



# MORE TRAMPS ABROAD

BY

MARK TWAIN

THIRD EDITION

LONDON  
CHATTO & WINDUS

1898

Copyright 1897  
By SAMUEL L. CLEMENS  
*All rights reserved*

Typewritten by CLARA A. NICHOLS  
c/o Mrs ROSS  
8 Old Jewry, London, E.C.

# MORE TRAMPS ABROAD

## CHAPTER I

A man may have no bad habits and have worse.

*Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar.*

THE starting-point of this lecturing trip around the world was Paris, where we had been living a year or two.

We sailed for America, and there made certain preparations. This took but little time. Two members of my family elected to go with me, also a carbuncle. The dictionary says a carbuncle is a kind of jewel. Humour is out of place in a dictionary.

We started westward from New York in midsummer, with Mr. Pond to manage the platform business as far as the Pacific. It was warm work all the way, and the last fortnight of it was suffocatingly smoky, for in Oregon and British Columbia the forest fires were raging. We had an added week of smoke at the seaboard, where we were obliged to wait awhile for our ship. She had been getting herself ashore in the smoke, and she had to be docked and repaired.

We sailed at last ; and so ended a snail-paced march across the continent which had lasted forty days.

We moved westward about mid-afternoon over a rippled and sparkling summer sea ; an enticing sea, a clean and cool sea, and apparently a welcome sea to all on board ; it certainly was to me, after the distressful dustings and smokings and swelterings of the past weeks. The voyage would furnish a three weeks' holiday, with hardly a break in it. We had the whole Pacific Ocean in front of us, with nothing to do but

do nothing and be comfortable. The city of Victoria was twinkling dim in the deep heart of her smoke-cloud, and getting ready to vanish ; and now we closed the field-glasses and sat down on our steamer chairs contented and at peace. But they went to wreck and ruin under us, and brought us to shame before all the passengers. They had been furnished by the largest furniture-dealing house in Victoria, and were worth a couple of farthings a dozen, though they had cost us the price of honest chairs. In the Pacific and Indian oceans one must still bring his own deck-chair on board, or go without, just as in the old-forgotten Atlantic times—those Dark Ages of sea travel.

Ours was a reasonably comfortable ship, with the customary sea-going fare—plenty of good food, furnished by the Deity and cooked by the devil. The discipline observable on board was perhaps as good as it is anywhere in the Pacific and Indian oceans. The ship was not very well arranged for tropical service ; but that is nothing, for this is the rule with ships which ply in the tropics. She had an over-supply of cockroaches, but this is also the rule with ships that do business in the summer seas—at least, with such of them as have been long in service.

Our young captain was a very handsome man, tall, and perfectly formed, the very figure to show up a smart uniform's finest effects. He was a man of the best intentions, and was polite and courteous, even to courtliness. There was a soft grace and finish about his manners which made whatever place he happened to be in seem, for the moment, a drawing-room. He avoided the smoking room. He had no vices. He did not smoke, or chew tobacco, or take snuff ; he did not swear, or use slang, or rude or coarse or indelicate language, or make puns, or tell anecdotes, or laugh intemperately, or raise his voice above the moderate pitch enjoined by the canons of good form. When he gave an order, his manner modified it to a request. After dinner he and his officers joined the ladies and gentlemen in the ladies' saloon, and shared in the singing and piano-playing, and helped turn the music. He had a sweet and sympathetic tenor voice, and used it with taste and effect. After the music he played whist there, always with the same partner and opponents, until the ladies'

bedtime. The electric lights burned there as late as the ladies and their friends might desire, but they were not allowed to burn in the smoking room after eleven. There were many laws on the ship's statute book, of course; but so far as I could see, this and one other were the only ones that were rigidly enforced. The captain explained that he enforced this one because his own cabin adjoined the smoking room, and the smell of tobacco smoke made him sick. I did not see how our smoke could reach him, for the smoking room and his cabin were on the upper deck, targets for all the winds that blew; and besides, there was no crack of communication between them, no opening of any sort in the solid intervening bulkhead. Still, to a delicate stomach even imaginary smoke can convey damage.

The captain, with his gentle nature, his polish, his sweetness, his moral and verbal purity, seemed pathetically out of place in his rude and autocratic vocation. It seemed another instance of the irony of Fate.

He was going home under a cloud. The passengers knew about his trouble, and were sorry for him. Approaching Vancouver through a narrow and difficult passage densely fogged with smoke from the forest fires, he had had the ill luck to lose his bearings and get his ship on the rocks. A matter like this would rank merely as an error with you and me; it ranks as a crime with the directors of steamship companies. The captain had been tried by the Admiralty Court at Vancouver, and its verdict had acquitted him of blame. But that was insufficient comfort. A sterner court would examine the case in Sydney—the court of directors, the lords of a company in whose ships the captain had served as mate during a number of years. This was his first voyage as captain.

The officers of our ship were hearty and companionable young men, and they entered into the general amusements and helped the passengers pass the time. Voyages in the Pacific and Indian oceans are but pleasure excursions for all hands. Our purser was a young Scotchman who was equipped with a grip that was remarkable. He was an invalid, and looked it, as far as his body was concerned, but illness could not subdue his spirit. He was full of life, and had a gay and capable tongue. To all appearances he was a sick man without being aware of it, for he did not talk about his ailments, and

his bearing and conduct were those of a person in robust health ; yet he was the prey, at intervals, of ghastly sieges of pain in his heart. These lasted many hours, and while the attack continued he could neither sit nor lie. In one instance he stood on his feet twenty-four hours fighting for his life with these sharp agonies, and yet was as full of life and cheer and activity the next day as if nothing had happened.

The brightest passenger in the ship, and the most interesting and felicitous talker, was a young Canadian who was not able to let the whisky bottle alone. He was of a rich and powerful family, and could have had a distinguished career and abundance of effective help toward it if he could have conquered his appetite for drink ; but he could not do it, so his great equipment of talent was of no use to him. He had often taken the pledge to drink no more, and was a good sample of what that sort of unwisdom can do for a man with anything short of an iron will. The system is wrong in two ways : it does not strike at the root of the trouble, for one thing, and to make a *pledge* of any kind is to declare war against nature ; for a pledge is a chain that is always clanking and reminding the wearer of it that he is not a free man.

I have said that the system does not strike at the root of the trouble, and I venture to repeat that. The root is not the *drinking*, but the *desire* to drink. These are very different things. The one merely requires will—and a great deal of it, both as to bulk and staying capacity—the other merely requires watchfulness, and for no long time. The desire, of course, precedes the act, and should have one's first attention. It can do but little good to refuse the act over and over again, always leaving the desire unmolested, unconquered ; the desire will continue to assert itself, and will be almost sure to win in the long run. When the desire intrudes, it should be at once banished out of the mind. One should be on the watch for it all the time—otherwise it will get *in*. It must be taken in time and not allowed to get a lodgment. A desire constantly repulsed for a fortnight should die then. That should cure the drinking habit. The system of refusing the mere *act* of drinking, and leaving the *desire* in full force, is unintelligent war tactics it seems to me.

I used to take pledges, and soon violate them. My will



was not strong, and I could not help it. And then, to be tied in any way naturally irks an otherwise free person and makes him chafe in his bonds and want to get his liberty. But when I finally ceased from taking definite pledges, and merely resolved that I would kill an injurious desire, but leave myself free to resume the desire and the habit whenever I should choose to do so, I had no more trouble. In five days I drove out the desire to smoke, and was not obliged to keep watch after that; and I never experienced any strong desire to smoke again. At the end of a year and a quarter of idleness I began to write a book, and presently found that the pen was strangely reluctant to go. I tried a smoke to see if that would help me out of the difficulty. It did. I smoked eight or ten cigars and as many pipes a day for five months; finished the book, and did not smoke again until a year had gone by and another book had to be begun.

I can quit any of my nineteen injurious habits at any time, and without discomfort or inconvenience. I think that the Dr. Tanners and those others who go forty days without eating, do it by resolutely keeping out the desire to eat, in the beginning; and that after a few hours the desire is discouraged and comes no more.

Once I tried my scheme in a large medical way. I had been confined to my bed several days with lumbago. My case refused to improve. Finally the doctor said:

'My remedies have no fair chance. Consider what they have to fight besides the lumbago. You smoke extravagantly don't you?'

'Yes.'

'You take coffee immoderately?'

'Yes.'

'And some tea?'

'Yes.'

'You eat all kinds of things that are dissatisfied with each other's company?'

'Yes.'

'You drink two hot Scotches every night?'

'Yes.'

'Very well, there you see what I have to contend against. We can't make progress the way the matter stands. You must



make a reduction in these things ; you must cut down your consumption of them considerably for some days.'

'I can't, doctor.'

'Why can't you?'

'I lack the will-power. I can cut them off entirely, but I can't merely moderate them.'

He said that that would answer, and said he would come around in twenty-four hours and begin work again. He was taken ill himself and could not come ; but I did not need him. I cut off all those things for two days and nights ; in fact, I cut off all kinds of food, too, and all drinks except water, and at the end of the forty-eight hours the lumbago was discouraged and left me. I was a well man ; so I gave thanks and took to those delicacies again.

It seemed a valuable medical course, and I recommended it to a lady. She had run down and down and down, and had at last reached a point where medicines no longer had any helpful effect upon her. I said I knew I could put her upon her feet in a week. It brightened her up, it filled her with hope, and she said she would do everything I told her to do. So I said she must stop swearing and drinking, and smoking and eating for four days, and then she would be all right again. And it would have happened just so, I know it ; but she said she could not stop swearing, and smoking and drinking, because she had never done those things. So there it was. She had neglected her habits, and hadn't any. Now that they would have come good, there were none in stock. She had nothing to fall back on. She was a sinking vessel, with no freight in her to throw overboard and lighten ship withal. Why, even one or two little bad habits could have saved her, but she was just a moral pauper. When she could have acquired them she was dissuaded by her parents, who were ignorant people though reared in the best society, and it was too late to begin now. It seemed such a pity ; but there was no help for it. These things ought to be attended to while a person is young ; otherwise when age and disease come, there is nothing effectual to fight them with.

When I was a youth I used to take all kinds of pledges, and do my best to keep them ; but I never could, because I didn't strike at the root of the habit—the *desire* ; I generally

broke down within the month. Once I tried limiting a habit. That worked tolerably well for a while. I pledged myself to smoke but one cigar a day. I kept the cigar waiting till bedtime, then I had a luxurious time with it. But desire persecuted me every day and all day long; so, within the week I found myself hunting for larger cigars than I had been used to smoke; then larger ones still, and still larger ones. Within the fortnight I was getting cigars *made* for me—on a yet larger pattern. They still grew and grew in size. Within the month my cigar had grown to such proportions that I could have used it as a crutch. It now seemed to me that a one-cigar limit was no real protection to a person, so I knocked my pledge on the head and resumed my liberty.

To go back to that young Canadian. He was a 'remittance man'—the first one I had ever seen or heard of. Passengers explained the term to me. They said that dissipated ne'er-do-weels belonging to important families in England and Canada were not cast off by their people while there was any hope of reforming them, but that when that hope perished at last, the ne'er-do-weel was sent abroad to get him out of the way. He was shipped off with just enough money in his pocket—no, in the purser's pocket—for the needs of the voyage—and when he reached his destined port he would find a remittance awaiting him there. Not a large one, but just enough to keep him a month. A similar remittance would come monthly thereafter. It was the remittance man's custom to pay his month's board and lodging straightway—a duty which his landlord did not allow him to forget—then spree away the rest of his money in a single night, then brood and mope and grieve in idleness till the next remittance came. It is a pathetic life.

We had other remittance men on board, it was said. At least *they* said they were R.M.'s. There were two. But they did not resemble the Canadian; they lacked his tidiness and his brains, and his gentlemanly ways, and his resolute spirit, and his humanities and generousities. One of them was a lad of nineteen or twenty, and he was a good deal of a ruin 'as to clothes and morals and general aspect. He said he was a scion of a ducal house in England, and had been shipped to Canada for the house's relief; that he had fallen into trouble there, and was now being shipped to Australia. He said he

had no title. Beyond this remark he was economical of the truth. The first thing he did in Australia was to get into the lock-up, and the next thing he did was to proclaim himself an earl in the police court in the morning and fail to prove it.

## CHAPTER II

When in doubt, tell the truth.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar.*

ABOUT four days out from Victoria we plunged into hot weather, and all the male passengers put on white linen clothes. One or two days later we crossed the twenty-fifth parallel of north latitude, and then, by order, the officers of the ship laid away their blue uniforms and came out in white linen ones. All the ladies were in white by this time. This prevalence of snowy costumes gave the promenade deck an invitingly cool, and cheerful, and picnicky aspect.

From my diary :

'There are several sorts of ills in the world from which a person can never escape altogether, let him journey as far as he will. One escapes from one breed of an ill only to encounter another breed of it. We have come far from the snake liar and the fish liar, and there was rest and peace in the thought ; but now we have reached the realm of the boomerang liar, and sorrow is with us once more. The first officer has seen a man try to escape from his enemy by getting behind a tree , but the enemy sent his boomerang sailing into the sky far above and beyond the tree ; then it turned, descended, and killed the man. The Australian passenger has seen this thing done to two men, behind two trees—and by the one throw. This being received with a large silence that suggested doubt, he buttressed it with the statement that his brother once saw the boomerang kill a bird, away off a hundred yards, and *bring it to the thrower*. But these are ills which must be borne ; there is no other way.'

The talk passed from the boomerang to dreams—usually a fruitful subject, afloat or ashore—but this time the output was

poor. Then it passed to instances of extraordinary memory—with better results. Blind Tom, the negro pianist, was spoken of, and it was said that he could accurately play any piece of music, howsoever long and difficult, after hearing it once; and that six months later he could accurately play it again, without having touched it in the interval. One of the most striking of the stories told was furnished by a gentleman who had served on the staff of the Viceroy of India. He read the details from his note-book, and explained that he had written them down, right after the consummation of the incident which they described, because he thought that if he did not put them down in black and white he might presently come to think he had dreamed them or invented them.

The Viceroy was making a progress, and among the shows offered by the Maharajah of Mysore for his entertainment was a memory exhibition. The Viceroy and thirty gentlemen of his suite sat in a row, and the memory-expert, a high caste Brahmin, was brought in and seated on the floor in front of them. He said he knew but two languages, the English and his own, but would not exclude any foreign tongue from the tests to be applied to his memory. Then he laid before the assemblage his programme—a sufficiently extraordinary one. He proposed that one gentleman should give him one word of a foreign sentence, and tell him its place in the sentence. He was furnished with the French word *est*, and was told it was second in a sentence of three words. The next gentleman gave him the German word *verloren*, and said it was the third in a sentence of four words. He asked the next gentleman for one detail in a sum in addition; another for one detail in a sum in subtraction; others for single details in mathematical problems of various kinds. He got them. Intermediates gave him single words from sentences in Greek, Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and other languages, and told him their places in the sentences. When at last everybody had furnished him a single rag from a foreign sentence or a figure from a problem, he went over the ground again, and got a second word and a second figure, and was told their places in the sentences and the sums; and so on, and so on. He went over the ground again and again until he had collected all the parts of the sums and all the parts of

the sentences—and all in disorder, of course, not in their proper rotation. This had occupied two hours.

The Brahmin now sat silent and thinking awhile, then began and repeated all the sentences, placing the words in their proper order, and untangled the disordered arithmetical problems, and gave accurate answers to them all.

In the beginning he had asked the company to throw almonds at him during the two hours, he to remember how many each gentleman threw; but none were thrown, for the Viceroy said that the test would be a sufficiently severe strain without adding that burden to it.

General Grant had a fine memory for all kinds of things, including even names and faces, and I could have furnished an instance of it if I had thought of it. The first time I ever saw him was early in his first term as President. I had just arrived in Washington from the Pacific coast—a stranger, and wholly unknown to the public—and was passing the White House one morning, when I met a friend, a senator from Nevada. He asked me if I would like to see the President. I said I should be very glad; so we entered. I supposed that the President would be in the midst of a crowd, and that I could look at him in peace and security from a distance, as another stray cat might look at another king. But it was in the morning, and the senator was using a privilege of his office which I had not heard of—the privilege of intruding upon the chief magistrate's working hours. Before I knew it, the senator and I were in the presence; and there was none there but we three. General Grant got slowly up from his table, put his pen down, and stood before me with the iron expression of a man who had not smiled for seven years, and was not intending to smile for another seven. He looked me steadily in the eyes; mine lost confidence and fell. I had never confronted a great man before, and was in a desolate state of funk and inefficiency. The senator said:

‘Mr. President, may I have the privilege of introducing Mr. Clemens?’

The President gave my hand an unsympathetic wag and dropped it. He did not say a word, but just stood. In my trouble I could not think of anything to say; I merely wanted to resign. There was an awkward pause, a dreary pause, a

horrible pause. Then I thought of something, and looked up into that unyielding face and said timidly :

‘Mr. President, I—I am embarrassed. Are you?’

His face broke, just a little—a wee glimmer—the momentary flicker of a summer-lightning smile seven years ahead of time; and I was out and gone as soon as *it* was.

Ten years passed away before I saw him the second time. Meantime I was become a notorious person, and was one of the people appointed to respond to toasts at a banquet given to General Grant in Chicago by the Army of the Tennessee when he came back from his tour around the world. I arrived late at night and got up late in the morning. All the corridors of the hotel were crowded with people waiting to get a glimpse of General Grant when he should pass to the place whence he was to review the great procession. I worked my way by the suite of packed drawing-rooms, and at the corner of the house I found a window open where there was a roomy platform decorated with flags and carpeted. I stepped out on it, and saw below me millions of people blocking all the streets, and other millions caked together in all the windows and on all the house-tops around. These masses took me for General Grant, and broke into volcanic explosions of cheers. But it was a good place to see the procession, and I stayed.

Presently I heard the distant blare of military music, and far up the street I saw the procession come in sight, cleaving its way through the huzzaing multitudes, with Sheridan, the most martial figure of the war, riding at its head in the dress uniform of a lieutenant-general.

And now General Grant, arm-in-arm with Mayor Carter Harrison, stepped out on the platform, followed two and two by the badged and uniformed Reception Committee. General Grant was looking exactly as he had looked upon that trying occasion of ten years before, all iron and bronze self-possession. Mr. Harrison came over and led me to the General and formally introduced me. Before I could put together the proper remark, General Grant said :

‘Mr. Clemens, I am not embarrassed, are you?’ and that little seven-year smile twinkled across his face again.

Seventeen years have gone by since then, and to-day, in New York, the streets are a crush of people who are there to



honour the remains of the great soldier as they pass to their final resting-place under the monument ; and the air is heavy with dirges and the boom of artillery, and all the millions of America are thinking of the man who restored the Union and the flag, and gave democratic government a new lease of life, and, as we may hope and do believe, a permanent place among the beneficent institutions of men.

#### A DELICATELY IMPROPER TALE

We had one game in the ship which was a good time-passer—at least it was at night in the smoking room, when the men were getting freshened up from the day's monotonies and dulnesses. It was the completing of non-completed stories. That is to say, a man would tell all of a story except the finish, then the others would try to supply the ending out of their own invention. When every one who wanted a chance had had it, the man who had introduced the story would give it its original ending, then you could take your choice. Sometimes the new endings turned out to be better than the old one. But the story which called out the most persistent, and determined, and ambitious effort was one which *had* no ending, and so there was nothing to compare the new-made endings with. The man who told it said he could furnish the particulars up to a certain point only, because that was as much of the tale as he knew. He had read it in a volume of sketches twenty-five years ago, and was interrupted before the end was reached. He would give any one fifty dollars who would finish the story to the satisfaction of a jury to be appointed by ourselves. We appointed a jury and wrestled with the tale. We invented plenty of endings, but the jury voted them all down. The jury was right. It was a tale which the author of it may possibly have completed satisfactorily, and if he really had that good fortune I would like to know what the ending was. Any ordinary man will find that the story's strength is in its middle, and that there is apparently no way to transfer it to the close, where, of course, it ought to be. In substance, the storiette was as follows :

John Brown, aged thirty-one, good, gentle, bashful, timid, lived in a quiet village in Missouri. He was superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday-school. It was but a humble dis-



tion ; still, it was his only official one, and he was modestly proud of it, and was devoted to its work and its interests. The extreme kindness of his nature was recognised by all ; in fact, people said that he was made entirely out of good impulses and bashfulness ; that he could always be counted upon for help when it was needed, and for bashfulness both when it was needed and when it wasn't.

Mary Taylor, twenty-three, modest, sweet, winning, and in character and person beautiful, was all in all to him, and he was very nearly all in all to her. She was wavering, his hopes were high. Her mother had been in opposition from the first. But she was wavering, too, he could see it. She was being touched by his warm interest in her two charity *protégées*, and by his contributions towards their support. These were two forlorn and aged sisters who lived in a log hut in a lonely place up a cross road four miles from Mrs. Taylor's farm. One of the sisters was crazy, and sometimes a little violent, but not often.

At last the time seemed ripe for a final advance, and Brown gathered his courage together and resolved to make it. He would take along a contribution of double the usual size and win the mother over ; with her opposition annulled, the rest of the conquest would be sure and prompt.

He took to the road in the middle of a placid Sunday afternoon in the soft Missourian summer, and he was equipped properly for his mission. He was clothed all in white linen, with a blue ribbon for a necktie, and he had on dressy tight boots. His horse and buggy were the finest that the livery stable could furnish. The lap-robe was of white linen, it was new, and it had a hand-worked border that could not be rivalled in that region for beauty and elaboration.

When he was four miles out on the lonely road, and was walking his horse over a wooden bridge, his straw hat blew off and fell in the creek, and floated down and lodged against a bar. He did not quite know what to do ; he must have the hat, that was manifest, but how was he to get it ?

Then he had an idea. The roads were empty, nobody was stirring. Yes, he would risk it. He led the horse to the roadside and set it to cropping the grass, then he undressed and put his clothes in the buggy, petted the horse a moment to

secure its compassion and its loyalty, then hurried to the stream. He swam out and soon had the hat. When he got to the top of the bank the horse was gone !

His legs almost gave way under him. The horse was walking leisurely along the road. Brown trotted after it, saying 'Wo, wo, there's a good fellow !' but whenever he got near enough to chance a jump for the buggy, the horse quickened its pace a little and defeated him. And so this went on the naked man perishing with anxiety, and expecting every moment to see people come in sight. He tagged on and on, imploring the horse, beseeching the horse, till he had left a mile behind him and was closing up on the Taylor premises, then at last he was successful, and got into the buggy. He flung on his shirt, his necktie, and his coat, then reached for his—but he was too late ; he sat suddenly down and pulled up the lap-röbe, for he saw some one coming out of the gate—a woman, he thought. He wheeled the horse to the left and struck briskly up the cross-road. It was perfectly straight and exposed on both sides, but there were woods and a sharp turn three miles ahead, and he was very grateful when he got there. As he passed around the turn he slowed down to a walk and reached for his tr—— ; too late again.

He had come upon Mrs. Enderby, Mrs. Glossop, Mrs. Taylor, and Mary. They were on foot, and seemed tired and excited. They came at once to the buggy and shook hands, and all spoke at once, and said eagerly and earnestly, how glad they were that he was come, and how fortunate it was. And Mrs. Enderby said impressively :

'It *looks* like an accident his coming at such a time, but let no one profane it with such a name—he was sent—sent from on high.'

They were all moved, and Mrs. Glossop said in an awed voice :

'Sarah Enderby, you never said a truer word in your life. This is no accident ; it is a special Providence. He *was* sent. He is an angel—an angel as truly as ever angel was ; an angel of deliverance. *I* say *angel*, Sarah Enderby, and will have no other word. Don't let anyone ever say to me again that there's no such things as special Providences ; for if this isn't one, let them account for it that can.'