

6-E

The giants & the sons of God can be referred to shortly after Noah's birth (1056) when Meth about 350 yr old.

6-F

Meth gets onto scientific religion, his faith weakens, he finally becomes a regular free-thinker—bothers over the foolish prophecies about a flood; & ends, through his love for Zillah, in becoming an idolater (it is only hinted) since he did not sail in the ark. Baalite.

APPENDIX 5

Passages from "Stormfield" Preserved in the Manuscript but Deleted from Typescript or Proof



a. Original Mrs. Rushmore and Daughter Episode

[At some period before sending "Stormfield" to Harper's Mark Twain removed this episode (originally on pages 11.9–19.18 of the second section of the manuscript) by deleting pages 1,138–41 (originally 33–36) and crossing out the first nine lines of page 1,142 (37) of his typescript. Possibly he decided the episode was too sentimental, but more likely he sought to avoid complications arising from his use of the name Rushmore. In July 1907, not long before the story went to Harper's, he had been treated for bronchitis by a Dr. Edward C. Rushmore, who also advised against having an operation—possibly for the hernia Clemens had suffered in 1893—since at his time of life such an operation would be too dangerous (*MTHHR*, 630–31, 634). And he may well have thought that Dr. Rushmore might take offense at having his name appropriated.

In another direction Mrs. Rushmore's reactions to the death of her first-born (a sixteen-month-old baby daughter) doubtless reflected the Clemenses' grief when their own first-born died of diphtheria on 2 June 1872. Olivia, like Mrs. Rushmore, was "about twenty-five" (actually 26) at the time, and their son Langdon was just short of nineteen months old.

The deleted passage would have followed the sentence on 161.34–35 of the present text of "Stormfield": "You are making heaven pretty comfortable in one way, but you are playing mischief with it in another."

The original manuscript text, (first published in *MTQH*, 123–26), reads as follows:]

"As how?"

"Well, for instance. You make the baby *grow up*—you make the young girl and the young man progress along into age, and *take on the look of it and the signs of it!* My land, it chills me all through to think of it! Imagine a sweet young mother seeing her little baby die, twenty years ago, and keeping her heart from breaking by saying a million times, through her tears, 'I shall see my darling again in heaven'—and imagine that mother soaring into this place now, crazy to get that child in her arms again—and suppose—"

"Sh!—hold still," says Sandy. "I've seen it a hundred times. I had an infantance last week. Mildred Rushmore—neighbor of ours, below—lost a baby sixteen months old, a couple of years before I died, It was her first—she was about twenty-five years old—and it seemed as if she would go stark mad with the grief of it. It would have broken anybody's heart to see the poor thing, and hear her wail and cry. All the comfort she could get was out of those very words, 'I shall see my child in heaven—I shall see her in heaven, and there we'll meet to part no more forever'—and then she would break down and wail and cry again."

"Well Mildred died, in her own good time, and last week she arrived here; I was passing by that house yonder when I heard the whir of wings, and down she lit by me, and fell flat. I lifted her up and brushed her off. She had recognized me, but I couldn't make her out till she told me who she was, for she is over fifty, now, and pretty gray, whereas she was plump and young when I died."

"She was all aglow, her eyes were dancing. 'My child!' she says, 'take me to my child! O, take me to my baby, take me to my darling!'"

"Just at that minute, out of that house steps a woman of about thirty, with five children following behind her."

"'This is your baby,' says I—'your daughter, I mean—she is Mrs. McLaughlin, now, and these are her children.'"

"The poor old thing stopped stock still, her eyes stared glassy as a corpse's, and her wings drooped till they trailed the ground; never did I see anybody so stricken. She moaned out—"

"'This my sweet lost baby!—O, there is some dreadful mistake, some cruel mistake! Take me back to the grave—O, please, I cannot bear to live.'"

"The other lady looked wonderingly and pityingly at her, as one would look at a harmless strange madman, and was about to move on."

"'Wait a minute,' says I, 'wait a minute, Mrs. McLaughlin, let me introduce you; this is your mother—the late Mrs. Rushmore.'"

"'My mother?' she said, opening her kind eyes wide, but sort of half-shrinking back, as if she judged it was a mistake or a joke."

"Mrs Rushmore burst out crying, and fell limp in my arms, saying over and over again—"

"'O, why did I die? I wish I had never died! Go away woman, I cannot bear you! Give me my child, O, give me my child!'"

"It was very embarrassing to us all. Mrs. McLaughlin said, in a hurt voice—"

"'Do not speak so to me, madam, I have never done you any harm. I do not know you, I have not heard of you before. Trouble has disordered your mind; but if you will come in my house I will do all I can to comfort you. And do not grieve, nor be afraid, poor lady, for here in heaven you cannot be unhappy long.'"

"But Mrs. Rushmore waved her away and would not look at her, but went on wailing and begging to be taken to her child. So presently Mrs. McLaughlin went away with her children, on some business, whatever it was, and I took Mrs. Rushmore to my house."

"Is that all? What happened afterwards?"

"O well, what always happens. The two women got acquainted, and visited a little for a day or so and called each other mother and daughter, and all that, but nothing came of it. They were strangers, and hadn't anything in common. Mrs. McLaughlin had been head over heels in astronomy for years, and didn't care to talk about anything else, whereas her poor old mother didn't know one star from t'other, and didn't want to. So of course they drifted apart inside of four days. They haven't any sympathies that they can hitch to—inside of a month they'll stop this fol-de-rol and just be acquaintances, nothing more."

"Well, but goodness! what will this poor old woman do, all alone in heaven? She can't be happy here, of course, after such a disappointment?"

"O, but can't she, though? She is already happy. She has raked up twenty or thirty friends and relations who died within two or three years before she did, and it would have done your heart good to see these old cronies meet again. She has raked up her husband, too—he died about five years ahead. Happy? there ain't anybody in these realms that is happier than Mrs. Rushmore. She has got acquainted with a lot of simple-minded, harmless, ignorant Jersey people,—regular gossips—and they get together every day and pull other people's reputations to pieces, and slander the elect in general, wholesale and retail, and have a noble good time. Much she will be bothering about her lost child a month from now!"

"No, but do they really deal in that kind of gossip in heaven?" . . .

[In printing that passage in *Mark Twain's Quarrel with Heaven*, appendix B, Browne also included the fifteen lines that Mark Twain omitted from the ending of part I (*Harper's Monthly*, December 1907, 49) when he revised the passage for the book publication in order to include a condensed version of the Rushmore incident. In the manuscript (second section, 19.18–20.14) those lines read as follows:]

"How you talk! Would heaven be heaven if you couldn't slander folks?"

"Come to think, I don't believe it would—for some people—but I hadn't thought of it before."

"For 'some people?'—There you hit it. The trouble on earth is, that they leave out the *some-people* class—they try to fix up a heaven for only one kind of people. It won't work. There's all kinds here—and God cares for all kinds. He makes all happy; if he can't do it in one way, he does it in another. He doesn't leave anybody out in the cold."

[End of chapter. Also end of *Harper's* part I.]

b. *Stormfield's Trouble with Wings*[†]

[In "Mental Telegraphy?" (q.v.), the piece he wrote in November 1907, Mark Twain mentioned that "three weeks ago" in reading and revising the *Harper's Monthly* proofs for "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," he had "struck out one or two of the Captain's adventures." This substantial passage (second section of MS, 25.9–36.end, and TS, 114.21–1150.6 [originally pp. 39–45]) was the only one that could really qualify as one of Stormfield's "adventures." In this case Twain must have decided that the episode had gone on too long, and so removed all but a few paragraphs to document the captain's aerial misadventures.

This passage originally followed the second paragraph of the present chapter 5 of "Stormfield," which ends: "You could lay to, with your head to the wind—that is the best you could do, and right hard work you'd find it, too. If you tried any other game, you would founder sure."

The passage deleted in proof, and here first published, reads:]

I argued this all out to myself, but I went on practising, to make certain. With my first few experiments, I naturally stuck to the flop, of course—any beginner would. But says I to myself, an angel of my weight (230) can never flop such a pair of wings as these but a little while without tiring himself out—no, it stands to reason that he must soar, he must float, like a buzzard, or an

eagle. So I got up on the rock again, and got a good start, and tried for a long go. When I had gone a mile, I was fagged out, and sweating like the dewy meadows; then I spread out my wings and held them still. It was very nice and smooth, though I came downwards faster than was convenient; so I had to give a flop or two—and pretty often—to keep up. But as I began to get the hang of soaring, I commenced to throw in some embellishments, and that wasn't a lucky idea. I tilted up my port side and soared off on a half circle; then I tilted up my weather side—and right there is where the mistake occurred; the wind got in under that wing and whirled me upside down; and the next minute I smashed down into a brier bush and tore my robe and lost as much as a hatful of feathers. Says I, "Earth has got some advantages that this region don't possess; if I was down there, now, I could swear this thing out and get it off of my mind, but here a body has got to hold in and let it fester."

I had timed myself from the rock. I timed myself again, now, and walked back. I took one or two more flights and walks, and timed myself. I made a little calculation, and I could see that as a general thing there wasn't any mighty advantage in flying, over walking. With the wind fair, I could fly fifteen miles in an hour—and be dead tired and beat-out when I got through, with the flopping. Sailing close to the wind, I couldn't fly much faster than I could walk, and would get beat out twice as quick. The wings would be good in muddy weather—that was about all there was to it.

Another thing. When I walked, I could go to my target, every time, of course; but with the wings it was different; if there was any wind at all, a body was bound to drift to looard, do what he might—at least a new hand was, anyway. I always fetched up away to one side of where I started to go to. There didn't seem to be any way to steer.

I went and sat down, and thought over it. Now, says I, what does a bird do? Well, the birds that are the most like a man are the crane kind; they stick their long legs straight out behind, and I reckon they steer with them. I tried it, but it wouldn't work. My legs were long enough, but they were too heavy; they wouldn't stick out, but wanted to hang down. I tried striking out with them, like a frog, but they kept catching in my robe—it was like trying to swim with a night shirt on. So I tied my robe up around my neck and tried it again. But it was no use; my legs were too heavy, and besides I felt embarrassed, there being considerable company around.

I thought over the birds again, and judged that what I wanted was a tail. I belted my gown tight and fastened a sheaf of feathers on behind. It was a failure. They were not part of me, and I couldn't work them; they only just struck

out behind in a foolish bunch, like a feather-duster, and didn't do any good. And then some boys came along and one of them said —

"Oh, here's fun! Here's an angel with a tail. Let's clod him."

They did clod me, too, and I had to fly into some woods a mile off to get away from them. I experimented every way I could think of, but I couldn't see that for ordinary purposes wings were any advantage, and besides it was most awful fatiguing to flop them. I could see, after cogitating over it, that I wasn't rightly built for wings. I hadn't any muscles about my shoulders suited for working such things as wings—no muscles situated to take hold of them rightly.

But I hated to give them up, for I had always wanted to be a regulation angel. Still they were such a trouble to me that I stopped using them except when I was going to cut around in public. Another thing; I found I had to have considerable rigging, when I went any distance, and this was another bother. Of course I found that out by experience; I got caught in a gale one day, and was blown a hundred miles out of my course; I found I couldn't lay to, you see; well, I had no instruments, I got lost, and had a time of it finding my way home again.

Next time I started on such a trip, I took along a little three-hooked grapnel and thirty fathom of line, which I coiled around my neck. I had a sextant and a compass in a carpet sack hanging to my belt. Well, it came on to blow like sixty, and I lay to, over a mighty wide lake. I let go my anchor—the rope was fast around my neck—but it struck deep water and snatched me down head first to within fifty foot of the water before it found bottom. Well, I lay to, there, a couple of hours, flopping away, with my head to the wind. Then the gale went down and it was time, too, for I hadn't strength left to flop much longer. I got up my anchor, and got away on a fair wind, but by and by it came on to blow worse than ever. I didn't want to try laying to, any more, so I set my helm amidships, so to speak, and thought I would run before the wind and see what would come of it. The thing that come of it, was, that I fetched up in an unknown land, by and by, and had to lay idle there a couple of days, because the weather was thick and I couldn't get an observation. However, things cleared a little the third day, and I out with my sextant and got an observation. I was in latitude $17^{\circ}24'51''$ $40'43''$ N, and longitude $9^{\circ}45'46''$ $32'15''$ west of the New Jerusalem. How the mischief I could have made all that latitude I couldn't make out; but such was the case, and there was nothing for it but to set my course and scud for home.

By the time I got there I had about made up my mind that if there was a

saint around that wanted to trade a paper of rucks for a second-hand pair of wings a little the worse for wear and weather, I could tell him where he could get a chance.

Well, I was home again, and that was a comfort, anyway. I rolled up my wings in an old last week's *Zion's Herald*, and tucked them away in the pantry, and says I, "You lay there and take a rest till the mud's too deep for stilts; for if I ever meddle with you in the meantime it will be because there's an official pow-wow of some sort where the elect will have to go in their regimentals."†