

A Castle and Its Symbolism in "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger"

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Clothes and houses form a threat to Huck's very existence. Putting on clothes or living within houses means imprisonment to Huck, physically and psychically. Huck is menaced by clothes and houses as if these things were a *tyrant* who wields destructive powers upon him. His complaint is: "She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up....",¹ and as for the house, "she would sivilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways."² In *A Connecticut Yankee*, courts are represented as "a lunatic asylum," or as "that intolerable old buzzard-roost." Staying at courts means "suffocating body and mind" to Hank Morgan. In the similar implication Twain creates the Castle of Rosenfeld of "No.44, The Mysterious Stranger."³ From these it is suggested that with Twain, clothes, houses, courts and castles are not shelters but "man-destroyers". So it is no wonder that he felt depressed to see the way Europeans were forced to live, even the upper classes, and said: "They live in dark and chilly vast tombs, —costly enough, maybe, but without conveniences...."⁴ After all, what is a Paradise to him is a wide-open

on, it accumulates more and more, and in the long run becomes a menace to their living. So they should keep an eye for such an trifle thing. It appears that this is the reason why Twain always wears the special white suits. He wished he would always be kept clean by that white suits, because it was quite easier for him to notice even "a blemish" on them. He said in "The Savag  Club Dinner," dark-colored suits are apt to "collect just as much dirt as your hair."¹³

Referring to the worst condition of them, Twain calls our special attention to the fact that an inversion occurs between clothes and their wearers. His opinion is, "Clothes make the man. Naked people have little or no influence in society."¹⁴

More emphatically Twain expresses the same concept as follows :

...what would a man be — what would any man be — without his clothes? As soon as one stops and thinks over that proposition, one realizes that without his clothes a man would be nothing at all ; that the clothes do not merely make the man, the clothes *are* the man ; that without them he is a cipher, a vacancy, a nobody, a nothing.¹⁵

"The clothes do not merely make the man, the clothes *are* the man"—this is the core of Twain's clothes-philosophy. Twain vehemently refutes such an extraordinary conversion of the man into the clothes. He actually launches the debunking of such a conversion in his own way. The most important one among them is "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger." The prime causer of that conversion, he believes, is the Catholic Church, as clearly shown in the following passage : "Before the day of the Church's supremacy in the world, men were men, and held their heads up, and a man's

pride and spirit and independence ; and what of greatness and position a person got, he got mainly by achievement, not by birth. But then the Church came to the front, with an axe to grind ; and she was wise, subtle, and knew more than one way to skin a cat — or a nation...."¹⁶ But "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger" is more concerned with how miserably men are dehumanized and converted into the clothes, than with how the Church does harm to them.

In order to picture how "the clothes... make the man", how "the clothes *are* the man", Twain uses three devices : (1) the co-odination of place and man, (2) the use of an innocent boy who is "a cipher, a vacancy, a nobody, a nothing," (3) the choice of a mysterious stranger—good servant to the boy.

2

There is evidence that, a little before he began "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger", Twain was much fascinated with the image of seclusion and imprisonment. In August, 1884, he wrote, "I think we are only the microscopic trichina concealed in the blood of some vast creature's veins, and it is that vast creature whom God concerns Himself about and not us."¹⁷ *Following the Equator* includes the passage : "I dreamed that the visible universe is the physical person of God ; that the vast worlds that we see twinkling miles apart in the fields of space are the blood-corpuscles in His veins ; and we and the other creatures are the microbes that charge with multitudinous life the corpuscles."¹⁸ Moreover, it is a fact that Twain was at almost the same time writing several "microbe-books" of the same sort as, "The Adventures of a Microbe," "The Great Dark," "Three Thousand Years Among the Microbes," and others. It is proved

here that Twain was then impressed by the man's pettiness as a prisoner, and by his clothes' vastness and grandeur. And also it is proved that here Twain co-ordinates man and place, man and clothes. Such a co-ordination is notable in "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger."

"No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger" consists of three major places—village, castle and vacuum. The opening scene of village easily reminds us of Hannibal or Petersburg. It is a drowsy, peaceful, secluded village, named Eseldorf.

Austria was far away from the world, and asleep, and our village was in the middle of Austria. It drowsed in peace in the deep privacy of a hilly and woodsy solitude where news from the world hardly ever came to disturb its dreams, and was infinitely content. At its front flowed the tranquil river, its surface painted with cloud-forms and the reflections of drifting arks and stone-boats; behind it rose the woody steep to the lofty precipice frowned the vast castle, its long stretch of towers and bastions mailed in vines; beyond the river, to the left, was a tumbled expanse of forest-clothed hills cloven by winding gorges where the sun never penetrated; and to the right, lay a far-reaching plain dotted with little home-steads nested among orchards and shade trees.¹⁹

Eseldorf is just like a basin beset with the beautiful elements of nature. It "drowsed in peace" like an infant nestling in its mother's breast. August's explanation is: "Eseldorf was a paradise for us boys." Nevertheless, we feel that there is something insecure, even dangerous, about the village. The expressions, "drowsed in peace" and "infinitely content," sound cynical and even paradoxical to us. For Eseldorf is a paradise for boys only who are not so much interested in knowledge; it

is a hell certainly for the dairyman's widow who receives severe tortures from Father Adorf. Hence it follows that the village surrounded by Nature and "Demon" Adorf symbolizes the early stage in the clothes' making the man. But the next place, The Castle of Rosenfeld, is far more threatening and outrageous. This is well alluded by the description, "frowned the vast castle..." And here is another description of the Castle:

...along this precipice stretched the towered and battlemented mass of a similar castle—prodigious, vine-clad, stately and beautiful, but mouldering to ruin. The great line that possessed it and made it their chief home during four or five centuries was extinct, and no scion of it had lived in it now for a hundred years. It was a stanch old pile, and the greater part of it was still habitable. Inside, the ravages of time and neglect were less evident than they were outside. As a rule the spacious chambers and the vast corridors, ballrooms, banqueting halls and rooms of state were bare and melancholy and cobwebbed, it is true, but the walls and floors were in tolerable condition, and they could have been lived in. In some of the rooms the decayed and ancient furniture still remained, but if the empty ones were pathetic, to the view, these were sadder still.

(p. 229)

In reading this, everybody will feel there is something ambiguous and even contradictory about that description. But, from the symbolical point of view, we easily discern what Twain intends to express. The castle is a curious combination of grandeur and pettiness. In other words, this is a combination of "some vast creature" and "a microbe" hidden in that great body. If it is said more truly, the old castle is a demon of destruction who crushes "the manhood clear out of a man" as hinted by the passage: "no scion of it had lived in it now for a hundred years." (p. 229)

Interestingly enough, this combination is at the same time a combination of the old and the new : the old castle, "mouldering to ruin" and the print-shop, of "a new art, being only thirty or forty years old, and almost unknown in Austria." (p. 229) Not only in time, but in space and size, there is a wide difference between them.

This old castle was not wholly destitute of life. By grace of the Prince over the river, who owned it, my master, with his little household, had for many years been occupying a small portion of it, near the center of the mass. The castle would have housed a thousand persons ; consequently, as you may say, this handful was lost in it like a swallow's nest in a cliff. (p. 229)

In this passage, "this handful was lost in it like a swallow's nest in a cliff" leads us to the recognition that it shows a tiny life imprisoned in the Castle of destruction.

The last place is an empty and forlorn place where "God—man—the world, — the sun, the moon, the wilderness of stars ; a dream, all a dream, they have no existence," (pp. 404) What exists there is the young narrator August Feldner only. All images of Eseldorf and Castle are gone, and there is August as "a nothing"; there August is "a nothing" more than "a thought." To be sure, this is his ultimate emancipation from the damned Castle of civilization. In that world of vacuum, he wins the absolute freedom and becomes the most sublime being, timeless, spaceless, Godless, and lifeless.

To sum up, the proposition, "The clothes *are* the man," is presented so explicitly that the Village-Castle-Vacuum *is* August in his three different stages of imprisonment. In Chapter 33, Twain puts the "Assembly

of the Dead" and "the Procession" in order to impress on our mind the image of the Castle intervening between Village and Vacuum.

The thickest and solidest and blackest darkness followed, and a silence which was so still it was if the world was holding its breath. That deep stillness continued, and continued, minute after minute, and got to be so oppressive that presently I was holding my breath—that is, only half-breathing. Then a wave of cold air came drifting along, damp, searching, and smelling of the grave, and was shivery and dreadful. After about ten minutes I heard 'a faint clicking sound coming as from a great distance. It came slowly nearer and nearer, and a little louder and a little louder, and increasing steadily in mass and volume, till all the place was filled with a 'dry sharp clacking and was right abreast of us and passing by! Then a vague twilight suffused place and through it and drowned in it we made out the spidery dim forms of thousands of skeletons marching! It made me catch my breath. It was that grewsome and grisly and horrible, you can't think.

Soon the light paled to a half dawn, and we could distinguish details fairly well the Procession drifted solemnly down it sorrowfully clacking, losing definiteness gradually, and finally fading out in the far distances, and melting from sight

For hours and hours the dead passed by in continental masses, and the bone-clacking was so deafening you could hardly hear yourself think. Then, all of a sudden 44 waved his hand we stood in an empty and soundless world. (pp. 401-3)

To cite Twain's madam here, "It is perfectly horrible—and perfectly beautiful!"²⁰ In this grand sea of illusory description we can find three major elements looming out—a nothing in darkness and silence, "skeletons marching" ominously in a vague twilight, and a nothing again in

an empty and soundless world. Needless to say, this accords not only with the three changing places, Village-Castle-Vacuum, but also with August's changing figures, a nothing — a skeleton — another nothing. This Procession shows Twain's disgust at those who callously disregard man's Soul and put all their stress and confidence on the human frame. "Skeletons" here are no more than the human frame, and "a nothing" is exactly the Soul.

3

For the purpose of making a picture of how "the Castle ... makes the man" and how the Castle converts the man into a grotesque being, Twain makes use of a mysterious stranger whose mission is "the re-making of man." The stranger has two names — the humble name of "Number 44, New Series 864, 962"²² and the horrible name of "Satan." This implies the duality of the mysterious stranger. The Chapters 3-17 concern with the adventures of 44 as a "little man," and the following Chapters 18-32 treat the miracles of 44 as a "big man."²³ Or it might be more appropriate to say that the former part is about the adventures of 44 as "a Girondin," and the latter, the miracles of Satan as "a Sansculotte."²⁴ 44 is far more mysterious a being than we expect. He is truly a "big man" — an angel, a nephew of the rebellious archangel who reigns over the dark Kingdom of Hell. Comparing himself with human beings, he boasts: "the difference between a human being and me is as the difference between a drop of water and the sea, a sunlight and the sun, the difference between the infinitely trivial and the infinitely sublime! (p. 319) "The stranger is an incarnation of absolute freedom, emancipated from the Castle — all the bonds of human beings, time,

space, life and God. His special characteristic is being "volatile," which contrasts with the fixity of God; he is always moving, physically and psychically. August reports:

It was his common way, the way of a boy, most provoking: careless, unstable, never sticking to a subject, forever flitting and sampling here and there and yonder, like a bee; always, just as he was on the point of becoming interesting, he changed the subject. (p. 313)

And the narrator gives another report to the same effect:

Surely Forty-Four was the flightiest creature that ever was! Nothing interested him long at a time. He would contrive the most elaborate projects, and put his whole mind and heart into them, then he would drop them suddenly, in the midst of their fulfilment, and start something fresh. It was just so with his Assembly of the Dead. He summoned those forlorn wrecks from all the world and from all the epochs and ages, and then, when everything was ready for the exhibition, he wanted to flit back to Moses' time and see the Egyptians floundering around in the Dead Sea, and take along with him.

(p. 400)

"Being volatile" is "one really effective weapon. The colossal Castle of human civilization—*i. e.* "power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution"—can be blown by the assault of that weapon.

But it must be noted that, despite of his bigness, the stranger is a shadow in this novel; he has a "litmus paper" which makes us discern the quality of liquid. By its surface only, the Castle is a structure of unity, "frowning down the top of the precipice," but, in its deeper layer, it is a structure of disintegration; it is cracked in two parts. 44's aim is to bring the disintegrated structure to light before the eyes of

August's. He says to August in the castle, "You've been shut up here long enough. I'll do the handsome thing by you, now—I'll show you something creditable to your race." (p. 321) In short, 44 is a mere guide who leads August toward "the life eternal."

With that "litmus paper", he goes on testing the Castle, inside and outside, and laying bare lots of cracks on the Castle structure. They are divided into two: disintegration of the herd and disintegration of an individual. Both are disclosed by the hand of 44's. By disclosing them, the stranger causes a "great to-do" for each in the Castle. The first "great to-do" breaks up by the bird-like visit of 44 to the Castle.

One cold day, when the noon meal was about finished, a most forlorn looking youth, apparently sixteen or seventeen years old, appeared in the door, and stopped there, timid and humble, venturing no further. His clothes were coarse and old, ragged, and lightly powdered with snow, and for shoes he had nothing but some old serge remnants wrapped about his feet and ankles and tied with strings. (p. 235)

This is the way the stranger appears in the Castle. He is quite forlorn and helpless like a "swallow" which was lost and chanced to get there. Here special attention must be paid to the little stranger's clothing described as "His clothes were coarse and old, ragged, and lightly powdered with snow. and for shoes he had nothing but some old serge remnants wrapped about his feet and ankles and tied with strings." It is almost naked. The nakedness brings suspicions and hatred of 44, and 44 falls into perilous conditions. This is well associated with that situation as already shown by "that without them (the clothes) he is a cipher, a vacancy, a nobody, a nothing." This is not only with his clothes ;

his words, which are "clothes" in their broad sense, are extremely simple and short. For example, in reply to Frau Stein's question, "What do you want here?," 44 says only, "I am friendless, gracious lady, and am *so* — so hungry!" (p.235) And, required to ask about his intention to work there, he replies only, "Yes, sir, I could, if you will try me ; I am strong." And, on the side of the herd and Frau Stein, there are a lot of chattering and conjectures, which means how helplessly they are deformed and destroyed by the Castle. In making controversies about the matter of whether the poor stranger is admitted there, they are broken in two. Then suddenly the master interrupts :

"Stop! This is a great to-do about nothing. The boy is not necessarily bad because he is unfortunate. And if he is bad, what of it? A bad person can be as hungry as a good one, and hunger is always respectable. And so is weariness. The boy is worn and tired, any one can see it. If he wants rest and shelter, *that* is no crime ; let him say it and have it, be he bad or good — there's room enough."

(p.236)

This remark settled the "great to-do." It is the master's refutation or Twain's refutation, against the Castle of human beings where hunger and poverty are crimes, and power and money are justice. In this way, 44 goes on disclosing the breakup of the Castle and the herd.

Furthermore, 44 sets about disclosing the disintegration of an individual who is imprisoned in the Castle. It is a devise of 44's that hits him when matters are getting worse and worse, and the print-shop is about to be broken down. Then two Selves in an individual appear, as in the case of the twin-brothers, Luigi and Angelo, in "The Extra-ordinary Twins." About the two Selves, 44 explains :

...you are not one person, but two. One is your Waking-Self, and tends to business, the other is your Dream-Self, and has no responsibilities, and cares only for romance and excursions and adventures. It sleeps when your other self is awake ; your other self sleeps, your Dream-Self has full control, and does as it pleases. It has far more imagination than has the Workaday-Self, therefore its pains and pleasures are more real and intense than are those of the other self, and its adventures correspondingly picturesque and extraordinary. As a rule, when a party of Dream-Selves — whether comrades or strangers — get together and flit abroad in the globe, they have a tremendous time. But you understand, they have no substance, they are only spirits. The Workaday-Self has a harder lot and a duller time : it can't get away from the flesh, and is clogged and hindered by it ; and also by the low grade of its own imagination." (p.315)

The two are completely different personalities, except that they have one body in common, and that they are "born together, at the same moment and of the same womb" (p.343)

Of course, there occurs a "great to-do", more miserable and more desperate ; it is more clammy and terrible. Here is a bickering between the two selves of Katzenyammer, foreman of the print-shop.

"Look here, my man, who *are* you, anyway? Answer up!"

"I'm Katzenyammer, foreman of the shop. That's who I am, if you want to know."

"It's a lie. Have you been setting type in there?"

"Yes, I have."

"The hell you have! Who told you could?"

"I told myself. That's sufficient."

"Not on your life! Do you belong to the Union?"

"No, I don't."

"Then you're a scab. Boys, up and at him." (p.306)

The cry for help is always in vain, because it amounts to an internal strife with each other in the pair. Always, "each Duplicate fights his own mate." So it always ends up in "a draw." Contentedly 44 says: "They are a good idea, the Duplicates; judiciously handled, they will make a lot of trouble." (p.314) 44's delight and content are in that there occurs disintegration in Katzenyammer as an individual, and thereby the true aspect of his comes to be exposed to light. Here is revealed the dual personalities of his, the Waking-Self and the Dream-Self. The former is the element of "Castle" in him, which is the Self of loyalty to others, or the element of "conscience," and the latter is the element of "Nothing" in him, which is the Self of disloyalty to others, or the element of "sound heart." Twain provides some help for understanding through additional comments of that duality. We find the following passage in "The Chronicle of Young Satan":

Every man is a suffering-machine and a happiness-machine combined. The two functions work together harmoniously, with a fine and delicate precision on the give-and-take principle. For every happiness turned out in the one department the other one stands ready to modify it with a sorrow or a pain — maybe a dozen. In most cases the man's life is about equally divided between happiness and unhappiness. When this is not the case the unhappiness predominates — always; never the other. Sometimes a man's make and disposition are such that his misery-machinery is able to do nearly all the business. Such a man goes through life almost ignorant of what happiness is. Everything he touches, everything he does, brings a misfortune upon him (pp. 112-3)

4

Of course, the young narrator is no exception of the disintegration. He found himself divided into two Selves ; one is the Waking-Self named August, and the other, the Dream-Self named Schwarz. Naturally, the two Selves are involved in difficulties and perplexities. After that, Schwarz comes to August, and begs him to implore the Satan about his emancipation from imprisonment as follows :

" Oh, free me from them ; these bonds of flesh — this decaying vile matter, this foul weight, and clog and burden, this loathsome sack of corruption in which my spirit is imprisoned, her white wings bruised and soiled — Oh, be merciful and set her free! Plead for me with that malicious magic-monger — he has been here — I saw him issue from this door — he will come again — say you will be my friend, as well as brother! for brothers indeed we are, the same womb was mother to both ; plead with him to take away this rotting flesh and my spirit free! Oh, this human life, this earthly life, this weary life! It is so groveling, and so mean ; its ambitions are so paltry, its prides so trivial, its vanities so childish ; and the glories that it values and applauds — lord, how empty! (p. 369)

Here we must pay special attention to word : "Oh, be merciful and set her(my spirit) free!". It is quite contrary to a general cry for help: "Oh, be merciful and save my life!" What he is longing for is the emancipation from all "these bonds of flesh," that is, from life, "this earthly life, this weary life." In other words, this amounts to such a death-worship as follows :

...death was sweet, death was gentle, death was kind ; death healed

the bruised spirit and the broken heart, and gave them rest and forgetfulness ; death was man's best friend ; when man could endure life no longer, death came and set him free.²⁵

From these, I believe that the death-worship never shows Twain's despair or disillusionment, but, on the contrary, his praise of genuine life. There are many controversies about it, and some critics consider the death-worship as a symbol of despair or disillusionment. Such an opinion, I think, a mistake. This worship must be viewed and judged in some greater perspective.

Let us see the testament which 44 gives to August just before he banishes himself from the world of "flesh."

"You perceive, now, that these things are all impossible, except in a dream. You perceive that they are pure and puerile insanities, the silly creations of an imagination that is not conscious of its freaks — in a word, that they are a dream, and you the maker of it. The dream-marks are all present — you should have recognized them earlier

It is true, that which I have revealed to you : there is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a Dream, a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a Thought — a vagrant Thought, a useless Thought, a homeless Thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities!"
(p. 405)

What is important here is that, after listening to him, August "realized, that all he had said is true." (405) It clearly means that, in effect, there comes some concord between 44 and August at the last moment. To be sure, the young narrator succeeds in becoming a "volatile being" like 44,

and in entering the world of the Soul. August is no doubt promoted to "a Thought", and "a Thought" is the only thing that has a great power of creation. Moreover August is "the maker of a dream." In Mark Twain's world a dream has evidently a positive value; it has a power to soften the hardship of reality, and an effective starter to a greater action. The maker of that dream is far from being a character of disillusionment and despair. The world of the final chapter is undoubtedly the "Territory" of August's where all is moving, all is pleasant, and all is beautiful. With Twain, such expressions as "a vision", "a dream", "a nothing", and "a Thought" are not negative because they are undoubtedly associated with the world of Soul. 44 gives explanation of the Soul as follows: "...each human being contains not merely two independent entities, but three — the Waking-Self, the Dream-Self, and the Soul. This last is immortal, the others are functioned by the brains and the nerves, and are physical and mortal My soul — my immortal spirit — alone remained. Freed from the encumbering flesh, it was able to exhibit forces, passions and emotions of a quite tremendously effective character." (pp. 342-3) Hence, the Soul is the very opposite to the Castle which symbolizes all the things that sheathe the Soul. August's pilgrimage in "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger" is well represented as "From the Castle to the Soul."

To Hannibal Twain looked back as at an Eden from which he was forever banished. The writer said, in thinking of Hannibal, "I have seemed like some banished Adam who is revisiting his half-forgotten Paradise and wondering how the arid outside world could ever had seemed green and fair to him."²⁶ Like Adam, Twain could not re-enter

that Paradise, because the old Hannibal was really lost, and never came back to him again. He could merely seek for a new Paradise in his world of imagination. The new Paradise, it seems, is the Vacuum world that August arrives at on the last stage of his progress in "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger," — his world of Soul. This imaginary Paradise is the world of "a Thought" which never stops dreaming "better dreams." It is the raft-life on the Mississippi which is the only place for Huck and Jim to feel at home, and the "Territory" for which Huck resolves himself to "light out" in *Huckleberry Finn*. And it is also analogous of an open road on which Sandy and Hank can "open up their lungs and take in whole barrells of the blessed God's untainted, dew-freshed, woodland-scented air,"²⁷ and of the world of delirium in which Hank mutters with great pleasure and gratitude, "now all is well, all is peace, and I am happy again — We are happy again"²⁸ So "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger" requires us to reconsider the intrinsic and genuine figure of late Mark Twain. My opinion is, Twain was always a combination of optimist and pessimist.²⁹

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Notes

- 1 Mark Twain, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (New York: Hillcrest, 1910), p. 16.
- 2 *Ibid.*, p. 15.
- 3 "No. 44, the Mysterious Stranger" is one of the four manuscripts Mark Twain had prepared during the period 1897-1908. It was written last, and it is the biggest and the most important manuscript among them, mainly because it has "the all-important final chapter as its own." Thanks to Tuckey, the author of *Mark Twain and Little Satan*, we know that *The Mysterious Stranger* edited by A. B. Paine is a spurious version. The other manuscripts are "St. Petersburg's Fragment",

"The chronicle of Young Satan," and "School-house Hill."

- 4 Mark Twain, *The Innocents Abroad* (New York: Hillcrest, 1910), I, p. 272.
- 5 S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (Scranton: Chandler, 1963), pp. 27-280.
- 6 D. Wecter (ed.), *Mark Twain to Mrs. Fairbanks* (San Marino, 1949), p. 207.
- 7 S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, p. 233.
- 8 *Notebook* 32bI, 28.
- 9 J. Smith (ed.), *Mark Twain on the Damned Human Race* (New York: Hill & Wang, 1962), p. 232.
- 10 *Ibid.*, p. 232.
- 11 Mark. Twain, *Mark Twain's Speeches* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910), p. 86.
- 12 Typescript Notebook 16, p. 49, MTP
- 13 Mark Twain, *Mark Twain's Speeches*, p. 354.
- 14 *More Maxims of Mark*, p. 6.
- 15 "The Czar's Soliloquy," *North American Review*, March 1905, p. 321.
- 16 *Ibid.*, pp. 100-101.
- 17 A. B. Paine ed., *Mark Twain's Notebook* (New York: Cooper Square, 1972), p. 170.
- 18 Mark. Twain, *Following the Equator* (New York: Hillcrest, 1910), p. 132.
- 19 W. M. Gibson (ed.), *Mark Twain: The Mysterious Stranger* (Berkeley: Univ. of California, 1970), pp. 35-6.
Subsequent quotations are indicated by page numbers only, which are put just after each.
- 20 H. N. Smith & W. M. Gibson (ed.), *Mark Twain-Howells Letters* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1960) pp. 698-9.
- 21 As for "the Procession", Howard G. Baezhold, the author of *Mark Twain and John Bull* (Bloomington: Indiana Univ. Press, 1970) says: "Carlyle may well have been at least partly responsible for inspiring that image, for in several passages Teufelsdröckh speaks of ghosts of the past in similar terms..." (p. 235)
- 22 As for the name 44, W. M. Gibson, in "Explanatory Notes" of his edited book *Mark Twain: The Mysterious Stranger*, gives the following explanation: "Young Satan's name, Quarante-quatre or Forty-four (or Number 44, New Series 864, 962, in "No. 44, the Mysterious Stranger") is challenging; it ought to mean something. Perhaps the name derives, as Henry Nash Smith has suggested, from Clemens's

childhood acquaintance with the Levin boys of Hannival. The first Jews he had ever seen, they were "clothed invisibly in the damp and cobwebby mould of antiquity" and the Old Testament. The youths of Dawson's school nicknamed them "Twenty-two" — "twice Levin" being twenty-two — in a much-repeated joke...." (p. 472)

23 For "little man" and "big man", *Notebook* (# 23, 37) includes the following passages: "Club Essay (Monday Evening Club): The little man concealed in the big man. The combination of the human & the god. Victor Hugo; Carlyle; Napoleon; Mirabeau; Jesus; Emerson & Washington(?) Grant; Mahomet; — in them (Including the S) was allied the infinitely grand & the infinitely little. Carlyle, whose life was one long stomach-ache & one ceaseless wail over it. Gladstone — & out of courtesy to many here present I add Blaine — Macavlay — Shakespeare — Burns — Scott — Richilieu — Cromwell —."

24 Mark Twain himself writes as his own experience: "How stunning are the changes which age makes in a man while he sleeps. When I finished Carlyle's *French Revolution* in 1872, I was a Girondin; every time I have read it since, I have read it differently — being influenced and changed, little by little, by life and environment ..., and recognize that I am a Sansculotte! — and not a pale, characterless Sansculotte, but a Marat. Carlyle teaches no such gospel: so the change is in me — in my vision of the evidences." (*Mark Twain's Letters*, II, 490)

25 Hamlin Hill, *Mark Twain: God's Fool* (New York: Harper & Row, 1973), p. 248.

26 D. Wecter ed., *Sam Clemens of Hannival* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1952), p. 63.

27 S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, p. 171.

28 *Ibid.*, p. 573.

29 A. B. Paine (ed.), *Mark Twain's Letters* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910) p. 785.