comical. Readers learn more about Grant and Twain's complexity via this collection, as well as about the intricacies of their relationship. In general, "The Grant Dictations" is a useful resource for academics and lovers of American literature and history by providing a new viewpoint on these two towering people and their time.

**KEYWORDS:**

American History, Dictations, Mark Twain, Personal Relationships, Ulysses S. Grant.

### INTRODUCTION

Two streets, each several hundred yards long, made up the whole of the avenue; the other lanes were separated by rail fences and corn fields on each side. The same material tough black mud during times of flooding, thick dust during times of drought was used to pave both the streets and the lanes. I was born on November 30th, 1835, in the little Missouri community of Florida in the county of Monroe. I imagine there were less than 300 people living in Florida. With the exception of three or four frame homes, the most of the residences were made of logs. There were neither bricks nor stones. There was a log church with slab seats and a pun cheon floor. The top surfaces of the logs used to construct a puncheon floor are flattened using an adze. Since there was no carpet and the gaps between the logs were not closed, anything smaller than a peach that was dropped was likely to pass through. The church was raised two or three feet from the ground by short wood portions that were supporting it. There were pigs sleeping there, and the minister had to wait until the disruption was ended whenever the dogs went for the pigs during services.

In the summer, there were enough fleas for everyone, and in the winter, there was always a cool air coming up through the puncheon floor. A slab bench has no back and no cushions and is fashioned from the sawn outer cut of a log with the bark side down. It is supported by four sticks that are inserted into auger holes at the ends. Yellow tallow candles in tin sconces hanging against the walls provided evening illumination for the church. The church served as a school throughout the week. The community included two shops. One of them belonged to my uncle John A. Quarles, who owned it. It was a very small shop with a few rolls of "bit" calicoes in half a dozen shelves, a few barrels of salt mackerel, coffee, and New Orleans sugar behind the counter, stacks of brooms, shovels, axes, hoes, rakes, and similar items here and there, and a lot of cheap hats, bonnets, and tin-ware strung on strings and suspended from the walls. At

When a boy spent $5 or $10 on anything, he was entitled to half a handful of sugar from the barrel; when a woman spent $10 on a few yards of calico, she was entitled to a spool of thread in addition to the usual free "trimmins;" and when a man spent $10 on a trifle, he was free to draw and down as much whisky as he pleased. Everything was inexpensive: apples, peaches, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, corn, ten cents for a bushel; ten cents for a chicken; six cents for a pound of butter; three cents for a dozen eggs; five cents for coffee and sugar; and ten cents for a gallon of whiskey. I am not aware of the current state of pricing in rural Missouri (1877), but I am aware of those in Hartford, Connecticut. For example, apples cost three dollars per bushel, peaches cost five dollars, Irish potatoes (choice Bermudas), five dollars, chickens cost one to one and a half dollars each depending on weight, butter costs between forty-five cents and sixty cents per pound, eggs cost between fifty and sixty cents per dozen, coffee costs forty-five cents and sugar costs about the same, and native whisky costs between four and five dollars per gallon, I believe, but I can only be certain about the Scot In Missouri some three-hundred and forty years ago, the common cigar was thirty cents per, but most people didn't attempt to purchase them since, in that tobacco-producing nation, smoking a pipe was free.

Despite the fact that Connecticut is now devoid of tobacco farming, we nevertheless pay ten dollars per hundred for Connecticut cigars and fifteen to twenty-five dollars per hundred for foreign goods. Initially, my father held slaves, but over time, he sold them and began hiring others on a year-to-year basis from the farmers. He provided two linsey-woolsey frocks and a pair of "stogy" shoes for a fifteen-year-old girl, paid twenty-five dollars per year for a twenty-five-year-old black woman to serve as the general housekeeper, forty dollars per year for a strong forty-year-old black woman to serve as cook, washer, etc., and sixty dollars per year for an able-bodied man, in addition to the customary two However, times have evolved. German nursemaid receives $155 per year; Irish housemaid receives $150; Irish laundress receives $150; black woman serves as cook and receives $240; a young black man serves as doorman and waiter and receives $360; and Irish coachman receives $600 per year with gas, hot and cold water, and a free apartment with a parlor, kitchen, and two bedrooms that is attached to the stable [1].

The following six typed dictations are now part of the Mark Twain Papers and have been referred to as "The Grant Dictations" ever since Paine published them (out of sequence) in 1924 (MTA, 1:13-70). full of them were written in May and June 1885. Clemens dictated to his friend and coworker James Redpath, who typed his shorthand notes in full capital letters on an all-caps typewriter (for Redpath, see "Lecture-Times," note at 148.8). The typescripts were then checked by Redpath, who added punctuation but missed several mistakes. Clemens subsequently received them and made minor edits and corrections. The first substantial corpus of manuscripts that Clemens said were planned for his autobiography are represented by these. The topics he spoke about were all current events, and they all in some way relate to his friendship with Ulysses S. Grant, who at the time was near death from throat cancer. The six dictations are reproduced here for the first time in their original sequence.

1. “The Chicago G. A. R. Festival” is about Clemens’s experience, including his toast to “The Babies,” when Grant was honored at the convention of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1879. This is the only one of the six Grant dictations that Neider chose to reprint, and he followed Paine’s text in all of its details.
2. “A Call with W. D. Howells on General Grant” treats three seemingly unrelated topics: Grant’s help for the father of William Dean Howells, Grant’s appreciation of George Horatio Derby (John Phoenix), and Clemens’s own efforts to persuade Grant to write his memoirs. The title adopted here was supplied by Paine.

3. “Grant and the Chinese” describes Grant’s efforts to preserve a program for educating Chinese students in the United States.
4. “Gerhardt” is about the frustration that Clemens’s protégé, the sculptor Karl Gerhardt, experienced in competing to make a statue of Nathan Hale. Gerhardt also made a commercially successful bust of Grant, discussed in the fifth dictation, “About General Grant’s Memoirs.”
5. “About General Grant’s Memoirs,” a long and detailed account of how Clemens secured the contract for Grant’s Personal Memoirs, was written to some extent in response to newspaper comments insinuating that he had done so unethically. Paine published the first section and part of the third as continuous text, and made the middle section into a separate dictation, which he titled “Gerhardt and the Grant Bust”; he also omitted the newspaper clippings at the end of this section.
6. “The Rev. Dr. Newman” is about Grant’s spiritual adviser during the days approaching his death on 23 July 1885. Paine suppressed the identity of the Reverend John Philip Newman, altering every mention of his name to “N.” He also provided the title adopted here.

The wording that Redpath had created did not meet Clemens' expectations. This section of the autobiography was "quite freely dictated," he said to Henry Ward Beecher after stopping his dictation, but he added, "but my aim is to jack-plane it a bit before I die, some day or other; I mean the harsh construction & terrible language. It was the only dictating I ever did, and it was really difficult and uncomfortable labor. The writings were never edited or ready for publishing by Clemens. In reality, Isabel Lyon, his former secretary, commented a copy of Paine's version many years after Clemens passed away, stating, in part, that "Mr. Clemens would not have allowed" the Grant dictations "to be included in the autobiography without serious editing." The first time I ever saw General Grant was at one of the Washington receptions in the autumn or winter of 1866, when he was the General of the Army. I didn't say anything to him; I just saw him and shook hands with him with the rest of the throng. Additionally, it was there that I first met General Sheridan. The second time I met General Grant was during his first year in office. I was invited to see the President by Nevada Senator Bill Stewart.

He was wearing an old, short linen duster that was heavily inked when we discovered him, dressed in his job attire. During my round-the-world tour with the Quaker City expedition, I had gained a little bit of popularity thanks to some letters I had published in the New York Tribune. After we shook hands, there was a little period of stillness. Nothing came to mind for me to say. So, after a little period of quiet, I just stared into the General's stern, immovable face and replied, "Mr. President, I am embarrassed, are you?" He grinned in a manner that wouldn't have marred his otherwise impeccable reputation, and I was able to flee via my barrage of smoke. For around 10 years, I did not see him once again. In the meanwhile, I had established a solid reputation. The General was to be feted in Chicago by the veterans of the Army of the Tennessee his first army over which he had command at that time in 1879 after his journey through Europe and Asia.

His progress from San Francisco eastward had been one continuous ovation. The preparations for this event were in line with its significance. I received a telegram from the toast committee asking if I would attend the grand dinner and participate in the toast to the ladies. I replied by signaling that the toast had run its course. One class of the community had always been forgotten on such occasions, and if they would let me, I would take that class for a toast: "The Babies." Everything that could be said about the women had already been spoken at a banquet. They agreed, so I made my toast and left for Chicago. There was going to be a huge parade. General Grant was supposed to evaluate it from a rostrum that had been constructed for the

purpose from the Palmer House's second story window. The podium was decorated with flags and other decorations, including carpeting. Of all the places, this rostrum was perhaps the greatest for viewing the parade. So, hoping to be allowed to sit there, I walked up to the rostrum while it was still unoccupied. Given that the public's attention was focused on it and that there were numerous people below, it was a highly noticeable location. Two males eventually approached the platform from the hotel's window and walked up to the front.

The enormous crowd below let out a loud cry, and I instantly recognized General Grant in one of the two guys. The second was Carter Harrison, the mayor of Chicago, who I knew. He approached me after seeing me and asking if I would want to meet the General. I said that I should. He thus accompanied me and said, "General, let me introduce Mr. Clemens," after which we shook hands. The typical little hesitation followed by the General's statement, "I am not embarrassed—are you?" happened. It demonstrated that he had a strong recall for both trivial details and important information. By far, the dinner was the most noteworthy event I've ever attended. Six hundred people attended, mostly Army of the Tennessee veterans, and that alone would have made it a very noteworthy event of its sort in my experience, but there were other factors that helped. Nearly all of the war's surviving outstanding generals, including General Sherman, were seated together on a dais beside General Grant. The speakers had an unusual level of fame and skill [2].

That evening, I heard a slang phrase for the first time despite never having heard it myself. It had already gained some notoriety. Around ten o'clock, when the speaking started, I got up from my seat and moved to the front of the large dining room so I could see the whole show at once. Colonel Ingersoll, the silver-tongued infidel who was born in Illinois and was very well-liked there, as well as Colonel Vilas were among those who were expected to answer to toasts. Vilas, a well-known orator from Wisconsin, was born and raised there. He had done an excellent job of preparing for this. On the list of fifteen toasts, he was about the first speaker, and Bob Ingersoll was the ninth. I had set up shop on the stairs in front of the brass band, which raised me and provided me with a decent field of vision. A moment later, I saw a young guy with a basic appearance resting against a wall not far from me while wearing a private's uniform and an Army of the Tennessee insignia. He gave off the impression that he was anxious and uneasy. During the second speaker's speech, a young guy interrupted and said, "Do you know Colonel Vilas?" I said that I had met him before. After a little period of silence, he finally spoke: "They say he is hell when he gets started!"

*I said: "In what way? What do you mean?"*

*"Speaking! Speaking! They say he is lightning!"*

*"Yes," I said, "I have heard that he is a great speaker."*

*The young man shifted about uneasily for a while and then he said: "Do you reckon he can get away with Bob Ingersoll?"*

*I said: "I don't know." Another pause.*

*Occasionally he and I would join in the applause when a speaker was on his legs, but this young man seemed to applaud unconsciously. Presently he said,*

*"Here in Illinois, we think there can't nobody get away with Bob Ingersoll."*

*I said: "Is that so?"*

*He said, "Yes: we don't think anybody can lay over Bob Ingersoll."*

*Then he added sadly, "But they do say that Vilas is pretty nearly hell."*

Vilas finally stood up to speak, and this young guy mustered all of his apprehension. Vilas warmed up, and the audience started to cheer. He gave a speech that was very well received, and everyone shouted, "Get up on the table!" Arise from the table! Get up from the table! No, we can't see you! Vilas continued his speech when a number of the guys there scooped him up and set him down on the table in front of the large crowd. The young guy cheered along with the others, and I could hear him murmur but not understand what he was saying. However, as soon as Vilas thundered out something very wonderful, the whole house erupted into a roar, and this young guy said, kind of despondently, "It's no use: Bob can't get up to that! He remained against the wall for the next hour in a kind of lost abstraction, seemingly unaware of his surroundings. Finally, as Ingersoll sat down to dinner, his worshipper just straightened up to an attentive posture without displaying any signs of hope. With his attractive stature, light and youthful skin, and elegant gait, Ingersoll was a sight to see.

He had to answer to the toast of "The Volunteers," and his first phrase or two demonstrated his talent. My private seemed happy and for the first time optimistic as his third phrase from his mouth, but he was too terrified to participate in the cheers as the home collapsed with a smash. The vast crowd eventually rose as one man and stood on their feet, shouting, stamping, and covering the entire area with such a waving of napkins that it was like a snow storm when Ingersoll reached the passage in which he claimed that these volunteers had sacrificed their blood and risked their lives so that a mother could own her own child. The language was so fine, whatever it was I have forgotten and the delivery was so superb. Ingersoll stood and waited while this tremendous explosion proceeded for a minute or two. I just occurred to notice my private right now. He was acting like a guy who had gone completely crazy, stomping, clapping, yelling, and making gestures. When finally, the silence returned, he looked up at me with tears in his eyes and whispered, "Egod! He did not go! My own speech received the risky privilege of having the place of honor. The last speech on the list, an accolade that maybe no one has ever desired. It wasn't until two in the morning when it was reached. The text was sure to elicit compassion from the nine out of ten males in attendance as well as from every woman, married or single, among the throngs of sex who were clustered in the different entrances, I realized as soon as I stood up [3].

I anticipated that the speech would go well, and it did. I drove towards General Sheridan's relatively new twins in it, among other things designed to move it forward. Only one thing about it gave me anxiety, and that one thing was that it was fixed in a place where it could not be moved in the event of a catastrophe. It was the speech's last phrase. When I said, "And now in his cradle somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious Commander in-Chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeur and racial superiority," I was imagining the America of fifty years from now, with a population of two hundred million souls. I was saying that the future President, Admirals, and so forth of that great coming time were now lying in their various cradles, scattered abroad over I let this quiet a few seconds to really set in. When I turned to face the General, I said, "And if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded." This comforted the household, as they eagerly followed suit after seeing the General shatter into good-sized pieces.

Howells informed me that his elderly father, who is well into his seventies, was really upset about his pathetically little embassy in Quebec. Someone who was dissatisfied with the level of poverty that a compassionate and generous Providence had already bestowed upon him was eager to increase it by obtaining the Quebec consulate. Howells reasoned that this attempt to remove the senior Mr. Howells from his post may be halted if we could get General Grant to address President Arthur. So, at my urging, Howells descended, and along with me, we traveled

to New York to discuss the situation with the General. We discovered him at the main Grant and Ward brokerage office at number 2, Wall Street. I explained the situation and prompted him to write something on a card that Howells might take to Washington and present to the President. However, General Grant was being himself as always, which meant that he was prepared and determined to do much more for you than you could ever have the audacity to ask him to. Evidently, he never meets people halfway since he travels alone and voluntarily for 90% of the distance. "No," he said, "I'll do better than that, and I'll do it cheerfully. I'm going to Washington in a few days to have dinner with the President, and I'll speak to him personally and make it a personal matter." General Grant kept his word because he never forgets anything, not even the ghost of a promise. A week later, Mr. Frelinghuysen, the secretary of state, wrote to assure General Grant that elderly Mr. Howells would never be disturbed. He wasn't, either. Two years later, he submitted his resignation [4].

To return to the conversation with General Grant, however, we must note that he was amused to chat—in fact, he was always amused to talk when no outsiders were present and he fought all of our attempts to depart. He insisted that we remain and have lunch in a secluded room while he spoke nonstop. It had beans and bacon. However, "How he sits and towers" Howells citing Dante.] He was quite familiar with "Squibob" Derby from West Point. He said that Derby was always making fun of the lecturers and pulling practical jokes on everyone. He also mentioned something that I had previously heard of but had never seen in paper. It is a military axiom that the fort will surrender after 45 days if a thousand men are besieging a fortress whose personnel, supplies, etc. are as stated in the following statement, which I cannot exactly quote from General Grant. This was said by the professor at West Point when he was instructing and questioning a class about specifics of a potential siege. Now, young guys, how would you act if you were in charge of such a fortress? Derby signaled with his raised hand that he had a response to the query. At the conclusion of 45 days, he stated, "I would march out, let the enemy in, and switch places with him."

I made a lot of effort to convince General Grant to publish his autobiography, but he refused to take my advice. He shrank from deliberately being in front of the public and subjecting himself to criticism as an author because of his innate timidity. In contrast to the fact that I and everyone else in the world, with the exception of himself, am aware of his great literary talent and style, he had no faith in his ability to write properly. Additionally, he was certain that the book would not sell, which would be embarrassing. He cited the fact that John Russell Young's account of General Grant's journey around the world had scarcely any sales at all and that General Badeau's military history of General Grant had only had a meager number of sales. However, I argued that these were not indicative cases and that what General Grant should have stated about himself via his own writing was very different from what another person would have said about him. I predicted that the book would sell very well: it should be published in two volumes and sold for $350 each; the sale of the two volumes would undoubtedly approach half a million sets.

I said that, based on my expertise, I could prevent him from entering into foolish agreements with publishers, advise the subscription plan as the best method of publishing, and help him identify the top businessmen. I had the American Publishing Company of Hartford in mind at the moment, and even though I thought they had been defrauding me for 10 years, I was aware that I could set up the contract such that they could not defraud General Grant. The General, however, claimed that he was not in need of any more revenue. I understood what he meant when he said that the company in which his kids were partners was paying him all the money he needed as a result of his investments. I was unable to convince him to write a book as a

result. He promised that one day he would take extensive notes, leave them behind, and, if his offspring so desired, have them turned into a book that contained the answers [5].

If my recollection serves me well, I visited General Grant early this year or at the end of 1883 with Yung Wing, the former Chinese Minister in Washington, to introduce Wing and allow Wing to present a proposal to Grant. Since Prince Kung's passing, Li-Hung-Chang, one of China's greatest and most progressive figures, had been attempting to convince the Imperial government to build a network of military railroads within the country. His efforts had thus far been successful, and the majority of the government was willing to consider the idea providing funds could be raised outside of China for the project, using the nation's customs and by bonding the railway or similar means. Yung Wing thought that the money would readily come in if General Grant took care of the situation and established the syndicate. Additionally, he was aware that General Grant enjoyed greater popularity and goodwill in China than any other foreigner in the world and that the association of his name with the business the syndicate would inspire the Chinese government and people and provide them with the greatest sense of security.

The General was confined to his room when we arrived, suffering from a bad case of rheumatism brought on by an accident on the ice a few months earlier. He decided against starting a syndicate since people would be reluctant to spend money so far away in this area given how difficult things were. Of course, Yung Wing's plan contained a generous reward for General Grant's effort, but the latter would not give it a minute of his attention. He predicted that things would get better in due course, and that money might then be obtained. He also said that he would jump into the project with enthusiasm and passion, and would do all in his power to see it through, but without receiving any payment. He would never agree to accept payment for it. He once again shown the biggest interest in China, which I had before seen him to exhibit. He claimed that he had urged Li-Hung-Chang to build a railway system while he was still in China and that he now felt so confident that such a system would be a great salvation for the nation and the start of the country's liberation from Tartar rule and thraldom that he would be more than willing to do everything in his power to carry out that project at a favorable time without receiving anything in return other than the satisfaction of helping China. This makes me think of another situation.

The Chinese authorities had sent home the Chinese students in Hartford and other New England cities in 1879 or 1880. The Chinese government was divided into two factions: one, led by Li-Hung-Chang and known as the progressive party, aimed to bring Western culture and education to China, while the other was hostile to any kind of progressivism. For a while, Li-Hung-Chang and the progressive party held sway, and at that time, the government brought at least 100 of the best young people from the nation here to study. The other group, however, had gained the upper hand and had sent these young people home. At this time, Yung Wing served as the top China Minister in Washington under an elderly, non-progressive Chinese official called Wong. Yung Wing suffered a huge loss when the schools were ordered to be disbanded since she had worked hard for years to see that they were established. This directive struck him like a bolt of lightning. He was unsure about his next move. First, he obtained a petition from the presidents of many American universities outlining the significant advancements achieved by the Chinese students and providing justifications for why the students should be left to stay on to complete their study.

The Minister in Pekin was to deliver this document to the Chinese government. However, Yung Wing believed that the situation required a stronger voice, and General Grant sprang to mind. He believed that the illustrious name of General Grant would be added to the petition, and it would be more powerful than the support of a thousand college professors. So, to visit the

General, the Rev. Mr. Twichell and I traveled to New York. I introduced Mr. Twichell, who had arrived with a prepared speech that he wanted to use to enlighten the General about the Chinese students and the Chinese issue at large. But he was never able to give it. The General spoke immediately and without hesitation, showing Twichell that he was in complete control of the situation and did not need any information from anybody. He also made it clear that he was really interested in the subject. As usual, the General was prepared to do a hundred times more than what we requested of him. Yes, he said, he would sign that document if required, but he would go further: he would immediately send a private letter to Li-Hung-Chang.

Twichell and I descended the stairs into the Fifth Avenue Hotel lobby, where there were a number of anxious and waiting guests waiting in the anteroom. After a half-hour, he sent for us once more and handed us his letter to Li-Hung-Chang, which was to be sent directly and without the involvement of the American Minister or anyone else. It was a concise, straightforward, and brilliantly worded explanation of the situation facing Chinese students, along with some equally good points demonstrating why dissolving the schools would be a mistake. We sent the letter and were ready to wait a few months to see what would happen. But we didn't have to wait for very long. As soon as General Grant's letter arrived in China, the Chinese government responded with a telegram that was practically an exact replica of his letter in every way. No other citizen of the globe outside of that empire could have had such influence; in reality, a private American citizen changed the Imperial government's policy from room 45 of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York [6].

## DISCUSSION

The captivating historical compilation "The Grant Dictations: Insights into Mark Twain's Encounters with Ulysses S. Grant and More" provides readers with a distinctive and insightful viewpoint on two important people in American history: Mark Twain and Ulysses S. Grant. The importance of this book, the revelations it offers, and its applicability to the larger realms of literature and history will all be covered in this debate. The historical significance is as follows: The collection of dictations is an important historical document that provides insight into Mark Twain and Ulysses S. Grant's relationships and experiences in the late 19th century. It provides a window into a pivotal time in American history when the country was attempting to heal and rebuild after the Civil War. Historical researchers and academics may better comprehend Grant and Twain's personal and political lives because to the invaluable original source information that these dictations give. Mark Twain is well recognized as one of America's finest humorists and authors, but this collection illustrates his early literary aspirations and his attempts to persuade Grant to write his memoirs. Twain's persuasive abilities and tenacity in getting Grant's memoirs published reflect his commitment to the literary technique and his faith in the potency of narrative.

**Grant's Reluctance to Publish**: A major subject in these dictations is Ulysses S. Grant's early resistance to become a published author. This grasp of Grant's worldview deepens our comprehension of the person behind the military hero. One of the most well-known pieces of American literature was produced as a consequence of Grant's choice to eventually write his memoirs with Twain's help, highlighting the value of their relationship and cooperation. The literary and historical significance of the work: For fans of literature as well as historians, this collection is priceless. It exhibits Twain's narrative abilities, even in a factual setting, and offers a special view into his formative years. These dictations are pertinent to current debates about history, literature, and the intricacies of American identity because of the continued popularity of both Mark Twain and Ulysses S. Grant in American society [7].

## CONCLUSION

Finally, "The Grant Dictations: Insights into Mark Twain's Encounters with Ulysses S. Grant and More" provides an in-depth examination of the personal and historical aspects of these two significant individuals. It deepens our comprehension of their relationship, their lives, and the contributions they made to American history and literature. Anyone who wants to learn more about Mark Twain and Ulysses S. Grant's lives and times should definitely check out this compilation. The Dynamics of Friendship: The dictations show how close Twain and Grant were as friends, giving hints at their interactions, common interests, and respect. The dictations' tales and firsthand accounts humanize these historical personalities and let readers relate to them on a more intimate way. The cablegram concluded with an edict ordering former Minister Wong to keep up the Chinese schools. It was a wonderful demonstration of the power of a common person from one nation to sway the opinions of an empire on the other side of the world.

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# CHAPTER 2

## GERHARDT'S ARTISTIC ODYSSEY AND GENERAL GRANT'S MEMOIRS

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**ABSTRACT:**

"Gerhardt's Artistic Odyssey and General Grant's Memoirs" examines the connected stories of two historical people against the background of 19th-century America: the sculptor Carl Gerhardt and General Ulysses S. Grant. Gerhardt's creative development, his difficulties in Paris, and his participation in the disputed Nathan Hale statue competition. Through his memoirs, General Grant's crucial influence on the development of American history is simultaneously examined. This captivating story provides a fresh viewpoint on the social and political dynamics of the time by illuminating the intersection of art and politics. The fascinating story of how General Ulysses S. Grant, the 18th President of the United States and a legendary Civil War hero, came to be in financial peril at the end of his life is explored in this abstract. It explores how Mark Twain, a well-known novelist and comedian, was instrumental in convincing Grant to write his memoirs. The abstract also explores the complications of the publishing talks, as several publishers competed for the right to release Grant's much awaited book. In the end, Charles L. Webster & Co., a publishing house co-founded by Mark Twain himself, emerged victorious. The tale emphasizes General Grant's humility, honesty, and constant devotion to justice throughout this interesting trip, even as he dealt with personal financial difficulties. In addition to securing his family's financial security, the publishing of his memoirs had a lasting impact on American literature and our understanding of the Civil War. "A Turning Point in Publishing: General Grant's Memoirs" demonstrates how literature, friendship, and financial responsibility interacted in the life of a national hero while demonstrating the lasting ability of words to secure legacies and change history.

**KEYWORDS:**

Art and Politics, Artistic Odyssey, Gerhardt, General Grant, Nathan Hale Statue, Memoirs.

### INTRODUCTION

Gerhardt left his wife and little son behind when he returned from Paris. He discovered that living in Paris was far more costly than it had been in J. Day of Q. A. Ward. Ward's estimate of $3,000 for five years had therefore been drastically off. Gerhardt had spent $6,000 during the previous three and a half years. Since he had nothing to do, he decided to make a bust of me in the hopes that it would help him find job. He was unable to find any work since things were so difficult. (October) Around this time, Gerhardt learned that a contest to create a monument honoring Nathan Hale, a Revolutionary War spy and hero who was captured and executed by the British, was about to start. The Connecticut Legislature had approved the purchase of this statue, which was to cost $5,000. The former governor Hubbard's speech in support of the proposal was worth four times as much as the money. The committee, which the Legislature had charged with handling the situation, was made up of Mr. Coit, a railroad worker from New London who was keen and eager to carry out his duties despite being completely ignorant of art and admitting as much. Another committee member was a bumbling idiot named Barnard. He understood nothing about art or, for that matter, anything else, and, even if he did have a mind, he was unable to come up with an answer to any issue. He had no concept of responsibility and was completely devoid of any feeling of obligation.

The third and last committee member was the states in office governor, Waller, a slick-tongued liar and moral coward. A clay Nathan Hale that Gerhardt created and submitted for competition. An old man who served as the sexton of Mrs. Colt's private church, Mr. Woods, as well as a paid artist employed by Mr. Batterson, a stone cutter, both created figures and entered them in competition. Woods have some skill, but he lacked brilliance and art training. The stone cutter's worker had the expertise and training that came from repeatedly performing the identical motions on repulsive tombstones primarily powerful prizefighting angels. Gerhardt's pedestal and figure were deserving of a more reasonable price than the Legislative Assembly had proposed, as well as a more orderly and intelligent committee. Gerhardt's was a very excellent piece of art in the eyes of William C. Prime and Charles D. Warner, and these guys would not have hesitated to give him the contract. The Governor surveyed the three prototypes and said that, as far as he could tell, Gerhardt's design was by far the best.

The same was stated by Mr. Coit. However, it was difficult to get the elderly Barnard to visit and see Gerhardt's model. He cited many justifications, one of which was that he didn't want to gift a monument to a guy who still had a reputation to build and that the statue should have been created by an accomplished artist. He was unable to respond when asked what well-known artist would create a statue for $5,000. It took some time to figure out the exact cause of this elderly man's delay, but in the end, it was discovered that Mrs. Colt's wealth and power were to blame. Mrs. Colt was eager to find a method to get the statue into her sexton's hands. She sent the Governor a letter in which she argued the claims of her sexton, and it soon became clear that the Governor was uncomfortable with his position because he had called the sexton's attempt "extremely poor and crude" and had made it clear that, of the three models, he preferred Gerhardt's and was prepared to vote that way. This amazing dog really told the sexton about Gerhardt's design and suggested that he create a new design for competition, which he did and included Gerhardt's design in! The Governor could have done no better than to inform Gerhardt that he had committed this offense [1].

The battle for a statue has been the funniest the nation has ever seen, taken as a whole. I attempted to get Gerhardt to withdraw from the competition and form a team for me to be known as the Statue Committee in order to display photographs of these cattle and mousers on top of a clay figure because it was so ridiculous and pitiful in every way repulsive. I offered to write a history of the Nathan Hale Committee to accompany the monument and told him I thought he could cast it in terra cotta and profit from it. But he refused to do it because he didn't want to devalue his work in order to appease his personal resentment. The committee should have set a deadline for submitting designs and a deadline for rendering judgment on them, as is typical elsewhere, but this group did not set any deadlines at least not in writing. Regardless of how long it would take, it seems that their strategy was to allow Mrs. Colt's sexton ample time to put up a good impression before awarding him the contract. Waller was unable to win re-election as Governor but was appointed Consul-General to London and left on May 10th with the Nathan Hale statue still up in the air. However, as he needed a favor from a friend of Gerhardt, he pledged just before setting sail, "Grant me the favor and I will pledge my word that the Nathan Hale business shall be settled before I sail." Gerhardt kept the Nathan Hale statue wet for three or four months before letting it fall, I'd like to provide a brief overview of General Grant's memoirs.

I'll make one or two remarks that aren't immediately related to it as a prologue. General Grant used all of his power and effort to ensure the Republican Party's victory during the Garfield campaign. His passage through numerous states, especially the dubious ones, was met with ovations every day and every night for as long as it persisted. Prodigious crowds of jubilant people greeted him everywhere, and if one wanted to stretch the truth a bit, one could virtually

determine from the crimson reflections on the sky from the torch processions and fireworks where in the nation the General was at the time. I was part of the group dispatched to Boston to bring him down here, and he was scheduled to visit Hartford from there. When the civilians and troops were to go through a review in front of him, I was also given the responsibility of introducing him to the Hartford citizens. Colonel Fred Grant, Grant's eldest son, and I struck up a conversation as we were traveling from Boston in the palace car, and as the conversation developed, it became clear that the General was far from wealthy, as was widely believed, and that he barely made enough money to live as respectably as a third-rate physician. Colonel Grant informed me the General was a poor man when he left the White House at the conclusion of his second term. I believe he said he was in debt, but I'm not sure for sure. Friends had given the General a couple of dwelling places, but he was unable to retain them or live in either of them. All of this was so repugnant and a disgrace to Congress that I considered using the General's precarious situation as my introduction to the Hartford populace.

I was aware that if this country which was rising up every day to give its chief citizen incredible honor had the capacity to settle the issue via its vote, it would instantly transform his poverty into unimaginable riches. Therefore, my remark could not have been an insult to the people since the fault rested not with the people but rather with their political representatives in Congress. I stuck to my plan and, when introducing the General, I made reference to the honors and emoluments England had showered on the Duke of Wellington and contrasted that behavior with our far finer and higher treatment of the nation's savior, namely, the simple act of holding him in our hearts without putting any financial strain on him. Naturally, the General responded by stating that this nation had more than adequately rewarded him and that he was happy with the outcome. There was no way he could have said anything else. A few months later, I would not have been able to make such a speech because by that point, wealthy citizens had secretly saved up a fund of $250,000 for the General and invested it in such a way that he could not lose it due to either his own lack of wisdom or the mischief of others [2].

Even later, at number 2 on Wall Street in New York City, the brokerage company Grant and Ward was founded. The General Grant's sons and Ferdinand Ward, a sprightly young man, made up this company. The General participated in the business of the house in some capacity but did not actively participate in it. The company had quickly expanded to the point where it seemed to be not just lucrative but extraordinarily so. But in reality, Ward was stealing all the Grants and everyone else he could get his hands on, and the business was losing money. The General wasn't suspicious and believed he was generating a lot of money, but in reality, he was merely losing what little money he did have since Ward was receiving it. The catastrophe occurred around May 5th, 1884, I believe, and the many Grant families suddenly found themselves completely bankrupt. Even the interest on the quarter-million-dollar Grant fund that was past due and only became due a day or two before the failure had been collected by Ward. General Grant revealed to me that he had used checks to pay his household obligations that month for the first time ever.

They returned with their hands dishonored. He explained to me that Ward had taken everything the General could scrape together and $45,000 that the General had borrowed on his wife's New York residence. He also said that Ward had taken $65,000, the price for which Mrs. Grant recently sold one of the houses that had been given to the General, as well as $7,000 that some of his impoverished nieces in the West had recently received as a bequest. It was essential to take action right away to get bread. The measure to reinstate General Grant's rank and emoluments as a full General in the army while he was on the retired list had lagged in Congress for a very long time in the typical, tempting, and frugal legislative pattern. There was no relief to be expected from that source, primarily because Congress chose to exact revenge on General

Grant for President Arthur's rejection of the Fitz-John Porter Bill. A few months before, the editors of Century journal had the brilliant idea of asking the living heroes of the late Civil War on both sides to write down their own recollections of the conflict and publish them in the journal right away. However, the joyful effort had failed because some of these heroes were only prepared to write these things down under one requirement that they thought was crucial. All attempts at persuasion and persuasion failed to convince General Grant to write a line, thus they refused to write anything [3].

The plan failed because he refused to write. However, the situation had altered and General Grant was now in need of food. The Century folks approached him once again, and this time, he happily agreed. The proprietors of the Century instantly promoted a fantastic collection of war pieces. Despite the fact that I had visited the General's home several times to spent an hour chatting and smoking a cigar, I was unaware of all of this. But at the beginning of November 1884, when my wife and I were leaving Chickering Hall after reading, we stumbled upon Mr. Gilder, the editor of the Century, and we went home with him to have a late dinner at his place. Gilder said that General Grant had written three war pieces for the Century and was planning to do a fourth while we were there for about an hour or so. I perked my ears up. Gilder continued by describing how eagerly General Grant had entertained the idea of writing when it had previously been put to him, how obviously poor he was, how eager he was to make a little extra money, and how the act of giving him a check for $500 for the first article had clearly cheered him and lifted a heavy burden from his heart.

The thing that surprised me was that Gilder, who is undoubtedly a good guy with a good heart, never appeared to consider that paying General Grant $500 for a magazine article was the worst insult of all time, not just of the nineteenth century. He should have known that even if he had written General Grant a check for $10,000, the amount would have been insignificant; that even if he had paid him $20,000 for a single article, the amount would have been insufficient; that even if he had paid him $30,000 for a single magazine article about the war, the article could not be considered paid for; and that even if he had given him $40,000 for a single magazine article, he would still owe General Grant money. Gilder went on to say that it had been impossible to get General Grant to write even a single word months earlier, but that now that he had begun, it would be equally difficult to stop him again. In fact, General Grant had deliberately set out to write his memoirs in their entirety and to publish them as a book.

The next morning, I went over to General Grant's residence to inform him of what I had learned. It was all real, he said. I said that I had predicted a fortune in such a book when I had attempted to get him to write it in 1881, and that the money would fall now just as surely. When I questioned him about the book's publisher, he indicated it was probably the Century Company. When the contract was made up and signed, I questioned him. He said that it had been rough sketched but not yet signed. I said that I had a lengthy and traumatic experience with book creation and publication, and if it were not improper for him to show me the preliminary contract, I thought I would be of assistance to him [4].

He said there was absolutely no reason to prevent me from reading the contract since neither party had made any commitments or received any in return beyond a study of its terms. He continued by saying that he believed the Century offer was reasonable and appropriate and that he had anticipated accepting it and concluding the deal or contract. I wasn't sure whether to laugh or weep as he read the rough manuscript aloud. When a publisher in the industry is confident enough in the potential of an unknown author's work to print and release it into the market, he is ready to take a chance by giving the guy a 10% royalty, and he does give it to him. He may well speculate about that much monarchy, but he may not well speculate about any more. However, once the sale reaches 10,000 copies, the publisher is receiving the lion's

share of the profits and will continue to receive the lion's share for however long the book should continue to sell. If the book should sell 3,000 or 4,000 copies, there is no loss on any or dinary book, and both parties have made something. An author should get 15%, or 50% of the net profit, for a work that is certain to sell 35,000 copies. When a book is certain to sell 80,000 or more copies, he should get a 20% royalty, or two thirds of the whole earnings. In spite of the fact that this book was morally obligated to sell several hundred thousand copies in its first year of release, the Century people had the audacity to grant General Grant the same 10% royalty they would have granted to any unknown Comanche Indian whose book they reasonably anticipated selling 3,000, 4,000, or 5,000 copies. If I did not know the Century people, I would have assumed that this was an intentional attempt to take advantage of a man's gullibility and trustworthiness in order to rob him; however, because I do know the Century people, I am aware that they did not have such vile intentions and that they were merely making their offer based on their seemingly limitless supply of stupidity and ignorance.

They had previously attempted publishing a book, but it had failed due to their lack of expertise. They were eager to publish books in addition to magazines. As a result, I assume they were frantic and had made an offer that, in the General's eyes, presented itself as fair and safe, demonstrating their lamentable ignorance and complete inability to rise to the moment. This was amply shown in the head of that firm's comment to me a few months later, which I will reference and cite when appropriate. I informed General Grant that the Century offer was completely ridiculous and should not even be given a second thought. I forgot to mention that the rough draft included two proposals: one for a 10% royalty and the other for half the book's profits after deducting all associated costs, such as office rent, clerk salaries, advertising [5].

This second proposal was much more complicated and would not be accepted by any business-minded author instead of the 10% royalty. They clearly equated 10% and 50% earnings, demonstrating that these good-hearted geese thought the book would only sell 12,000 or 15,000 copies. I informed the General that I could tell him exactly what he should be paid: if he accepted a royalty, it should be 20% of the book's suggested retail price; if he preferred the partnership policy, he should receive 70% of the profits from each volume above the cost of producing that volume. I told him that if he put these conditions in front of the Century people, they would accept them; but, if they were hesitant to do so, he just needed to make them available to any major publishing business in the nation, and not one would turn them down. Should somebody reject them, please give me the book. I was publishing my own book under the name Charles L. Webster & Co., with Webster acting as my business partner and receiving a salary in exchange for a one-tenth stake. I had what I considered to be one of the best-equipped subscription businesses in the nation. I really wanted the General's book, but I didn't think I would ever really acquire it. The General obviously felt under great obligations to the Century people for rescuing him from poverty by paying him $1,500 for three magazine articles that were well worth $100,000; and he seemed wholly unable to free himself from this sense of obligation, while in my opinion he ought to have considered other options. So, I assumed that he would present these new propositions to the Century people, that they would accept immediately, and that there would be an end to the matter.

I left the platform at this point to go on a protracted western trip, but Webster continued to drop by the General's home and follow the developments. Colonel Fred Grant was adamantly against giving the book to the Century folks and adamantly in favor of my keeping it. The fact that the General's first magazine article added 50,000 names to their list of subscribers right away demonstrated that the Century people would still have benefited even if they had paid General Grant $50,000 for the articles. This is because they could anticipate keeping the majority of these subscribers for several years and generating a profit of at least $100,000 from them in the

long run. In addition to the increased readership, the Century's advertising pages doubled all at once, which significantly enhanced the magazine's revenue. The Century people eventually added a check for $1,000 to the original check of $1,500 after realizing they were going to make a fortune out of the first of the three articles (an addition of $25,000 a month, as I estimate it from what I have paid them for one-fifth of a page for six months [$1,800]). General Grant, who is the most kind-hearted man I know, thought this was a wonderful act of generosity, but because the additional check should have been for $30,000 instead of $1,000, it looked to me to be just another example of outrageous folly. As I did, Colonel Fred Grant decided to do all in his power to prevent the Century people from getting their hands on the book. He was only strengthened and validated in his aim by this deed. The Century people were willing to accept the terms that I had proposed to the General but they offered nothing better. While I was in the West, General Grant received propositions from publishers on a daily basis.

These propositions all shared the same format, which was "Only tell us what your best offer is and we stand ready to make a better one." The General was promised 70% of the earnings by the Hartford-based American Publishing Company, but they would have made more if necessary. These things started to have an impact. The General started to realize from these numerous points of view that he had just barely avoided striking a terrible deal for his book, and he started to lean toward me, perhaps because I had unintentionally been the reason that horrible deal was stopped. He made a call to Philadelphia's George W. Childs and explained the situation to him while also seeking his opinion. Afterward, Mr. Childs told me that it was obvious that the General was clearly leaning toward me on the friendship scale and that the recommendation that would delight him the most would be the recommendation to give the book over to me. He suggested that the General appoint qualified individuals to investigate my ability to properly publish the book as well as the abilities of the other contenders for the book. And if they discovered that my home was as well prepared in all respects as the others, that he delivers the book to me [6].

The General dispatched examiners chosen by a few prestigious legal firms Clarence Seward's being one of them and Colonel Fred Grant conducted identical tests on himself. The conclusion in these many situations was that my institution was just as qualified to publish the book successfully as any of the enterprises competing. As a consequence, a contract was created and the book was given to me. During one of our business meetings, General Grant asked me whether I was certain I could sell 25,000 copies of his book. He posed the question in such a manner that I got the impression that the Century people were hinting that this was the approximate number of volumes they expected to sell. I responded that the best way for a man to express his opinion in this situation was to do so through the use of money. As a result, I would make the following offer: if he would give me the book, I would advance him $25,000 on each volume as soon as the manuscript was placed in my hands. If I never received the $50,000 back from the future copyrights due, I would never ask him to return any part of the money to me. The idea seemed to trouble him.

He said he couldn't imagine giving the publisher any advance payment that he wasn't 100% certain he would get back. He asked which of the two proposals would be the best overall at a later time when the contract was being put up and it was being debated whether it should be 20% royalty or 70% of the profits. I dispatched Webster to inform him that the 20% royalty would be the greatest option for him since it was the most certain, straightforward, and manageable option. Better then, it would undoubtedly pay him a little bit more than the other plan. He considered it and ultimately stated that he would be certain to profit under the 20% plan, while the publisher might lose; as a result, he would not have the royalty plan, but rather the 70% profit plan, since if there were profits, he could not then keep them all, but the publisher

would be certain to receive 30% of them. This was quite similar to General Grant. It was hard for him to even consider a proposal that would benefit him at the expense of another guy for even a second. The General had stated he could require $10,000 before the book published, and after the contract had been written and signed, I recalled offering to loan him some cash. The situation had been overlooked and was not included in the contract, but I had the good fortune to recall it before I left town. I went back and instructed Colonel Fred Grant to request the $10,000 from Webster whenever necessary.

That was the lone omission from the contract, and it was now corrected, so everything went without a hitch. And now I reach a situation that I have never discussed and that won't be known for many years since this paragraph cannot be published until it can be spoken in public without offending any live person. The contract was drafted on my behalf by the renowned legal firm Alexander & Green and on General Grant's behalf by Clarence Seward, the son of Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State. A transfer of the book to General Grant's wife and a transfer of ownership from her to my business for a consideration of $1,000 in hand-paid were annexed to the contract. This was done to stop the General's creditors from taking the book's sales as payment. After agreeing to the terms of the contract and leaving the lawyer's office, Webster noted casually that the $1,000 was obviously only a formality in such a document and had no real significance [7].

Webster was shocked when Mr. Seward called him aside quietly and stated, "No, it means just what it says for the General's family have not a penny in the house and they are waiting at this moment with lively anxiety for that small sum of money." He immediately withdrew a check, which Mr. Seward then delivered to a messenger boy, instructing him to deliver it as quickly as possible to General Grant's home while being careful not to allow the grass grow beneath his feet. It was sad that the person who had spared this nation and its government from oblivion was still in a position where such a little sum so insignificant an amount could be seen as a blessing. Everyone was aware of the General's precarious situation, but if word had gotten out that his poverty had reached this level, a storm would have erupted throughout the nation. Newspapers all over the country had been praising the Century People for their gracious generosity in paying General Grant the goodly sum of $1,500 for three magazine articles when, had they paid him the amount that was justly due for them, he could still have kept his carriage and wouldn't have needed to worry about $1,000. Newspapers and the general public were probably unaware that tiny Tom Moore had been given $1,500 twice for two pieces by the proprietors of an annual in London fifty-five years before, with the instructions to make them long or short and write about anything he chose. The price difference between a war essay written by General Grant in these days and one written by Tom Moore in his prime was around one to fifty.

To go back a while. After being a month or two in the West, during the winter of 1884–5, I returned to the East, reaching New York about the 20th of February. No agreement had at that time been reached as to the contract, but I called at General Grant’s house simply to inquire after his health, for I had seen reports in the newspapers that he had been sick and confined to his house for some time. The last time I had been at his house he told me that he had stopped smoking because of the trouble in his throat, which the physicians had said would be quickest cured in that way. But while I was in the West the newspapers had reported that this throat affection was believed to be in the nature of a cancer. However, on the morning of my arrival in New York the newspapers had reported that the physicians had said that the General was a great deal better than he had been and was getting along very comfortably. So, when I called, at the house, I went up to the General’s room and shook hands and said I was very glad he was so much better and so well along on the road to perfect health again.

If that were only true, he said with a grin. I naturally questioned his doctor, Dr. Douglas, whether the General was indeed not improving as I had anticipated, since I was both astonished and uneasy. He implied that the claims were somewhat exaggerated and that there was no question that this attachment was cancer. Since I smoke too much, I told the General that the rest of us should heed his example. However, Dr. Douglas interrupted me and remarked that smoking cannot be solely blamed for this outcome. The general's mental anguish and a year-long depression of spirit brought on by the failure of the Grant and Ward firm, he said, were more than likely the real reason for it manifesting itself at this time. He said it was likely that it had its roots in excessive smoking, but that was not the certain reason for it to manifest itself at this time. As for me, I was constantly boiling inside as I scalped Ward, flayed him alive, broke him on the wheel, pounded him into jelly, and cursed him with every profanity known to the one language I know, and occasionally helped it out with a few random profanities from the two other languages I know a little bit about [8].

## DISCUSSION

"Gerhardt's Artistic Odyssey and General Grant's Memoirs" is a captivating exploration of two distinct but interconnected facets of American history and culture in the 19th century. This discussion delves into the significance of this title by examining the key themes and connections it offers. This discussion begins by unraveling the fascinating artistic journey of Carl Gerhardt. Gerhardt, a talented sculptor, ventured from his homeland to the bustling artistic hub of Paris. However, his experiences in Paris, where the cost of living exceeded his expectations, challenge him both personally and professionally. This narrative highlights the challenges artists faced during this era, shedding light on the struggle to establish themselves in a highly competitive and costly environment. Gerhardt's decision to create a bust of the author of General Grant's Memoirs, Ulysses S. Grant, becomes a central point of discussion. His hope that this creation would secure him a job emphasizes the complex relationship between art, politics, and financial stability in the 19th century. The artist's journey provides insight into the challenges faced by sculptors of the time, where opportunities were scarce, and competition fierce. Another significant aspect of this discussion revolves around the Nathan Hale Monument competition. Gerhardt, along with other competitors, vied for the opportunity to craft a statue commemorating the Revolutionary War hero. The committee overseeing this project is described in colorful detail, highlighting the intricate web of politics, power, and personal interests that often influenced artistic decisions.

Parallel to Gerhardt's artistic endeavors, the discussion highlights the publication of General Grant's Memoirs. Grant's memoirs, written as he battled terminal cancer, became a literary sensation of the era. The narrative arc of Grant's life, his military accomplishments, and the writing of his memoirs serve as a counterpoint to Gerhardt's artistic struggles, showcasing the diversity of talent and ambition in 19th-century America. A core theme of this discussion is the intersection of art and politics in 19th-century America. Gerhardt's pursuit of opportunities, the committee's decisions in the Nathan Hale Monument competition, and Grant's memoirs are all emblematic of the ways in which political and cultural dynamics influenced the arts during this period. The discussion explores how artists and writers navigated these complex landscapes to pursue their creative endeavors. Finally, the discussion considers the lasting impact of Gerhardt's art and Grant's memoirs. It examines how these works have contributed to the historical and cultural tapestry of the United States, shedding light on the enduring relevance of their stories in contemporary times.

## CONCLUSION

In summary, "Gerhardt's Artistic Odyssey and General Grant's Memoirs" offers a multifaceted exploration of 19th-century America, intertwining the personal struggles of a sculptor with the literary and political achievements of a military leader. This discussion underscores the rich tapestry of history, art, and culture that characterized this era, inviting readers to reflect on the challenges and triumphs of individuals in pursuit of their artistic and literary passions. The General immediately began to speak after making this comment, and I discovered both at the time and afterwards that he was always eager and happy to discuss that topic even if he did not like to discuss any other. He spoke about the thefts that were committed against him and the whole Grant connection by this guy Ward, in whom he had placed such a high degree of faith. However, he never said anything about Ward that an indignant adult would not have spoken about an errant kid. He used language typical of a guy who has experienced great injustice, humiliation, and betrayal, yet he never expressed himself in a hateful or vindictive way.

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# CHAPTER 3

## GENERAL GRANT'S INCISIVE CRITIQUE OF WARD'S DECEPTION

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**ABSTRACT:**

In "General Grant's Incisive Critique of Ward's Deception," we explore an illuminating historical tale that develops through time. This summary offers a brief overview of the intriguing tale of General Grant's perceptive observations and incisive criticism of the dishonest tactics used by a man by the name of Ward. The story progresses with vignettes that illuminate Ward's crafty tactics and the unwary victims who fell prey to them, while the General fervently contends that Ward's skill to mislead people should not be equated with their stupidity. The abstract also discusses Grant's rigorous attention to fact-checking, despite his declining health, and his dedication to keeping his word, as shown by his will to finish a literary work despite substantial obstacles. This compelling tale sheds new light on a part of General Grant's life while demonstrating his unflinching honesty and understanding of the human condition.

**KEYWORDS:**

Critique, Deception, General Grant, Incisive Critique, Manipulative Tactics, Shrewd Individuals.

### INTRODUCTION

The General disputed the assertion. He basically argued that evidence could be shown to demonstrate that when Ward besieged a guy, that man would turn out to be a fool too just as foolish as any Grant and that all men were idiots if Ward's successful deception of them was sufficient evidence of their folly. He started to provide examples. He said that no one would ever refer to the President of the Erie Railroad as an idiot, but Ward duped him out of $800,000 and stole every last penny. He brought up another individual who could hardly be described as an idiot, but Ward had conned him out of more than $500,000 and had given him nothing in return. He gave the example of a man with a name that was similar to Fisher, though it was not the actual name, who he claimed no one could ever refer to as a fool. Instead, he was a very wealthy man who had become so by being sharper and more intelligent than other people, and who always took great pride in the fact that he could not be fooled or deceived by anyone. But what did Ward do in this case? He tricked him into purchasing a portion of the ex-senator Chaffee's mine, which was not for sale and for which Ward had no authority to sell.

Nevertheless, he obtained $300,000 in cash from the man without the passage of a single piece of paper or a single line of writing to demonstrate that the sale had been made. For a time, this individual often visited Grant and Ward's office. He spoke with Ward about the potential of that mine which was very rich and the two of them would walk right by Mr. Chaffee before entering the next room to continue their conversation. You'd think a man with such a reputation for cunning would have at some point thought to ask Mr. Chaffee a question or two, but no: Ward had informed this man that Chaffee did not want to be known in the transaction at all, that he must appear to be at Grant and Ward's office on other business, and that he must not venture to speak to Chaffee lest the entire business be spoiled. A man who took pride in being a savvy businessman was defrauded of $300,000 by Ward without giving him a shred of evidence that the transaction had occurred. To this day, that man is not even mentioned in the prosecution of

Ward, possibly because he would prefer to lose all of that money than have the knowledge that he was duped in such a crude manner [1].

General Grant spoke of another extremely wealthy man whom no one would dare to call a fool, either in business or otherwise, yet this man came into the office one day and said, "Ward, here is my check for $50,000, I have no use for it at present, I am going to make a f lying trip to Europe; turn it over for me, see what you can do with it." Sometime later I was in the office when this man presented himself after returning from his trip. He questioned Ward about his accomplishments with the money. In response to this man's request to "just wait a moment," Ward went to his books, flipped over a page, murmured to himself for a little while, withdrew a $250,000 check, and presented it to him with the attitude of someone who had really achieved nothing noteworthy! After giving Ward the check back after giving it a minute of thought, the guy stated, "That is plenty good enough for me, set that hen again," and he left the establishment. He never saw any of that money again after that. While the General was speaking, I had been seeing idiots, but this incident helped me to come to my senses.

I put myself in this person's shoes and admitted that I would have done exactly what he had done if I had been wearing that person's clothes a hundred to one, and I was fully aware that, at the very least, not a preacher nor a widow in Christendom would not have done it. This is because these people are constantly looking for investments that pay out enormous sums of money illegally, and they never, or hardly ever, stop to consider the nature of the business. When I was ready to leave, Colonel Fred Grant accompanied me down the stairs and shocked me by telling me in confidence that although the doctors were attempting to conceal their true assessment of his father's condition from him, they actually believed that he was under the death sentence and that he would not likely survive more than a fortnight or three weeks longer. This occurred on or around February 21st, 1885. After February 21st, General Grant worked on the book's draft every day to the extent that his health would allow. Colonel Grant gave him a very close reading of it while making revisions as he went. Because barely half or two thirds of the second and last book had been written as of yet, he was wasting vital time. But he was more concerned that what was written was exactly accurate than that the book would be published in an error and he would then be unable to fix it.

He had an exceptional recall, and almost any other guy would have been content to rely on it. Not the General, however. No matter how certain he was of the information or the time, he would not let it go until he had checked the official records to confirm it. This time-consuming and continuous record-searching process took a lot of effort, but it was worthwhile. General Grant's book may be completely trusted to be accurate in all that is presented as fact. What a fantastic tool his memory was, to speak about it! One day he admitted to me that he never reported on the Wilderness wars until they were all done and he had returned to Washington. After sitting down and creating a thorough report from memory, he reviewed the reports of his colleagues and discovered that he had made very few mistakes. He said that he had committed two mistakes specifically. This is what he said, as I recall it, but I might be exaggerating and my recollection is not entirely reliable. The General wasted more time in another manner [2].

He had already written and received payment for three pieces for the Century, but he had earlier in the summer committed to produce a fourth. He started writing it in a preliminary draft but never completed it. People in the Century had seen these articles promoted and were now worried that the General wouldn't be able to finish them. By this time, word of the General's precarious health had spread internationally, and newspapers were flooded with articles about it. Colonel Fred Grant was saddened and insulted by the Century people's repeated attempts to gain the fourth story since he knew they were aware, as did everyone else, that his father was thought to be towards the end of his life. Colonel Grant believed that they needed to be more

considerate and kinder. The General labored intermittently on that piece whenever his waning strength would allow him to, and he was determined to complete it if at all possible since his promise had been made and he would in no way budge from it as long as there was even a remote chance of his keeping it. I enquired as to whether there was a contract or agreement on the amount that the Century folks were to be paid for the piece. There wasn't, he claimed. Charge them $20,000 for it, I continued. It is worth twice as much as you paid for it. Charge them this much for it in its incomplete state, give it to them, and explain that it will be worth even more if the General is able to finish it. He was not prepared to set a price on it, but he reasoned that if he delivered it to them, he may ask them to pay $5,000.

This would lessen their ardor a little and give you a break. It was obvious that the family's financial humility was unbreakable. I was speaking to General Badeau there one day when I spotted a stack of typewriter manuscripts on the table and took up the first page to start reading it just about this time. I discovered that it was a description of the Vicksburg siege. A page had roughly 300 words on it, totaling about 18,000 or 20,000 words, according to my count. It was one of the three essays that General Grant wrote for the Century, according to General Badeau. I replied, "Then they have no sort of right to require the fourth article, for there is matter enough in this one to make two or three ordinary magazine articles." The copy of this and the other two articles were at this moment in the Century's safe; the fourth article agreement was thus most amply fulfilled already without an additional article; however, the Century people believed that the contract would not be fulfilled without the fourth article and so insisted upon h The value of this Vicksburg story, if I had written it, would have been about $700 at the standard rate given me for Century stories.

Therefore, even with the $1,000 gratuity they gave General Grant, the Century people had only paid him what they would have paid me. It is difficult to understate how large this gash is. A single page of General Grant's text was worth more than one hundred of mine, assuming the Century people understood anything at all and were not enmeshed in ignorance and idiocy. But their ignorance and stupidity were so deeply ingrained in them. According to their standards, they were honest, respectable, and kind individuals who would have made amends if someone had been able to convince them that it was immoral to use a dying soldier in this way. However, all of the eloquence I was able to use to address them was completely ineffective. They were unable to perceive the situation in any other way and continued to believe that they had been pretty kind to the General. At Mount McGregor, they later agreed to give up half of the Vicksburg piece, which they did. They reduced it from 22 galleys to 9 galleys, and only the 9 would be published in the magazine. On top of the $2,500 previously paid, they added another $2,000. If they had the proper education, such folks might learn to be as fair and liberal as anybody.

I'm going to take a detour and return to my original course in a little. when G and I were traveling. W. Cable, the travel was unavoidably exhausting, so I stopped sending letters, with the exception of those to my wife and kids. I was doing public readings in theaters, lecture halls, skating rinks, prisons, and churches throughout the nation. This relaxation from the stress of responding letters was a pleasant foretaste of paradise, but it ultimately left me ignorant of things that I should have known at the time. The young artist Karl Gerhardt's affairs should be noted among them. I had begun my reading journey the day after the presidential election, or on November 5, and I hadn't been home since then until the second of the next month, which was March. Gerhardt had waited impatiently for the committee's decision for these last four months, taking it out on himself by remaining motionless and doing nothing to support his family [3].

He had applied for opportunities to compete for a soldiers' monument and had been tenaciously diligent in his pursuit of work in the field of his art, but he had always been unsuccessful in doing so because his name was unknown. He had written letters to every man he could think of who might require a mortuary monument for himself, his friends, or acquaintances. He had no standing. On the last day of February, when my reading campaign in Washington came to an end, I returned home to the situation I have described. The committee that Gerhardt had to wait on for four long months would have taken four centuries to decide, and I was quite irritated. I told him that instead of allowing me to support him and his family for all that time without any help from his lazy hands, he should have had more pride. He claimed that he had wanted to work and had felt the humiliation of the situation as much as anyone could, but that he had refrained because he was worried about the reaction if it were discovered that the artist who was applying for statues and monuments could be found in someone's workshop rather than a studio.

I responded that I didn't believe the argument had any merit and that he should have made it his mission to find work. I said he should have been shoveling snow and sawing wood all these months, and that the knowledge that he had been so occupied would have been a credit to him in the eyes of anyone who possessed any respect at all. It was difficult to have to speak to him so directly, but it was obvious that giving him suggestions would be ineffective I had already tried them. He promised to locate some employment right away. The next day, he returned and said that he had been hired by Pratt & Whitney and could continue his correspondence with individuals concerning sculptures without interfering with his job. J. Q. A. Ward once told me that he had started out by hanging around the studios of sculptors of repute and picking up odd jobs of journey work in them, for the sake of the bread he could gain in that way. It seemed to me that Gerhardt compactly filled James Redpath's definition of an artist: "A man who has a sense of beauty and no sense of duty." I had suggested this to Gerhardt, but his response from Paris had been an almost irate rejection of the notion, claiming that no genuine artist could bring himself to do it. I deduced from this that Gerhardt was a true artist since he was obviously determined not to do it. I'll just say it now and move on: from my side of the house, my relationship with Gerhardt was devoid of feeling and romanticism.

I first took on his case because I was persuaded that he had what it takes to develop into a highly skilled sculptor. I was just taking on a common obligation the task of helping a guy who was unable to aid himself rather than adopting a kid or bringing a new member into the family. My experience with men had long since taught me that one of the best ways to make an enemy was to do an act of generosity for a stranger that would cause him to feel the irksome feeling of obligation. I never expected him to be appreciative or thanks. Therefore, there was nothing emotional or romantic about my relationship with Gerhardt. I initially told him that I would expect payment from him if the time ever came when he could repay me for the money, I had spent on him without causing himself any hardship, and that once it was paid, I would consider the account to be fully repaid emotion and all [4].

This would release him from all further obligations to me. The fact that things started out in this direction and stuck with it was fortunate for everyone involved because if emotion had served as the basis, I would have been disappointed to learn that he refused to pursue other means of earning a livelihood when art had nothing to give. It had spared me from applying a principle of mine, according to which, anytime a guy chose to be fed by another man over starving on his own, he should be executed. I was dismayed when Gerhardt said he had come to show me a tiny bust he had been creating in clay of General Grant from a picture. One evening, Gerhardt showed up in the library, and I had thought he had come to tell he was getting along very well at the machine shop and was satisfied. The fact that I had never seen a portrait

of General Grant that I found to be even remotely satisfactory whether it was created in oil, water colors, crayon, steel, wood, a photograph, plaster, marble, or another material made me even more irritated. I could not, therefore, expect that someone who had never even met the General could produce anything noteworthy in the way of a likeness of him. But as soon as he revealed the bust, my preconceptions disappeared. Although the item's features were incorrect, it nonetheless struck me as coming closer than any other image I had ever seen to a true representation of General Grant. Before revealing it, Gerhardt claimed he had brought it in the hopes that I would show it to a member of the General's family and ask them to point out its main flaws so they could be fixed. I had replied, however, that I could not risk doing so because there were already enough people bugging these people without my adding my own name to the list. A quick peek at the bust, however, quickly altered everything.

I told him he had to come along so that he would be there in case the family showed enough interest in the topic to point out the flaws that I would travel to New York in the morning and ask them to look at the bust. The next day, at one o'clock, we arrived at the General's home. I left Gerhardt and the bust downstairs and walked upstairs to meet the family. And now, for the first time, I had the notion that maybe I was acting foolishly; the family must, by necessity, have been bothered with these issues so often that the mere mention of them must make them queasy. But since I had already begun, I may as well complete. I thus asked them to look at a tiny bust of the General that a young artist had been creating from a picture down stairs, if they would be so kind as to do me that favor. Is it the artist who created the bust of you that is in Huckleberry Finn, Jesse Grant's wife eagerly asked? I said, "Yes. Animatedly, she said, "How kind of you, Mr. Clemens, to think of that! She showed me her heartfelt thanks in a variety of ways, and eventually I started to feel very proud of having thought of the noble idea to commission a General Grant sculpture from such a talented artist.

I won't do my sagacity any disservice by claiming that I did anything to dispel or alter the perception that I came up with the concept and saw it through to completion with my own cleverness and dedication. How odd it is; only two nights ago, I dreamed that I was admiring your bust in Huckleberry Finn and thinking how close to perfection it was. Then, I dreamed that I had the idea to go to you and ask you if you could not track down that artist and commission him to create a bust of father! Things were moving along pretty well. Colonel Fred Grant, Mrs. Jesse Grant, and Dr. Douglas were in attendance. Gerhardt pulled up the bust and uncovered it as I descended for him. The whole family there praised the likeness' quality, and Mrs. Jesse Grant once again showed her unmerited thanks to me. The family started to talk about the specifics before stopping and apologizing to Gerhardt for criticizing [5].

Of course, he pleaded with them to continue and emphasized that their comments were precisely what he wanted. The General's wife advised him not to interpret their remarks as criticisms of his work in any way. She remarked that in that case, they would be happy to point out any mistakes that they thought were there. They discovered two errors: the nose's shape and the forehead's shape. While everyone agreed that the nose was incorrect, there was a heated argument about the forehead. Some in attendance said that the nose was almost correct, while others claimed that it was obviously incorrect. The others gathered around the General's wife as she knelt on the ottoman to better admire the bust as they all spoke at once. The General's wife then hesitantly added, "If Mr. Gerhardt could see the General's nose and forehead himself, that would dispose of this dispute at once," before asking, "The General is in the next room would Mr. Gerhardt mind going in there and making the correction himself? Things were definitely moving along well! Naturally, Mr. Gerhardt didn't waste any time in declaring his readiness. While the debate about the nose and the forehead was ongoing, Mrs. Fred Grant joined the gathering. Subsequently, each of the three women in turn left the room for a short

period of time before returning with a collection of pictures and hand-painted miniatures of the General. These images have been produced all throughout the globe.

One of them was a Japanese painting. But despite the fact that many of these images were excellent, they were useless as proof due to the fact that they were completely inconsistent with one another. The camera had lied just as clearly and persistently as the miniature painters' hands had. Both the noses and the foreheads were unique. All of us, with the exception of General Badeau and Dr. Douglas, entered the general's chamber. The General was sprawled out in a recliner, his feet resting on a regular chair. He was covered in blankets, dressing gowns, and his black woolen skull hat. The women removed the skullcap and started talking about his nose and forehead while turning him in various directions to gain various angles and perspectives of his features. He accepted everything calmly and without complaining. He did not object when they pulled and carried him about in their own sweet way. Mr. Gerhardt had picked up an old plug hat of the General's downstairs and had remarked upon the perfect oval shape of it, this oval being so uniform. Mrs. Fred Grant, who is very beautiful and of the most gentle and loving character, was very active in this service and very deft with her graceful hands in arranging and rearranging the General's head for inspection and repeatedly called attention to the handsome shape of his head. The General's wife tried to make him sit in a variety of postures, but none of them were comfortable for her, so she went to him and said, "Ulyss! Ulyss! Can't you get down on the ground? He immediately did so and sat up straight. The General never once opened his mouth, but his expression remained happy, comfortable, and I might say beautiful throughout the whole ordeal. I will note in passing that the General's hands were very thin, and they showed, far more than did his face, how his long siege of confinement, illness, and insufficient food had wasted him [6].

As had often been the case before, so now, his silence gave ample room to guess at what was passing in his mind and to take it out in guessing. He was now experiencing excruciating agony due to the cancer near the base of his tongue, yet as long as he was awake, there was never anything observable in the expression of his face to indicate this. His face would take advantage of him while he was sleeping and reveal everything. After fifteen minutes, Gerhardt said that he thought he could now fix the flaws. We then returned to the other room. While everyone gathered around, watched and engaged in lively conversation, Gerhardt started working on the clay sculpture. The General then startled us by unexpectedly showing up there while still wearing his wraps and leaning unsteadily on a cane. He sat down on the couch and offered to stay there if it would benefit the artist. However, his wife forbade it. She warned him that he may get ill. She was in favor of hastening his return to his wheelchair. Finally giving up, he turned around and headed back, but as he reached the door, he added, "Then Mr. Gerhardt can't bring the clay in here and work? This was luck that exceeded Gerhardt's expectations by a factor of hundreds.

He immediately shifted his work to the General's chamber. The general indicated he would sit up if that position didn't work and stretched out in his chair. Gerhardt predicted that it would perform well, particularly if it offered the sitter more comfort than any alternative. The General looked intently at Gerhardt's quick and silent fingers for a while, and this novelty was undoubtedly pleasing to someone who had spent so many weeks doing the same job over and over again with no variety or distraction. After a while, one eyelid started to droop intermittently. Everyone left the room except for Gerhardt and me, and I went to the back so that I would be hidden and not be a distraction. The General's elderly black body-servant, Harrison, entered shortly after and stayed for a while observing Gerhardt before bursting out with tremendous fervor and determination: "That's the General! Sure, sir! The General is there! Mind! you, I swear! The General is there! The atmosphere was completely quiet after he left.

The General was able to fall asleep after a few minutes, and for the next two hours, he slept well with only brief interruptions from waves of discomfort. He had not used anything to induce sleep in many weeks when he finally fell asleep. In my opinion, this bust, which was finished during this session, captures General Grant better than any other depiction of him that has been created since he became well-known.

It is, in my opinion, legitimately referred to as the greatest picture of General Grant that exists. Additionally, it has a characteristic that must serve as a constant reminder to our country of what the General endured throughout the protracted weeks of that spring. Because the agony he was experiencing pain that did not show up on his face while he was awake went into the clay figure. As a result, the bust has an incredibly moving impression of patient, strong, and masculine suffering. General Badeau appeared unexpectedly at the conclusion of the two hours and talked to the General, rousing him. If not for the interruption by this animal, he may have slept for as long as he could have. As long as it was still light enough to work, Gerhardt continued, after which he left. He was supposed to return, and he did the next day, but Colonel Fred Grant abruptly refused to allow another sitting. He said that the face was so close to being flawless that he was hesitant to touch it once again for fear of taking any of its greatness away rather than adding to it. He inquired whether we recognized the guy in an oil painting that was on the wall below. As we had never seen his face, we were unable to identify him [7].

"Well," said Colonel Grant, "that was a wonderful picture of my father once; it was given up by all the family to be the finest that had ever been produced of him. We were happy with it, but the artist, regrettably, was not; he insisted on taking it back with him after making one or two more strokes to make it flawless. When he was finished, it no longer resembled my father or anybody else. We took it and have kept it as a curiosity ever since. He let Gerhardt work on the hair, telling him he could use all of his ability on it but had to stop there. But now that we have learned our lesson, we can prevent this bust from suffering a similar fate. Gerhardt satisfactorily completed the hair, but he never again touched the face. In order to preserve the clay, bust, Colonel Grant demanded a commitment from Gerhardt that he would take great care of it and then return it to him after he had made a mold out of it. It was completed. Colonel Grant received the clay, which Gerhardt had as best-possible preserved for long-term storage. No other resemblance of General Grant has ever been created from life as of today, May 22, 1885, and if this turns out to be the final likeness ever created of him, future generations may rightfully be thankful that one so nearly perfect of him was created after the world learnt of his name [8].

## DISCUSSION

In the annals of history, there are few figures as iconic as General Ulysses S. Grant, the celebrated Union Army general who played a pivotal role in the American Civil War and later became the 18th President of the United States. Grant's military prowess is well-documented, but his acumen and insight extended beyond the battlefield. One area where Grant's astuteness shines is in his critique of deception, particularly in his examination of the actions of a man named J. Ward. Grant's observations provide a window into the human condition and the vulnerabilities that can be exploited through manipulation and deceit. At its core, "General Grant's Incisive Critique of Ward's Deception" delves into the timeless theme of trust and how it can be betrayed. Grant's narrative, though framed in the context of his own experiences, touches on universal truths about human fallibility. His analysis goes beyond the specifics of Ward's actions to illuminate the broader psychology of deception, exploring why even intelligent and accomplished individuals can fall victim to cunning schemes. One aspect of this discussion centers on the notion that no one is immune to deception. Grant highlights instances where Ward, a master manipulator, succeeded in duping individuals who were far from fools.

Grant presents a compelling argument that the measure of a person's intelligence or success does not necessarily shield them from deception. This resonates with readers because it challenges preconceived notions about the capacity for being fooled and reminds us of our shared vulnerability.

## CONCLUSION

In conclusion, "General Grant's Incisive Critique of Ward's Deception" transcends its historical context to explore timeless themes of trust, manipulation, and the vulnerabilities of the human condition. Grant's incisive analysis of Ward's actions serves as a stark reminder that no one is impervious to deception, regardless of their intelligence or status. This discussion invites readers to contemplate the enduring relevance of Grant's insights and the lessons that can be drawn from them in today's complex world. Moreover, Grant's critique raises questions about the art of persuasion and the tactics used by manipulators. He underscores how Ward's persuasive abilities were so potent that even those with considerable wealth and influence succumbed to his schemes. This prompts us to reflect on the power dynamics at play in cases of deception and how trust can be leveraged as a weapon. Grant's narrative also serves as a valuable historical account, shedding light on the prevalence of deception in the late 19th century. It offers a glimpse into the societal norms and financial climate of that era, providing context for understanding Ward's actions. Grant's critique serves as a cautionary tale that remains relevant today, as deception continues to be a persistent issue in various forms.

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# CHAPTER 4

## EXPLANATION OF VERBAL AGREEMENTS AND ETHICAL QUANDARIES

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**ABSTRACT:**
This abstract offers a captivating investigation of the convoluted network of oral agreements and moral conundrums that have obscured this historical undertaking, giving a look into the complex tale underlying the preservation of General Grant's literary legacy. As the plot develops, General Ulysses S. Grant's exceptional life and works serve as a background, highlighting his continuing effect on American history. General Grant, who is renowned for his crucial contribution to the American Civil War and subsequent president, also left behind a rich literary legacy, which includes his well-known memoirs. The task of acquiring and preserving this literary treasure, however, has not been easy. This story explores the murky world of oral agreements and the moral dilemmas encountered by those tasked with upholding Grant's legacy. The abstract goes into further detail on the issues and challenges that have come up in the effort to maintain Grant's works' accessibility and relevance throughout time. It examines the hazy boundaries between individual morality and historical accountability, offering light on the complex discussions and ethical conundrums encountered by individuals charged with striking a balance between the preservation of history and the observance of private commitments.

**KEYWORDS:**

Ethical Quandaries, Historical Preservation, Literary Legacy, Memoirs, Ulysses S. Grant, Verbal Agreements.

## INTRODUCTION

I discovered that General Grant and the Century Company only had a verbal agreement authorizing General Grant to utilize the Century Company's materials in his book at some point after the contract for his book was finished. There is a customary law that allows an author to use his magazine article however he pleases after it has appeared in the magazine. This law of custom is so well-established that an author never expects to encounter any difficulty when requesting that a magazine's copyright be transferred to him in order to use it in a book. However, in this particular situation, I was concerned that the Century Company might revert to their legal rights and disregard the law of custom, in which case we would be unable to use General Grant's Century articles in his book, which would be awkward given that he was now too ill to rewrite them. It was imperative that action be taken in this situation immediately. When General Grant's attorney Mr. Seward saw there was no writing, he was somewhat disconcerted. Though I wasn't. I had faith in the Century group to follow through on whatever verbal commitments they had made. I was merely concerned that their interpretation of the verbal agreement and General Grant's interpretation would not line up.

I then returned to the General's home and asked Colonel Fred Grant to write out what he believed the verbal agreement to be. General Grant then read this piece of writing, confirming that it was accurate, and then he signed it with his own hand a weak and shaking signature, but one that was clearly his. When we arrived to the Century headquarters, we discovered Roswell Smith (the company's head guy) and a few of the editors, so I sent for Webster and our lawyer. When I presented my case in a clear and concise manner, I discovered that both their

interpretation and General Grants were in agreement. As a result, the problem was immediately resolved, and we moved on to creating a document to address it. I found another fascinating finding after the transaction was complete or possibly even during it. I already knew that the Century people intended to publish all of their war writings General Grant's included in book form at some point, but because I was aware of the low price that had been paid to the General for his writings, I had a hazy general impression that he would be compensated for their use of them, a sum that an author ordinarily receives in our day according to another unwritten law of custom [1].

But when I brought this up, they informed me, to my surprise, that they had purchased and paid for each of these war items specifically knowing that the initial payment was the last. They produced a receipt that General Grant had signed as proof of this incredible occurrence, and it was clear from that document that each $500 paid for the use of the piece in both the next book as well as the magazine! I quickly realized that the General was paid much less than nothing at all for their publication in the magazine if we take into account the importance of those pieces to that book. This was by far the shrewdest transaction I have ever heard of in any industry, including horse dealing. People in the Century did not blush; therefore, it is obvious that they thought the transaction was fair and legal. I also think that they were unaware that they were acting unfairly. It was clearly shown that they were purchasing ten-dollar gold pieces from General Grant for 25 cents each, and I believe it was as clear that they were unaware of the unfairness of the transaction. Roswell Smith stated to me during our conversation, "I'm delighted you've got the General's book, Mr. Clemens, and glad there was someone with fortitude enough to take it, given the circumstances.

He said it with the glad attitude of a guy who has poked a nail in his foot. What do you suppose the General was trying to get me to do?" "What? “He requested that I guarantee the selling of 25,000 copies of his book. This is the statement I have previously mentioned several times: "I wouldn't risk such a promise on any book that was ever released. Smith's exact words are in my notebook, which demonstrates that they believed a 10% royalty would really equal 50% of the proceeds from General Grant's book. Visualize it. I remained silent, but I did a lot of thinking. This provided more proof that the Century people understood the significance of the book no differently than many youngsters could be expected to. We have not advertised General Grant's book in any way as of this writing; we have not even announced via circulars or other means that we are prepared to accept applications from book agents, and yet today we have genuine orders for 100,000 sets of the book, or 200,000 single volumes, and these orders are from men who have bonded themselves to take and pay for them as well as who have also agreed to take responsibility for them.

Only roughly one-fourth of the area of the Northern states has been captured by these troops. We are considering applications for an additional 50,000 sets, and although we are confident in the drive and skill of the individuals who submitted these applications, we haven't closed with them yet because we aren't completely comfortable with their financial standing. Sets have been sold to date and only half the ground has been covered. When the New York World and a Boston paper, I believe the Herald, learned that the General's book had fallen into my hands, they immediately broke the news. In both cases, the stance was taken that, by some sort of superior underhanded smartness, I had unfairly taken advantage of the confiding simplicity of the Century people, and gotten the book away from them. None of the claims made by these two periodicals were true, but since the Boston paper received its information from Mr. Gilder, editor of the Century, it was assumed that its report was accurate. Since the Boston paper's account of the Century's terms made it clear that they included a 10% royalty, there was a lot of newspaper discussion about my improper tactics, but no one seemed to have the intelligence

to realize that even if one gouger had stolen the General's book, there was evidence that he had only stopped another gouger from stealing it. Nobody noticed it, and no one spoke about it. Everyone assumed General Grant would have signed the 10% deal without having been severely duped [2].

I had no intention of disputing any of these publications or providing any further information about my side of the story since it is my established policy to let newspapers publish as many false claims about me or my affairs as they choose. But a reporter from one of the Courant's editors came to our home in Hartford to ask me for my side of the story to be included in AP dispatches. I transcribed a brief paragraph in which I argued that it was untrue to say that there was a chilly relationship between the Century Company and General Grant and that as a result, the Century would not publish any additional articles by Grant, despite the fact that they had widely advertised them. I asserted that the contract for the book had been open to all competitors, that I had submitted my application and asked the General to explain its terms to the other applicants in order to enable him to obtain the best terms possible, and that I had ultimately obtained the book but not through any dubious or unfair means. I spoke clearly, briefly, and without any disrespectful language.

Although it was sent across the wires to the Associated Press's New York headquarters, that organization did not release it. It was not published in a book. When I asked why, I was informed that while the news was of quite general interest, it was also essentially an advertising for the book something I had not previously considered. Additionally, I was informed that, for a modest bribe, I could have gotten that article published throughout the nation if I had a buddy who lived close to the Associated Press headquarters. If it were true, I questioned. I questioned if a business so large and influential dealt in matters of such kind. In New York, I just received a confirmation in the mail. A few days later, I learned that Mr. Webster, one of our attorneys, Alexander & Green, had been troubled by the World's reporting on the situation and had felt that a correction ought to be made via the national press. They believed the Associated Press, whose primary business is the gathering of important news for newspapers, would be quite grateful to get a description of the facts in this instance. They thus called on a representative of that company and gave him a short account of the incident.

After reading it, he paused and said that while it was unquestionably of great public interest, he couldn't see how to make the statement without it also serving as a pretty good advertisement for General Grant's book and my publishing company. However, he said that if we paid $500, he would wire it to every newspaper in the nation that is associated with that organization. His kind offer was turned down. However, the idea appeared to clarify for me something that had often baffled me. That was the common occurrence of gigantic puffs of speculative plans in the Associated Press reports. One in particular was a Boston-based new electric light manufacturer. For many weeks, the Hartford newspaper' Associated Press reports carried nearly daily crazily inflated puffs about how rich this corporation was. The success or failure of that firm was not at all relevant to the majority of newspaper readers, and I had always questioned why the Associated Press staff seemed to be so interested in the situation. Now, everything appeared to be stated fairly properly. The World's false statements had been distributed by the Associated Press for free across the nation's wires because, without a doubt, they defamed General Grant, lied about his son, dealt the Century Company a fatal blow, and were extremely well-prepared to seriously harm my reputation and finances. It became clear that the Associated Press was prepared to ruin a guy for free but needed money to get him back on track [3].

That represented Associated Press ethics. Newspaper ethics were also involved. In general, it was always simple to get any newspaper to publish anything damaging about a citizen, but it was very hard to get that newspaper or any other to help a wounded individual. Our libel

legislation is ineffective and serves only to clog the statute books. For starters, the case must be scheduled on the court's calendar, which guarantees that some time must pass before the courts may begin, causing whatever harm the libel may cause to already have occurred. Second, since jurors are frightened of newspapers, they always choose the quickest and cheapest means to exonerate a newspaper. Due to this, libel claims are very rare, and if one is brought, it just serves to serve as a warning to others that the best course of action is to leave libel suits alone and accept whatever abuse the media decide to hand out. The planned and well publicized essay by General Grant on one of the major battles of the Civil War did not materialize in the March issue of the Century.

The incident sparked a lot of discussion in the literary community, and in some places, it was assumed that the General's critical condition was to blame for the article's disappearance. However, those with more knowledge were aware that almost all of the papers in the series had already been written before the first one published. A "falling out" between Gen. Grant and the Century Company has recently been reported as a leak, and it is unlikely that any further writings from the General will appear in the Century. The Century Company was very certainly going to publish Gen. Grant's memoirs, which he is now writing. For the essay on "Shiloh," which published in the February issue, he received a $1,000 payment. The editors anticipated that the autobiography's chapters would initially appear in their magazine and that their name would appear on the volumes. Terms between Gen. Grant and the corporation had nearly been settled on the basis of a royalty when negotiations for the artwork and the printing of the volumes began [4].

However, the contract had not yet been signed when Mark Twain showed up with better conditions than what the Century Company had to give. Along with being a riotous comedian, Mark Twain is also a savvy businessman, and it is alleged that lately he hasn't shared the rewards of his fun with anybody. He is the principal in the business of Charles L. Webster & Co. and has perfected the practice of selling books via subscription. Mr. Webster is a relative, and his major responsibilities are to oversee the teams of agents that travel the nation seeking for potential consumers for whatever literary novelties the company may have to offer. According to the legend, Mr. Webster offered to Gen. Grant that he and his son Jesse, who traveled with him for a portion of Mark Twain's well-known voyage around the globe, to the business as a partner. This idea was well received, and it was then recommended that the company release and distribute the General's memoirs.

The technical cost of creating each $2 book, according to Mr. Webster, would not be more than 30 cents, and if huge editions were sold, as was certain to happen, the profits would be three times more than the royalty provided by the Century Company. In addition to the increased revenues, Gen. Grant accepted the offer so that his son, who had been all but "cleaned out" by Grant & Ward's loss, might start a company. When asked about the situation, a representative of the Century business said that while a contract for the publishing of General Grant's memoirs had not yet been finalized, it had been practically decided that the business would publish the book. When feasible, the General would stop by the office practically every day to counsel on the content and structure of the book, and the advice was often heeded. The spokesman for Century stated, "We have no complaint. "Gen. Grant had the right to relocate since his primary goal was to provide a home for his kid.

However, it is said that the Century staff is quite "sore" about the situation, and it is unlikely that any more of Gen. Grant's writings would appear in the magazine. We were not prepared to do that. It's also unlikely that any chapters from the next book will be revealed beforehand. Many eager and inquisitive eyes skimmed The Century's March columns in anticipation of finding another piece written by General Grant. When the March edition was released without

the anticipated paper, there was much conjecture as to its reason since it had been assumed that the story about Shiloh that appeared in the February number was the first of a series that would be published regularly every month [5].

It was left to The World to learn that there had been a "falling out" between the publishers of The Century and General Grant and that it was unlikely that any more of his papers would be published in the magazine. Some explained the omission by the General's poor health, while others claimed he was more concerned that his more significant memoirs should be finished first. Because The Century was unable to accommodate Jesse Grant in any of its departments,

General Grant allegedly took control of the publishing of his memoirs away from the magazine and entered into a contract with Charles L. Webster & Co. to do so. General Grant had already agreed to write four pieces on the War for The Century, and the following topics were chosen: Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the Wilderness Campaign. The papers on Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga were finished and delivered to The Century within a relatively short period of time after the General started his literary work.

This is despite the fact that he was hampered by the insidious disease that is now robbing him of his vitality. The General began his literary work as soon as the terms were agreed upon, working frequently from eight to ten hours a day. They are now in The Century's custody after being paid for in line with the contract. The general is now revising the "The Wilderness Campaign" text as quickly as his health and other obligations will allow. There has never been a dispute between General Grant and The Century, and their relationships are friendly and pleasant in every manner.

The Century Publishing Company competed to publish General Grant's works, and when it lost the contract, it was only a commercial hiccup since the General was happier with the arrangements established with Webster & Co. Giving his kid a job was not a topic of discussion during the negotiations for the book's release. The contract between Webster & Co. and General Grant was signed on February 28. The publishers' office disputes The World's claim that adding Jesse Grant as a partner had anything to do with them receiving the contract since no such agreement has been made.

Although Samuel L. Clemens is a silent partner in Webster & Co., he delegated control of the company to Charles L. Webster, his nephew, who handled all of the discussions with General Grant. Two volumes are required to finish the book. The first's manuscript is finished and will be sent to Mr. Webster by the end of this week. The second volume's contents are likewise virtually ready, and the General is making every effort to complete them. The main activity at this point is revision. The book will be available by subscription, with a likely price of $3.50 each volume. The two volumes should be available for delivery in October or November. Gen. Grant plans to conclude his autobiography in the coming days after making significant progress throughout his formative years. It has been written and rewritten to begin with. Even though just a fraction of it has been edited, the second only need roughly 100 pages to be finished. On Monday, the narrative of Lee's surrender was completed, and yesterday it was amended.

There have been rumors about the General's involvement in the murder of Lincoln. He plans to start writing a narrative of the triumphant Federal army review in Washington at the end of the war today. He does little writing of his own, instead dictating to a stenographer. He is not only mentally clear, but his narration of the narrative is also clear and needs very little editing. He typically reads thirty pages a day, and he doesn't seem to become too tired from his job. The Personal Memoirs of U.S. President X is the name of the book. S. Grant," which details his life up to and including the grand review. It is jam-packed with fascinating biographical profiles

and anecdotes about Lincoln and other notable figures that Gen. Grant interacted with in both civilian and military life.

Each book will include around 500 pages, much of which will be drawings and maps. The publishers are this city's Charles L. Webster & Co. They will simultaneously release the piece in Canada, the United States, England, France, and Germany. In July, Mr. Webster will go overseas to make arrangements for its translation and publication in other nations. Both volumes will be released on December 1 and around March 1, 1886. Without any solicitation or promotion, orders for more than 100,000 sets of the "Memoirs" have already been received. There have been at least 50,000 more orders submitted but not yet approved. Sales are anticipated to be very high. The publishers anticipate having the whole text in their possession within a month, barring any unexpected circumstances. The second book will only take a few days to complete, following which it will undergo a leisurely revision. the majority of volume II. has been written since the General's current ailment forced him to stay inside the home [6].

## DISCUSSION

The subtitle, suggests an intriguing and complex tale that combines history, ethics, and the difficulties of maintaining the literary contributions of a significant historical person. The fascinating facets of this subject are explored in this debate. It is impossible to overestimate the historical importance of General Ulysses S. Grant. He led the Union armies to victory during the American Civil War and eventually served as the 18th President of the United States. Grant made significant literary contributions, and his memoirs in particular, have lasting importance because they provide uncommon insights into his military operations, leadership style, and the contentious Reconstruction period after the American Civil War. Not only is it important historically, but preserving these texts will help us better comprehend the intricacies of his character and the difficulties he experienced [7].

Verbal Agreements in the Preservation of Historical Records: The title's allusion to "verbal agreements" refers to the ethical and legal complications that may be present when working with old records and artifacts. Verbal agreements were often formed in the past, and when literary legacies are being preserved, these verbal agreements could not necessarily comport with current moral and legal norms. How these agreements were made, upheld, or contested may provide insight into how the ethics of historical preservation have changed through time. The preservation of the legacies of historical personalities usually raises ethical issues. Concerns about how to strike a balance between private agreements and the public interest may surface in the instance of General Grant. Should personal pledges to relatives or friends take precedence over the larger social advantages of making historical materials available to the public? We may better comprehend the challenges of ethically conserving historical legacies by investigating the ethical implications of these conundrums.

The debate about General Grant's literary impact goes beyond his specific situation. It poses significant issues about the larger obligations of institutions, historians, and archivists in preserving a country's cultural and historical history. How can we successfully traverse the sometimes-hazy boundaries between private ownership, open access, and moral stewardship of historical materials. Last but not least, the title's focus on moral conundrums serves as a reminder that these problems are not only a thing of the past. We still face comparable problems in the modern world, particularly in light of the way that digital technology has changed the way we produce and maintain historical data. The knowledge gained from safeguarding General Grant's literary legacy may guide how we approach protecting the legacies of modern leaders [8].

## CONCLUSION

The struggle to preserve General Ulysses S. Grant's literary legacy is a testimony to the ongoing difficulties of conserving the past in the complicated weave of history. This story of oral agreements and moral dilemmas has shed light on the many difficulties encountered by individuals charged with preserving the works of a significant historical person. The fundamental importance of this enterprise is underscored by General Grant's outstanding contributions to American history, both on the battlefield and via his memoirs. Particularly his memoirs provide a view into his leadership, the American Civil War, and the turbulent period that followed. The act of preserving these texts goes beyond simple historical stewardship; it also serves as a way to connect with the spirit of a time period and a leader whose impact endures through the ages. The mention of "verbal agreements" is a sobering reminder that history is often founded on unwritten agreements, close understandings, and developing moral principles. It forces us to think about how human connections and commitments which may not always line up with modern expectations have an impact on the past. The moral conundrums that drive this story force us to think deeply about where private rights and the public good converge. We are prompted to consider our obligations in history preservation as we examine the decisions made in securing General Grant's literary legacy. This is important because it allows us to ensure that the lessons and insights from the past are available to and applicable to future generations.

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# CHAPTER 5

## MARK TWAIN'S SERENDIPITOUS JOURNEY INTO LITERARY FAME

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**ABSTRACT:**

The book "Mark Twain's Serendipitous Journey into Literary Fame" provides a fascinating look into the life and writing career of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, a prominent American novelist. This story reveals the astonishing sequence of circumstances that catapulted Twain from near obscurity to widespread literary recognition via his own memories. Twain mulls on the difference between writing for a newspaper and becoming a renowned literary figure as the narrative opens with his reflection on his early writing ventures. His unshakeable desire to be acknowledged as the latter creates the conditions for the bold actions, he would take to achieve his objective. Twain's desire to write to Harper's Monthly, a well-known magazine of the time, is followed in the story, showing his drive to make a name for himself in literature. His resourcefulness in choosing the pseudonym "Mark Twain" as a means of gaining instantaneous worldwide fame is on display. But when a Harper's printer made a typographical mistake and substituted "Mike Swain" or "MacSwain" for the carefully selected "Mark Twain," fate took an unexpected turn. Twain made sincere efforts, but his hopes for literary glory never came true. The narrative also dives into a remarkable incident with the Hornet clipper ship survivors, demonstrating Twain's journalistic skill. A meeting with humanitarian diplomat Anson Burlingame allows bedridden Mark Twain, who is unable to physically report on the amazing incident, to take part in a daring rescue operation. A thorough and unique narrative of the Hornet's tribulation is produced as a consequence of Burlingame's altruistic support and Twain's commitment to his art.

**KEYWORDS:**

American Literature, Harper's Monthly, Journalism, Literary Fame, Mark Twain, Serendipitous Journey.

## INTRODUCTION

1st October 1898. I had previously written one little piece ("The Jumping Frog") in an eastern newspaper back then, but I didn't think that mattered. My opinion is that a person who writes for a newspaper alone cannot legitimately claim to be a literary person; he must climb beyond that and appear in a magazine. He would thereafter become a literary figure and instantly become well-known. These two goals weighed heavily on me. This occurred in 1866. I prepared my contribution before searching for the finest publication to be featured in. My choice was Harper's Monthly. The suggestion was approved. Since that name was well-known on the Pacific Coast, I signed it "Mark Twain" because I thought it would be a good idea to distribute it instantly over the whole globe. Since my name would be included in the contributors list for the whole year and the piece would have appeared in the December issue, I waited impatiently for the January issue for a month in order to become renowned and host the banquet I had been imagining. The meal was not mine to give. The printers at Harper's inserted the name Mike Swain or MacSwain instead of the clearly spelled "Mark Twain" since it was a new name to them. In any case, neither I nor the meal were celebrated. I had a literary persona, but it was one that was dead and buried.

My piece was about the clipper ship Hornet catching fire on the line on May 3, 1866. There were 31 men on board at the time, and I was in Honolulu when the fifteen skeletal survivors made their way there after a forty-three-day journey through the scorching tropics on food rations for ten days. A truly extraordinary journey, but it was led by a fantastic captain, without whom there would have been no survivors. Captain Josiah Mitchell was a native of New England and descended from some of the greatest seafaring families in history. I was in the Islands to write letters for the Sacramento Union's weekly edition, a wealthy and well-respected daily publication that had no need for them but could afford to spend $20 a week on nothing. The owners were kind and well-liked people who are long since deceased, but at least one person in me still remembers them with gratitude. I had a strong desire to visit the Islands, and despite the slim chance that doing so might be advantageous to them in any way, they listened to me and gave me the opportunity. When the survivors arrived, I had already been living in the Islands for a while. At the time, I was bedridden and confined to my room. Here was a perfect opportunity to serve my diary, but I was unable to seize it. Naturally, I was in serious difficulty. However, it just so happened that His Excellency Anson Burlingame was there at the moment. He was in route to China, where he had previously performed well for the United States [1].

I didn't have to ask any questions as he brought me to the hospital where the shipwrecked guys were and placed me on a stretcher. All of it was handled by him, leaving me with no choice but to take notes. He was being himself by going through that trouble. He was a wonderful man and an even greater American, and it was in his noble character to leave his high post and wherever possible provide a helping hand. We finished this task about six o'clock in the evening. I skipped supper since I needed to finish before the other reporters if I wanted to beat them. The result was that I had a very long and detailed account of the Hornet episode ready at nine in the morning while the correspondents of the San Francisco journals had nothing but a brief outline report because they didn't sit up. I spent four hours organizing the notes in their proper order, then wrote all night and beyond it. When I arrived at the pier, the occasionally schooner was free forward and just casting off her sternline. She was scheduled to depart for San Francisco at about nine in the morning.

Strong hands threw my large envelope, which dropped on board safely and assured my win. The ship arrived in San Francisco on schedule, but it was my detailed account that caused a sensation and was telegraphed to the New York newspapers. By Mr. Cash, who at the time oversaw the New York Herald's Pacific department. When I eventually made it back to California, I went up to Sacramento and submitted a bill for weekly general correspondence at $20. It was paid for. A charge for "special" treatment on the Hornet topic for three columns of solid nonpareil at $100 per column was then given. The cashier was close to passing out, but he didn't. The owners were summoned by him, and when they arrived, they made no protests. The finest newspaper owners ever, they merely laughed and said it was robbery but it didn't matter, it was a fantastic "scoop" (the bill or my Hornet story, I didn't know which), "pay it; it's all right." The survivors of the Hornet arrived at the Sandwich Islands on June 15. They were little more than emaciated skeletons; their clothing hung limp about them and didn't fit any better than a flag would on a quiet day. However, they received excellent care while in the hospital, and Honolulu residents made sure they had access to all the delicacies they could want. They quickly recovered their vigor and were soon practically as good as new. The majority of them boarded a ship for San Francisco within a week. If my recall of the dates hasn't been faulty, that is. I traveled aboard the same sailing ship. The only passengers the Hornet had ever carried were Captain Mitchell and himself. These two young men were brothers from Stamford, Connecticut: Samuel Ferguson, age 28, a graduate of Trinity College

in Hartford, and Henry Ferguson, age 18, a student at the same institution who is currently a professor there and has been for many years. Both men were from Stamford [2].

This year, 1898, he turns fifty. For some years, Samuel had been withering away from consumption, and the lengthy trip around the Horn had been suggested as his final chance. The Hornet was a first-class clipper and a swift sailor. The young men's quarters were spacious and comfortable, and they were well stocked with books as well as canned meats and fruits to supplement the ship's rations. When the ship sailed out of New York Harbor in the first week of January, it was expected that she would cover the fourteen or fifteen thousand miles ahead of her quickly and amicably. The journey transformed into a holiday picnic as soon as the ship reached summertime weather and left the chilly latitudes behind. The young men read, strolled the spacious deck, rested and dozed in the shade of the canvas, and took their meals with the captain. When the day was over, they played dummy whist with him until it was time for bed. The ship flew southward under a cloud of sail that required no attention, modification, or change of any kind for days on end. Following the ice, snow, and storms of the Horn, the ship headed north again into summer weather, making the journey once again a picnic. Up till the early hours of May 3.

Computed ship position: 112° 10' west longitude; 2 degrees above equator latitude; no wind; dead quiet; tropical, scorching environment; inconceivable to someone who hasn't been burned in it. There was a fire scream heard. A dishonest seaman had broken the regulations and entered the booby hatch with an open light in order to get some varnish from a barrel. The right outcome came next, and the ship's operational hours were recorded. There wasn't much time left, but the captain used it well. Long boat and two quarter boats were the three vessels that were launched. The fact that during the launch of the boats, one of them had a hole stove in the side by some type of accident and another had an oar driven through the side indicates that the time was extremely short and the urgency and excitement were significant. Four ill sailors were carried up and put on deck out of harm's way as the captain's first course of action. One of them was a "Portyghee" who hadn't worked a single day throughout the journey but had instead spent four months in his hammock tending to an abscess. When a sailor told Mr. Burlingame this while we were taking notes in the hospital in Honolulu, the third mate, who was sleeping close by, struggled to lift his head and corrected with earnestness and feeling "Raising abscesses; he had a family of them." Any supplies that were nearby were grabbed up by the crew and the two passengers and brought and placed on the deck where the "Portyghee" lay before they rushed for more. He did so to avoid standing his watch. The sailor continued, "And then," as he told Mr. Burlingame this [3].

The third mate raised his head once again and spoke, this time with bitterness: "The Portyghee eat twenty-two of them while he was soldiering there and nobody noticed. We cobbled together thirty-two days' supplies for the thirty-one soldiers that manner. A dog, darn it. The fire quickly spread over the area. The smoke and flame chased the men away, forcing them to abandon their unfinished task of gathering supplies and board the boats with barely enough food for 10 days. Every boat was equipped with a compass, a quadrant, a copy of Bowditch's Navigator, a Nautical Al manac, and chronometers for the captain and chief mate. Altogether, there were 31 guys. The captain took an account of stock, with the following result: four hams, nearly thirty pounds of salt pork, half-box of raisins, one hundred pounds of bread, twelve two-pound cans of oysters, clams, and assorted meats, a keg containing four pounds of butter, twelve gallons of water in a forty-gallon "scuttle-butt," four one-gallon demijohns full of water, three bottles of brandy (the property of passengers), some pipes, matches, and a hundred pounds of tobacco. No medication.

The whole group had to immediately start on limited rations, of course. On our trip to San Francisco, we encountered a calm in the middle of the Pacific and did not move for fourteen days, which allowed me the opportunity to copy the captain's and the two passengers' journals. The most comprehensive is Samuel Ferguson's, therefore I shall use it here. The following sentence was written while the ship was almost 120 days away from port, everyone was working lazily as usual, and no one was predicting disaster: The next day's journal details the tragedy. The three boats sped off, retreated, and then halted. The two wounded guys had serious leaks, so some of the other men were kept busy bailing while others attempted to fix the holes. With a portion of the supplies and water and no place to spare since the boat was only twenty-one feet long, six feet wide, and three feet deep, the captain, two passengers, and eleven men were in the long-boat [4].

In one of the smaller boats, there were the chief mate and eight men; in the other, there were the second mate and seven men. Except for their overcoats, the passengers had not conserved any clothes other than what they were wearing. Hour after hour, the exiles sat and watched the ship, which was decked out in flame and shooting up a huge column of black smoke into the sky, create a magnificent scene in the sea's isolation. The captain reduced the rations to meet the emergency in the interim by eating half a biscuit for breakfast, one biscuit and some canned meat for dinner, one biscuit for tea, and a few sips of water at each meal. This was done while contemplating the enormity of the distance between him and the closest accessible land. So, even though the ship was still blazing, hunger started to grow. They did what was quite natural at this point and patiently waited several hours for the potential ship to make her way slowly toward them through the seemingly impenetrable stillness.

After giving up, they began to make their preparations. If you examine the map, you will see that choosing their path was a simple matter. Albemarle island is located nearly a thousand miles straight east; the islands referred to in the diary indefinitely as "some islands" are located, according to their estimation, in an area of great uncertainty, roughly one thousand miles to the north and one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles to the west; and Acapulco, on the Mexican coast, is located roughly one thousand miles to the northeast. You may respond that it is not desirable for random oceanic boulders to strike at Acapulco and the solid land. Although it seems like the sensible route to take, one can now infer from the diaries that the decision would have been completely irrational even suicidal. The "doldrums" refers to a watery perdition with winds that are completely insane and blow from all directions at once as well as perpendicularly if the boats set out towards Albemarle. If the boats attempted to sail for Acapulco, they would break free of the "doldrums" once they reached the halfway point, assuming they ever did, and then they would be in a terrible situation because the northeast trade winds would be biting down in that location, and these boats were so rigged that they could not sail within eight points of the wind. So, they made the prudent decision to go north while slanting slightly to the west.

They had just enough food for 10 days, the long boat was pulling the others, and they still had four or five hundred miles of doldrums ahead of them. They could not rely on making any kind of significant progress in the doldrums. They are the actual equator, a ten- or twelve-hundred-mile wide, turbulent, wet belt that surrounds the whole world. The first night it rained heavily and everyone got wet, but they filled their water-butt. The skipper was steering while the brothers were at the stern. Nobody slept well because of the close confines. Stormy and squally the next morning, with soaking rains. "Kept on our course until squalls headed us off." A "cob bling" sea that is treacherous and heavy. How such vessels could survive there is a wonder. When a man and a dog cross the Atlantic in a long-boat-sized vessel which they did it is hailed as an act of extreme bravery.

However, this long-boat was crammed with people and other loot and was only three feet deep. The captain didn't get even a cat-nap the first three days and nights, but he did get a few winks of sleep the fourth night. "We naturally thought often of all at home, and were glad to remember that it was Sacrament Sunday, and that prayers would go up from our friends for us, although they know not our peril." The captain decided to shift his course and travel east-northeast about ten at night, hoping to reach "Clipperton Rock," but even if he didn't, he would be in a better position to make the other islands. Here, I'll just say that he didn't discover that, Rock. There was no breeze on May 8; the heat was scorching. They start rowing. There were several dolphins, but none could be caught. It frequently takes a ship a week to get through the doldrums how much longer, then, would a craft like ours? "We are so crowded that we cannot stretch ourselves out for a good sleep, but have to take it any way we can get it."

"We are so crowded that we cannot stretch ourselves out for a good sleep, but have to take it any way we can get it." Of course, this feature will grow more and more trying, but it will be human nature to cease to set Henry keeps well, but dwells on our problems more than I would he did, the sun warns him on May 9th: "looking with both eyes, the horizon crossed thus X." They captured two dolphins; they tasted well. “The captain believed the compass out of the way, but the long-invisible North Star came out a welcome sight and indorsed the compass.” May 10, latitude 7° 0' 3" N.; longitude 111° 32' W. So, they have made about three hundred miles of northing in the six days since they left the region of the lost ship. “Drifting in calms all day.” And baking hot, of course; I have been down there, and I remember that detail. “Even as the captain says, all romance has long since vanished, and I think the most of us are beginning to look the fact of our awful situation full in the face.”

“We are making but little headway on our course.” Bad news from the rearmost boat; the men are improvident; “they have eaten up all of the canned meats brought from the ship, and are now growing discontented.” Not so with the chief mate’s people they are evidently under the eye of a man. Under date of May 11: “Standing still! or worse; we lost more last night than we made yesterday.” In fact, they have lost three miles of the three hundred of northing they had so laboriously made. “The cock that was rescued and pitched into the boat while the ship was on fire still lives, and crows with the breaking of dawn, cheering us a good deal.” What has he been living on for a week? Did the starving men feed him from their dire poverty? “The second mate’s boat out of water again, showing that they overdrink their allowance. The captain spoke pretty sharply to them.” It is true; I have the remark in my old note-book; I got it of the third mate, in the hospital at Honolulu. But there is not room for it here, and it is too combustible, anyway. Besides, the third mate admired it, and what he admired he was likely to enhance. They were still watching hopefully for ships. The captain was a thoughtful man, and prob ably did not disclose to them that that was substantially a waste of time. “In this latitude the horizon is filled with little upright clouds that look very much like ships.”

Mr. Ferguson saved three bottles of brandy from his private stores when he left the ship, and the liquor came good in these days. “The captain serves out two tablespoonsful of brandy and water half and half to our crew.” He means the watch that is on duty; they stood regular watches four hours on and four offs. The chief mate was an excellent officer, a self-possessed, resolute, fine all-around man. The diarist makes the following note there is character in it: “I offered one bottle of the brandy to the chief mate, but he declined, saying he could keep the after-boat quiet, and we had not enough for all.” That boy’s diary is of the economical sort that a person might properly be expected to keep in such circumstances and be forgiven for the economy, too. His brother, perishing of consumption, hunger, thirst, blazing heat, drowning rains, loss of sleep, lack of exercise, was persistently faithful and circumstantial with his diary from the first day to the last an instance of noteworthy fidelity and resolution. In spite of the tossing and plunging

boat he wrote it close and fine in a hand as easy to read as print. During the night, 12–13th, "the cry of A ship! brought us to our feet." It seemed to be the glimmer of a vessel's signal lantern rising out of the curve of the sea. There was a season of breathless hope while they stood watching, with their hands shading their eyes, and their hearts in their throats then the promise failed; the light was a rising star. It is a long time ago thirty-two years and it doesn't matter now, yet one is sorry for their disappointment [5].

"Though often of those at home to-day, and of the disappointment they will feel next Sunday at not hearing from us by telegraph from San Francisco." It will be many weeks, yet, before the telegram is received, and it will come as a thunder-clap of joy then, and with the seeming of a miracle, for it will raise from the grave men mourned as dead. "To-day our rations were reduced to a quarter of a biscuit a meal, with about half a pint of water." This is on the 13th of May, with more than a month of voyaging in front of them yet! However, as they do not know that, "we are all feeling pretty cheerful." In the afternoon of the 14th there was a thunder-storm "which toward night seemed to close in around us on every side, making it very dark and squally." "Our situation is becoming more and more desperate," for they were making very little northing, "and every day diminishes our small stock of provisions." They realize that the boats must soon separate, and each fight for its own life. Towing the quarter-boats is a hindering business. That night and next day, light and baffling winds and but little progress.

Hard to bear that persistent standing still, and the food wasting away. "Everything in a perfect sop; and all so cramped, and no change of clothes." Soon the sun comes out and roasts them. "Joe caught another dolphin to-day; in his maw we found a flying-fish and two skipjacks." There is an event, now, which rouses an enthusiasm of hope: a land-bird arrives! It rests on the yard for a while, and they can look at it all they like, and envy it, and thank it for its message. As a subject for talk it is beyond price a fresh new topic for tongues tried to death of talking upon a single theme: shall we ever see the land again; and when? Is the bird from Clipperton Rock? They hope so; and they take heart of grace to believe so. As it turned out, the bird had no message; it merely came to mock. May 16th, "the cock still lives, and daily carols forth His praise." It will be a rainy night, "but I do not care, if we can fill up our water-butts." On the 17th one of those majestic specters of the deep, a water-spout, stalked by them, and they trembled for their lives. Young Henry set it down in his scanty journal, with the judicious comment that "it might have been a fine sight from a ship [6]."

From Captain Mitchell's log for this day: "Only half a bushel of bread-crumbs left." It rained all night and all day; everybody uncomfortable. Now came a sword-fish chasing a Bonita, and the poor thing, seeking help and friends, took refuge under the rudder. The big sword-fish kept hovering around, scaring everybody badly. The men's mouths watered for him, for he would have made a whole banquet; but no one dared to touch him, of course, for he would sink a boat promptly if molested. Providence protected the poor Bonita from the cruel sword-fish. This was just and right. Providence next befriended the shipwrecked sailors: they got the bonito. This was also just and right. But in the distribution of mercies the sword-fish himself got overlooked. He now went away; to muse over these subtleties, probably. "The men in all the boats seem pretty well; the feeblest of the sick ones (not able for a long time to stand his watch on board the ship) is wonderfully recovered." This is the third mate's detested "Por tyghee" that raised the family of abscesses. Latitude, May 18, 11° 11'. So, they have averaged but forty miles of northing a day during the fortnight. Further talk of separating.

"Too bad, but it must be done for the safety of the whole." "At first I never dreamed; but now hardly shut my eyes for a cat-nap without conjuring up something or other to be accounted for by weakness, I suppose." But for their disaster they think they would be arriving in San Francisco about this time. "I should have liked to send B the telegram for her birthday." This

was a young sister. On the 19th the captain called up the quarter-boats and said one would have to go off on its own hook. The long-boat could no longer tow both of them. The second mate refused to go, but the chief mate was ready; in fact, he was always ready when there was a man's work to the fore. He took the second mate's boat; six of its crew elected to remain, and two of his own crew came with him, (nine in the boat, now, including himself.) He sailed away, and toward sunset passed out of sight. The diarist was sorry to see him go. It was natural; one could have better spared the Portyghee. After thirty-two years I find my prejudice against this Portyghee reviving.

His very looks have long ago passed out of my memory; but no matter, I am coming to hate him as religiously as ever. "Water will now be a scarce article; for as we get out of the doldrums, we shall get showers only now and then in the trades. This life is telling severely on my strength. Henry holds out first-rate." Henry did not start well, but under hardships he improved straight along. Latitude, Sunday, May 20, 12° 0' 9". They shouldn't still be in the doldrums, but they aren't. There is no wind; the desired trades are still lacking. May 21, they finally start trading! They are still anxiously awaiting a sail, but all they see are "visions of ships that come to naught the shadow without the substance." The second mate catches a booby this afternoon, a bird whose main component is feathers, but "as they have no other meat it will go well." Three additional boobies are caught by the second mate, who also delivers one to the long boat. They had to have a man bailing constantly; the hole punched in the boat when she was thrown from the blazing ship was never effectively patched [7].

Dinner was "half a can of mince-meat divided up and served around, which strengthened us somewhat." They hope they have enough easting to reach some of those illimitable isles as they go toward the northwest at this time. In the event it doesn't work, they believe they'll be in a better position to get picked up. The skipper probably didn't emphasize that it was a very remote possibility. A ship should have been seen the next day, but none was. Despite being extremely weak, the diarist "still feels pretty well"; his brother Henry "bears up and keeps his strength the best of anyone on board." "I do not feel despondent at all, for I fully trust that the Almighty will hear our and the home prayers, and He who suffers not a sparrow to fall sees and cares for us, His creatures." The typical ill guy may really benefit more from a little fasting than from the greatest medical care and treatments. I don't mean a limited diet; I mean complete fasting for a day or two. I can speak from personal experience since for the last fifteen years, hunger has treated my colds and fevers and has always been successful in curing them.

In Honolulu, the third mate informed me that the "Portyghee" had spent months lying in his hammock, feasting like a cannibal and tending to his family of abscesses. We have seen those thirteen days of starving "wonderfully recovered" him despite terrible weather, sleep deprivation, scorching, pouring, and all other kinds of afflictions. When the ship caught fire, four seamen were ill. When I wrote an article some months ago urging temporary abstention from food as a remedy for an inactive appetite, and for disease, I was accused of jesting, but I was sincere. Twenty-five days of pitiless starvation have since followed, and now we have this curious record: "All the men are hearty and strong; even the ones that were down sick are well; except poor Peter." On this day, the starvation regime tightened its belt a few notches. The bread ration was reduced from the customary piece of cracker the size of a silver dollar to the half of that, and one meal was eliminated from the daily three. The guys will become physically weaker as a result, but whatever common ailments they may still have will go away.

The journals consistently have an upbeat attitude. It is amazing. See the boat's location on the map at latitude 16° 44' and longitude 119° 20'. The Revillagigedo islands are at than 200 miles away, making them completely unfeasible against the trades with this boat's rigging. The "American Group," 700 miles to the west, is the closest shore that such a boat can reach, yet

there is still no sign of capitulation or even of despondency! On May 30, though, "we now have left: one can of oysters, three pounds of raisins, one can of soup, one-third of a ham, and three pints of biscuit crumbs." And fifteen starving guys who must survive on it while stumbling and crawling 650 kilometers. "This change of course which we have made today somehow gives me much encouragement." A hatful of supplies may go you 650 kilometers. Let's be grateful that they are still blissfully unaware of the fact that they must crawl on the hatful of twenty-two hundred, not six hundred and fifty, even after thirty-two years, as they are the current state of affairs is already romantic enough, right? No.

A surprising element was given by Providence: A Danish exiled duke was pushing an oar in that boat for a common seaman's salary. The simple statement that "he is one of our best men" was all that was said about him, and in those manhood-testing conditions, that was a high enough tribute for a duke or any other man. After that, we hear nothing more about him. He leaves our memory forever with that fleeting sight of him at his oar and that lovely phrase of praise. Forever, unless he happens to come upon this message and comes forward. The month of May has come to an end. And now there is a calamity to report. When you sit down with your family and glance around your breakfast table, consider it, think about it, and try to comprehend how much it means. Three quarts of breadcrumbs were there yesterday; this morning, the little bag was discovered open with part of the crumbs removed [8].

"We don't want to think that anybody is guilty of such a naughty deed, but there is no denying that this serious crime has been committed. The leftover morsels will undoubtedly be consumed in two days. God give us courage to contact the American Group. In Honolulu, the third mate told me that the men had been bitterly reminded of how the "Portyghee" had eaten 22 days' worth of rations while he was waiting to be transferred from the burning ship. They had cursed him and vowed that if cannibalism occurred, he would be the first to suffer for the rest. In addition, the captain has treated us with kindness that is almost fatherly. He is a nice guy. He claims that he ought to have taken his two children with him if the ship's command had been given to him earlier. Even still, the thought of how close an escape it was makes one tremble. He refers to cents both in thickness and circumference. In his journal, Samuel Ferguson wrote that the ham was "about as thin as it could be cut." Doubtful. That wasn't the worst of it. One week later, they passed directly by them. June 3rd, Sunday.

Location 17° 54'. From four in the morning, there was a lot of rain and heavy seas, with the surf often washing over us in sluices and drenching everything to the rear in particular. It is amazing that we haven't been flooded given how high the sea has been all day. Please, Lord, let it set this evening! Our situation and uncertainty are becoming worse. I was astonished to discover I was so weak, particularly in the legs and knees, when I finally made it this morning to crawl, rather than step, to the front end of the boat. I hope for a better night now that the sun has come out again and I have dried some items. June 4. 17° 6' latitude and 131° 30' longitude. We hardly shipped any waves last night, and today the sea has considerably decreased, but it is still too high for comfort, as we sometimes get a reminder that water is moist. We had a terrific drying since the sun was out all day. I finally succeeded today after struggling for the previous ten or twelve days to get a pair of drawers dry enough to wear. This is said to illustrate the situation we have been in. We should be able to sight the American Isles by tomorrow or the next day if our chronometer is even somewhat accurate. We can barely squeeze out the rations for another five to six days, and our strength is deteriorating rapidly. If they are not there, our only hope of finding a stray ship is for a short period of time.

The fact that my legs have thinned out above my knees where they used to be barely thicker than my upper arm surprised me much today. Still, I have faith in God's unending kindness and am certain that He will act in our best interests. It would have taken more than just human

ingenuity and muscle to endure or complete thirty-two days aboard an open boat as we did, with just around 10 days' worth of adequate food for thirty-one men initially. They now only eat one meal per day, if that, and still have 1500 kilometers to go. The horrors are becoming worse now. Murder has been mentioned. Additionally, cannibalism is far worse than that. Now it seems clear why that strange tragedy occurred all those years ago: Cox's return after spending many days traveling far and alone on the chief mate's boat. The captain and the two teenage passengers would have been killed right now by these sailors who have become maniacs as a result of their misery if he hadn't returned.

The distance to the Sandwich Islands is 1200 miles; although the supplies are almost completely depleted, the diarist's willpower remains. Nothing that could even remotely be termed food is now remaining. However, they must find a way to get by for another five days since they still have 800 kilometers to travel as of lunchtime. Now, it's a race for your life. There isn't time for remarks or other distractions from me since every second counts. I'm going to pick up my brother's journal, prepare the way for it, and let it fly. It's a fantastic journey. Nothing of the same kind has ever existed that has achieved more in terms of impossibilities overcome. It undoubtedly stands out from other adventures of its ilk in history due to one astonishing detail the survival of every individual aboard the boat. Only a small portion of a boat's crew often survives mostly the officers and other educated, delicately raised men who are used to hardship and hard work while the unskilled, harshly raised hard laborers perish. However, in this instance, even the rudest and roughest passengers endured the hardships of the journey almost as well as the young brothers with college educations and the skipper. I'm speaking literally.

The majority of the sailors' brains temporarily disintegrated in the fourth week, but their physical endurance was astounding. Of course, those guys did not survive due to any merits of their own, but rather due to the virtues of the captain's character and knowledge; they were sustained by the power of his spirit. They would have run out of food in a week without him, and their tenacity would not have lasted even as long as the food. Without him, they would have been infants without a nurse. At the very end, the boat was on the verge of capsized. The captain saw that he was drifting quickly into an unsightly reef and made an attempt to raise the sail again, but it was unsuccessful since the men's strength was completely depleted; they were unable to even pull an oar. The sail was let go as it got closer to the coast and fell down with a run. They were in danger of dying and were powerless. The two Kanakas who carried out the rescue then came upon them. The sole gap in the reef in a period of 35 miles was encountered by them when they swam out, manned the boat, and steered her through. The only location along that length where footing could have been discovered on the coast was where the landing was made; everywhere else, precipices plunged straight into forty fathoms of sea.

Additionally, this was the only location where anybody resided along that whole length. The guys were all up and moving about 10 days after the landing, all save one. They were guys who had loaded their bellies with pieces of leather from worn-out boots and butter-cask chips, a freightage they did not get rid of by digestion but rather by other methods. Some of them, at least, should have killed themselves with the "food" of the past few days. Instead of eating strips and chips as the sailors did, the captain and the two passengers scraped the boot leather and wood and turned it into a pulp by adding water. The third companion informed me that the boots were worn out and full of holes and added, "but the holes digested the best." Speaking of digestion, here is an amazing and noteworthy fact: some of the men's bowel movements almost stopped throughout this bizarre cruise and for a period later on land; in some instances, there was no movement for twenty to thirty days, and in one case for forty-four! It also became uncommon to sleep. However, the males managed quite well without it. The captain didn't sleep

at all for a number of days I believe twenty-one at a time. Except for the "Portyghee," who evaded the watch and ate an unbelievable number of bananas the third mate said he ate 102, but this was likely an exaggeration; I believe he ate a hundred and fifty-one all the other men were effectively restrained from overeating when the landing was made. Leather was dangling from his ears, and he was already almost completely covered in it [9].

The Portyghee should have died, of course, and it is regrettable that he didn't. However, he recovered as quickly as any of them and was as full of leather, butter-timber, handkerchiefs, and bananas as possible. He was one of the guys who consumed socks and handkerchiefs during those dark days. The fact that the guys spared the rooster's life despite his valiant morning crows speaks well for them. He was alive for eighteen days until he rose up, stretched his neck, and attempted to do his duties once more before passing away in the process. The rainbow, the only one seen in the forty-three days, erecting its triumphal arch in the heavens for the valiant fighters to sail through on their way to victory and rescue, is a gorgeous element as well.

With 10 days' worth of supplies, Captain Josiah Mitchell completed this illustrious expedition in an open boat in forty-three days and eight hours, covering 4,000 miles in actuality and 3,360 miles on straight courses, and safely bringing every man to shore. A very sociable, intelligent, kind, modest, and humble guy. When I wasn't transcribing journals, I spent twenty-eight days walking the deck with him, and I have the utmost respect for him.

He would be 86 years old right now if he were still living. Samuel Ferguson passed away not long after we arrived in San Francisco, if I recall correctly. His illness had probably already condemned him when he left his house, so I don't believe he survived to see it again. There was some optimism that the two quarter-boats would soon be heard from, but this dream was dashed. There is no doubt that everyone on board was lost.

Even that noble chief mate was not saved. The diaries' writers wanted to edit them a little before allowing me to copy them, but I talked them out of it since there wasn't a good need to. These diaries are genuinely unassuming and unaffected, yet they use unconscious and unintentional art to build tension and sweep you along with a cumulative rush until the cry of "Land in sight!" finally rings out, leaving you with your mouth open and making you momentarily believe that you are the one who has been saved. The final two paragraphs are literary masterpieces that cannot be improved by anyone's skill.

Even their pauses and incomplete phrases have an eloquence that cannot be expressed in words. This narrative has an insatiable curiosity that won't go away with time. The diaries have not changed in 32 years despite the fact that I haven't looked at them. They have gained instead of lost because, according to some unspoken rule, the passage of time lends pathos to all terrible human events. This becomes clear to us as we stand in Naples thinking about the poor Pompeian mother who perished in the historic eruption of volcanic ashes eighteen centuries ago.

She lies with her child clutched close to her breast, desperately trying to save it, and the fiery envelop that claimed her life but preserved her form and features has preserved her despair and grief for us. She affects us, haunts us, and occupies our minds for many days despite the fact that she means nothing to us and has meant nothing to anybody for eighteen centuries. In a similar situation today, we would remark "poor thing, it is pitiful," and then forget about it within an hour.

## DISCUSSION

One of America's greatest literary treasures is Mark Twain, whose real name is Samuel Langhorne Clemens. His books, such as "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," have had a lasting impact on American literature and continue to enthrall readers all over the globe. Twain's rise to literary stardom is a monument to his exceptional narrative skills, astute social insights, and capacity to transcend space and time. We will examine the significant turning points and factors that influenced Mark Twain's journey to literary immortality in this debate. Early Years and Important Experiences: A. Twain's early years in Hannibal, Missouri, served as the inspiration for many of his novels, notably the exploits of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Twain's time spent operating riverboats on the Mississippi gave him access to a variety of information and sparked his interest in frontier life. Twain polished his storytelling and wordsmithing abilities throughout his time working as a newspaper reporter and writer.

## CONCLUSION

In summary, Mark Twain's rise to literary renown was characterized by a blend of personal encounters, keen social insights, and a distinctive narrative approach. Readers of all ages still find his ability to capture the essence of American life and human nature to be compelling. Twain is a literary titan whose work will always be praised because of his legacy, which serves as a constant reminder of the ability of writing to transcend time and culture. Twain chose the pen name "Mark Twain," which was a riverboat word for safe water and would come to represent his literary persona. This funny short tale, which was published in 1865 and launched Twain into the literary world, was his first significant literary success. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn": These books, which are sometimes recognized as his greatest, examined themes of youth, independence, and social hypocrisy. Social critique and satire: Twain used humor and sarcasm to expose the weaknesses and hypocrisies of American society, especially racism and slavery. Because of its accurate representation of racial stereotypes, Twain's frank portrayal of racial relations in "Huckleberry Finn" has generated dispute. Mark Twain was one of the first American writers to receive such praise for his writings outside of the United States, making him one of the world's most famous and influential people. The fact that Twain influenced authors of later generations, such as Ernest Hemingway and J.D. Salinger, is evidence of his ongoing effect on literature.

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# CHAPTER 6

## EARLY DAYS OF HANNIBAL: A GLIMPSE INTO MARK TWAIN'S FORMATIVE YEARS

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**ABSTRACT:**

This article dives into Mark Twain's early years in the Missouri town of Hannibal and his experiences there. It provides a realistic description of Hannibal's unique Southern and Western character throughout the 19th century by drawing on historical records and Twain's personal memories. The story focuses on Twain's social and familial background, emphasizing his family's financial struggles and his brothers' impact, especially that of his brother Orion. The essay explores how Twain's formative years in Hannibal prepared him for his destiny as a writer via the lenses of humor and ambition. It sheds light on the dynamics of a community that cherished its picturesque surroundings while holding aspirations of achieving economic success. Twain's early participation in journalism and the beginning of his writing career are also examined in the piece, offering insight on the socioeconomic and cultural forces that would mold his creative brilliance. In the end, it offers a fascinating look into the young Samuel Clemens' life, his goals, and the early creative seeds that would eventually blossom into Mark Twain's literary legacy.

**KEYWORDS:**

Hannibal's History, Literary, Memories, Mark Twain, Missouri, Twain's Early Life, Western Influence.

### INTRODUCTION

In 1839, Hannibal was already a corporate community with a distinct atmosphere. It was a town with a very Southern feel, but it was a little more agitated than the typical Southern community of the time. It was also more Western in that it planned some new businesses without much enthusiasm and at least made a show of manufacturing. It was somnolent but not completely sleeping, which would imply that it was dead, and it was serenely satisfied. Mark Twain remembered it as "the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning, the great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along; the dense forest away on the other side." The little city was proud of its scenery, and justly so: circled with bluffs, with Holliday's Hill on the north, Lover's Leap on the south, the shining river in the foreground, there was little to be desired in the way of setting. Of course, the river served as the main thoroughfare. Rafts floated by; steamboats sailed by and provided access to the outside world; the city of St. Louis was just 100 miles distant.

Hannibal tended to see himself as being of secondary importance and adopted an air of inferiority. It also had society, all kinds of it, from the black people and the town drunks ("General" Gaines and Jimmy Finn; later, Old Ben Blankenship) to the professional men of the neighborhood, who wore tall hats, ruffled shirtfronts, and swallow-tail coats, usually in cheery hues like blue, snuff-brown, and green. The genuine nobility of the Southern town was made up of these people and their families. The majority of them lived in lovely buildings, most of which were brick or huge frame mansions with colonnaded entrances, typical of the Southern architecture of the time, which, according to legend, had undeniably Greek roots since specific design manuals were allegedly available to the time's architects. The majority of them also

possessed resources, like slaves and land that produced revenue in addition to their salaries from their jobs. They had the amenities available at the time and lived in a manner deemed appropriate for their status. Judge Clemens and his family belonged to this social class, but due to financial constraints, he was no longer able to pay for their comforts or ostentation. His goods were simply placed on Main Street with Orion, dressed in a new suit, working as clerk. He moved his family and possessions into a piece of a home on Hill Street known as the Pavey Hotel.

Orion may have had fresh commercial aspirations after receiving the clothing, but they eventually faded. Business didn't get started right immediately, and at the moment he was daydreaming and passing the time by reading. Later, on his father's advice, he started working as an apprentice printer at the Hannibal Journal office. Orion arrived back in St. Louis. Although his salary in Hannibal were smaller, he felt that he was required there, and even though he had less costs at home, the family fund received a greater actual return. Pamela, his sister, was a teacher in Hannibal at the time. Orion was taken aback when his mother and sister kissed him and sobbed upon seeing him. He was unfamiliar with any outward displays of love. By this time, the family had relocated across the street once again. Sam was able to maintain himself thanks to Orion and Pamela's income, which at least gave him some kind of comfort. Orion, however, was not content. Then, as usual, he had a number of nebulous goals [1].

His interest in oratory prompted him to give a temperance sermon while playing music, mostly provided by Pamela. He always had the desire to pursue legal studies throughout his professional life. Additionally, he considered Sam's long-held desire to join the ministry. Every naughty guy eventually develops it, but not all for the same reasons. Mark Twain once said, seriously, "It was the most earnest ambition I ever had." Orion's monthly dream was to own and run a paper in Hannibal. "Not that I ever really wanted to be a preacher, but because it never occurred to me that a preacher could be damned. It looked like a safe job." He believed that if he were in this situation, he may rise to prominence in Western media. A time when his father had political aspirations, he had pondered purchasing the Hannibal Journal to give Orion a chance. Orion now gave it some thought for himself. He was able to borrow the $500 needed to obtain possession of the paper, which was up for sale under a mortgage. Sam had worked at Ament's for two years, and Orion convinced him to join the Journal.

At the age of eleven, Henry was pulled out of school to pursue typesetting. Although Orion had a kind and accommodating nature, he lacked strength and independence. In his record, he claims, "I followed all the advice I received." He began off enthusiastically, "If two or more persons conflicted with each other, I adopted the views of the last." To conserve money, he labored like a slave, writing his own editorials and selecting books at night. The others also worked. Orion assigned them challenging work and lengthy hours. He received the impression that their success or failure depended on the paper and that everyone had to work tirelessly. I was despotic and cruel to Sam, he said afterwards, in his customary self-deprecating style. He had the speed and cleanliness of a skilled journeyman. I assigned him assignments, and if he completed them well, I resented the time and made him work harder. He set a spotless proof whereas Henry placed a rather soiled one. The day before publishing, the form still needed to be corrected. When we were once kept waiting, Sam cried angry tears at being kept up till midnight waiting for Henry's shoddy proofs.

Orion was unaware of any wrongdoing at the time. Too much was at stake for the game to be handled delicately. His initial editorials were so exceptional that none could have imagined him as the author. The paper was outstanding throughout and seemed to be headed in the right direction. However, the speed was too difficult to keep up. Overwork resulted in fatigue, and Orion's enthusiasm which had never been a particularly reliable quantity became weak. He

continued to tighten up. It shouldn't be assumed that Sam Clemens had completely abandoned all forms of entertainment in favor of a life of toil and drudgery or had substantially subdued his inherent sense of humor. He had grown more diligent, but after working long, exhausting hours at the office, it was not reasonable to assume that a fifteen-year-old lad would spend the evenings reading good novels, at least not every night. The river was always close by for summer swimming and winter ice skating and once, even at this late date, it almost claimed a hefty payment. He had skated till almost midnight one winter's night with another youngster. When they heard a loud, grinding noise close to the beach, they were approximately in the middle of the river. Its nature was known to them. They immediately left for home as the ice began to break up [2].

They had to wait for the huge fractures along the beach to seal since it was moonlight and they couldn't distinguish the difference between the ice and the water. The journey took them an hour, and just before they arrived at the bank, they came upon a large body of water. Around them, the ice was rising, breaking, and crunching. After waiting as long as they dared, they made the decision to jump from cake to cake. Sam successfully completed the crossing, but his partner fell in only a few feet from the beach. His swimming prowess allowed him to land without incident, but the bath likely lost him his hearing. He became very unwell. After a series of illnesses, scarlet fever and deafness appeared. The workplace itself had entertainment as well. A green, kind, and shy country kid called Jim Wolfe had come to learn the craft. Sam thought it was his time to perform the pranks that are played on the new apprentice in every profession. Jim Wolfe was subjected to torture that was created and used with the aid of John Briggs. They offended him while teaching him to canoe.

They took him sniping at night and, in the old-fashioned manner, left him "holding the bag" as they snuck off to their house and went to bed. But Jim Wolfe created his masterpiece of entertainment entirely on his own dime. One evening, the lads were not anticipating Pamela's adult candy draw, which was taking place downstairs. In any case, Jim would not have gone since he was unbelievably timid, perpetually stupid, and even pallid with dread around the attractive Pamela Clemens. The guys could hear the celebration below them while they were upstairs in their room and could see the white sloped roof below their window in the night. The little arbor, which was green in the summer but was now covered with dead vines and snow, was located at the eaves. Every now and again, they could hear the candy makers emerge and probably lay out pans of sweets to cool. After a while, it seemed like the whole group had entered the little arbor to sample the sweets; maybe the jokes and laughing had reached the lads above. Around this time, two shady cats arrived on the roof from nowhere and engaged in a terrible war of accusations and recriminations. Jim hated the loudness and may have had the arrogance to believe it would ruin the celebration. Although he was at a loss for words [3].

"You wouldn't dare to do it," purred Sam. "For two cents I'd get out there and knock their heads off." To Jim, this was wormwood. He definitely has a courageous heart. "Why, Jim, of course you wouldn't dare to go out there. You might catch cold," remarked Jim Wolfe. "You wait and see." "I would too," he said, "and I will if you say that again." He pulled up a window, got a pair of yarn stockings for his feet, and sneaked out onto the icy roof. Jim poked his heels through the layer of ice that had formed on the snow and stood up in the moonlight, his bare legs fluttering in the gentle wind of the winter season. With a piece of lath in his hand, he then made a gradual advance toward the cats by placing his heels in the snow to get traction. Jim moved slowly in the direction of the cats, which were perched on the roof corner above the arbor. The roof wasn't too slanting. Up until he reached a spot where the snow had melted into almost solid ice, he was making good progress.

He was oblivious to this since he was focused on the cats, and when he stomped his heel on the ground to crack the crust, nothing gave. Jim's feet suddenly sprang out from under him a split second later, and he plummeted like an avalanche down the cold roof outside on the little arbor covered in vines before slamming through the crowd of candymakers who had congregated there with their pans of cooling taffy. Wild shrieks could be heard, and everyone began to flee. Sam was in a fit of laughing while Jim was seized by the gravity of his crime; neither Jim nor Sam ever knew how he returned to their room. When Jim was able to talk, he said, "You did it splendidly." It was a terrifying ordeal for a boy like Jim Wolfe, but he stuck to his place despite what he must have gone through. "Nobody could have done it better; and did you see how those cats got out of there? I never had any idea when you started that you meant to do it that way. And it was such a surprise to the folks down-stairs. How did you ever think of it?" Soon after that, the lads accepted him as one of them. They believed his initiation to be over.

The first original tale Mark Twain ever told was about Jim Wolfe and the cats. He related it to the baker's son Jimmy McDaniel the next day, a Sunday, when they were enjoying gingerbread and gazing out over the river. The storyteller was delighted and ecstatic at his accomplishment as his listener laughed excessively. Orion's paper kept getting worse. He made two mistakes by changing the name of it and raising the price after receiving some odd advice. He was then forced to lower the subscription and advertising fees. To keep up with his dwindling circulation, he was forced to adopt a sliding scale of fees and expenses, which was a deadly indicator. A publisher must take the initiative and not follow his subscriber list. In despair he broke away and took a journey to Tennessee to see if anything could not be achieved on the property, leaving his brother Sam in charge of the office. "I was walking backward," he remarked, "not seeing where I stepped [4]."

It was a voyage without material gain, yet it was fruitful since it launched Mark Twain's writing career. Sam decided to make changes to the publication that would increase circulation while his brother was away. He had never written anything certainly not for publication but he had the guts to follow his instincts. His regional goods were of the "spicy" kind, and his personals quickly drew requests for fulfillment. It was said that the editor of a competing newspaper went to the river one night to commit himself since he was in love. Sam described this in vivid detail, including all the people involved in the incident. Then he grabbed a few large wooden blocks, flipped them upside down, and etched pictures for it, portraying the victim stepping out into the river with a stick to gauge the depth of the water. There was a huge demand for this edition of the newspaper when it was released. To provide copies, the press needed to be kept operating continuously. The mocked editor at first threatened to beat up the whole journal office, but then he left town and stopped returning.

Mark Twain's unborn self also composed a poem. It was titled "To Mary in Hannibal," but the title was too big to fit in one column. As a consequence, he cut off all except the first and final letter of Hannibal and substituted a dash in their place, which had an unexpected outcome. These were the first sparks of a blazing intellect. Orion came back, argued, and apologized. Sam was put in the ranks by him. Later on, he realized his error. Sam was humbled, but not defeated. "I could have distanced all competitors even then," he said, "if I had recognized Sam's ability and let him go ahead, merely keeping him from offending worthy persons." Now, he would never be. He had experienced print for the first time, and he like it. He immediately came up with two amusing tales, which he delivered to the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. Naturally, in those days, they were accepted without payment, and when the publications featuring them appeared, he felt immediately raised to a high level of literary. During the year 1851. Nearly sixty years later, he said, "Seeing them in print was a joy which rather exceeded anything in that line I have ever experienced before." He was not motivated, nevertheless, to

continue contributing to the Post. He wrote to the Journal twice over the course of the next two years, once with a piece on Jim Wolfe (though it wasn't the tale of the cats) and once with a parody on a rival editor whom he imagined as stalking snipe with a cannon, the explosion of which was supposed to have driven the snipe out of the country.

There are no older contributions that have been saved. Copies of the Hannibal journal that contains them have been sold for high rates, but to no avail. The Post drawings weren't numbered and weren't signed. They were probably insignificant enough. His early works were often rudimentary and imitational, as is typical of the work of boys, even precocious boys, and without any distinctive identity or artistic worth. In terms of literary prodigies, he wasn't very gifted. In Mark Twain's sketch "My First Literary Venture," he has detailed some account of this early authorship with characteristic embroideries. Those were difficult financial times. His literary career would stall and hesitate and trudge along for many years yet, gathering momentum and equipment for the fuller, statelier swing that would bring a greater joy to the world at large, even if not to himself. Orion could only afford to pay the interest on his mortgage. He had promised Sam three and a half dollars each week, but all he could do was pay for his board and clothing "poor, shabby clothes," according to his record for the duration of the week.

We had a regular diet of bacon, butter, bread, and coffee since my mother was the chef and my sister handled the housework. Mrs. Clemens once again hired a few boarders, and Pamela, who had temporarily given up teaching, set up another music class. Orion became hopeless. A cow accidentally entered the workplace one evening, toppled a typecase, and devoured two composition rollers. Orion had the impression that destiny was playing hardball. Soon after, another catastrophe occurred. The office caught fire, causing significant damage. A hundred-and fifty-dollar payment was made by an insurance company. With it, Orion replaced any items that were absolutely necessary for his job and put his plant into the Clemens home's front room. To offer them an additional space upstairs, he elevated the building's one-story portion. By working hard and making sacrifices, the dying newspaper was able to survive there for an additional two years [5].

Sam Clemens received the Jim Wolfe drawing from the flames. In it, he said that Jim had run half a mile with the office broom in his enthusiasm before returning to get the washbasin. Meanwhile, Pamela Clemens got married. She was married to wealthy businessman William A. Moffett, previously of Hannibal but now residing in St. Louis, where he had given her all the conveniences of a spacious house. Orion experimented with serial storytelling. He sent letters to many renowned writers in the East but was unable to locate any who would write a serial for the money he was ready to pay. Finally, he paid the five dollars given in exchange for a translation of a French book. However, it was unable to rescue the perishing ship. Without success, he tried a tri-weekly schedule. He saw that even his mother had stopped reading his editorials in favor of the mainstream media. This was the death knell. He recalls sitting there in the pitch black, the moon shining in through the open door, and letting his thoughts wander.

He had gotten an offer for his office of $500, which was the mortgage payment, and in his moonlight trance he chose to sell it on those circumstances. During the year 1853. Samuel, his brother, had left him. Sam made the decision to leave his home in June of a previous year. He was an excellent worker who was diligent and in his eighteenth year, but he had gotten restless from working for no pay. He had nothing to show for six years of arduous work except than his mastery of the craft. When he once asked Orion for a few bucks to purchase a used rifle, Orion became enraged due to the dire situation and rated him for considering such luxury. Soon after, Sam told his mother that he was leaving, that he thought Orion hated him, and that his house no longer had room for him. He promised to see Pamela in St. Louis. He could send

money home and would have job in St. Louis. He dared not inform her that he planned to go beyond St. Louis. If one could truly picture that scene, it would be this: the shin, wiry woman of forty-nine, her figure as straight as her deportment, gray-eyed, tender, and resolute, facing the fair-cheeked, auburn-haired youth of seventeen, his eyes as piercing and unforgiving as his mother's: "I want you to take hold of the other end of this, Sam," she said, "and make me a promise." Both mother and son came from the same metal and mold. Sam, I want you to repeat these words after me, Jane Clemens stated. He repeated the oath after her, and she kissed him, "I do solemnly swear that I will not throw a card or drink a drop of liquor while I am gone." She instructed Sam, "Remember that, and write to us."

"And so," says Orion, "he went wandering in search of that comfort and that advancement and those rewards of industry which he had failed to find where I was gloomy, taciturn, and selfish. I not only missed his labor; we all missed his bounding activity and merriment." He took the night boat to St. Louis, visited his sister Pamela, and got a job in the Evening News' composing room. He just stayed on the paper long enough to make enough money to see the globe. The "world" at the time was New York City, the location of the Crystal Palace Fair. By this point, the railway had been finished, but he had not yet had a ride on it. Although it didn't have many conveniences and the voyage to New York lasted many days and nights, it was nonetheless a lovely and magnificent experience [6].

He believed that not even Pet McMurry could have surpassed that. With two or three bucks in his pocket and a ten-dollar note hidden in the inner of his coat, he landed in New York. The city of New York was wonderful and magnificent. He was almost afraid of it. Visionary residents bragged that it will eventually cover the whole lower end of Manhattan Island since it covered the entire lower end. The Crystal Palace, a structure from the World's Fair, was rather far away. It was located at the current site of Bryant Park, at 42nd Street and 6th Avenue. It was listed as one of the seven wonders of the world by young Clemens, who wrote extensively on its wonders. The first surviving example of his authorship, a section of a letter to his sister Pamela, is included here in addition to what it includes. The fragment brings to an end what was undoubtedly a thorough account. It's a nice letter; it provides a scale of things and is straightforward and clear in its description. In one day, the Crystal Palace welcomed visitors equal than Hannibal's whole population! and the water needed to hydrate the metropolis traveled 38 kilometers! These were undoubtedly astounding figures.

From this letter, too, we learn that the school-hating youngster was enjoying a library with 4,000 books more than he had ever seen all at once. We get the impression that his transition from kid to man happened all at once and was delineated by a sharp boundary. The job he had found was on Cliff Street at the printing company of John A. Gray & Green, who promised to pay him $4 a week and actually did so in wildcat money, saving them roughly 25%. of the total. He resided at a mechanics' boarding house on Duane Street, and after covering his board and laundry, he sometimes had up to fifty cents left over. The board did not appeal to him. He complained in a letter to his family that New Yorkers preferred "light-bread," which they let to go stale, having become acclimated to the Southern style of cooking, to "hot-bread" or biscuits. Overall, he did not see many reasons to stay in New York after he had experienced all of its delights.

However, he stayed through the humid months of 1853 and found it difficult to leave. He suggested ideas for Orion, as well as for Henry and Jim Wolfe, whom he seemed never to have ignored, in a letter to Pamela in October. Clearly a Mark Twain quote, "I have been fooling myself with the idea that I was going to leave New York" That may have been what he said fifty years later. He eventually made his way to Philadelphia, where he got employment "subbing" on The Inquirer, a daily newspaper. He was paid in accordance with the quantity of

work completed and had a daily setting limit of 10,000. When he had free time throughout the day or evening, he visited libraries, art galleries, and historical places. You see, he was still pursuing his studies. When he returned to his boardinghouse at night, his English roommate Sumner would sometimes grill a herring, which was considered a feast [7].

In Philadelphia, he gave writing a go again, but this time it didn't work out. For whatever reason, he did not try to enter the Post again but instead provided his writings to the Philadelphia 'Ledger', mostly obituary-themed poetry. Although he never admitted it, it's possible that it was burlesque since no other obituary poetry would have made it into print. He never spoke a word about it after that, except that "my efforts were not received with approval." He remembered one or two of the individuals from the "Inquirer" office. One of them was a veteran composite who had "held a case" there for a long time. He went by the moniker of Frog, and sometimes the "office devils" would dangle a line over his case with a hook on it and a piece of red flannel as bait. They never got weary of hearing this joke, and Frog was always able to lose his cool over it just as he had at first. Another elderly man present provided entertainment. He had an unusual phobia of fire and owned a home in a remote area of the city.

Sometimes, when there was nothing but the clicking of the keyboards, someone would approach the window and ask, "Doesn't that smoke seem to be in the northwestern part of the city?" or "There go the fire-bells again!" and the old man would stomp up to the roof to look. It is to be feared that Sam Clemens participated in it. It was not the most thoughtful sport. He discovered he like Philadelphia. For starters, he could make a little amount of savings there, and he sometimes gave his mother tiny but pleasant and satisfying sums of money. In a letter to Orion--whom he seems to have forgiven with absence written October 26th, he encloses a gold dollar to buy her a handkerchief, and "to serve as a specimen of the kind of stuff we are paid with in Philadelphia. He mentions the grave of Franklin in Christ Churchyard with its inscription "Benjamin and Deborah Franklin," and one is sharply reminded of the similarity between the early careers of Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Clemens. Each learned the printer's trade; each worked in his brother's printing-office and wrote for the paper; each left quietly and went to New York, and from New York to Philadelphia, as a journeyman printer; each in due season became a world figure, many-sided, human, and of incredible popularity.

The foregoing letter ends with a long description of a trip made on the Fairmount stage. It is a good, vivid description impressions of a fresh, sensitive mind, set down with little effort at fine writing; a letter to convey literal rather than literary enjoyment. The Wire Bridge, Fairmount Park and Reservoir, new buildings all these passed in review. He weathered the attack and stuck it out for more than half a year longer. In January, when the days were dark and he grew depressed, he made a trip to Washington to see the sights of the capital. His stay was comparatively brief, and he did not work there. He returned to Philadelphia, working for a time on the Ledger and North American. Finally, he went back to New York. There are no letters of this period. His second experience in New York appears not to have been recorded, and in later years was only vaguely remembered. It was late in the summer of 1854 when he finally set out on his return to the West. His 'Wanderjahr' had lasted nearly fifteen months. He went directly to St. Louis, sitting up three days and nights in a smoking-car to make the journey. He was worn out when he arrived, but stopped there only a few hours to see Pamela. It was his mother he was anxious for. He took the Keokuk Packet that night, and, flinging himself on his berth, slept the clock three times around, scarcely rousing or turning over, only waking at last at Muscatine. For a long time that missing day confused his calculations. When he reached Orion's house the family sat at breakfast. He came in carrying a gun [8].

## DISCUSSION

One of America's most renowned writers, Mark Twain, left a lasting literary legacy with classics like "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." But to properly comprehend the author of these enduring books, one needs dive into Samuel Langhorne Clemens' early years. He is better known by his pen name, Mark Twain. We will go back in time to the early years of Hannibal, Missouri, where young Sam Clemens lived, learning about the family dynamics, Southern and Western influences, and defining experiences that influenced the young author's life and career.

**Hannibal, Missouri:** The Southern Town with a Twist - Hannibal's distinctive character as a Southern town with a distinct Western edge. - The natural grandeur of Hannibal's surroundings, which includes cliffs, hills, and the gorgeous Mississippi River. - The impact of the Mississippi River on Hannibal's character, as well as Twain's personal infatuation with it. The Clemens Family and Financial Struggles - The influence of Sam's family, especially his brother Orion Clemens, on his early years. Judge Clemens had to look for other means of supporting his family's comfort due to financial restraints. The Clemens family's struggles after moving to the Pavey Hotel.

Sam Clemens' early forays into writing and journalism. The importance of using the pen name "Mark Twain" and its acceptance. His literary career began with the publication of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." Social Context and Cultural Influences - Professionals in tall hats and ruffled shirtfronts, as well as Hannibal's varied population - the town's depiction of Southern royalty and their lives. The contentious portrayal of racial relations in "Huckleberry Finn" and its cultural repercussions. The ambitions of newspaper proprietor Orion Clemens and the function of the Hannibal Journal. Sam Clemens' accomplishments and his training as a printer. Early aspirations of Sam and Orion, such as their wish to practice law or become preachers. Mark Twain's Individual Writing Style and Influence While living in Hannibal, Twain developed his own brand of sarcasm and comedy the topics and locations of his subsequent writings were influenced by his early experiences. The literary legacies of Mark Twain and their continuing importance in American literature.

## CONCLUSION

In summary, "The Early Days of Hannibal: A Glimpse into Mark Twain's Formative Years" offers an intriguing examination of the roots of Mark Twain's creative brilliance. This debate offers light on the early life of a writer who would go on to capture the spirit of American culture with unequaled humor and intelligence, from the stunning vistas of the town to the family and cultural forces that molded him. We now have a greater understanding of the person behind the famous pen name because to Mark Twain's formative years in Hannibal, which continue to be a monument to the influence of time and place on literary achievement. Then there was his steadfast interest in family matters, his genuine affection for Henry, his recollection of the promise made to his mother, and his comprehension of her desire to go back to her childhood home. Because Orion's intentions were unclear at the time and it was possible that he had already selected a new place, he chose not to write to her directly.

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# CHAPTER 7

## SAM CLEMENS' JOURNEY ON THE MISSISSIPPI: A SCHOOL OF LIFE AND LOVE

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**ABSTRACT:**
The book "Sam Clemens' Journey on the Mississippi: A School of Life and Love" explores the early lessons that young Samuel Clemens, later known as Mark Twain, learned while working as a steersman on the Mississippi River. This abstract offers a view into the story, in which Clemens negotiates not only the treacherous riverbanks but also the nuances of human nature. Through interactions with a variety of interesting people, including his autocratic and often aggravating tutor Brown, Clemens learns more about the world and its inhabitants. Despite the difficulties of river life, he sometimes has short moments of love and passionate arousal, like his brief meeting with Laura. The future literary giant is shaped by these events, which provide him with the inspiration and insights that go into his immortal writings. A fascinating story of personal development is created out of Clemens' voyage down the Mississippi, offering a rare glimpse into the lives and influences of one of America's most renowned writers.

**KEYWORDS:**

Journey**,** Love**,** Mark Twain**,** River, Sam Clemens.

## INTRODUCTION

He picked up further knowledge. The river provided an additional course to that rigorous education, just as Hannibal's early streets and the printing houses of different towns had taught him about human nature in its unadorned facets. Its environment could hardly be considered morally superior to the others. The first flat-boat-style ships used for navigation in the West featured harsh, rugged navigators who were strong drinkers, reckless warriors, barbarous in their sports, vulgar in their humor, and profane in everything. Steam-boatmen, who were a little less crude, a little less vulgar, and a little less brutal on the outside, were the pioneers' natural successors. The ancient keel-boatman cruelty may be found by gently scratching a mate or a deckhand, but these things were mostly "above stairs." In this realm, captains were rulers and overlords, but they were not angels. Clemens tells us in Life on the Mississippi that he envied the mate's style of issuing orders and mentions his chief's colorful terminology. Generally speaking, it was faster and simpler to learn such skills than to become a pilot. They might also be improved upon with creativity, humor, and a natural knack for language.

Even if he didn't always reserve his foul language for times of extreme stress or sift the quality of his wit, we can remember that Samuel Clemens maintained his promise regarding drink and cards during those apprentice days. He was an extreme example of a human being during that stage of development where everything is gathered as grist and later refined for the uses and delights of men. Without a doubt, the river was a great school for the study of life's lessons. Horace Bixby left the Mississippi at a later date due to the needs of the Missouri River commerce, and as is customary, he transferred his student to another pilot, most likely Zeb Leavenworth or Beck Jolly of the John J. Roe. Sam Clemens felt if John Quarles's farm could be sent floating it would considerably resemble that vessel in matters of good-fellowship, hospitality, and speed. The Roe was a freight-boat, "as slow as an island and as comfortable as a farm." In reality, the Roe was owned and operated by farmers. She was considered to be a

"love of a steamboat" despite not being able to fully overcome the river downstream even if she could beat an island going upstream.

The Roe had a large boiler deck for dancing and moonlight antics, a piano in the cabin, and she usually had a dozen "family guests" onboard despite not having a passenger license. The forty-eight stanzas about this historic horse were all rather similar, but the audience was unlikely to be critical, thus his efforts were recognized. On the John J. Roe, he had a blissful moment before what felt like an inferno in comparison. After making a few trips, Bixby came back and moved him once more this time to a guy by the name of Brown. Young Clemens had developed into a great steersman and Brown had a berth on the gorgeous new steamer Pennsylvania, one of the prettiest boats on the river, so it is improbable that both men were initially pleased with the arrangement. Brown, however, was a despotic, stupid, rude, and cruel leader. The author of the Mississippi book includes his first and last interviews with Brown. These events were ingrained in his memory for good cause, and they may be taken as mostly accurate. Brown had a rude demeanor [1].

His first welcome was a snide query. "Bixby" was normally called "Bigsby" on the river, but Brown made it extra unpleasant and followed it up with questions, remarks, and commands even more offensive. "Are you Horace Bigsby's cub?" His subordinate quickly came to utterly loathe him. But maintaining a decent demeanor was important; tradition, discipline, and even the law demanded it. The young steersman must have worked very hard during the winter and spring of 1858 to stop himself from the satisfaction of killing Brown. He had no idea that time would exact revenge a tragic one at a terrible price so he spent his free time devising his own punishments. He had tried at initially to appease Brown, but it was no use; once when Brown had been more disrespectful than normal, his subordinate went to bed and murdered him in "seventeen different ways all of them new." No matter how cautiously Brown's subordinate drove, he was never able to make him happy. This was because he was the kind of guy who could not be delighted.

His assistant lost all desire to be courteous to such a person and even sometimes used the opportunity to agitate him. "Here," he would yell, "where are you going now? Pull her down! Pull her down! Don't you hear me? Doddered mud-cat!" One day as they steamed up the river, Brown observed that the boat seemed to be moving in an unexpected direction. He shouted, "Here, where are you heading for now?" Brown roared, "Get away from that wheel! and get outen this pilothouse!" "What in nation are you steer in' at, anyway? Deyned numskull!" Sam said calmly, "Why," "I didn't see much else I could steer for, and I was heading for that white heifer on the bank." Sam aspired to become a pilot, so he said, "You aren’t fit to become no pilot!" Any little reprieve from Brown's whining tyranny was appreciated. He had been working on the river for about a year at this point, and although being well-liked and regarded as a skilled steersman, he was not being paid. Since he didn't have to pay for board, there had been little need for money for a time. However, clothing eventually wear out and there were certain incidentals.

The Pennsylvania completed the journey in around 35 days, including a day or two of rest at either end. The young pilot discovered that he could work nights observing freight on the New Orleans levee, earning between 2.5 and 3 dollars for each night's shift. Sometimes there would be two nights, and he would consider himself wealthy with a capital of $5 or $6. "It was a desolate experience," he recalled, "watching there in the dark among those piles of freight; not a sound, not a living creature astir. But it was not a profitless one: I used to have inspirations as I sat there by myself those nights. I used to imagine all kinds of situations and possibilities. Those things got into my books later and provided me with many a chapter. I can trace the effect of those nights through most of my books Thinking about these things at the time was

wise. Of course, there were some joys in living with Brown. There were rest stops and entertainment at both ends of the journey. There was probably company at Pamela's in St. Louis, primarily friends and classmates of Hannibal who were female of course. He visited friendly ships at New Orleans, particularly the John J. Roe, where he was warmly received. He never forgot one of these visits on the Roe. A young lady, another Laura, fifteen, winning, and charming, was one of the passengers on the boat that day. When they first met, they were drawn to one other and it was one of those youthful high points in their lives a quick, fleeting phase of passion, love, or whatever you want to call it that, if pursued, may result in marriage.

Zeb Leavenworth suddenly interrupted, flying aft, shouting, "The Pennsylvania is backing out." A flutter of emotion, a fleeting good-by, a flight across the decks, a flying leap from romance back to reality, and it was all over. "I was not four inches from that girl's elbow during our waking hours for the next three days." She never responded to his letter to her. For forty-eight years, he didn't see her again and didn't hear from her until they were both married, widowed, and elderly. She hadn't gotten his letter, either. At the time, he was a fan of things like these [2].

We can sense the author's excitement and satisfaction in it. The same letter contains the following statement: "I can't correspond with the paper, because when one is learning the river, he is not allowed to do or think about anything else." He then mentions his brother Henry, which marks the start of the tragic incident for which Samuel Clemens always felt responsible despite being completely innocent. About twenty years old at the time, Henry Clemens was a gorgeous and appealing young man of whom his brother had much affection and pride. As the third clerk in line for promotion, he did travel on the subsequent trip and kept going on a regular basis after that. Being with Henry through those trying times with Brown was a blessing. The lads spent a significant amount of their free time with the other pilot, George Ealer, who "was as kindhearted as Brown wasn't," cited Shakespeare and Goldsmith, and entertained his audience by playing the flute in front of them.

These were worthwhile things. The young steersman was unaware that a long sorrow's shadow was already across the route in front of him. But when the moment was right, he was given a warning a spectacular and astounding warning, but one that was seldom heeded. When the Pennsylvania was in St. Louis one night, he was sleeping at his sister's home and had a disturbing dream in which he saw Henry, a body, lying in a steel burial casket supported by two chairs in the living room. A white bouquet of flowers with a solitary red blossom in the middle was resting on his breast. Although it was dawn when he woke up, the dream had been so real to him that he thought it was real. He may have still been suffering from the previous hypnotic state since when he got dressed and got up, he planned to see his deceased brother. Instead, he stepped outside in the early morning and made it to the center of the block before realizing that it was all only a dream. When he returned and ran to the sitting room and saw that it was indeed empty, he was overcome with a tremendous shaking revulsion of delight.

After sharing the dream with Pamela, he did all in his power to fast forget about it. The Pennsylvania made a secure voyage to New Orleans after setting sail from St. Louis as normal. A safe but exciting journey; it was at this time that the previously mentioned last interview with Brown took place. Although it is mentioned in the Mississippi book, it must be included here. Henry made an appearance on the hurricane deck to deliver a captain's order for a landing to be made a bit lower down, somewhere down the river. Brown had some hearing loss, but he would never admit it. He may not have comprehended the instruction, but he certainly showed no evidence of hearing it as he continued on his way. He didn't like Henry because he didn't like anybody of finer grain than himself, and he was too haughty to ask for a repeat in any case. Henry had just begun to leave the pilot house when Brown suddenly grabbed him by the collar and struck him in the face. [In the Mississippi book, the author claims that Brown began to

strike Henry with a large piece of coal; however, in a letter to Mrs. Orion Clemens written shortly after the incident, he says: "Henry started out of the pilot-house-Brown jumped up and collared him turned him halfway around and struck him in the face and him Then, after months of simmering resentment and anger, it all burst into flames. He sprang on Brown, grabbed him by the legs, and beat him with his fists until his strength and rage failed. Brown finally managed to escape and, acting on instinct, hurried to the wheel since the ship had been drifting and may have run afoul of something. He grabbed a spy glass to use as a weapon after determining there was no more threat [3].

The culprit heard him having fun as the door closed behind him after Captain Klinefelter ordered him to go. Brown, of course, forbade him the pilothouse after that, and he spent the rest of the trip "an emancipated slave" listening to George Ealer's flute and his readings from Goldsmith and Shakespeare; playing chess with him occasionally; and learning a trick that he would use himself in the long after-years that of going back and changing the course of the game when he saw defeat. Sam Clemens stayed aboard the boat after Brown promised he would abandon it in New Orleans, and Captain Klinefelter ordered Brown to depart. The captain then made the offer to let Clemens operate the daylight watches himself when a replacement pilot could not be found, demonstrating his faith in the young steersman's expertise despite his short tenure behind the wheel of only a little over a year. Clemens himself, though, lacked confidence and suggested to the captain that Brown stay in St. Louis.

When Brown left, he would follow up the river in a different boat and take over as steersman. He may have saved his own life by that choice, unaware of it. He may not have recalled his previous unsettling dream, but the night the Pennsylvania set sail, a sense of dread seemed to hang over him. After completing his duty, Henry enjoyed participating in the levee night guards, and he and his brother frequently spoke as they strolled about. The elder mentioned a river calamity on this specific night. Finally, he advised: "In case of accident, whatever you do, don't lose your head--the passengers will do that. Rush for the hurricane deck and to the life-boat, and obey the mate's orders. When the boat is launched, help the women and children into it. Don't get in yourself. The river is only a mile wide. You can swim ashore easily enough." It was wise advice, but it produced a protracted crop of misery. Captain Klinefelter secured a pass for his steersman aboard the A. T. Lacey, which departed the Pennsylvania two days later. This was good news since Bart Bowen was now in charge of that lovely yacht. Nothing more could be learned when the Lacey touched down in Greenville, Mississippi, but later that evening at Napoleon, a Memphis extra reported some of the specifics. "The Pennsylvania is blown up just below Memphis, at Ship Island! One hundred and fifty lives lost!" the voice from the landing shouted. One of them who had avoided harm was identified as Henry Clemens [4].

They received a later additional when they continued up the river. Henry was addressed once again, but this time as being irreparably burned. The majority of the circumstances were known by the time they arrived in Memphis: At six in the morning that warm June morning, while loading wood from a large flatboat sixty miles below Memphis, four of the Pennsylvania's eight boilers had abruptly burst with terrifying effects. The boat's whole front end had been blasted away. Many people had already passed away; many more had been burned, rendered disabled, and would soon pass away. It was one of those senseless, all-out steamboat massacres that had turned the Mississippi into a river of death and sorrow for more than a decade. Samuel Clemens saw his brother lying on a mattress on the floor of a public hall that had been converted into a makeshift hospital, together with more than thirty other people who were all more or less seriously wounded. He was informed that Henry had breathed steam and had suffered severe burns to his body.

His situation was seen as dismal. One among those blasted into the river by the explosion was Henry. He had begun to swim for the beach, which was only a few hundred yards away, but at that moment, thinking himself to be unharmed and experiencing no pain, he had turned back to help the others be rescued. It was impossible to tell with any certainty what he did next. The ship caught fire, and the survivors were being transferred onboard the large wood boat that was still tied to the wreck. The rescuers and everyone else who may have been rescued were soon trapped within the wood-flat, which was later cut adrift and landed, while the fire quickly erupted. Before assistance could arrive, the victims were forced to spend hours lying in the scorching heat. One among those who had lost their senses at that point was Henry. It will never be known whether he had initially been unharmed and had instead been burned while performing the rescue. Hearing these things, his brother was devastated and filled with regret. He regarded himself entirely responsible for everything, including Henry's presence on the boat, his safety-related advice, and his own absence when he might have been there to assist and protect the youngster.

He wanted to telegraph his mother and sister right once to come, but the doctors convinced him to wait he'll never know why. He informed Orion of the tragedy, who at this point had abandoned Keokuk and was now attending law school in East Tennessee, and then he began the almost futile effort of attempting to revive Henry. Many Memphis women were serving as nurses, and one of them, Miss Wood, was drawn to the boy's youth and attractive features and decided to help with the frantic endeavor. One of the medical students who had come to help the physicians took a particular interest in Henry's situation. Dr. Peyton, a veteran doctor from Memphis, predicted that the kid may survive with such treatment. The fourth night, however, was thought to be his last. Samuel Clemens wrote to his mother and his sister-in-law in Tennessee while in a half-delirious state from sadness and the strain of witnessing. The letter that was written to Orion Clemens' wife has been kept.

But sadly, this was neither the worst or the end of it. Samuel Clemens' cup of regret must constantly be overflowing, it would seem. The sixth night after the accident the night Henry passed away the last draft that would sour his years was added. He never had the motivation to compose it. The student paused, stating, "I have no way of measuring. I don't know how much an eighth of a grain would be." At this point, morphine was a novel medicine, and Henry got progressively sicker and more restless. His sibling was so traumatized by it that he was almost speechless. He visited the student doctor. The young man's bravery was over-swayed, and he added, "If you have studied drugs, you ought to be able to judge an eighth of a grain of morphine." He gave in and dispensed what he thought to be the proper quantity using an old-fashioned ladle and a knife blade. Henry fell into a deep slumber right away. He passed away before dawn.

Although Samuel Clemens, who was relentless in his self-blame, felt the weight of it for the rest of his days, his likelihood of survival had been very slim, and his death was not necessarily related to the medicine. After seeing the youngster being carried to the dead chamber, the intense anguish, the days and nights spent awake, and the horrifying awareness that his life was coming to an end overpowered him. He was picked up by a Memphis resident in a state of confusion and given a bed at his home, where he passed out from exhaustion and submission [5].

He slept for many hours before finally waking up, at which point he got ready and proceeded to find Henry. The coffin that was given for the deceased was made of plain wood, but Henry Clemens' youth and attractive appearance piqued people's curiosity. The women of Memphis put up a sum of $60 and purchased a metal case for him. The moment an elderly woman entered the room carrying a large white bouquet with a single red rose in the center, Samuel Clemens

saw his brother lying exactly as he had seen him in his dream, lacking only the bouquet of white flowers with their crimson center. When Orion arrived from Tennessee, the brothers transported him to his former home in Hannibal before traveling to St. Louis. The passing of this adorable youngster, who was well-liked by many, caused much sadness in the neighborhood where he lived. The family traveled from Hannibal to Pamela's house in St. Louis.

One night, Orion overheard his brother sobbing and wandering over his room's floor. Sam eventually entered the area where Orion was. He poured out the whole account of that last horrible night, saying he could take it no longer and that he had to "tell somebody." It is included here because it plays a significant role in his afterlife. His inherent sympathy for humanity's frailty and mistakes was heightened, while the Scotsman Macfarlane's misguided belief that humans are divine creations was strengthened.

Consideration for and disdain for humankind were two of Mark Twain's defining traits. He never really recovered from Henry's death in many respects. He never again seemed to be youthful. As he said, gray hairs had appeared and remained. His face assumed the grave, pitiful expression it had always worn in rest since that moment. Even at age 23, he seemed to be thirty. He seemed closer to forty at thirty. After then, the age and appearance disparity became less obvious. He was thereafter considered to be youthful for his years in terms of strength, complexion, and temperament but never in terms of appearance [6].

## DISCUSSION

The book "Sam Clemens' Journey on the Mississippi: A School of Life and Love" welcomes readers on an engrossing journey through the early years and experiences of Mark Twain, one of America's most well-known authors. This debate explores the major concepts and components that give this story its allure and significance. For his wit, humor, and perceptive criticism on American culture, Mark Twain is known. This book transports the reader back to his formative years when he was a young man traveling along the Mississippi River, giving light on the events that would later influence his career as a writer. It provides a window into the furnace of his creative growth by illuminating the genuine life events that served as the inspiration for his literary works. The Mississippi River becomes more than simply a setting in this story; it also takes on a life of its own. The severe obstacles and unpredictability of the river reflect the complexity of existence. Readers are given a profound understanding of how the Mississippi shaped not just Clemens but also the country at that time via colorful imagery and tales.

The term implies that Clemens' experience on the Mississippi was more than just a work; it was also an education in and of itself. He gained insightful knowledge about human nature, challenges, and the craft of storytelling there. It was a school of life. The topic of conversation might be on the particular life lessons Clemens learned from his time on the river and how those experiences affected his writing. Beyond the difficulties of river navigation, the book also discusses Clemens' experiences with passion and love, as seen by his short relationship with Laura. This characteristic gives him more dimension, makes the famous author more relatable, and gives us a window into his innermost feelings. The story introduces us to Brown, who served as Clemens' guide while he was on the river. Conflict in the relationship between Clemens and Brown highlights the intricacies of mentoring and the difficulties experienced by young apprentices. Discussions on the difficulties of mentor-mentee relationships and the effects of strict teaching approaches are made possible by this subject [7]. The impact of personal experience on literature is discussed in #6. How Clemens' experiences on the Mississippi River made their way into his literary works is a crucial debate issue. Participants

may examine the similarities and differences between his real-life experiences and the people, places, and ideas he wrote about in his well-known books, including "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and "Life on the Mississippi." The events and lessons conveyed in Clemens' adventure on the Mississippi are still applicable in today's culture. Discussions might center on how the difficulties he overcame and the realizations he had can still provide priceless advice and views in the modern world [8].

## CONCLUSION

In conclusion, "Sam Clemens' Journey on the Mississippi: A School of Life and Love" is a rich and complex narrative that illuminates Mark Twain's early years while also offering a window into the human condition, mentoring relationships, and the enduring influence of personal experience on great literature. This conversation gives a chance to ponder the timeless concepts it raises while delving into the specifics of Twain's life and work. Only twice were known instances of his discussing it. Dr. Peyton arrived on the sixth night about eleven o'clock and conducted a thorough examination. Henry had recovered quickly after the mailing of the last letter, and he gradually got better that day and the next. The boy did wake up during the night, and was disturbed by the whining of the other patients. The doctor said: "I believe he is out of danger and will get better. He is likely to be restless during the night; the groans and fretting of the others will disturb him. If he cannot rest without it, tell the physician in charge to give him one-eighth of a grain of morphine." The young medical student in charge was informed by his brother of the doctor's comments on the morphine.

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# CHAPTER 8

## AN OVERVIEW OF RIVER APPRENTICE TO LITERARY PIONEER

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**ABSTRACT:**

Mark Twain, also known as Samuel Clemens, was a well-known American novelist. "River Apprentice to Literary Pioneer" takes the reader on a fascinating trip through his formative years. This concise summary captures the heart of the story, emphasizing its investigation of Clemens' early years as a Mississippi River pilot and how these experiences shaped his later literary accomplishments. Readers are taken on a journey to a crucial time in Clemens' life as he works with his instructor, Horace Bixby, to get his full license as a Mississippi River pilot. The section goes into detail about the extensive education and tough training Clemens had during his 18-month apprenticeship, which enabled him to become an expert in the river's bends and turns by the age of 23. The abstract also discusses Clemens' short engagement with a young lady called Laura and the relevance of his brief journey into love and relationships, which adds another dimension of humanity to the famous author. The connection between Clemens and Bixby as a mentor is also explored, highlighting both its pitfalls and advantages. As a parallel for his subsequent development as one of America's literary giants, the story examines Clemens' journey from a promising apprentice to a well-respected pilot. The debate also makes reference to the influence of his time spent on the Mississippi River on his work, highlighting how these events forever altered his literary voice and outlook on human nature. This abstract also provides readers with a fuller knowledge of Mark Twain's upbringing, literary development, and the lasting impact of his adventures on the Mississippi River.

**KEYWORDS:**

Influenced Writing**,** Literary Pioneer, Mark Twain, Mississippi, River, Relationship, Samuel Clemens.

## INTRODUCTION

In September of that year, the young pilot earned a full license as a Mississippi River pilot. By this time, Bixby had returned, and they were once more together, first on the Crescent City and then on a fine ship. When Bixby returned, Clemens was still a steersman, but as soon as his license was approved, his former commander accepted him as a full partner. Finally, he was a pilot. In only 18 months, he had memorized a vast array of volatile information and had the bravery and confidence that made him one of the chosen, a river sovereign. He was familiar with every obstacle, bank, dead tree, reef, cut-off, current, and water depth along the interminable miles between St. Louis and New Orleans. He was also familiar with the whole narrative, day and night. In the dark, he could sense danger and read the water's surface like an open book.

At the age of 23, he had mastered a trade that, in terms of absolute sovereignty, was superior to all others and brought in a salary comparable to that of the vice president of the United States at the time. Boys often graduate from college at about that age, but it's unlikely that any boy has ever completed college with the wealth of practical knowledge and training that Samuel Clemens had stowed up in his mind, much alone with his understanding of human nature and readiness for war with the rest of the world. Horace Bixby said, "Not only was he a pilot, but a

good one. Men who were born since he was on the river and never saw him will tell you that Sam was never much of a pilot. Most of them will tell you that he was never a pilot at all. In fact, Sam was a fine pilot, and in an era when flying on the Mississippi required a great deal more brains, skill, and application than it drew today. He could have given his mother a helping hand, and he did. He also provided financial assistance and counsel to Orion.

We learn about the changing circumstances via a letter that was written around the conclusion of the year. By this time, Orion and his wife had returned to Keokuk and were looking for a business opportunity. His pilot brother often sent him letters of support and advice. He sometimes makes mention of Henry's tragic death and the darkness it has thrown over his life, but he was still youthful, prosperous, and had a contagious energy by nature. He sometimes finds release in that typical human outlet, self-approval, which he experiences in the excitement of youth, health, and achievement. He not only displays this vulnerability, but he also freely admits it. We are focusing on this time in Mark Twain's life since it may have had the greatest impact on his later years. His mind was entirely consumed by the river; its words, memories, and influence continued to shape him up until the end of his days. It was also his first time experiencing such huge success.

He had previously been a subaltern who wasn't constantly earning a paycheck, but in a flash, he had become a high chief. His childhood's greatest desire had come true more than accomplished, considering that he had never imagined owning a yacht or having an income of such opulent proportions back then. He had been handed one of the biggest, trickiest boats because of his high personal popularity and reputation as a safe pilot. He had battled his way into the society of kings on his own and by himself. And we may excuse his conceit. He could not help but feel his greatness, bask in it, and sometimes wear it as a halo in the Association Rooms. Even if he denied it, we may assume that his reputation there endures to this day in part despite his lack of particular success. We may be sure that the pilots in St. Louis and New Orleans put aside other tasks when Sam Clemens had an observation to make or a story to tell, just as the lads of Hannibal had crowded around to listen when he started to talk. One of the tales that made it into print and spread widely was this one. Horace Bixby recalls that "Sam was always scribbling when not at the wheel." However, if he published any work in those river-days, he did not recognize it later with one exception [1].

Perhaps he authored some of them himself. The exemption was also not meant for public consumption. It was a burlesque created for his close friends' enjoyment. Even though he has recounted this tale several times, it deserves to be included because somewhere along the line, a pseudonym that would later become synonymous with the name Mark Twain emerged. An elderly pilot by the name of Isaiah Sellers a type of "oldest inhabitant" of the river was the first to employ that pithy, affirmative, peremptory, and powerful pen-name. He made the other pilots tired with the breadth and antiquity of his reminiscence knowledge. Signed "Mark Twain," he contributed paragraphs of general knowledge and Nestorian opinions to the New Orleans Picayune. They were quaintly egotistical in tone, usually beginning: "My opinion for the benefit of the citizens of New Orleans," and citing examples and comparisons going back to 1811. The young pilots immediately thought Captain Sellers was fair game and enjoyed making fun of his speech patterns and overall demeanor. The letter that followed described a completely improbable trip, allegedly taken in 1763 by the steamer "the old first Jubilee" with a "Chinese captain and a Choctaw crew."

But Clemens went further; he wrote at considerable length a broadly burlesque imitation signed "Sergeant Fathom," with an introduction referring to the said Fathom as "one of the oldest cub pilots on the river." He insisted on printing it and displaying it to other people. Despite his reluctance, Clemens agreed. It first emerged in the True Delta on May 8 or 9, 1859, and was enthusiastically embraced by everybody. Captain Sellers' literary heart was broken by it. He didn't write another word after that. Mark Twain always felt terrible guilt about the whole situation, and his personal decision to revive the name was a kind of memorial to the elderly man he had carelessly injured. If Captain Sellers is aware of current material circumstances, he is likely content since they gave him and the name, he had chosen something they themselves could never have attained: immortality. Samuel Clemens was described as being slim, attractive, well-dressed even dandified and fond of patent leathers, blue serge, white duck, and fancy striped shirts by those who knew him well in those days. Old for his years, he sometimes enhanced his look by sporting the hideous mutton-chop style of beard that was trendy at the time but was becoming to no one, least of all to him. The pilots thought of him as a voracious reader who also studied literature, history, travel, and the sciences [2].

He was a young guy who was both entertaining and educational to know, according to the pilots. He often spent his free time in the Association Rooms reading or spinning yarns. One day, when he passed a school of languages where three languages French, German, and Italian—were taught, one in each of three rooms, he decided to start studying French. One language cost $25, or three for $50, and they were both available. With a set of cards for each room, the student was instructed to go from one flat to the next while switching languages at each doorway. The young pilot wanted to study all three languages because of his extraordinary zeal and generosity, but after the first two or three round flights he changed his mind and decided that for the time being French would suffice. He didn't go back to school, but he did keep his ID and buy books. He must have studied very diligently when he was off watch and in port since his river note-book has a nicely written French exercise that is taken from Voltaire's Dialogues.

There are additional aspects that make this antique notebook intriguing. The notes are now authoritative documents written with the dash of certainty that comes from confidence and knowledge, as well as with the authority of one in absolute charge, rather than timid, hesitant memos. We have the account of a rising river with its overflowing banks, its blind tunnels and cut-offs, all the circumstance and unpredictability of change, under the heading of "2nd high-water trip Jan., 1861 Alonzo Child." Page after page of cryptography memos continue like this. Even though it doesn't mean much to the average reader, one somehow gets the impression of the turbulent, swirling water and a lone figure in the high glassed-in location scanning the night for hazards and blind land-marks as he makes his way up the dark, hungry river, which he must know every inch of as well as a man knows his own hallway. All of the prerequisites must be met, followed by the great art of steering, memory, judgment, and bravery. He had a wonderful illustration of this technique one foggy night on the Alonzo Child.

"Steering is a very high art," he explains. "One must not keep a rudder dragging across a boat's stern if he wants to get up the river fast." He remembered it while sitting in the dark on his veranda over fifty years later. "There was a pilot in those days by the name of Jack Leonard who was a perfectly wonderful creature," he recalled. "I had never seen Leonard steer, but I had heard a lot about it. I don't know that Jack knew more about the river than most of us, and perhaps he could not read the water any better, but he had a knack of steering away ahead of

our ability. I had heard that when Jack Leonard took the wheel, even the crankiest old tub on the water one that would kill any other man to handle would listen and act as docile as a kid.

One night I got a chance to confirm that for myself. It was one of the worst evenings I've ever seen while we were traveling up the river. In addition, the boat was laden in such a manner that she steered aggressively, and I was dragging my arms out to keep her in the safe channel since I was half-blind and feverishly trying to find it. It was one of those nights where no matter which way you turn, everything appears to be the same: just two long lines where the sky meets the trees and where the trees meet the water, with all the trees standing at precisely the same height all planted on the same day, as one of the boys liked to say and with nothing else to guide you but your mental image of the river's true shape. Some of the boats featured what they referred to as a "night hawk" on the jackstaff, an object that could be seen against the sky or the sea when it was in the appropriate position, although it was seldom there and was often of little help [3].

"I was in a bad way that night and wondering how I could ever get through it, when the pilot-house door opened, and Jack Leonard walked in. He was a passenger that trip, and I had forgotten he was aboard. I was just about in the worst place, and I was pulling the boat first one way, then another, running the wheel backward and forward, and "'Sam,' he said, 'let me take the wheel.'" I didn't argue the point. Jack took the helm and turned the boat a little in one direction and a little in the other; it settled down quietly as a lamb and proceeded as if it had been daylight in a river without snags, bars, bottom, or banks, or anything that one could possibly hit. I never saw anything so beautiful. He kept an eye out for me, and I hope I was sufficiently appreciative. I have never forgotten him. He was always guessing, and he found the planets and distant suns to be amazing. Since those lone river watches, he has been enamored with astronomy, drawn to its romanticism, enormous distances, and possibilities. This passion has been constant till this day.

A large comet briefly lit up the sky, illuminating it with a "wonderful sheaf of light" that enhanced his lonesome vigil. He excitedly studied all the comet-related material that came into his possession at the time or afterwards as he watched it grow and ultimately get dull night after night. He pondered on a wide range of topics, including life, death, the meaning of existence, the process of creation, and the workings of Providence and destiny. Such vigils fostered those broader philosophical ideas that would later find voice when the years had bestowed the magical gift of word, thus it was a fertile period for such meditation. Life was all ahead of him at that time, and he must have been mulling over several thoughts about how to meet and master it. The ancient notebook still has a well-used clipping of some unknown author's remarks that the author had saved and may have used as a type of credo. There are no records of catastrophes in the old notebook.

According to Horace Bixby, who should know, "Sam Clemens never had an accident either as a steersman or as a pilot, except once when he got aground for a few hours in the bagasse (cane) smoke, with no damage to anybody though of course there was some good luck in that too, for the best pilots do not escape trouble, now and then." Bixby and Clemens were together that winter on the Alonzo Child, and a Another letter details a trip to a St. Louis art gallery with Pamela where Church's "Heart of the Andes" was on display. He describes the painting in great detail and excitement. Further down he writes of having accompanied his mother and the girls his cousin Ella Creel and another girl for a cruise down the river to fresh Orleans, saying, "I

have seen it several times, but it is always a new picture totally new you seem to see nothing the second time that you saw the first." We have a foreshadowing of the future Mark Twain in another letter from this same period. A teenage clerk aboard the John J. Roe named John T. Moore received it. There is yet another letter from this time period that is suitably intriguing. At that time, Madame Caprell, a well-known clairvoyant from New Orleans, was active. Some of the young pilot's friends had gone to see her, and they seemed to have come away happy. They had sometimes persuaded him to see the fortune-teller, so one day when he was bored, he decided to try it. As soon as he returned, he sent Orion a thorough letter. In light of previous and subsequent events, we must admit that Madame Caprell was "indeed a right smart little woman [4]."

She made mistakes enough (the letter is not quoted in full), but when we consider that she not only gave his profession at the time, but at least suggested his career for the future; that she roughly estimated the year of his father's death as the time when he was thrust upon the world; that she warned him against his troublesome habit, tobacco; and that she cautioned him against his besetting All of this seems remarkable enough, assuming, of course, that she had no material means of acquiring knowledge one can never know with certainty about such things. She seemed to know about Orion's legal bent and his connection to the Tennessee land. She described the struggle in his conquest of the river. However, it is odd that Madame Caprell, who had clairvoyant vision, failed to foresee a significant event that was just two months away at the time: the outbreak of the Civil War, which resulted in the river's closure and the end of Mark Twain's career as a pilot. These items may have been so close as to be "this side" of second sight's range.

There had been a lot of discussion about war, but few of the pilots thought it would ever happen. They did not think that any political differences would be resolved anywhere other than on the street corners, in the legislative chambers, and at the polls as they traveled that great commercial highway, the river, with intercourse both of North and South. While it is true that a number of States, notably Louisiana, proclaimed the Union to be ineffective and seceded, the general consensus was unclear as to the extent to which a State had rights in this subject or what the true meaning of secession may be. Few people, comparatively, thought it meant war. Clemens did not have this opinion. Despite having a date of February 6, 1861, his letter to Madame Caprell makes no mention of the war, any particular excitement in New Orleans, or any ominous predictions for the state of the country. Such events occurred quickly enough: Fort Sumter was fired at six weeks after President Lincoln's inauguration on March 4. Then, men started to speak out and choose sides.

The Association Rooms were experiencing a historic moment. Some pilots would fly for the Union, while others would fly for the Confederacy. One of the formers was Horace Bixby, who eventually rose to the position of head of the Union River Service. Samuel Clemens had earlier flown for another pilot by the name of Montgomery, who ultimately joined the Confederacy and oversaw the Confederate Mississippi fleet. They were all close friends, and even though their talks were friendly, they sometimes took sides. Many people's views were not particularly clear. Living in both the North and the South, they saw different aspects of the issue and had varying sympathies. Some people had different convictions from day to day. The less extreme group included Samuel Clemens. He was not yet bloodthirsty, but he was aware that there was plenty to be said for both causes. A pilot's home felt like a bad place to be during combat due to its high location and openness. He said, "I'll think about it. He did not know it, but he had

made his final journey as a pilot. "I'm not very anxious to get up into a glass perch and be shot at by either side. I'll go home and reflect on the matter." He travelled up the river as a passenger on a ship dubbed the Uncle Sam. It is very interesting that his last little note-book entry should begin with his future nom de plume a notation of soundings "mark twain," and should conclude with the words "no lead." One of the pilots was Zeb Leavenworth, and Sam Clemens often sat watch beside him [5].

Even though they blatantly skirted the blockade at Memphis, they were not harassed despite hearing war rhetoric the whole trip and seeing preparations. They saw soldiers practicing near Cairo, Illinois troops that Grant would ultimately command. The crew of the Uncle Sam cheered themselves on for making it out uninjured as it steamed north into St. Louis. But they weren't quite finished. They immediately heard a cannon boom and saw a large whorl of smoke flowing in their way as they were near Jefferson Barracks. They continued on without realizing it was a signal, a resounding stop. A shell detonated exactly in front of the pilot house less than a minute later, shattering a lot of glass and damaging much of the top ornamentation. With a cry, Zeb Leavenworth retreated into a corner. Clemens went to the helm and turned the boat, saying, "Good Lord Almighty! Sam; what do they mean by that?" They probably want us to wait for a moment, Zeb, he added. They were tested, and they passed. The final steamboat to go between New Orleans and St. Louis was this one. The days of Mark Twain flying were ended. Had he known this news, he would have been devastated. The dreamy, easy, romantic living fit him precisely, and I enjoyed the career much more than any I have pursued since, he long later said, "and I took a measureless pride in it." The pilot was a tyrant whose word was law; he wore his obligations like a crown. As long as he was alive, Samuel Clemens would think back on those bygone eras with respect and nostalgia while also lamenting their loss [6].

## DISCUSSION

"The Making of Mark Twain: From River Apprentice to Literary Pioneer" provides an engrossing look at Samuel Clemens' transformational journey before he became famous as Mark Twain. As we wrap up our investigation of this story, it becomes clear that Clemens' formative years as an apprentice on the Mississippi River were essential in molding both the person and the literary legend. We see Clemens' development from a youthful, daring pilot-in-training to a master of the mighty Mississippi throughout the story. His experiences on the river, from the difficulties he overcame to the knowledge he attained, made a lasting impression on his mind. His illustrious writing career was founded on these early lessons in observation, navigation, and comprehending the human condition. The relationship of mentoring between Horace Bixby and Clemens provides insightful information on the value of endurance and advice. It's evidence of how mentoring can mold one's talents and character even in the midst of difficulties and disagreements. In his mature work as a storyteller, Clemens led readers through the tumultuous seas of American society with humor and wisdom, and his relationship with Bixby reflected that. The story also briefly mentions Clemens' private life, particularly his relationship with Laura. This element of his life gives the author more depth as a person and serves as a reminder that even the greatest writers have personal and emotional lives [7].

We may notice the similarities between Clemens' development from a river apprentice to a literary pioneer if we think back on his life. His command over the Mississippi River is compared to his eventual command of the English language, according to the story. His work became known for its ability to discover comedy and insight in commonplace situations because to his experiences on the river, interactions with a variety of personalities, and writing

style. The main message of "The Making of Mark Twain" is that any person's path, no matter how commonplace it may seem to be, may be a source of creativity and enlightenment.

## CONCLUSION

The development of Clemens from a youthful apprentice to a literary pioneer serves as a reminder that life's experiences, connections, and difficulties may serve as sources of growth and inspiration. The influence Mark Twain has had on American writing throughout the years is proof of the effectiveness of humor, narrative, and astute observation. His later ability to successfully manage the complexity of human nature and society via his literary works was matched by his earlier ability to successfully navigate the difficulties of life on the Mississippi River. The book "The Making of Mark Twain: From River Apprentice to Literary Pioneer" offers proof that Samuel Clemens' early experiences are still relevant today and that they had a significant influence on one of America's finest writers. It encourages us to recognize the intricate fabric of life and the boundless capacity for creation and change that resides inside each of us.

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# CHAPTER 9

## A HUMOROUS AND UNCONVENTIONAL TALE OF PATRIOTISM

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**ABSTRACT:**

The book " A Humorous and Unconventional Tale of Patriotism" offers a fascinating and enjoyable look at the less well-known facets of Mark Twain's life during the American Civil War. This summary captures the heart of the story, stressing its examination of Clemens' involvement in the conflict, his encounters with various military formations, and the amusing tales that occurred during this turbulent time. The readers are taken back to a period when Mark Twain, real name Samuel Clemens, found himself playing an unexpected part in the Civil War. The text goes into detail on his experiences as he joins several military groups, some of which stand out for their daring missions and enthusiastic friendship. The comical aspects of Clemens' experiences during the war, such as misidentifications on the battlefield and amusing run-ins with other troops. It enables readers to look at a turbulent time in American history from a lighter perspective using one of its most well-known humorists as a guide. As the story progresses, we learn that Clemens' involvement in the war was anything but typical. Instead, his encounters were infused with a spirit of adventure, comedy, and companionship that cut beyond era-specific lines. This story provides a novel viewpoint on Clemens' patriotism and his capacity for humor even during times of war. Overall, "The Civil War Ventures of Samuel Clemens: A Humorous and Unconventional Tale of Patriotism" offers readers a fascinating and frequently humorous examination of Mark Twain's lesser-known wartime experiences, illuminating the tenacity and humor that defined one of America's literary giants during a trying time in history.

**KEYWORDS:**

American History, Civil War, Camaraderie, Mark Twain, Military Units, Patriotism, Samuel Clemens.

## INTRODUCTION

In retirement because of the urgent need for Mississippi pilots in the war, Clemens spent a few days in St. Louis before traveling to Hannibal to see old acquaintances. Many organizations were sprouting in and around Hannibal, and sometimes their goals were incompatible and poorly blended. Nevertheless, they were happy to see him and encouraged him to join one of their groups of homosexual military enthusiasts who were planning to "help Gov. 'Claib' Jackson repel the invader." Many of the early companies were formed up of young men whose main goal was to have fun, regardless of whatever cause they would later support. Some of the recruits did not know for a while which invader they wanted to drive off Missouri soil. The Marion Artillery, Silver Grays, Palmyra Guards, and W. were the military units of Hannibal and Palmyra in 1861. E. Dennis Company and perhaps a few more. The majority of them were tiny, private organizations that dissolved quickly after forming in order to join the regular military as their beliefs grew. They were often made up of about equal numbers of soldiers from the Union and the Confederacy. These businesses' main focus was having fun while going on a short camping trip. One morning, unexpected reinforcements arrived for one of these companies. They saw the approaching recruits and, noting how well-drilled they seemed to be, mistaken them for the enemy and retreated. By this point, Samuel Clemens had made the same decision as Robert E. Lee: he would support his State and command battalions to victory. In

this case, the "battalion" was really a small group of young men his own age who were largely pilots and classmates, numbering around a dozen in total and included Sam Bowen, Ed Stevens, and Ab Grimes. The Union militia was anticipated to arrive from Illinois at any moment and checkup any suspicious army that made an open protest, so they assembled in secret. If an army spent a night or two in the calaboose, it may lose motivation and respect.

So, they met in a secret place above Bear Creek Hill, just as Tom Sawyer's red-handed bandits had gathered so long before, and they planned how they would sell their lives on the field of glory, just as Tom Sawyer's band might have done if it had thought about playing "War," instead of "Indian" and "Pirate" and "Bandit" with fierce raids on peach orchards and melon patches. Then, the night before they marched out, they secretly phoned their sweethearts those who had them did, and the others feigned it for the occasion and when it was dark and ominous, they said good-bye and quipped that maybe those girls wouldn't see them again. And as is customary in these situations, some of them were sincere, and two or three of the little party who slipped out that night never did return. They now rest in unmarked graves someplace. After saying goodbye, the "two Sams" contacted Patty Gore and Julia Willis and asked them to "walk through the pickets" with them, which they did up to Bear Creek Hill [1].

The pickets weren't visible to the girls since they were out calling on other girls and weren't likely to return right away to start picketing. The girls then stood and observed the troops as they advanced up Bear Creek Hill and vanished into the forest. Even though this kind of activity became quite boring by dawn, the army had a fun enough time that night as it marched through the bushes and vines into New London. When they looked at themselves in the daytime, with their unremarkable attire and accessories, something about it all seemed to appeal more to one's sense of humor than his patriotism. However, Colonel Ralls of Ralls County greeted them warmly and made their lives better with a satisfying meal and some uplifting remarks. According to him, he was authorized to administer the oath of office. He did so, as well as giving them a speech. He also sent out notices to some of the neighbors, including Col. Bill Splawn, Farmer Nuck Matson, and others, informing them that the neighborhood now had an army on its hands and may want to take action to help it.

This enabled the battalion to quickly transform into cavalry and go to the front by bringing in a lot of contributions, supplies, equipment, and some unnecessary horses and mules. A representative of the brigade was Samuel Clemens, who was mounted on a small yellow mule with a tail that had been styled to resemble his pen name, Paint Brush, and was supplemented with items like an extra pair of cowskin boots, a pair of gray blankets, a homemade quilt, a frying pan, a carpet sack, a small valise, an overcoat, an antique Kentucky rifle, twenty yards of rope, and an umbrella. An army that heavy should have gone into camp, and that is what they did. They crossed the Salt River near Florida and set up camp next to a farm home with a large wood stable, which they utilized as their main base of operations. Someone said that they should wear their hair short in combat so that the opponent could not grab it during a hand-to-hand encounter.

In the stable, Tom Lyon located a set of sheep shears and served as the barber. They weren't particularly sharp shears, but the army endured the pain in exchange for victory on the field, and some small darkies gathered from the farm house to take in the show. After that, the army chose their officers. Asa Glasscock was selected as first lieutenant, while William Ely was selected as captain. After that, there were sergeants and orderlies, and Samuel Clemens was elected second lieutenant. When the election was done, there were only three privates left, and it was impossible to tell them apart based on behavior. In this army, there was hardly any discipline. Then the rain started. Both throughout the day and at night, it rained. Salt River grew till it spilled the bottoms and filled the banks. Twice there was a false night alert of the

enemy arriving, and the battalion went slopping through the mud and undergrowth into the dark, choosing the best route to flee, and then trudging pitifully back to camp when the panic was ended. A picket once shot at his own horse that had gotten free and walked toward him in the night. They also once fired a salvo at a row of mullen stalks that were waving on the brow of a hill [2].

The general populace disliked picket duty. Sam Bowen had to be threatened with a court-martial and execution when he disobeyed Lieutenant Clemens' order to go on duty one afternoon. Sam eventually left, but not before swearing at the unit and the war in general. He then proceeded to sleep in the blazing heat. These factors started to affect patriotism. Following the development of a boil, Lieutenant Clemens was forced to make himself comfortable with some hay in a horse-trough, where he remained for the most of the day while vehemently criticizing the war and the morons who started it. The district's commander, "General" Tom Harris, was thereafter said to be resting in a farmhouse two miles distant and subsisting off the soil. That ended it. Since most of them were familiar with Tom Harris, they saw his disregard for them as perfidy. Without additional ceremony, they dispersed from camp. Ab Grimes grabbed the coil of rope, tied one end to his own saddle and the other to Paint Brush's neck since Lieutenant Clemens required help mounting Paint Brush and the small mule wouldn't cross the river. Grimes was mounted on a large horse, so Paint Brush had to follow him as he took off.

When Grimes reached the further side, he turned back in horror to see that the rope's end was pointing downward into the river with no sign of the horse or rider. Lieutenant Clemens' headgear and Paint Brush's ears emerged as he pushed up the bank. A little beyond the river they saw General Harris, who told them to return to camp. "Ah," exclaimed Clemens, wiping his face, "do you know that little devil waded all the way across." They stated they had been in that camp and knew everything about it, and told him to "go there himself." Now they were moving toward a location with abundance of actual food. He then pleaded them, but to no avail. They eventually made a halt at a farm home to get supplies. The soldiers marched on as she went for a hickory hoop-pole that was beside the entrance. That evening, when they got to Col. Bill Splawn's house, he and his family had already gone to bed, so it didn't seem prudent to disturb them. The starving army set up camp in the barnyard and snuck into the hayloft for the night. One of the lads had been smoking and had begun the hay when suddenly someone cried, "Fire" Lieutenant Clemens abruptly awoke, quickly rolled away from the fire, and tumbled through a large hay window onto the farm below.

Startled into action, the remainder of the troops grabbed the blazing hay and threw it out the same window. The lieutenant's boil wasn't doing well and his ankle had sprained when he hit the ground, but as the flaming hay began to fall, he forgot about his ailments. This was the last straw, literally and metaphorically speaking. He made a jump out from beneath the burning material, hurled off the fragments, and with them his last shred of interest in the fight, with a voice and energy appropriate to the urgency of the situation. After the fire was put out, the others seemed to find the situation to be loudly funny. The lieutenant then stood up and informed them, both collectively and individually, what he thought of them. He also talked about the conflict, the Confederacy, and humanity in general [3].

They then assisted him inside since his ankle was very swollen. The soldiers left for New London the next morning after eating a hearty meal prepared by Colonel Splawn. However, Lieutenant Clemens was only able to reach Nuck Matson's farm home. By that point, his ankle was in excruciating agony, so Mrs. Matson had him put to bed, where he remained for a few weeks as he recovered from the wound and the strain of war. The lieutenant was held in seclusion until the threat had passed while a little black lad-maintained watch for Union

detachments, which were passing fairly often by this point. He had had enough of war and the Confederacy by the time he was allowed to move about. He chose to go to Keokuk to see Orion. Orion was an abolitionist for the Union, which may persuade him to modify his beliefs. The remainder of the army was no longer an active formation. Some of its members had strayed back to their previous jobs, while others had stayed in the war trade. Sam Bowen is said to have been seized by Federal forces and forced to cut wood in the Hannibal stockade.

Ab Grimes, a well-known Confederate spy, is still alive and may provide the information listed here. If they had been properly led and trained, the detachment would have become courageous warriors like any other. Leaders and tactics are important factors in military efficiency. Of course, this incident served as the foundation for Mark Twain's own Private History of a "Campaign that Failed." He provides us with a delectable account, despite the fact that it does not quite match the actual event. If he hadn't introduced the soldier being shot in the dark, the narrative may have been much better. The event was undoubtedly created to depict the true tragedy of war, yet it appears out of place in this burlesque campaign and, at least to some part, fell short of its goal. Mark Twain's "nephew" is cited as proof in a newly released book that he was imprisoned in a tobacco factory in St. Louis after being arrested, paroled, and detailed for river service. There was just one nephew that Mark Twain had, and his name was Samuel E. Moffett. Madame Caprell had to have had genuine prophetic vision to predict that Orion Clemens would attain public office.

Edward Bates, an acquaintance of Orion's, joined Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet after the latter's inauguration. Orion received what he applied for. Orion was named the Territorial secretary, while James W. Nye was named the Territorial governor of Nevada. It was possible to make a remark by calling the position "secretary of state," which was a commanding title. In addition, there would be a number of subsidiary awards and the secretary would serve as acting governor in the governor's absence. Orion was in the throes of victory when Lieutenant Clemens arrived in Keokuk, and all he needed was money to get him to the place of fresh effort. Late Lieutenant C. S. A. had saved money from his pilot income, but there was no comfortable location for an officer of either army who had chosen to leave the military at the time in the volatile Middle West. He agreed to provide the funds for both overland passages, and they would begin without unnecessary delay for a country so new that all people, regardless of previous affiliations and convictions, were thrown into the common fusing-pot and recast in the general mold of pioneer. If Orion would overlook his recent brief defection from the Union and appoint him now as his (Orion's) secretary [4].

Orion benefited from the offer. The cash was quite essential, and he was always glad to pardon. The brothers were traveling to St. Louis for their last leave-taking before departing for the big mystery region of promise the Pacific West when he packed his stuff, which included a large unabridged dictionary. From St. Louis, they boarded a boat to St. Jo, where the Overland stage began, and for six days, the pilot of the Father of Waters "plodded" up the shallow, muddy, tangled Missouri. They paid $150 each for their stage fare at St. Jo, and on July 26, 1861, they set out on that long, enjoyable journey behind sixteen galloping horses or mules never pausing except for meals or to switch teams. They traveled the seventeen hundred miles between St. Jo and Chicago steadily into the evening, following the sun from horizon to horizon over the billowing plains and across the snow-covered Rockies. What a journey to be inspired by! The nights, with the uneven mail-bags for a bed and the bound dictionary for company, were less exhilarating; but then youth does not mind, and he says in "Roughing It": "Even at this day it thrills me through and through to think of the life, the gladness, and the wild sense of freedom that used to make the blood dance in my face on those fine Overland mornings." Even if it is inconvenient, young people like such kind of stuff. And occasionally, the clatter of the pony-

rider, who traveled the Overland route in eight days while carrying letters priced at $5 each, could be heard in the darkness. Other times, all that could be heard were the rumble of the stage and the mules' even, swinging gallop. They sometimes caught a quick sight of the pony rider throughout the day, like a flash as he passed.

And every dawn brought with it a different landscape and a new way of life on the frontier, including, at finally, what to them was the most peculiar of all: Mormonism. They had two fantastic days in Salt Lake City, the enigmatic and far-flung capital of the great American monarchy, which still proudly practices the unlawful, orthodox faith of David and Solomon and survives. They were taken on a tour of the city and daily life by a helpful official, which led to the funny chapters of "Roughing It" later on. The Overland travelers left Salt Lake City feeling revitalized and armed with fresh supplies of the delicacies ham, eggs, and tobacco that make such a journey worthwhile. But one must read the whole account of that distant journey. It was a vacation that was well worth going on, documenting, and reading over and over again today. Now, all we can do is read about it. The Overland stage has finished its journey and won't be starting any more. Even if it did, the lifestyle, the environment, and even the landscape itself would not be the same.

The stage arrived in Carson City on a scorching, dusty August 14th and pulled up in front of the Ormsby Hotel. The Territorial Secretary's arrival was anticipated, therefore a reception-style event with refreshments and frontier hospitality had been prepared. Former New York City police commissioner Governor Nye came not long earlier and made an impressive debut with his group of retainers, or "heelers" as we would today refer to them. With the introduction of the secretary of state, maybe something similar was anticipated. Instead, the committee saw two weather-beaten persons descend from the stage. They were untidy, shaven, and dressed in the most primitive of frontier garb, the same as what they had worn at St. Jo. They were also covered in dust, grime, and alkali desert dust that had been exposed to the elements for several days. The freshly arrived Territorial secretary and his brother were perhaps the two least impressive authorities on the Pacific coast at the time. When they were recognized, the committee disbanded and the half-formed dinner idea vanished into obscurity.

A makeover was affected by soap, water, and new clothing, but the welcoming celebrations had been doomed by that first impression. A "wooden town," Carson City was the state capital of Nevada and had 2,000 residents. From this little photograph of his, the location is fairly obvious, but it needs to be filled in with text from a letter that was addressed to his mother at a later date. In the early 1960s, when the mineral craze was at its height, only the desire for precious metals could have brought together such a congress of countries. All day long, a diverse crowd thronged the sidewalks and streets of Carson and the Plaza, creating a museum of races that was educational just to see. Since this was written, Carson has gone through various stages of transition, both good and bad. These days, the area is booming, and the rural roundabout has been enhanced by modern agricultural practices. But back then, it was a desert outpost that served as a dumping ground for the human drift that every wave of discovery carries with it. Hunting for gold and silver, as well as mining speculation, were the state capital of Nevada's industries, while drinking, gambling, and murder served as its pastimes [5].

Politics eventually emerged, albeit it is unclear at this point whether it was as a business or a hobby. The Clemens brothers stayed with a friendly Irishwoman named Mrs. Murphy, a retainer of Governor Nye in New York, who boarded the camp followers. This retinue had traveled in search of territorial pickings and my adventure; they were soldiers of fortune and a friendly group as a whole. One of them, Bob Howland, the governor's nephew, caught Samuel Clemens' attention with his suave demeanor and dominating gaze. "The man who has that eye doesn't need to go armed," he later wrote. It was the same Bob Howland who would later be regarded

as the most fearless man in the Territory; he kept that lawless camp under control while serving as the city marshal of Aurora. When the friends of numerous condemned outlaws threatened an attack with a general massacre, Howland sent the infamous message to Governor Nye: "All quiet in Aurora. Five men will be hung in an hour."

However, this is a premature detour. Orion Clemens, seeking recognition, set up shop in the modest manner he believed the government would accept, while his brother, with no duties or pay associated with his secondary position, focused his attention primarily on the study of human nature as it manifested itself in frontier settings. When the weather was chilly, he would sometimes create a fire in the office stove and, with Bob Howland and a few other distinguished "Brigade" members gathered around, he would tell river tales in that unique style that would earn him adoring listeners for the rest of his days. His river existence had accentuated his inherent laziness, and his sluggish speech emphasized the slobbish image that he was never reluctant to portray. Most people who heard him described him as an easygoing, indolent fine guy with a sense of humor and maybe talent but not as someone who was ever going to change the world. They had no idea that the same impulse that caused the nearby audience to listen and clap would one day bring him to the notice of all people.

Sam Clemens (he was always referred to as "Sam" among those pioneers) quickly became the most noticeable person on the streets of Carson. Even strangers were drawn to him right away by his large bushy head of auburn hair, his piercing, sparkling eyes, his loose, reclining gait, and his carelessly disorganized attire, which prompted them to turn to ask who he was. He had acclimated to the frontier style rather fast. Lately a river sovereign and dandy, in fancy percales and patent leathers, he had become the roughest of rough-clad pioneers, in rusty slouch hat, flannel shirt, coarse trousers slopping half in and half out of the heavy cowskin boots Always something of a barbarian in love with the loose habit of unconventional, he went even further than others and became a sort of paragon of disarray. The more vivacious residents of Carson did not have many optimistic predictions for his future among them. Orion Clemens quickly gained their respect due to the commotion of the official new broom; however, they frequently observed his brother leaning for an hour or more at a time against an awning support at the intersection of King and Carson streets, smoking a short clay pipe and gazing drowsily at the human kaleidoscope of the Plaza [6].

All of this was obviously harmless, but how could any onlooker take it in? Because there was so much to observe at initially, Samuel Clemens was unable to instantly catch the mining bug. For the time being, just arriving at the boundary was sufficient; he had no intentions. His main goal was to see the world beyond the Rockies in order to make as much money and much fun as possible. He would undoubtedly return to the river after the conflict was over. He was already on the verge of feeling homesick for the "States" and the people he knew there. His buddies were obsessed with mining; Raish Phillips and Bob Howland traveled to Aurora to buy "feet" on small claims and sent him enthused letters. He toured them with Captain Nye, the governor's brother, and developed an interest in them that allowed him to sometimes make a contribution toward the development of the mine, but his excitement remained dormant. He was more interested in the riches that were above ground than those that lay below. He had heard that the wood around Lake Bigler held the promise of enormous riches that was there for the taking. It was believed that the lake and the nearby mountains were more lovely than a work of art. On its beaches, he made the decision to establish a timber claim. He traveled there on foot with John Kinney, a young Ohioan, and this narrative of their journey is among the book's greatest parts.

The lake lived up to their expectations and then some. With its beautiful, wintry mood, wide colonnades of pines, and its limitless depths of water, which are so transparent that drifting on

them is like floating far above in the middle of nothingness, it was really a gods' home. To comply with the law, they staked out a timber claim and attempted to enclose it and construct a residence, but their main activity was total surrender to the quiet luxury of that dark solitude, which included ambling through the forest, relaxing on the beach, or drifting in the transparent, insignificant sea.

He claims that they did not sleep inside their home because "it never occurred to us, for one thing; and, furthermore, it was built to hold the ground, and that was enough. We did not wish to strain it." They were living by their campfire on the lake's edge when one day, just before dusk, it escaped them, ignited the forest, and destroyed their fence and place of residence.

His description of the magnificent nighttime vision, which includes the enormous mountain fire mirrored in the lake's waters, may be found in his book "Roughing It." The reader may want to contrast it with this passage from a letter that was at the time addressed to Pamela. This writing is also excellent, but it lacks the creative word choice and complex syntax that will emerge later. Their initial trip to Tahoe was cut short by a fire, but they continued and discovered further claims, some of which included Mr. Moffett, James Lampton, and other "folks at home."

The James Lampton who would later serve as a role model for Colonel Sellers was the same James Lampton. Samuel E. Moffett, a well-known writer and editor in later life, alludes to Pamela's two young children, Annie and Baby Sam, and pledges to register claims for them—possibly timber claims since he was far from optimistic about the mines at the time. It's been a while since then. Land in Tahoe is being offered to summer residents by the lot. Those claims would have been valuable assets today, but they were completely forgotten at the time in the insanity that comes with the chase of valuable ores [7].

## DISCUSSION

We've looked at how Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, set out on a singular adventure during the Civil War throughout this story. His experiences differed greatly from the typical heroic deeds and bravery shown on the battlefield at that time. Instead, he fought through the conflict with a unique sense of humor, comradery, and an unconventional kind of patriotism. The use of comedy as a coping strategy and a source of resilience in the face of difficulty is one of the story's main themes. The fact that Mark Twain could find humor even under the worst circumstances is proof of how important laughing is to human existence. His funny stories and combat experiences provide a welcome perspective on the generally somber context of war. The companionship that Clemens enjoyed with troops from different origins serves as evidence that common experiences may bind people together and transcend historical differences. Even in the middle of a turbulent time in American history, his capacity to connect with individuals from many walks of life illustrates the universality of human connection. This story also makes us think about the idea of patriotism in general. In the end, Mark Twain's Civil War adventures serve as a reminder that history is a tapestry of unique experiences that individually add to the bigger picture of human history, rather than merely a collection of grand storylines and epic conflicts. It shows us that alongside more conventional narratives of heroism, comedy, companionship, and unorthodox acts of patriotism have their place in the annals of history [8].

## CONCLUSION

Finally, "The Civil War Ventures of Samuel Clemens: A Humorous and Unconventional Tale of Patriotism" presents an intriguing and sometimes ignored period in the life of Mark Twain, one of America's most renowned authors. This unusual story of patriotism gives us important

insights into the complexity of the American Civil War, the use of comedy in difficult situations, and the tenacity of the human spirit in times of war. Also, this book reminds that even amid the most trying circumstances, the human spirit can find moments of humor and connection. We come away from it with a deeper appreciation of Mark Twain and the Civil War period he experienced in his own special manner, as well as the multidimensional nature of patriotism and the continuing power of humor in narrative. The unorthodox strategy used by Clemens challenges accepted ideas of bravery and devotion in times of war. His involvement in the conflict as a Confederate soldier and his subsequent status as a literary legend prompt us to consider what it means to be a patriot and the many manifestations of patriotism.

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# CHAPTER 10

## A JOURNEY THROUGH NEVADA'S EARLY LEGISLATURE

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**ABSTRACT:**

This historical account explores the fascinating world of Nevada's early legislature during the time of the mining frontier, illuminating the distinctive dynamics and personalities that defined this pivotal era. The writer concentrates on Mark Twain, also known as Samuel Clemens, as he moves through the Nevada Assembly, acting as both a sharp observer and a participating member. The story focuses on Clemens' development from a beginning author with a flair for comedy to the well-known author we know today. The narrative also discusses his continuing relationships with important people including Speaker Jack Simmons and Billy Clagget as well as his humorous rivalry with fellow journalist Clement T. Rice, which gave rise to the famous moniker "Mark Twain." This story gives a vivid picture of a crucial period in Mark Twain's life and writing career via interesting stories and historical insights.

**KEYWORDS:**

Historical Narrative, Literary Evolution, Mark Twain, Mining Frontier, Nevada, Samuel Clemens.

### INTRODUCTION

The Nevada legislature in its early years was an intriguing body. This was a mining frontier, and that is how all state legislatures operate. It is impossible to adequately explain. It stood out in particular for having a lot of procedural ignorance, a broad range of speech, a fine sense of humor, and plenty of brains. How lucky Mask Twain was to avoid institutional training and be enrolled in a succession of institutions where the only course of study is the study of human nature's natural tendencies and behaviors! He would sometimes look back and lament not receiving more formal instruction. It's good for him and for us that he avoided that calamity. The Nevada Assembly served as a virtual lecture hall for the study of human nature. His comprehension, wit, language, and confidence all blossomed inside it like Jack's bean-stalk, which in due course was prepared to burst through into a country above the sky. In the beginning, he made some odd mistakes in his reports, but because of how openly he admitted his incompetence, the simplicity of his early letters ended up being their main allure.

He received parliamentary advice from Gillespie, and over time, the reports improved both technically and aesthetically. In exchange, Clemens gave Gillespie the moniker "Young, Jefferson's Manual," which he wore pretty proudly for many years. The "entitlement" given to Clement T. Rice of the Virginia City Union was another one born out of those early reports, but maybe less pleasing to its owner. Rice came to the decision to mock the Enterprise letters because she was so familiar with the legislative process. However, this was a mistake. In his subsequent letter, Clemens said that although Rice's reports may have seemed parliamentary enough, they really covered up a vast amount of misrepresentation and even criminal activity with sparkling technicalities. He said that they were completely unreliable, christened the author of them "The Unreliable," and never referred to him by any other name in subsequent letters. Rice was forever known as "The Unreliable," and Carson, the Comstock, and the papers of the Coast reveled in this mock journalistic conflict.

It should be noted that despite being competitors, Rice and Clemens were the best of friends and never harbored any genuine resentment against one another. The members rapidly grew to love Clemens, and his witty writings won them over with their genuineness and humorous turns of words. His close friends Billy Clagget, the Humboldt delegation, and Speaker of the House Jack Simmons kept him on the inside of the political system. After the mining operation, Clagget stayed in Unionville, cautioned his Keokuk love interest, and started a career in politics and law. He would eventually emerge as a significant figure and enter Congress. He was already a well-known character with a commanding voice and unruly hair. The three most noticeable participants in the session were without a doubt Simmons, Clagget, and Clemens. The former prospector and miner must have been pleased to return to Carson City as a notable individual; less than a year before, he had only been seen as a comically lazy guy who was fun to look at but inconsequential.

It can be seen in an existing portrait of Clemens with his pals Clagget and Simmons that he is now dressed in a long broadcloth cloak, a starched shirt, and polished boots. He had once again changed into the fashionable glass that he had been on the river. He moved in with Orion, whose wife and little daughter Jennie had already left the United States at this point. The social leader of the little capital at the time was "Sister Mollie," the acting governor's wife, with her smart brother-in-law serving as its focal point. He became a beloved visitor because to his laughter, music, and pleasant disposition. He could afford to grin despite the challenging Esmeralda days since his lines had fallen in favorable positions. He wasn't quite content. His letters were not signed, and they were copied and used all along the Coast. They were quickly recognizable as one another, but not as personalities [1].

He understood that in order to establish a reputation, it was important to tie it to a particular identity or name. He gave the issue some serious consideration. Because the 'nom de plume' was the vogue at the time, he did not think about using his own name. He was looking for something succinct, clear, certain, and memorable. He mentally went through a lot of different combinations, but none seemed to work. He received word just then, in the early months of 1863, that Isaiah Sellers, the elderly pilot he had offended with his satire, had passed away. He immediately remembered using the pen-name "Captain Sellers." That was the kind of name he desired, so that was it. Sellers would never need it again since it was not trivial and had all the necessary attributes.

Clemens made the decision to give it new significance and associations in this other country. Up in Virginia City he went. "Joe," he said to Goodman, "I want to sign my articles. I want to be identified to a wider audience." "All right, Sam. What name do you want to use "Josh"?" "No, I want to sign them 'Mark Twain.' It is an old river term, a leads-man's call, signifying two fathoms twelve feet. It has a richness about it; it was always a pleasant sound It was still too fresh for him to admit guilt, but he felt embarrassed of his involvement in that incident. It was really a fine name, and after giving it some thought, Goodman remarked, "Very well, Sam," adding, "that sounds like a good name." No more potent set of words could have been chosen in the history of nomenclature to describe the guy they stood for. Mark Twain's name is as basic and limitless as John Smith's, but without the latter's wasteful distribution of power. If John Smith's whole reputation were concentrated in one person, it may possess the same persuasive force as Mark Twain.

Whatever happens, it has proved to be the best pseudonym ever picked since it perfectly describes the person, his work, and his career. It is understandable that Goodman was unaware of this at the time. If we had never seen or heard of a twelve-inch shell's seismic damage, we shouldn't presume to know the power it contains. We should have to see it be fired, then evaluate the outcome. Beginning with a Carson letter dated February 2, 1863, it was first

signed, and from that point on, it was annexed to all of Samuel Clemens's writing. The work had suddenly developed identity and particular interest, yet it was neither better nor worse than before. No "nom de plume" was ever so quickly and widely accepted as that. Members of the legislature, friends in Virginia, and Carson immediately started referring to him as "Mark." The papers of the Coast picked it up, and within a period to be measured in weeks, he was no longer known as "Sam" or "Clemens," or "that bright chap on the Enterprise." De Quille discovered his roommate and deskmate had the distinction of a new name and reputation upon his return from the East after an absence of many months. It is odd that his new position and its accomplishment are not mentioned in the letters to the home people that have been saved from that era. In fact, the author seldom ever discusses his job at all; instead, he prefers to talk about the mining shares he has amassed, their current worth, and their potential growth. But surely several of the letters are missing. The ones that have survived are relatively lighthearted letters that are brimming with his boundless good humor and joie de vivre [2].

They also show that he has resumed his old river custom of sending money home at intervals of about a week: $20 in each letter. Following the conclusion of the legislative session, Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, returned to Virginia City. He was revered as the captain of the Enterprise, which was a position of great honor on the Comstock, and his enhanced appearance and greater wealth further earned him respect. He was presented as one of the Comstock attractions that it was appropriate to see, together with the Ophir, Gould, and Curry mines, and the new hundred-stamp quartz-mill, when notable visitors notable actors, lecturers, and politicians arrived. He was saddened and disappointed when none of the meerschaum pipes that had been collected at the Enterprise office to give to different staff members had been given to him. He complained to Steve Gillis about this seeming slight: "Nobody ever gives me a meerschaum pipe," he stated. Happy day! "Don't I deserve one yet?" This was a great chance for devilry of a type that pleased Steve Gillis, that remorseless beast. This is the story, exactly as Gillis himself related it to the author of these annals more than a generation later: "There was a German who owned a cigar shop in Virginia City and always had a fine assortment of meerschaum pipes, which were usually priced between forty and seventy-five dollars.

A huge imitation meerschaum with a tall bowl and a long stem, among other things, was priced at $1.50. "I decided that would be the perfect pipe for Sam. We went in and bought it, along with a very much longer stem. I think the stem alone cost three dollars. Then we made preparations for the presentation. Charlie Pope, who would later own Pope's Theater in St. Louis, was performing at the Opera House at the time, and we engaged him to make the presentation speech. "Then we let in Dan. Dan was in a really low place. After the performance, we planned to have the event take place at the tavern below the Opera House. "Everything went off handsomely, but it was a pretty somber occasion, and some of us had a hang-dog look; for Sam took it in such a sincere way, and had prepared one of the most beautiful speeches I ever heard him make. Pope's presentation, too, was beautifully done. He told Sam how his friends all loved him, and that this pipe, bought at such a great expense, was but a small token of their affection. But Sam's reply, which was supposed to be Sam requested costly wines, including champagne and sparkling Moselle, when his speech was over [3].

Then, in order to drown our sorrow, we went out on the town and kept things going until morning. Sam would smoke and smoke, complaining that the tobacco didn't seem to taste right and that the pipe wouldn't color, until finally Denis said to him one day: "Oh, Sam, don't you know that's just a damned old egg-shell, and that the boys bought it for a dollar and a half and presented you with it as a joke? When Sam went to the Local Room to find Dan, he had a thundercloud on his face. He went in, closed the door behind him, locked it, and put the key in his pocket—an awful sign. Dan was there alone, writing at his table. "Sam said, 'Dan, did you

know, when you invited me to make that speech, that those fellows were going to give me a bogus pipe? “Oh, Dan, to think that you, my dearest friend, who knew how little money I had and how hard I would work to prepare a speech that would show my gratitude to my friends, should be the traitor, the Judas, to betray me with a kiss! Sam walked up and down the floor, as if trying to decide which way to kill Dan. I don't ever want to see your face again, Dan. You helped and abetted their evil plan, and you even got me to get up that damned speech to make the thing even more ridiculous.' "Of course, Dan felt terribly, and tried to defend himself by saying that they were really going to present him with a fine pipe a genuine one, this time. However, Sam at first refused to be comforted; and when, a few moments later, he finally relented. “Steve, do you know that I think that fake pipe smokes about as well as the real one? One day, not long after, he said to me: "Steve, do you know that I think that fake pipe smokes about as well as the real one.

"Joe," Mark Twain said, "that was a cruel, cruel trick the boys played on me; but, for the feeling I had during the moment when they presented me with that pipe and when Charlie Pope was making his speech and I was making my reply to it for the memory of that feeling, now, that pipe is more precious to me than any pipe in the world" Many years later (this was in his home in Hartford, and Joe Goodman was present), Mark Twain came across the old imitation" Eighteen hundred and sixty-three was flood-tide on the Comstock. Every mine was working full blast. Every mill was roaring and crunching, turning out streams of silver and gold. It is easy to recognize Mark Twain's hand in that compendium of labor, which, in spite of its amusing apposition, was literally true, and so intended, probably with no special thought of humor in its construction. It may be said, as well here as anywhere, that it was not Mark Twain's habit to strive for humor. He saw facts at curious angles and phrased them accordingly. In Virginia City he mingled with the turmoil of the Comstock and set down what he saw and thought, in his native speech. The Comstock, ready to laugh, found delight in his expression and discovered a vast humor in his most earnest statements.

On the other hand, there were times when the humor was intended and missed its purpose. We have already recalled the instance of the "Petrified Man" hoax, which was taken seriously; but the "Empire City Massacre" burlesque found an acceptance that even its author considered serious for a time. It is remembered to-day in Virginia City as the chief incident of Mark Twain's Comstock career. This literary bomb really had two objects, one of which was to punish the San Francisco Bulletin for its persistent attacks on Washoe interests; the other, though this was merely incidental, to direct an unpleasant attention to a certain Carson saloon, the Magnolia, which was supposed to dispense whisky of the "forty rod" brand that is, a liquor warranted to kill at that range. It was the Bulletin that was to be made especially ridiculous. This paper had been particularly disagreeable concerning the "dividend-cooking" system of certain of the Comstock mines, at the same time calling invidious attention to safer investments in California stocks. Samuel Clemens, with "half a trunkful" of Comstock shares, had cultivated a distaste for California things in general: In a letter of that time, he says: "How I hate everything that looks or tastes or smells like California!" With his customary fickleness of soul, he was glorifying California less than a year later, but for the moment he could see no good in that Nazareth. To his great satisfaction, one of the leading California corporations, the Spring Valley Water Company, "cooked" a dividend of its own about this time, resulting in disaster to a number of guileless investors who were on the wrong side of the subsequent crash. This afforded an inviting opportunity for reprisal [4].

With Goodman's consent he planned for the California papers, and the Bulletin in particular, a punishment which he determined to make sufficiently severe. He believed the papers of that State had forgotten his earlier offenses, and the result would show he was not mistaken. There

was a point on the Carson River, four miles from Carson City, known as "Dutch Nick's," and also as Empire City, the two being identical. There was no forest there of any sort nothing but sage-brush. In the one cabin there lived a bachelor with no household. Everybody in Virginia and Carson, of course, knew these things.

Mark Twain now prepared a most lurid and graphic account of how one Phillip Hopkins, living "just at the edge of the great pine forest which lies between Empire City and 'Dutch Nick's'," had suddenly gone insane and murderously assaulted his entire family consisting of his wife and their nine children, ranging in ages from one to nineteen years. The wife had been slain outright, also seven of the children; the other two might recover. The murder had been committed in the most brutal and ghastly fashion, after which Hopkins had scalped his wife, leaped on a horse, cut his own throat from ear to ear, and ridden four miles into Carson City, dropping dead at last in front of the Magnolia saloon, the red-haired scalp of his wife still clutched in his gory hand. The article further stated that the cause of Mr. Hopkins's insanity was pecuniary loss, he having withdrawn his savings from safe Comstock investments and, through the advice of a relative, one of the editors of the San Francisco Bulletin, invested them in the Spring Valley Water Company. This absurd tale with startling head-lines appeared in the Enterprise, in its issue of October 28, 1863. It was not expected that any one in Virginia City or Carson City would for a moment take any stock in the wild invention, yet so graphic was it that nine out of ten on first reading never stopped to consider the entire impossibility of the locality and circumstance.

Even when these things were pointed out many readers at first refused to confess themselves sold. As for the Bulletin and other California papers, they were taken-in completely, and were furious. Many of them wrote and demanded the immediate discharge of its author, announcing that they would never copy another line from the Enterprise, or exchange with it, or have further relations with a paper that had Mark Twain on its staff. Citizens were mad, too, and cut off their subscriptions. The joker was in despair. "Oh, Joe," he said, "I have ruined your business, and the only reparation I can make is to resign. While I am on the paper, you can never recover from this blow. "Nonsense," Goodman said. "We can give the people news, but we can't give them sense. Only time has the power to do that. The uproar will subside. Just go forward. Long-term, we'll prevail. However, the perpetrator was under torment and unable to sleep. "Dan, Dan," he cried, "I am being roasted alive on both sides of the mountains. Both Goodman and De Quille were correct. In a month papers and people had forgotten their humiliation and laughed. "The Dutch Nick Massacre" gave its perpetrator and to the Enterprise an added vogue [5].

## DISCUSSION

"The Birth of 'Mark Twain': A Journey Through Nevada's Early Legislature" provides an engrossing look at a pivotal time in the life of the renowned American novelist Samuel Clemens, better known by his pen name, Mark Twain. The main ideas and major takeaways from the story are explored in detail in this debate. The Early Years of Mark Twain The story focuses on Mark Twain's early experiences as a writer and humorist as it goes into his formative years. Readers learn about the developing skill of a literary titan as they follow his development from a beginning humorist to a well-known character in American literature. The mid-19th century mining frontier in Nevada is vividly portrayed in the novel. It provides an insightful historical perspective while capturing the distinctive problems, possibilities, and individuals who occupied this vibrant but sometimes tumultuous area. The early Nevada legislature serves as the narrative's main setting. The story provides insight into the inner workings of this legislative body, illuminating its period-specific procedural illiteracy, varied speech, and good sense of humor [6].

In the book, ties between Mark Twain and significant historical figures are examined, particularly those between him and his close friends Speaker Jack Simmons and Billy Clagget. These relationships were crucial to his growth both personally and professionally and gave him political insights. Readers are guided through the intriguing process of Samuel Clemens' selection of the pen name "Mark Twain." This choice was more than just a question of nomenclature; it marked a pivotal moment in his career and the creation of a unique literary character. The story also mentions Mark Twain and Clement T. Rice, two other journalists who had a friendly rivalry. This rivalry introduced a competitive and intriguing aspect to the world of journalism in Nevada at the time, inspiring the invention of the pseudonym "Mark Twain". The author highlights Mark Twain's humor and wit, which were characteristics of his writing style, throughout the debate. The narrative in the book illustrates how these traits won him the admiration of both readers and his fellow lawmakers, making his contributions to the Nevada Assembly indelible. "The Birth of 'Mark Twain'" is ultimately a story of metamorphosis. It shows how Mark Twain developed from a budding author into a literary giant and how his time in the Nevada legislature had a significant impact on the development of his distinctive style and viewpoint [7].

## CONCLUSION

The book emphasizes the importance of location and time in the development of a creative genius in its conclusion. The mid-19th century Nevada legislature gave Mark Twain a platform on which to refine his art, experiment with humor, and forge his own identity as a writer. The mining frontier provided a wonderful setting for his growth with its lack of procedural knowledge, varied speech, and humor. Additionally, the story emphasizes how crucial human connections were to Samuel Clemens's life. His long-lasting associations with people like Speaker Jack Simmons and Billy Clagget not only influenced his political and social outlook, but they also helped him develop his writing skills. The history of how the pseudonym "Mark Twain" came to be is one of the most interesting sections of this tale. This choice not only signaled a turning point for Clemens' career, but also the beginning of a literary identity that would win over readers' hearts and minds for countless generations. The author repeatedly emphasizes how Mark Twain's use of humor and wit won him the favor of his peers and helped to make his services to the Nevada Assembly legendary. "The Birth of 'Mark Twain'" essentially serves as proof that great authors are products of their times and experiences. This story's portrayal of Mark Twain's formative years in Nevada sheds important light on how the literary giant who would later leave the world with timeless classics and satirical masterpieces was shaped. This tour of Nevada's early legislators serves as a reminder that even the most well-known writers had humble beginnings, and that their voices are formed by the extraordinary events that impacted their lives. It asks viewers to consider the legendary journey of a literary legend and the unusual setting of the Nevada mining frontier in relation to the formation of "Mark Twain."

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# CHAPTER 11

## FIRST BOOK AND BEYOND: MARK TWAIN'S EARLY LITERARY JOURNEY

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**ABSTRACT:**

"The First Book and Beyond: Mark Twain's Early Literary Journey" offers a perceptive examination of Samuel Clemens' early entrance into writing, which was highlighted by the release of his first book, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches." The following summarizes the major ideas and key takeaways from the text: This story explores the crucial turning points that shaped Mark Twain's rise to fame as one of America's most renowned writers. The book explores the importance of this moment in time and how it influenced Mark Twain's literary persona, with a particular emphasis on the release of his first book. It explores the publishing landscape of the era, the difficulties the young author encountered, and the lighthearted tone of the book itself. The book's analysis of Twain's early writing style and his dual roles as a comedian and moralist are also highlighted in the abstract. It highlights how Twain's writing was infused with philosophical ideas and social criticism even in his early works, highlighting his continuing appeal as a writer. The story also discusses Twain's fun relationships with his readers and other writers, as well as the difficulties he had in trying to be taken seriously despite his essentially lighthearted attitude. It offers an insight into his inner thoughts and concerns as he prepares to set off on a new trip, as well as his communication with family and friends.

**KEYWORDS:**

Author's Evolution, Debut Book, Jumping Frog, Literary Identity, Mark Twain, Publishing.

### INTRODUCTION

With the shadow of the Cooper Institute so happily dispelled, The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and his following of Other Sketches, became a matter of more interest. The book was a neat blue-and-gold volume printed by John A. Gray & Green, the old firm for which the boy, Sam Clemens, had set type thirteen years before. The title-page bore Webb's name as publisher, with the American News Company as selling agents. It further stated that the book was edited by "John Paul," that is to say by Webb himself. The dedication was in keeping with the general irresponsible character of the venture. It is said that the man to whom a volume is dedicated always buys a copy. If this prove true in the present instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon the author.

The "advertisement" stated that the author had "scaled the heights of popularity at a single jump, and won for himself the sobriquet of the 'Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope' furthermore, that he was known to fame as the 'Moralist of the Main,'" and that as such he would be likely to go down to posterity, adding that it was in his secondary character, as humorist, rather than in his primal one of moralist, that the volume aimed to present him. Every little while, during the forty years or more that have elapsed since then, someone has come forward announcing Mark Twain to be as much a philosopher as a humorist, as if this were a new discovery. But it was a discovery chiefly to the person making the announcement. Everyone who ever knew Mark Twain at any period of his life made the same discovery. Everyone who ever took the trouble to familiarize himself with his work made it. Those who did not make it have known his work only by hearsay and quotation, or they have read it very

casually, or have been very dull. It would be much more of a discovery to find a book in which he has not been serious a philosopher, a moralist, and a poet. Even in the Jumping Frog sketches, selected particularly for their inconsequence, the under-vein of reflection and purpose is not lacking. The answer to Moral Statistician is fairly alive with human wisdom and righteous wrath. The "Strange Dream," though ending in a joke, is aglow with poetry. Webb's "advertisement" was playfully written, but it was earnestly intended, and he writes Mark Twain down a moralist not as a discovery, but as a matter of course.

The discoveries came along later, when the author's fame as a humorist had dazzled the nations. It is as well to say it here as anywhere, perhaps, that one reason why Mark Twain found it difficult to be accepted seriously was the fact that his personality was in itself so essentially humorous. His physiognomy, his manner of speech, this movement, his mental attitude toward events all these were distinctly diverting. When we add to this that his medium of expression was nearly always full of the quaint phrasing and those surprising appositions which we recognize as amusing, it is not so astonishing that his deeper, wiser, more serious purpose should be overlooked. On the whole these unabated discoverers serve a purpose, if only to make the rest of their species look somewhat deeper than the comic phrase. The little blue-and-gold volume which presented the Frog story and twenty-six other sketches in covers is chiefly important to-day as being Mark Twain's first book [1].

The selections in it were made for a public that had been too busy with a great war to learn discrimination, and most of them have properly found oblivion. Fewer than a dozen of them were included in his collected Sketches issued eight years later, and some even of those might have been spared; also, some that were added, for that matter; but detailed literary criticism is not the province of this work. The reader may investigate and judge for himself. Clemens was pleased with the appearance of his book. To Bret Harte he wrote: The book is out and it is handsome. It is full of damnable errors of grammar and deadly inconsistencies of spelling in the Frog sketch, because I was away and did not read proofs; but be a friend and say nothing about these things. When my hurry is over, I will send you a copy to pisen the children with. That he had no exaggerated opinion of the book's contents or prospects we may gather from his letter home: As for the Frog book, I don't believe it will ever pay anything worth a cent.

I published it simply to advertise myself, and not with the hope of making anything out of it. He had grown more lenient in his opinion of the merits of the Frog story itself since it had made friends in high places, especially since James Russell Lowell had pronounced it "the finest piece of humorous writing yet produced in America"; but compared with his lecture triumph, and his prospective journey to foreign seas, his book venture, at best, claimed no more than a casual regard. A Sandwich Island book (he had collected his Union letters with the idea of a volume) he gave up altogether after one unsuccessful offer of it to Dick & Fitzgerald. Frank Fuller's statement, that the fame had arrived, had in it some measure of truth. Lecture propositions came from various directions. Thomas Nast, then in the early day of his great popularity, proposed a joint tour, in which Clemens would lecture, while he, Nast, illustrated the remarks with lightning caricatures.

But the time was too short; the Quaker City would sail on the 8th of June, and in the meantime the Alta correspondent was far behind with his New York letters. On May 29th he wrote: I am 18 Alta letters behind, and I must catch up or bust. I have refused all invitations to lecture. Don't know how my book is coming on. He worked like a slave for a week or so, almost night and day, to clean up matters before his departure. Then came days of idleness and reaction-days of waiting, during which his natural restlessness and the old-time regret for things done and undone, beset him. The "splendid immoral room-mate" was Dan Slote--"Dan," of The Innocents, a lovable character all as set down. Samuel Clemens wrote one more letter to his

mother and sister a conscience-stricken, pessimistic letter of good-by written the night before sailing. He remembers Orion, who had been officially eliminated when Nevada had received statehood [2].

That first note recorded an event momentous in Mark Twain's career--an event of supreme importance; if we concede that any link in a chain regardless of size is of more importance than any other link. Undoubtedly it remains the most conspicuous event, as the world views it now, in retrospect. The note further heads a new chapter of history in sea-voyaging. No such thing as the sailing of an ocean steamship with a pleasure-party on a long transatlantic cruise had ever occurred before. A similar project had been undertaken the previous year, but owing to a cholera scare in the East it had been abandoned. Now the dream had become a fact--a stupendous fact when we consider it. Such an important beginning as that now would in all likelihood furnish the chief news story of the day. But they had different ideas of news in those days. There were no headlines announcing the departure of the Quaker City--only the barest mention of the ship's sailing, though a prominent position was given to an account of a senatorial excursion-party which set out that same morning over the Union Pacific Railway, then under construction.

Every name in that political party was set dawn, and not one of them except General Hancock will ever be heard of again. The New York Times, however, had someone on its editorial staff who thought it worthwhile to comment a little on the history making Quaker City excursion. The writer was pleasantly complimentary to officers and passengers. He referred to Moses S. Beach, of the Sun, who was taking with him type and press, whereby he would "skillfully utilize the brains of the company for their mutual edification." Mr. Beecher and General Sherman would find talent enough aboard to make the hours go pleasantly (evidently the writer had not interested himself sufficiently to know that these gentlemen were not along), and the paragraph closed by prophesying other such excursions, and wishing the travelers "good speed, a happy voyage, and a safe return." That was handsome, especially for those days; only now, some fine day, when an airship shall start with a band of happy argonauts to land beyond the sunrise for the first time in history, we shall feature it and emblazon it with pictures in the Sunday papers, and weeklies, and in the magazines.

The Quaker City idea was so unheard-of that in some of the foreign ports visited, the officials could not believe that the vessel was simply a pleasure-craft, and were suspicious of some dark, ulterior purpose. That Henry Ward Beecher and General Sherman had concluded not to go was a heavy disappointment at first; but it proved only a temporary disaster. The inevitable amalgamation of all ship companies took place. The sixty-seven travelers fell into congenial groups, or they mingled and devised amusements, and gossiped and became a big family, as happy and as free from contention as families of that size are likely to be. The Quaker City was a good enough ship and sizable for her time. She was registered eighteen hundred tons--about one-tenth the size of Mediterranean excursion-steamers today and when conditions were favorable, she could make ten knots an hour under steam or, at least, she could do it with the help of her auxiliary sails. Altogether she was a cozy, satisfactory ship, and they were a fortunate company who had her all to themselves and went out on her on that long-ago ocean gipsying. She has grown since then, even to the proportions of the Mayflower.

It was necessary for her to grow to hold all of those who in later times claimed to have sailed in her on that voyage with Mark Twain. They were not all ministers and deacons aboard the Quaker City. Clemens found other congenial spirits be sides his room-mate Dan Slote among them the ship's surgeon, Dr. A. Reeve Jackson (the guide-destroying "Doctor" of The Innocents); Jack Van Nostrand, of New Jersey ("Jack"); Julius Moulton, of St. Louis ("Moult"), and other care-free fellows, the smoking-room crowd which is likely to make comradeship its

chief watchword. There were companionable people in the cabin crowd also fine, intelligent men and women, especially one of the latter, a middle-aged, intellectual, motherly soul Mrs. A. W. Fairbanks, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Fairbanks herself a newspaper correspondent for her husband's paper, the Cleveland Herald had a large influence on the character and general tone of those Quaker City letters which established Mark Twain's larger fame [3].

She was an able writer herself; her judgment was thoughtful, refined, unbiased--altogether of a superior sort. She understood Samuel Clemens, counseled him, encouraged him to read his letters aloud to her, became in reality "Mother Fairbanks," as they termed her, to him and to others of that ship who needed her kindly offices. In one of the early letters which Mrs. Fairbanks wrote to her paper she is scarcely less complimentary to him, even if in a different way. It requires only a few days on shipboard for acquaintances to form, and presently a little afternoon group was gathering to hear Mark Twain read his letters. Mrs. Fairbanks was there, of course, also Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Severance, likewise of Cleveland, and Moses S. Beach, of the Sun, with his daughter Emma, a girl of seventeen. Dan Slote was likely to be there, too, and Jack, and the Doctor, and Charles J. Langdon, of Elmira, New York, a boy of eighteen, who had conceived a deep admiration for the brilliant writer. They were fortunate ones who first gathered to hear those daring, wonderful letters. "Well," he drawled, "Mrs. Fairbanks thinks it oughtn't to be printed, and, like as not, she is right."

And Emma Beach (Mrs. Abbott Thayer) remembers hearing him say: "Well, Mrs. Fairbanks has just destroyed another four hours' work for me." Sometimes he played chess with Emma Beach, who thought him a great hero because, once when a crowd of men were tormenting a young lad, a passenger, Mark Twain took the boy's part and made them desist. "I am sure I was right, too," she declares; "heroism came natural to him." Mr. Severance recalls another incident which, as he says, was trivial enough, but not easy to forget: We were having a little celebration over the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Duncan, wife of our captain. Mark Twain got up and made a little speech, in which he said Mrs. Duncan was really older than Methuselah because she knew a lot of things that Methuselah never heard of. Then he mentioned a number of more or less modern inventions, and wound up by saying, "What did Methuselah know about a barbed-wire fence?" Except Following the Equator, The Innocents Abroad comes nearer to being history than any other of Mark Twain's travel-books.

The notes for it were made on the spot, and there was plenty of fact, plenty of fresh, new experience, plenty of incident to set down. His idea of descriptive travel in those days was to tell the story as it happened; also, perhaps, he had not then acquired the courage of his inventions. We may believe that the adventures with Jack, Dan, and the Doctor are elaborated here and there; but even those happened substantially as recorded. There is little to add, then, to the story of that halcyon trip, and not much to elucidate. The old note-books give a light here and there that is interesting. It is curious to be looking through them now, trying to realize that these penciled memoranda were the fresh, first impressions that would presently grow into the world's most delightful book of travel; that they were set down in the very midst of that care-free little company that frolicked through Italy, climbed wearily the arid Syrian hills. They are all dead now; but to us they are as alive and young to-day as when they followed the footprints of the Son of Man through Palestine, and stood at last before the Sphinx, impressed and awed by its "five thousand slow-revolving years." Some of the items consist of no more than a few terse, suggestive words serious, humorous, sometimes profane. Others are statistical, descriptive, elaborated [4].

Also, there are drawings--"not copied," he marks them, with a pride not always justified by the result. The earlier notes are mainly comments on the "pilgrims," the freak pilgrims: "the Frenchy looking woman who owns a dog and keeps up an interminable biography of him to

the passengers"; the "long-legged, simple, wide-mouthed, horse-laughing young fellow who once made a sea voyage to Fortress Monroe, and quotes eternally from his experiences"; also, there is reference to another young man, "good, accommodating, pleasant but fearfully green." This young person would become the "Interrogation Point," in due time, and have his picture on page 71, while opposite him, on page 70, would appear the "oracle," identified as one Doctor Andrews, who had the habit of "smelling in guide-books for knowledge and then trying to play it for old information that has been festering in his brain." Sometimes there are abstract notes such as: How lucky Adam was. He knew when he said a good thing that no one had ever said it before. "'For Heaven's sake, Cutter, keep your poems to yourself.' "Yes, Mark was pretty glum, and he was generally writing."

Poor old Poet Lariat dead now with so many others of that happy crew. We may believe that Mark learned to be "glum" when he saw the Lariat approaching with his sheaf of rhymes. We may believe, too, that he was "generally writing." He contributed fifty-three letters to the Alta during that five month and six to the Tribune. They would average about two columns nonpareil each, which is to say four thousand words, or something like two hundred and fifty thousand words in all. To turn out an average of fifteen hundred words a day, with continuous sight-seeing besides, one must be generally writing during any odd intervals; those who are wont to regard Mark Twain as lazy may consider these statistics. That he detested manual labor is true enough, but at the work for which he was fitted and intended it may be set down here upon authority that to his last year he was the most industrious of men It was Dan, Jack, and the Doctor who with Mark Twain wandered down through Italy and left moral footprints that remain to this day. The Italian guides are wary about showing pieces of the True Cross, fragments of the Crown of Thorns, and the bones of saints since then.

They show them, it is true, but with a smile; the name of Mark Twain is a touch-stone to test their statements. Not a guide in Italy but has heard the tale of that iconoclastic crew, and of the book which turned their marvels into myths, their relics into bywords. It was Doctor Jackson, Colonel Denny, Doctor Birch, and Samuel Clemens who evaded the quarantine and made the perilous night trip to Athens and looked upon the Parthenon and the sleeping city by moonlight. It is all set down in the notes, and the account varies little from that given in the book; only he does not tell us that Captain Duncan and the quartermaster, Pratt, connived at the escapade, or how the latter watched the shore in anxious suspense until he heard the whistle which was their signal to be taken aboard. It would have meant six months' imprisonment if they had been captured, for there was no discretion in the Greek law [5].

## DISCUSSION

**The book "The First Book and Beyond:** Mark Twain's Early Literary Journey" offers an insightful examination of the crucial time in Samuel Clemens's life when he began his early literary career. This conversation digs into the text's core ideas, illuminating the importance of the author's first work and its ramifications for his future as a writer. The relevance of Mark Twain's debut book, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches," is one of the main topics of this story. The conversation focuses on how this book served as a turning point in his life and the beginning of his writing career. It provides details on the difficulties he had in being published and the effect the book had on his later career. Style The book explores the subtleties of Mark Twain's early work. It looks at the wit and humor that were his signature and shows how these traits made him popular with readers. It also discusses the growth of moralistic themes in his writing, demonstrating the complexity of his writing even in its early beginnings. The difficulties Mark Twain had in being recognized seriously as a writer are a key theme in the story. These exchanges demonstrate his capacity to relate to a wide spectrum of people and his use of comedy as a commentary and engagement tool [6]. The

work explores Mark Twain's inner thoughts and concerns as he began his writing career. His letters to family and friends, as well as his goodbye letters before starting new endeavors, provide a moving glimpse into the author's inner thoughts and feelings during this changing time [7].

## CONCLUSION

Some people found it challenging to understand the deeper philosophical and moral ideas weaved within his writing because of his naturally amusing demeanor and the hilarious nature of his early writings. His early writing career is centered on this battle for acceptance as both a comedian and a thinker. The story offers snippets of Mark Twain's amusing encounters with his audience and colleagues. It looks at how he interacted with readers and critics, often in a humorous or ironic way. Finally, "The First Book and Beyond: Mark Twain's Early Literary Journey" provides readers with a greater knowledge of one of America's most well-known writers' formative years. It demonstrates how his first book served as a springboard for a body of work that is notable for its comedy, social critique, and profound philosophical ideas. This story demonstrates Mark Twain's ability to balance his roles as a comic and a moralist while still creating a distinctive literary voice that would enthrall readers for many years to come.

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# CHAPTER 12

## CLEMENS FAMILY'S RURAL RETREAT AND MARK TWAIN'S LITERARY PURSUITS

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**ABSTRACT:**

This research explores the significance of Quarry Farm, a homestead near Elmira, New York, in influencing Mark Twain's life and writing, against the background of 19th-century America. The study follows the family's yearly summer vacations to Quarry Farm, emphasizing the healing and energizing benefits of this tranquil setting. Twain's encounters in this pastoral area offered him a unique blank slate for imagination and reflection, which influenced his writing topics, style, and viewpoint. This abstract provides a glance into the complex web of Quarry Farm life while examining the familial dynamics, the rural allure of the farm, and the social interactions that influenced Mark Twain's work. It also looks at how Quarry Farm affected Twain's most well-known books, such "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," illuminating how the serene setting cultivated his writing prowess. This research explores the Clemens family's experiences at Quarry Farm via the analysis of original documents, letters, and diaries. It also reveals the significant impact of this retreat on Mark Twain's long reputation in American literature. Finally, "Life at Quarry Farm" encourages readers to see the complex interrelationships of setting, imagination, and one of America's most well-known writers' lasting creative achievements.

**KEYWORDS:**

American Literature, Creativity, Clemens, Literary Pursuits, Mark Twain, Quarry Farm, Rural Retreat.

## INTRODUCTION

In April, the Clemens family relocated to Quarry Farm, leaving the new home once again in the care of the architect and construction team. There was financial pressure on the land since it was expensive and time-consuming. Mrs. Clemens, who was always prudent, occasionally felt uneasy, but there was no cause for concern at the time because her holdings, according to her business statement, were only slightly less than a quarter of a million dollars, whereas her husband's books and lectures had been and would continue to be very lucrative. They had every right to live in abundant, even opulent luxury, and imagine how long they might have lived without worrying about money! When Clemens realized how pleased he was, he wrote to Dr. Brown: "I am grateful for my wife and child, and if there is one creature on this footstool who is more thoroughly and uniformly and continuously happier than I am, I defy the world to produce him and prove him." I think he doesn't exist. I may still be that way to the rest of the world, but not to Livy.

I was a very gruff, rude, unpromising topic when she seized control of me four years ago. She did a fantastic job of making me seem good. Actually, fate laughed as well as smiled. Every postal delivery brought huge bundles of letters praising him. When his writings were translated into Danish, Robert Watt wrote on how well-liked they were there. Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon), who wrote a review of The Jumping Frog in the "Revue des deux mondes" in 1872 and had already translated The Jumping Frog into French, was said to be working on one for "The Gilded Age." The whole world seems prepared to praise him. Of course, there is always

a cost involved, generally a frustrating one. In order to rehash stale and dull tales, Bores stopped him on the street. Invented tales, some of them irksome, circulated in the media. He was personated by impostors in faraway locales who pretended to be close relatives or to be him in order to get favors and sometimes financial rewards. His daily mail was spoiled by inane messages asking for favors of all kinds. Since he received so many letters from people aspiring to be writers, he decided to create a "form" letter to respond to them. It begins, " Experience has not taught me very much, still it has taught me that it is not wise to criticize a piece of literature, except to an enemy of the person who wrote it.

Even Orion, who was now pursuing him with manuscripts and scheme suggestions while working on a poultry farm in Keokuk, Iowa. Before the first egg was laid, Clemens was already thinking about new business ventures. Orion had purchased this farm from Clemens because he expected it to provide significant and rapid profits. Orion Clemens was the most endearing fictional character ever conceived, yet Mark Twain must have sometimes found him to be difficult. One of the works of Mark Twain that will last the longest in memory is "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," which he had been thinking about for some time. He naturally looked for more autobiographical material after "Roughing It" was successful, and he thought back to his time spent skylarking in Hannibal with Tom Blankenship, the Bowen brothers, John Briggs, and the others. The materiality of these things had been acknowledged by him as being enticing, so he now set out to weave the young fabric in the cold luxury of Quarry Farm. He always preferred the summer months to work on his writing, and Mrs. Crane had a study constructed for him that spring on a hillside near the old quarry.

It was a small space with windows that was reminiscent of a pilot's cabin and overlooked the expansive field of grass and the fantastical city below. It was covered with vines that would eventually envelop it, and a small fireplace was installed for cold days. It is the most beautiful study you have ever seen; Clemens wrote to Twichell of his new hideaway. It is octagonal, has a peaked roof, and each face is adorned with a large window. It is located in total solitude on the summit of an elevation that overlooks a valley, a city, and receding ranges of blue hills in the distance. Imagine the luxury of it when storms roll down the isolated valley, lightning flashes behind the hills beyond, and rain pounds against the roof above my head. It is a small nest with just enough space for a couch, table, and three or four chairs. He put in a consistent summer shift there [1].

It was not his custom to have lunch, so he would go up in the mornings after breakfast and stay until close to dinnertime, perhaps till five o'clock or later. Other family members avoided the area, and if they needed him right away, they honked a horn. Each night, he read to the gathered family the performance from the previous day. He felt the desire for attention and affirmation. The former was usually earned, but not always. A young undertaker's love affair was once documented by him setting aside other responsibilities for a day. When he took down the results in the evening, he was welcomed with a surprise. The story was a horrifying burlesque, with the most depressing, repulsive comedy. Nobody laughed or talked throughout the reading since there was a strong displeasure in the room. Near the end, his voice become sluggish and shaky. There was a tense stillness once he was done. The only one who could talk was Mrs. Clemens. "Youth, let's walk a little," she remarked. There are still manuscripts from that time period that include the "Undertaker's Love Story," but it is doubtful that they will ever be published.

This story has nothing to do with "The Undertaker's Story" in Sketches New and Old. Other times, he sought solace in Theodore Crane's company. These two had always been close, and they often read novels that they both enjoyed together. They had portable hammock sets that they set up side by side on the lawn and spent the afternoons reading and talking. One of their favorite novels was "Mutineers of the Bounty," which had an intriguing human record about

an Icelandic farmer. They also read and reread a few pieces from earlier issues of the Atlantic. Three trustworthy favorites were "Pepys' Diary," "Two Years Before the Mast," and a book on the Andes. Although Mark Twain didn't read many books, he did do it often. He requested the books mentioned above each time he went back to Quarry Farm. The farm and the summer would not be the same without them. Then there was "Lecky's History of European Morals," which they sometimes read voraciously and debated in novel and unconventional ways. Lecky was a reflection of Mark Twain's own beliefs. He often added marginal notes notes that weren't always quotable in the context of the family along the pages of the moral history of the globe. However, the majority of them were brief, sharp expressions of agreement or displeasure. Clemens has endorsed these philosophies by writing on the margin, "Sound and true." It was the philosopy that Lecky referred to, holding that a desire to obtain happiness and to avoid pain is the only possible motive to action; the reason, and the only reason, why we should perform virtuous actions being "that on the whole such a course will bring us the greatest amount of happiness." privately published in 1906 "Correct" exclaims Clemens.

It was a conclusion he logically never deviated from; not the happiest one, it would appear, at first look, but one that is simpler to refute than to disprove. "He has proceeded from unreasoned selfishness to reasoned selfishness. All our acts, reasoned and unreasoned, are selfish." Mark Twain wrote his literary statement for this age on the back of an old envelope. But of course, the novels of Howells would be excluded; Lecky was not theology, but the history of it; his taste for poetry would develop later, though it would never become a fixed quantity, as was his devotion to history and science. He also stated that he disliked novels, poetry, and theology. He was passionately interested in them. Clemens had long longed to be published in the Atlantic, but given how highly he thought of his own writing, he had little expectation of being accepted. Twichell recalls feeling "mingled astonishment and triumph" when asked to submit a piece to the magazine. Before "A True Story," the account of Auntie Cord, was accepted, he had to "send something" a couple of times [2].

Even after it was accepted, a fable that had previously been attached was brought back with the justification that it would disqualify the publication for readers of all denominations, though Howells hastened to express his own delight in it after being particularly moved by the author's mention of Sisyphus and Atlas as the ancestors of the tumb Mark Twain claimed that the "True Story," with its "realest king of black talk," had won him, and a few days later he wrote once more, "This little story delights me more and more. I wish you had about forty of 'em." And so, modestly enough, as befitted him, because the tale was of the most basic, unpretentious kind, he entered the school of the elect. In his Recollections, Howells describes the stress that existed in the Atlantic office over trying to determine the story's financial worth. Clemens and Harte significantly increased literary fees; it was said that the latter got as much as five cents per word from wealthy publications! However, because of the Atlantic's financial situation, the ultimate payment of sixty dollars (or around 2.5 cents per word) for the three pages was considered to be magnificent and unprecedented in Atlantic history.

Howells continues by saying that Mark Twain sometimes received offers that were up to forty times this sum in later life. Even in 1974, he had been given a rate that was far greater than that of the Atlantic, but no acceptance, then or now, had ever made him happier or seemed to have more generously rewarded him. It was exactly what it said it was: "A True Story, Repeated Word for Word as I Heard It" [Atlantic Monthly for November 1874; also found in Sketches New and Old.] Auntie Cord, the Auntie Rachel of that story, cook at Quarry Farm, was a Virginia negress who had been sold as a slave twice and was proud of the fact; especially proud that she had brought $1,000 on the block. It had been a long time since she had lost all of her children, and at the age of sixty, she was chubby and seemed carefree. Auntie Cord had already

told Mrs. Crane her tale, and the latter had unsuccessfully urged her several times to share it with Clemens. However, one night when the family was used to spending time on the front porch in the moonlight, gazing down at the movie city, Auntie Cord stopped by to say good night. Clemens struck up a discussion with her. He prefaced her account, and almost before she realized it, she was sitting at his feet and relating the unusual incident in nearly exactly the same terms that he had written it down the next morning. It allowed Mark Twain to use his talents for transcribing and characterization, two of his strongest suit. When it came to these, he was always better than he was at inventing.

The tale told by Auntie Cord is a mini-masterpiece. Because Auntie Cord and her farm friends were so fascinating, he longed to interact with them more. John Lewis and his wife, two other black residents of the area (we will learn more about Lewis later), did not always get along with Auntie Cord. They had different religious beliefs, and they often fought in the kitchen. The lady of the house was saddened by them, but Mark Twain was delighted. His upbringing in the South had given him an appreciation for their inherent humors and emotions, which made these riots a source of spiritual fulfillment. He would slink away amid the bushes to hear the clamor and fighting of battles while embracing himself with joy. Sometimes they used missiles like stones or tinware, or even dressed chicken that Auntie Cord was getting ready to bake. Auntie Cord was a vibrant mulatto, Lewis's wife was many shades lighter, and Lewis was a very dark black man. Wherever the conversation started, it quickly veered off into insults and color-lines. Lewis was a Dunkard, whereas Auntie Cord was a Methodist. Lewis could read and was clever, but Auntie Cord was stupid and fanatical [3].

Theology always brought up personality, which then brought about epithets, crockery, geology, and food. How much that summertime conflict amused the greatest wit of all time! There were several ways to have fun. The other members of the home probably enjoyed an occurrence from that summer more than Mark Twain did. Lewis kept a few birds, one of which was a particularly troublesome guinea hen that would get up at three in the morning and make the type of noise that guinea hens would get up early to hear. It did not appeal to Mark Twain. One morning, he staved it off as long as he could before slinking quietly out of the house to put a stop to it. It was a clear, bright night, so he snuck up on the guinea fowl with a sturdy stick after finding it. The bird was breaking out with emotion, shattering the night. Clemens stole up close and unleashed a devastating stroke with his bludgeon, but the guinea moved in front of him just in time, and he missed. The crow was startled by his strike and explosion, and it began to flee. Clemens began pursuing it since he was just thinking about getting retribution at this point. They ran, "pursuer and pursued," across the trees, down the walkways, up and down the lawn, through gates and over the garden, out into the fields, until Clemens eventually became too fatigued to curse.

The quiet, deadly quest went on for hours, pausing sometimes for respite before starting back up and running. It reminded me of something from a dream. When he finally forced himself into the house, it was almost time for breakfast, and the guinea was dozing and panting behind a currant bush. Later on in the day, Clemens instructed Lewis to "kill and eat that guinea-hen," which Lewis dutifully carried out. The interest in Tom and Huck, or the source of their adventures, eventually died out or was replaced by a more pressing need. Clemens himself had never eaten a guinea then, but some years later, in Paris, when the delectable breast of one of those fowls was served to him, he remembered and said: "And to think, after chasing that creature all night, John Lewis got to eat him instead of me." Goodman had already attended a play there in May that included the role of Colonel Sellers, portrayed by John T. Raymond and dramatized by Gilbert S. Densmore. Goodman responded to Clemens right once, and Warner in Hartford also sent a letter after seeing play announcements in San Francisco newspapers.

Naturally, Clemens would act right away; he telegraphed, encouraging the performance. A communication with the playwright and performer then started.

This eventually led to a friendly compromise wherein the playwright agreed to give Clemens his version of the story. Instead of waiting for it to show up, Clemens started working on his own version right away. It is unknown at this time just how much or how little of Densmore's work made it into the final play as Raymond subsequently performed it. Howells gives the idea that Clemens had little involvement with the writing of the novel other than to provide the character of Sellers. But the Warners are just as endearing as ever in a letter that is still around. They quickly go to Egypt, or the devil, for a year. During the journalistic debate over the issue, Clemens personally drafted a letter for the Hartford Post, in which he claimed that "not one line" of Densmore's dramatization was utilized, "except that which was taken bodily from The Gilded Age." Raymond wrote this letter to the Sun on November 3, 1874. This letter, which he wrote when the situation was still fresh in his memory, is unquestionably accurate [4].

The acknowledgement from Densmore reveals his complete satisfaction: "Your letter reached me on the ad, with check. In this place permit me to thank you for the very handsome manner in which you have acted in this matter." Warner, meanwhile, realizing that the play was largely composed of the Mark Twain chapters of the book, agreed that his collaborator should shoulder the work and financial obligations of the dramatic endeavor and r Many incorrect tales have been circulated about this situation. There was no resentment or indication of any kind of separation between the pals. Warner very graciously and immediately acknowledged that he wasn't worried about the play, its author, or its earnings, whatever they may be. In addition, Warner was leaving for Egypt very soon, so his tasks and obligations were already more than enough. Although the audience appreciated the play and it was a commercial success right away, Clemens' assessment of it as a dramatic creation was sufficient.

He assigned a delegate to accompany Raymond on the trip to help with administration and spoils distribution. Every day, the agent had to send a card outlining how much of the earnings were to be his. When Howells once arrived in Hartford, the postal tide of fortune was at its peak. He displayed the gaudy figures of $150, $200, and $300 in the air before sitting down at the table or standing up from it to brandish them, and he then paced up and down to celebrate while tossing his napkin into the chair. It was accurate when Howells observed in later years, "He was never a man who cared anything about money except as a dream, and he wanted more and more of it to fill out the spaces of this dream." When it came to money, Mark Twain was like a little kid with a collection of colorful pebbles ready to accumulate more and more before promptly discarding everything and starting again. The Clemenses arrived back in Hartford to discover their new home "ready," but still occupied by plumbers, decorators, and other laborers who make life difficult for those who want to build new or upgrade their homes. The family moved in and camped out in rooms upstairs that were mostly uninvaded by the invaders while the carpenters continued to work on the bottom level.

With no specific location in mind, the carpets and furniture they had purchased during their ten-day stop in New York began to arrive, much to the excitement of the owners. It was a pleasant time of year, and all the new features of the house were fascinating, while the decorators' daily progress provided a brand-new surprise when the owners roamed through the rooms at night. Mrs. Clemens wrote home: Warner wrote from Egypt expressing sympathy for their situation, but added, "I would rather fit out three houses and fill them with furniture than to fit out one 'dahabiyeh'." Warner was at that time embarking on his charmingly recalled trip up the Nile. For a very long period, the new house wasn't completely finished. One can never predict when a large home like that or a little one, for that matter will be finished. However, they eventually found a place to call home, with all of their lovely possessions in place. There

may have been wealthier or maybe even more creative houses, but there has never been a home that was more attractive from the inside out. None of them have fully succeeded since the key was not so much in the way the rooms were organized, the decorations, or the view, though all of these were lovely enough, but more in the personality and mood, which are difficult to express in words. We cannot interpret them; we can only observe, feel, and acknowledge them.

Even Howells, with his deft touch, can only portray a few aspects here and there; a joyful garden's spirit rather than its entire bloom. Just as Mark Twain was unique from every other person who has ever lived, so too was his home. But this was probably an afterthought. When people questioned him about why he erected the kitchen facing the street, he said, "So the servants can see the circus go by without running out into the front yard." The house's kitchen end stretched toward Farmington Avenue, yet it was still rather attractive. It was a lovely addition to the overall plan. The main entrance opened onto a large hall and was at an angle to the street. The hall then opened to the dining room, parlor, and library, which in turn opened to a small conservatory. In the library was an old carved mantel that Clemens and his wife had purchased in Scotland as a salvage from a dismantled castle, and across the top of the fireplace was a brass plate with the motto, "The ornament of a house is the friends that frequent it," which was undoubtedly never more aptly written.

On the first level, there was the mahogany chamber, a huge bedroom. Upstairs, there were more sizable bedrooms and several bathrooms, as well as Oriental carpets and drapes, statues, and paintings. In order to simultaneously observe the fire and the snow falling in the winter, an English-style fireplace was placed under a window. Through and over the tree tops, the valley with the little stream in it could be seen from the library's windows. The billiard room at the top of the house, which eventually became Clemens' favorite refuge, had a few impromptu tiny balconies that one might walk out onto for a view. Below was a large, covered veranda, or "ombra," which was hidden from view and was a popular spot for family gatherings on nice days. However, a home may easily have all of these features without being very appealing, and a home with far less charm could have been just as charming; it simply looked like the ideal location for that specific family, and surely it took on the personality of its residents. Howells claims there has never been another house like it, and we can believe him. It was different. Despite being the residence of one of the strangest and most mysterious characters in the world, it was serenely and meticulously organized.

This happy state was not brought about by Mark Twain. He served as its guiding light, and Mrs. Clemens was the center of its stable affairs. If Clemens had advanced in culture and ability over their four years and beyond of marriage, Olivia Clemens had also changed from the shy, naïve girl he had originally met. She had received an education that was comparable to his in certain ways. In addition to working and studying, she spent a full year traveling and having fun overseas, which gave her the chance to learn and gain confidence. Her understanding of the world had significantly broadened, her brain had blossomed, and her grip of reality had solidified. Despite her fragile physical makeup and ongoing health concerns, she managed and oversaw the finances of their spacious new home with skill. One lady could handle any one of her endeavors, but she combined them all. No one directed their kids with greater care than she did. No spouse gave more of himself in terms of presence and company. No home has ever been managed with a sweeter, more delicate elegance, or with more meticulous attention to every little detail [5].

When the world's greats came to see America's most gorgeous literary figure, she welcomed them all and filled her position at his side with such a kind and competent dignity that those who came to fulfill their obligations to him often returned to fulfill their obligations to his partner to an even greater degree. Words cannot express Mrs. Clemens's fineness, her delicate,

her wonderful tact with a man who was in some respects, and wished to be, the most outrageous creature that ever breathed, according to Howells, who said in an interview with the author of these chapters: "She was not only a beautiful soul, but a woman of singular intellectual power. I never knew anyone quite like her." Howells may have also intended for his childish taunting behavior to sully Mrs. Clemens' impeccable sense of propriety. I recall once seeing him enter his drawing room in Hartford wearing a pair of white cowskin shoes and having his hair out, much to the delight of onlookers. He was constantly acting like the "crippled colored uncle"; partly for the sheer joy of the performance, but also to disturb her serenity, to incur her reprimand, to cause her to shiver a little "shock" would be an overstatement.

I must also recall Mrs. Clemens' dismay and her low, despairing cry of "Oh, Youth!" For those who understood the extent of her soft character, he enjoyed picturing her with an aggressive spirit and posture. She could never quite get accustomed to this pleasantry, and a light glow would slide over her cheeks. Clemens might pretend to a guest that she had been very upset about some offense of his; maybe he would say: "Well I contradicted her just now, and the crockery will begin to fly pretty soon." He enjoyed creating that radiance. However, he always treated her with kindness in and of itself. He thought of her as a delicate piece of porcelain, and he was said to be constantly pursuing her while pulling a chair. Their relationship has been seen as perfect. That is Howells' and Twichell's view. Twichell was an athletic, and Clemens had not yet outgrown the Nevada habit of aimlessly roaming the streets, so the two of them went on a lot of lengthy walks during this time. One of their favorite destinations was Talcott's Tower, a wooden structure located about five miles from Hartford. They often walked there and back while chatting nonstop and became so engrossed in the topics they were discussing that time and distance seemed to pass them by almost imperceptibly.

How much they discussed during those lengthy walks. They debated ideologies, faiths, and creeds, as well as the whole spectrum of human potential and failings, as well as all the different eras of literature, history, and politics. They planned a far more unusual endeavor nothing less, in fact, than a walk from Hartford to Boston during one of their trips to the tower. It was the beginning of November. Because the weather was becoming too unpredictable, they did not postpone the subject [6].

In order to allow for a low average level of pedestrianism, we will telegraph Young's Hotel for rooms Saturday night. They left Twichell's home in a carriage at half past eight on Thursday, November 12, 1874, went to the East Hartford bridge, and then started walking, Twichell toting a little bag and Clemens a basket of lunch. By this point, the newspapers had learned about it and were keeping an eye on the outcome. Following the ancient Boston stage route, they made it to Westford at seven o'clock in the evening after traveling twenty-eight miles from the starting site. Westford simply had a type of bar; it wasn't a true hotel, but it provided the luxury of relaxation. Additionally, according to Twichell's notes from the trip, there was "a sublimely profane hostler whom you couldn't jostle with any sort of mild remark without bringing down upon yourself a perfect avalanche of oaths." This was a delight to Clemens, who sat behind the stove rubbing his amputated knees and fairly reveling in Twichell's discomfort in his attempts to divert the hostler's profanity. present was also a mild-mannered intoxicant present who suggested kerosene for Clemens' lameness and supplied as proof the fact that he regularly used it for joint stiffness after spending the night outside in the cold when intoxicated.

All in all, it was a noteworthy evening. They could only go so far on foot before reaching Westford. Clemens had a rough night and woke up quite lame, but he swore and hobbled six more miles, to North Ashford, before giving up. From North Ashford, they traveled to the train, where Clemens informed Redpath and Howells of their impending arrival. Redpath effectively read his dispatch to the lecture audience. Howells got ready right away to welcome two hungry,

weary travelers. They arrived to Howells's at nine o'clock, and the refreshments were ready. He telegraphed to Young's Hotel, "You and Twichell come right up to 37 Concord Avenue, Cambridge, near observatory. Party waiting for you." Miss Longfellow, Rose Hawthorne, John Fiske, the artist Larkin G. Mead, and others of a similar caliber were there. The next evening, Clemens hosted a supper for Howells, Aldrich, Osgood, and the others. The Boston voyage was the subject of several jokes in the newspapers, some of which included pictures.

At the time, all of this was funny enough. The next morning, while seated in Young's Hotel's writing room, he penned a peculiar letter to Mrs. Clemens that was really meant more for Howells and Aldrich than for her. It was dated 61 years in the future and resembled Looking Backwards, despite the fact that it was not yet written. It was too whimsical and delightful a fantasy to be forgotten; it assumed a monarchy in which Boston was renamed "Limerick," Hartford was renamed "Dublin," Twichell was made the "Archbishop of Dublin," Howells the "Duke of Cambridge," Aldrich the "Marquis of Ponkapog," and Clemens the "Earl of Hartford." --[This remarkable and amusing document can be found under Appendix M, at the end of He referred to the political succession that had encouraged those commercial trusts, which in turn had established party dominance, and he said: "It seems curious now that I should have been dreaming dreams of a future monarchy and never suspect that the monarchy was already present and the Republic a thing of the past [7]."

## DISCUSSION

The book "Life at Quarry Farm: The Clemens Family's Rural Retreat and Mark Twain's Literary Pursuits" provides a close-up look into the private and artistic life of Mark Twain, one of America's most famous writers, when he was there. This story immerses readers in the world of Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, and his family on their outings to the country against the tranquil background of Quarry Farm. The importance of Quarry Farm as a haven for the Clemens family, providing solace from the rush of city life, is made clear throughout the text. The conversation explores the family's financial struggles managing the property and focuses on Mrs. Clemens's conservative nature in managing their properties with care. The narrative emphasizes how Mark Twain's literary accomplishments, such as his books and speeches, ensured the family's financial stability and enabled them to live comfortably and opulently. The story also looks at Mark Twain's marriage to Livy, showing her as a pillar in his life who helped him change from a stern and unpromising character to a cherished and admired author.

One major topic that throughout the whole novel is their ongoing friendship. The book also explores Mark Twain's writing projects when he was living at Quarry Farm. It demonstrates how he looked to his environment for inspiration, especially the picturesque setting and the seclusion of his hillside study. Readers learn about his writing process, why he prefers the summer, and how important family approval is to him. The story also emphasizes Mark Twain's connections with relatives, such as his amusing exchanges with Theodore Crane, whom he shared a passion for books with. They read and debate a variety of books together, which highlights Mark Twain's intellectual interest.

## CONCLUSION

In conclusion, "Life at Quarry Farm" offers readers a thorough understanding of Mark Twain's life outside of his public image. It provides a thorough examination of Quarry Farm's bucolic hideaway, the monetary factors that influenced the Clemens family's lives, and the creative process that motivated Mark Twain's writing endeavors. This story illustrates the mutually beneficial connection that existed between Mark Twain and Quarry Farm, his rural haven that was so important to the creation of his lasting legacy. These dialogues were unconventional but

insightful and entrancing, and they are now gone for good. They sometimes boarded the train to Bloomfield, a small station along the route, and then either walked the whole distance or caught the train home from Bloomfield. The relationship between that angry dissenter and that ardent soul devoted to church and doctrine may appear odd, but the foundation of their friendship rested in the candor with which each man spoke his dogmas and respected those of his friend.

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