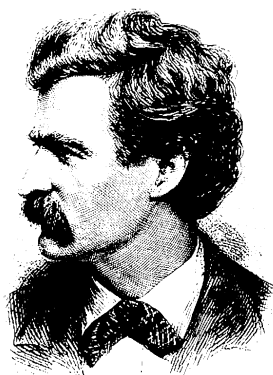


EXCERPTS
from
MARK TWAIN



Samuel Clemens

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FROM
MARK TWAIN

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EXCEPTS from MARK TWAIN
/ Samuel Clemens

Mark Twain is the pseudonym of American
author Samuel Clemens (1835--1910)

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This is largely a work of humorous satire.

Novelette project page:
<https://github.com/rallg/novelette>

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Editor's Note

This is a demonstration of the Novelette document class, compiled with the LuaLaTeX typesetting engine. The words of Samuel Clemens have been edited for flow and appearance. None of this should be used as literary reference.

Novelette is intended for original popular fiction, rather than non-fiction or reprint of older works. Thus, this demo is outside the intended genres. Why *original* popular fiction? Then, when paragraphs are ugly, or page breaks are awkward, you may simply re-write your own work. But if you must duplicate the words of someone else, then there will be places with bad typesetting, and Novelette cannot help you.

The Novelette documentation includes a “novelette-demo” folder. File “demo.tex” produces this PDF.

Decay of the Art of Lying

I DO NOT MEAN TO SUGGEST that the *custom* of lying has suffered any decay or interruption. The Lie, as a Virtue, as a Principle, is eternal; the Lie, as a recreation, a solace, a refuge in time of need, the fourth Grace, the tenth Muse, man's best and surest friend, is immortal, and cannot perish from the earth.

My complaint simply concerns the decay of the *art* of lying. Not one of us can contemplate the lumbering and slovenly lying of the present day without grieving to see a noble art so prostituted.

No fact is more firmly established than that lying is a necessity of our circumstances. The deduction that it is then a Virtue goes without saying. No virtue can reach its highest usefulness without careful and diligent cultivation. Therefore, it goes without saying that this one ought to be taught in the public schools—even in the newspapers. What chance has the ignorant uncultivated liar against the educated expert? What chance have I against a lawyer? *Judicious* lying is what the world needs. I sometimes think it were even better and safer not to lie at all than to lie injudiciously. An awkward, unscientific lie is often as ineffectual as the truth.

Now let us see what philosophers say. Note the venerable proverb: Children and fools *always* speak the truth. The deduction is plain: adults and wise persons *never* speak it.

Parkman, the historian, says, "The principle of truth may itself be carried into an absurdity." In another place in the same chapters he says, "The saying is old that truth should not be spoken at all times; and those whom a sick conscience worries into habitual violation of the maxim are imbeciles and nuisances."

That is strong language, but true. None of us could *live* with an habitual truth-teller; but thank goodness none of us has to. An habitual truth-teller is simply an impossible creature who does not exist, and never has existed. Of course there are people who *think* they never lie, but it is not so; and this ignorance is one of the very things that shame our so-called civilization. Everybody lies, every day; every hour; awake; asleep; in dreams; in joy; in mourning; in silence. Hands, feet, eyes, attitude—all convey deception.

We are liars, every one. Our mere *howdy-do* is a lie, because we do not care how you did. To the ordinary inquirer you lie in return; for you make no conscientious diagnostic of your case, but answer at random, and usually miss it considerably. If a stranger calls and interrupts you, you say with your hearty tongue, "I'm glad to see you," and say with your heartier soul, "I wish you were with the cannibals and it was dinner-time." But you did no harm, for you did not deceive anybody nor inflict any hurt, whereas the truth would have made you both unhappy.

I think that all this courteous lying is a sweet and loving art, and should be cultivated. The highest perfection of politeness is a beautiful edifice, built, from the base to the dome, of graceful and gilded forms of charitable and unselfish lying.

What I bemoan is the growing prevalence of the brutal truth. Let us do what we can to eradicate it. An injurious truth has no merit over an injurious lie. Neither should ever be uttered. Whoever speaks an injurious truth in fear of damnation for lying, should reflect that that sort of a soul is not strictly worth saving. Whoever tells a lie to help poor devils out of trouble, is one of whom the angels doubtless say, "Lo, let us exalt this magnanimous liar."

An injurious lie is an uncommendable thing; and so, also, and in the same degree, is an injurious truth. Lying is universal: we *all* do it. Therefore, the wise thing is for us diligently to train ourselves to lie thoughtfully, judiciously; to lie with a good object, and not an evil one; to lie for others' advantage, and not our own; to lie healingly, charitably, humanely, not cruelly, hurtfully, maliciously; to lie gracefully and

graciously, not awkwardly and clumsily; to lie firmly, frankly, squarely, with head erect, not haltingly, tortuously, with pusillanimous mien, as being ashamed of our high calling. Then shall we be rid of the rank and pestilent truth that is rotting the land; then shall we be great and good and beautiful, and worthy dwellers in a world where even benign Nature habitually lies, except when promising execrable weather.

Joking aside, I think there is much need of wise examination into what sorts of lies are best and wholesomest to be indulged, seeing we *must* all lie and we *do* all lie.

2

Cooper's Literary Offences

THERE ARE RULES governing literary art in romantic fiction.

1. They require that a tale shall accomplish something and arrive somewhere.

2. They require that the episodes of a tale shall be necessary parts of the tale, and shall help to develop it.

3. They require that the personages in a tale shall be alive, except in the case of corpses, and that always the reader shall be able to tell the corpses from the others.

4. They require that the personages in a tale, both dead and alive, shall exhibit a sufficient excuse for being there.

5. They require that when the personages of a tale deal in conversation, the talk shall sound like human talk, and be talk such as human beings would be likely to talk in the given circumstances, and have a discoverable meaning, also a discoverable purpose, and a show of relevancy, and remain in the neighborhood of the subject in hand, and be interesting to the reader, and help out the tale, and stop when the people cannot think of anything more to say.

6. They require that when the author describes the character of some personage in his tale, the conduct and conversation of that personage shall justify said description.

7. They require that when a personage talks like a moneyed college graduate in the start of a paragraph, he shall not talk like an uneducated workman in the end of it.

8. They require that crass stupidities shall not be played upon the reader, by either the author or the people in the tale.

Excerpt from an essay, 1895. James Fenimore Cooper was an American novelist of the pioneer era.

9. They require that the personages of a tale shall confine themselves to possibilities and let miracles alone; or, if they venture a miracle, the author must so plausibly set it forth as to make it look possible and reasonable.

10. They require that the author shall make the reader feel a deep interest in the personages of his tale and in their fate.

11. They require that all of the characters in a tale shall be so clearly defined that the reader can tell beforehand what each will do in a given emergency.

Cooper's gift in the way of invention was not a rich endowment; but such as it was he liked to work it, he was pleased with the effects, and indeed he did some quite sweet things with it. In his little box of stage properties he kept six or eight cunning devices, tricks, artifices for his savages and woodsmen to deceive and circumvent each other with, and he was never so happy as when he worked these innocent things.

A favorite one was to make a moccasined person tread in the tracks of the moccasined enemy, and thus hide his own trail. Cooper wore out barrels and barrels of moccasins in working that trick.

Another stage-property that he pulled out of his box pretty frequently was his broken twig. He prized his broken twig above all the rest of his effects, and worked it the hardest. It is a restful chapter in any book of his when somebody doesn't step on a dry twig. Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred handier things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper, who requires him to turn out and find a dry twig.

Cooper was a sailor—a naval officer; yet he gravely tells how a vessel, driving towards a lee shore in a gale, is steered for a particular spot by her skipper because he knows of an undertow there which will hold back against the gale and save her. For just pure woodcraft, or sailorcraft, or whatever it is, isn't that neat?

For several years Cooper was daily in the society of artillery, and he ought to have noticed that when a cannon-ball strikes the ground it

either buries itself or skips a hundred feet or so; skips again a hundred feet or so—and so on, till finally it gets tired and rolls. Now in one place he loses some characters in the edge of a wood near a plain at night in a fog. They hear a cannonblast, and a cannon-ball presently comes rolling into the wood and stops at their feet. The heros strike out promptly and follows the track of that cannon-ball across the plain through the dense fog and finds the fort.

If Cooper had any real knowledge of Nature's ways of doing things, he had a most delicate art in concealing the fact. For instance: one of his experts has lost the trail of a person he is tracking through the forest. Apparently that trail is hopelessly lost. The expert was not stumped for long. He turned a running stream out of its course, and there, in the slush in its old bed, were that person's moccasin-tracks. The current did not wash them away, as it would have done in all other like cases—no, even the eternal laws of Nature have to vacate when Cooper wants to put up a delicate job of woodcraft on the reader.

Cooper hadn't any more invention than a horse; and I don't mean a high-class horse, either; I mean a clothes-horse. It would be very difficult to find a really clever "situation" in Cooper's books, and still more difficult to find one of any kind which he has failed to render absurd by his handling of it.

Cooper's proudest creations in the way of "situations" suffer from the absence of the observer's gift. His eye was splendidly inaccurate. Cooper seldom saw anything correctly. He observed nearly all things as through a glass eye, darkly. Of course a man who cannot see the commonest little every-day matters accurately is working at a disadvantage when he is constructing a "situation."

The conversations in the Cooper books have a curious sound in our ears. To believe that such talk really ever came out of people's mouths would be to believe that time was of no value to a person who thought he had something to say; when it was the custom to spread a two-minute remark out to ten; when a man's mouth was a rolling-mill, and busied itself all day long in turning four-foot pigs of thought into thirty-foot

bars of conversational railroad iron by attenuation; when subjects were seldom faithfully stuck to, but the talk wandered all around and arrived nowhere; when conversations consisted mainly of irrelevancies, with here and there a relevancy, a relevancy with an embarrassed look, as not being able to explain how it got there.

Cooper was certainly not a master in the construction of dialogue. Inaccurate observation defeated him here as it defeated him in so many other enterprises of his. He even failed to notice that the man who talks corrupt English six days in the week must and will talk it on the seventh, and can't help himself.

Cooper's word-sense was singularly dull. When a person has a poor ear for music he will flat and sharp along without knowing it. He keeps near the tune, but it is not the tune. When a person has a poor ear for words, the result is a literary flatting and sharpening; you perceive what he is intending to say, but you also perceive that he doesn't say it. This is Cooper. He was not a word-musician. His ear was satisfied with the approximate word.

3

The Mississippi River

The Mississippi is well worth reading about. It is not a commonplace river, but on the contrary is in all ways remarkable.

I. As a River

Considering the Missouri its main branch, it is the longest river in the world—four thousand three hundred miles. It seems safe to say that it is also the crookedest river in the world, since in one part of its journey it uses up one thousand three hundred miles to cover the same ground that the crow would fly over in six hundred and seventy-five.

It discharges three times as much water as the St. Lawrence, twenty-five times as much as the Rhine, and three hundred and thirty-eight times as much as the Thames. No other river has so vast a drainage-basin. The Mississippi receives, and carries to the Gulf, water from fifty-four subordinate rivers navigable by steamboats, and from some hundreds navigable by flats and keels. The area of its drainage-basin is as great as the combined areas of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Turkey; and almost all this wide region is fertile.

It is a remarkable river in this: that instead of widening toward its mouth, it grows narrower; grows narrower and deeper. From the junction of the Ohio to a point half way down to the sea, the width averages a mile in high water: thence to the sea the width steadily diminishes, until, at the 'Passes,' above the mouth, it is but little over half a mile. At the junction of the Ohio the river's depth is eighty-seven feet;

the depth increases gradually, reaching one hundred and twenty-nine just above the mouth.

The difference in rise and fall is also remarkable—not in the upper, but in the lower river. The rise is tolerably uniform down to Natchez (three hundred and sixty miles above the mouth)—about fifty feet. But at Bayou La Fourche the river rises only twenty-four feet; at New Orleans only fifteen, and just above the mouth only two and one half.

An article in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, based upon reports of able engineers, states that the river annually empties four hundred and six million tons of mud into the Gulf of Mexico—which brings to mind Captain Marryat's rude name for the Mississippi—'the Great Sewer.' This mud, solidified, would make a mass a mile square and two hundred and forty-one feet high.

The mud deposit gradually extends the land—but only gradually; it has extended it not quite a third of a mile in the two hundred years which have elapsed since the river took its place in history. The belief of the scientific people is, that the mouth used to be at Baton Rouge, where the hills cease, and that the two hundred miles of land between there and the Gulf was built by the river. This gives us the age of that piece of country, without any trouble at all—one hundred and twenty thousand years.

The Mississippi is remarkable in still another way—its disposition to make prodigious jumps by cutting through narrow necks of land, and thus straightening and shortening itself. More than once it has shortened itself thirty miles at a single jump! These cut-offs have had curious effects: they have thrown several river towns out into the rural districts, and built up sand bars and forests in front of them. The town of Delta used to be three miles below Vicksburg: a recent cutoff has radically changed the position, and Delta is now *two miles above* Vicksburg. Both of these river towns have been retired to the country by that cut-off.

The Mississippi does not alter its locality by cut-offs alone: it is always moving bodily *sidewise*. At Hard Times, La., the river is two miles west

of the region it used to occupy. As a result, the original site of that settlement is not now in Louisiana at all, but on the other side of the river, in the State of Mississippi. *Nearly the whole of that one thousand three hundred miles of old Mississippi River which La Salle floated down in his canoes, two hundred years ago, is good solid dry ground now.* The river lies to the right of it, in places, and to the left of it in other places.

Although the Mississippi's mud builds land but slowly, down at the mouth, where the Gulfs billows interfere with its work, it builds fast enough in better protected regions higher up: for instance, Prophet's Island contained one thousand five hundred acres of land thirty years ago; since then the river has added seven hundred acres to it.

II. Early History

Let us drop the Mississippi's physical history, and say a word about its historical history—so to speak.

The world and the books are so accustomed to use, and over-use, the word 'new' in connection with our country, that we early get and permanently retain the impression that there is nothing old about it. We do of course know that there are several comparatively old dates in American history, but the mere figures convey to our minds no just idea, no distinct realization, of the stretch of time which they represent. To say that De Soto, the first European who ever saw the Mississippi River, saw it in 1542, is a remark which states a fact without providing its interpretation.

The date 1542, standing by itself, means little or nothing to us; but when one groups a few neighboring historical dates and facts around it, he adds perspective and color, and then realizes that this is one of the American dates which is quite respectable for age.

For instance, when the Mississippi was first seen by a European, less than a quarter of a century had elapsed since the death of Raphael; the driving out of the Knights-Hospitallers from Rhodes by the Turks; and the placarding of the Ninety-Five Propositions. When De Soto took his glimpse of the river, Michael Angelo's paint was not yet dry on the

Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel; Elizabeth of England was a young girl; *Don Quixote* was not yet written; Shakespeare was not yet born; and over a hundred long years must still elapse before Englishmen would hear the name of Oliver Cromwell.

Unquestionably the discovery of the Mississippi is a datable fact which considerably mellows and modifies the shiny newness of our country, and gives her a most respectable outside-aspect of rustiness and antiquity.

De Soto merely glimpsed the river, then died and was buried in it by his priests and soldiers. One would expect the priests and the soldiers to multiply the river's dimensions by ten—the Spanish custom of the day—and thus move adventurers to explore it. On the contrary, their narratives when they reached home, did not excite much curiosity. The Mississippi was left unvisited by Europeans during a term of years which seems incredible in our energetic days.

One may 'sense' the interval to his mind, after a fashion, by dividing it up in this way: After De Soto glimpsed the river, nearly a quarter of a century elapsed; then Shakespeare was born, lived a trifle more than half a century, and died; and when he had been in his grave considerably more than half a century, the *second* European saw the Mississippi. In our day we don't allow a hundred and thirty years to elapse between glimpses of a marvel. If somebody should discover a creek in the county next to the one that the North Pole is in, Europe and America would start fifteen costly expeditions thither: one to explore the creek, and the other fourteen to hunt for each other.

About the Author

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910). was born in Hannibal Missouri, near the Mississippi River, and many of his most famous works involve the river.

He was a typesetter, riverboat pilot, journalist, lecturer, and author of novels and short stories, usually written in a humorous style.

His American travels spanned from California to New England, in an era of national expansion.

The pseudonym *Mark Twain* was from a water depth call, used by Mississippi riverboat pilots.

