

The Innocents Abroad Mark Twain (1869)

The *Innocents Abroad* was white humorist Mark Twain's bestselling book in his lifetime; it has also been credited as the bestselling travel book by any author of his time. The book is a satire-laced account of a tour that Twain took with other white Americans in 1867 through Europe and lands of the eastern Mediterranean. This was the first package tour of this scale ever organized by US entrepreneurs and thus a pioneering event in US commercial tourism. The group traveled principally on the *Quaker City*, a decommissioned US warship turned cruise ship. An advertised highlight of the tour was the opportunity to visit biblical sites in Palestine.

Twain's authorial voice in this book is that of a minimally pious Protestant whose greatest devotion is to modern civilization, of which he regards the United States as the foremost, albeit improvable, model. Thus, while he is happy to satirize Americans, himself included, Twain is also, as a rule, unabashedly ethnocentric in describing foreign places and people. In the selections presented here—describing Tangier, Italy, Istanbul, Damascus, and a trip through the Judean Desert to see the Jordan River—Twain comments in his sardonic way on Muslims, Jews, Catholics, and Orthodox Christians (whom he conflates with Catholics in the case of the monks of Mar Saba). In addition to Twain's overt portrayals of these religions as barbarous or antiquated, look closely for the following:

- The perhaps unintended irony of Twain repeatedly portraying Muslims as violent while repeatedly fantasizing about Westerners using violence to dominate Muslims.
- Subtle ambiguity in Twain's depictions of Judaism: Is it or is it not a religion compatible with modern civilization?
- Comparisons Twain draws to ostensibly uncivilized peoples living back in the United States.
- Themes of proprietorship and conquest in the American pilgrims' devotions at the Jordan River.

1. Tangier

About the first adventure we had yesterday afternoon, after landing here, came near finishing that heedless Blucher. We had just mounted some mules and asses [...] when we came upon a fine Moorish mosque, with tall tower, rich with checkerwork of many-colored porcelain, and every part and portion of the edifice adorned with the quaint architecture of the Alhambra; and Blucher started to ride into the open doorway. A startling "Hi-hi!" from our camp-followers and a loud "Halt!" from an English gentleman in the party checked the adventurer, and then we were informed that so dire a profanation is it for a Christian dog to set foot upon the sacred threshold of a Moorish mosque that no amount of purification can ever make it fit for the faithful to pray in again. Had Blucher succeeded in entering the place, he would no doubt have been chased through the town and stoned; and the time has been, and not many years ago either, when a Christian would have been most ruthlessly slaughtered if captured in a mosque. We caught a glimpse of the handsome tessellated pavements within and of the devotees performing their ablutions at the fountains; but even that we took that glimpse was a thing not relished by the Moorish bystanders. [...]

We visited the jail and found Moorish prisoners making mats and baskets. (This thing of utilizing

crime savors of civilization.) Murder is punished with death. [...] When a man steals cattle, they cut off his right hand and left leg, and nail them up in the marketplace as a warning to everybody. Their surgery is not artistic. They slice around the bone a little, then break off the limb. Sometimes the patient gets well; but, as a general thing, he don't. [...]

Here, marriage is contracted by the parents of the parties to it. There are no valentines, no stolen interviews, no riding out, no courting in dim parlors, no lovers' quarrels and reconciliations—no nothing that is proper to approaching matrimony. The young man takes the girl his father selects for him, marries her, and after that, she is unveiled, and he sees her for the first time. If, after due acquaintance, she suits him, he retains her; but if he suspects her purity, he bundles her back to her father; if he finds her diseased, the same; or if, after just and reasonable time is allowed her, she neglects to bear children, back she goes to the home of her childhood. [...]

I have caught a glimpse of the faces of several Moorish women (for they are only human and will expose their faces for the admiration of a Christian dog when no male Moor is by), and I am full of veneration for the wisdom that leads them to cover up such atrocious ugliness. They carry their children at their backs, in a sack, like other savages the world over. [...]

They have three Sundays a week in Tangier. The Mohammedan's comes on Friday, the Jew's on Saturday, and that of the Christian consuls on Sunday. The Jews are the most radical. The Moor goes to his mosque about noon on his Sabbath, as on any other day, removes his shoes at the door, performs his ablutions, makes his salaams, pressing his forehead to the pavement time and again, says his prayers, and goes back to his work. But the Jew shuts up shop, will not touch copper or bronze money at all, soils his fingers with nothing meaner than silver and gold, attends the synagogue devoutly, will not cook or have anything to do with fire, and religiously refrains from embarking in any enterprise.

The Moor who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca is entitled to high distinction. Men call him Hadji, and he is thenceforward a great personage. Hundreds of Moors come to Tangier every year and embark for Mecca. They go part of the way in English steamers, and the ten or twelve dollars they pay for passage is about all the trip costs. They take with them a quantity of food, and when the commissary department fails, they "skirmish," as Jack terms it in his sinful, slangy way. From the time they leave till they get home again, they never wash, either on land or sea. They are usually gone from five to seven months, and as they do not change their clothes during all that time, they are totally unfit for the drawing room when they get back. [...]

Spain is the only nation the Moors fear. The reason is that Spain sends her heaviest ships of war and her loudest guns to astonish these Moslems, while America and other nations send only a little contemptible tub of a gunboat occasionally. The Moors, like other savages, learn by what they see, not what they hear or read. We have great fleets in the Mediterranean, but they seldom touch at African ports. The Moors have a small opinion of England, France, and America and put their representatives to a deal of red-tape circumlocution before they grant them their common rights, let alone a favor. But the moment the Spanish minister makes a demand, it is acceded to at once, whether it be just or not.

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2. Italy

A year ago, when Italy saw utter ruin staring her in the face and her greenbacks hardly worth the paper they were printed on, her Parliament ventured upon a *coup de main* that would have appalled the stoutest of her statesmen under less desperate circumstances. They, in a manner, confiscated the domains of the Church! This in priest-ridden Italy! This in a land which has groped in the midnight of priestly superstition for sixteen hundred years! It was a rare good fortune for Italy, the stress of weather that drove her to break from this prison house. [...]

Pray glance at some of these churches and their embellishments and see whether the government is doing a righteous thing or not. In Venice today, a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, there are twelve hundred priests. Heaven only knows how many there were before the Parliament reduced their numbers. There was the great Jesuit church. Under the old regime, it required sixty priests to engineer it—the government does it with five now, and the others are discharged from service. All about that church, wretchedness and poverty abound. At its door, a dozen hats and bonnets were doffed to us, as many heads were humbly bowed, and as many hands extended, appealing for pennies—appealing with foreign words we could not understand but appealing mutely, with sad eyes and sunken cheeks and ragged raiment that no words were needed to translate. Then we passed within the great doors, and it seemed that the riches of the world were before us! Huge columns carved out of single masses of marble and inlaid from top to bottom with a hundred intricate figures wrought in costly verde antique; pulpits of the same rich materials, whose draperies hung down in many a pictured fold, the stony fabric counterfeiting the delicate work of the loom; the grand altar brilliant with polished facings and balustrades of oriental agate, jasper, verde antique, and other precious stones, whose names, even, we seldom hear; and slabs of priceless lapis lazuli lavished everywhere as recklessly as if the church had owned a quarry of it. In the midst of all this magnificence, the solid gold and silver furniture of the altar seemed cheap and trivial. Even the floors and ceilings cost a princely fortune. [...]

As far as I can see, Italy, for fifteen hundred years, has turned all her energies, all her finances, and all her industry to the building up of a vast array of wonderful church edifices, and starving half her citizens to accomplish it. She is today one vast museum of magnificence and misery. All the churches in an ordinary American city put together could hardly buy the jeweled frippery in one of her hundred cathedrals. And for every beggar in America, Italy can show a hundred—and rags and vermin to match. It is the wretchedest, princeliest land on earth. [...]

If, added to my own, I could be gifted with modern Roman sloth, modern Roman superstition, and modern Roman boundlessness of ignorance, what bewildering worlds of unsuspected wonders I would discover! Ah, if I were only a habitant of the Campagna, five and twenty miles from Rome! [...] I would go to America, and see and learn, and return to the Campagna and stand before my countrymen an illustrious discoverer. I would say:

“I saw there a country which has no overshadowing Mother Church, and yet the people survive. [...] I saw common men and common women who could read; I even saw small children of common country people reading from books; if I dared think you would believe it, I would say they could write also. [...] There are hundreds and thousands of schools, and anybody may go and learn to be wise, like a priest. [...] In that country, books are so common that it is really no

curiosity to see one. Newspapers also. They have a great machine which prints such things by thousands every hour.

“I saw common men there—men who were neither priests nor princes—who yet absolutely owned the land they tilled. It was not rented from the Church nor from the nobles. I am ready to take my oath of this. In that country, you might fall from a third-story window three several times and not mash either a soldier or a priest—the scarcity of such people is astonishing. [...] Jews, there, are treated just like human beings instead of dogs. They can work at any business they please; they can sell brand-new goods if they want to; they can keep drugstores; they can practice medicine among Christians; they can even shake hands with Christians if they choose; they can associate with them just the same as one human being does with another human being. They don’t have to stay shut up in one corner of the towns; they can live in any part of a town they like best; it is said they even have the privilege of buying land and houses and owning them themselves, though I doubt that myself. They never have had to run races naked through the public streets, against jackasses, to please the people in carnival time. There they never have been driven by the soldiers into a church every Sunday for hundreds of years to hear themselves and their religion especially and particularly cursed. At this very day, in that curious country, a Jew is allowed to vote, hold office, yea, get up on a rostrum in the public street and express his opinion of the government if the government don’t suit him! [...]

[“B]ut—but—I see by your looks that you do not believe the things I am telling you. Alas, my character is ruined, and I am branded a speaker of untruths!”

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3. Istanbul

I do not think much of the mosque of St. Sophia. [...] It is the rustiest old barn in heathendom. I believe all the interest that attaches to it comes from the fact that it was built for a Christian church and then turned into a mosque, without much alteration, by the Mohammedan conquerors of the land. They made me take off my boots and walk into the place in my stocking feet. I caught cold and got myself so stuck up with a complication of gums, slime, and general corruption that I wore out more than two thousand pair of boot jacks getting my boots off that night [...]

St. Sophia is a colossal church, thirteen or fourteen hundred years old and unsightly enough to be very, very much older. Its immense dome is said to be more wonderful than St. Peter’s, but its dirt is much more wonderful than its dome, though they never mention it. [...] The inside of the dome is figured all over with a monstrous inscription in Turkish characters, wrought in gold mosaic, that looks as glaring as a circus bill; the pavements and the marble balustrades are all battered and dirty; the perspective is marred everywhere by a web of ropes that depend from the dizzy height of the dome and suspend countless dingy, coarse oil lamps and ostrich eggs, six or seven feet above the floor. Squatting and sitting in groups, here and there and far and near, were ragged Turks reading books, hearing sermons, or receiving lessons like children, and in fifty places were more of the same sort bowing and straightening up, bowing again and getting down to kiss the earth, muttering prayers the while, and keeping up their gymnastics till they ought to have been tired if they were not.

Everywhere was dirt, and dust, and dinginess, and gloom; everywhere were signs of a hoary antiquity, but with nothing touching or beautiful about it; everywhere were those groups of fantastic pagans; overhead the gaudy mosaics and the web of lamp ropes—nowhere was there anything to win one's love or challenge his admiration. [...]

We visited the dancing dervishes. There were twenty-one of them. They wore a long, light-colored loose robe that hung to their heels. Each in his turn went up to the priest (they were all within a large circular railing) and bowed profoundly, and then went spinning away deliriously, and took his appointed place in the circle, and continued to spin. When all had spun themselves to their places, they were about five or six feet apart—and so situated, the entire circle of spinning pagans spun itself three separate times around the room. It took twenty-five minutes to do it. They spun on the left foot and kept themselves going by passing the right rapidly before it and digging it against the waxed floor. Some of them made incredible “time.” Most of them spun around forty times in a minute, and one artist averaged about sixty-one times a minute, and kept it up during the whole twenty-five. His robe filled with air and stood out all around him like a balloon.

They made no noise of any kind, and most of them tilted their heads back and closed their eyes, entranced with a sort of devotional ecstasy. There was a rude kind of music part of the time, but the musicians were not visible. [...] It was about as barbarous an exhibition as we have witnessed yet. Then sick persons came and lay down, and beside them women laid their sick children (one a babe at the breast), and the patriarch of the dervishes walked upon their bodies. He was supposed to cure their diseases by trampling upon their breasts or backs or standing on the back of their necks. This is well enough for a people who think all their affairs are made or marred by viewless spirits of the air—by giants, gnomes, and genii—and who still believe, to this day, all the wild tales in the *Arabian Nights*. Even so an intelligent missionary tells me. [...]

Mosques are plenty, churches are plenty, graveyards are plenty, but morals and whiskey are scarce. The Koran does not permit Mohammedans to drink. Their natural instincts do not permit them to be moral. They say the Sultan has eight hundred wives. This almost amounts to bigamy. It makes our cheeks burn with shame to see such a thing permitted here in Turkey. We do not mind it so much in Salt Lake, however.

Circassian and Georgian girls are still sold in Constantinople by their parents, but not publicly. The great slave marts we have all read so much about—where tender young girls were stripped for inspection and criticized and discussed just as if they were horses at an agricultural fair—no longer exist. The exhibition and the sales are private now. [...]

Greek, Turkish, and Armenian morals consist only in attending church regularly on the appointed Sabbaths and in breaking the ten commandments all the balance of the week. It comes natural to them to lie and cheat in the first place, and then they go on and improve on nature until they arrive at perfection. In recommending his son to a merchant as a valuable salesman, a father does not say he is a nice, moral, upright boy, and goes to Sunday School, and is honest; but he says, “This boy is worth his weight in broad pieces of a hundred—for behold, he will cheat whomsoever hath dealings with him, and from the Euxine to the waters of Marmora there abideth not so gifted a liar!” How is that for a recommendation? The missionaries tell me that

they hear encomiums like that passed upon people every day. They say of a person they admire, “Ah, he is a charming swindler and a most exquisite liar!”

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4. Damascus

In the morning, we sent for donkeys. It is worthy of note that we had to *send* for these things. I said Damascus was an old fossil, and she is. Anywhere else, we would have been assailed by a clamorous army of donkey drivers, guides, peddlers, and beggars—but in Damascus, they so hate the very sight of a foreign Christian that they want no intercourse whatever with him; only a year or two ago, his person was not always safe in Damascus streets. It is the most fanatical Mohammedan purgatory out of Arabia. Where you see one green turban of a Hadji elsewhere (the honored sign that my lord has made the pilgrimage to Mecca), I think you will see a dozen in Damascus. The Damascenes are the ugliest, wickedest-looking villains we have seen. All the veiled women we had seen yet, nearly, left their eyes exposed, but numbers of these in Damascus completely hid the face under a close-drawn black veil that made the woman look like a mummy. If ever we caught an eye exposed, it was quickly hidden from our contaminating Christian vision; the beggars actually passed us by without demanding baksheesh; the merchants in the bazaars did not hold up their goods and cry out eagerly, “Hey, John!” or “Look this, Howajji!” On the contrary, they only scowled at us and said never a word.

[...W]e called at the tomb of Mahomet’s children, and at a tomb which purported to be that of St. George who killed the dragon, and so on out to the hollow place under a rock where Paul hid during his flight till his pursuers gave him up, and to the mausoleum of the five thousand Christians who were massacred in Damascus in 1861 by the Turks. They say those narrow streets ran blood for several days and that men, women, and children were butchered indiscriminately and left to rot by hundreds all through the Christian quarter; they say, further, that the stench was dreadful. All the Christians who could get away fled from the city, and the Mohammedans would not defile their hands by burying the “infidel dogs.” The thirst for blood extended to the highlands of Hermon and Anti-Lebanon, and in a short time twenty-five thousand more Christians were massacred and their possessions laid waste. How they hate a Christian in Damascus!—and pretty much all over Turkeydom as well. And how they will pay for it when Russia turns her guns upon them again!

It is soothing to the heart to abuse England and France for interposing to save the Ottoman Empire from the destruction it has so richly deserved for a thousand years. It hurts my vanity to see these pagans refuse to eat of food that has been cooked for us; or to eat from a dish we have eaten from; or to drink from a goatskin which we have polluted with our Christian lips, except by filtering the water through a rag which they put over the mouth of it or through a sponge! I never disliked a Chinaman as I do these degraded Turks and Arabs, and when Russia is ready to war with them again, I hope England and France will not find it good breeding or good judgment to interfere.

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5. Judean Desert

The Jordan, Jericho, and the Dead Sea were suggested. The remainder of Jerusalem must be left

unvisited for a little while. The journey was approved at once. New life stirred in every pulse. In the saddle—abroad on the plains—sleeping in beds bounded only by the horizon: fancy was at work with these things in a moment. It was painful to note how readily these town-bred men had taken to the free life of the camp and the desert. The nomadic instinct is a human instinct; it was born with Adam and transmitted through the patriarchs, and after thirty centuries of steady effort, civilization has not educated it entirely out of us yet. It has a charm which, once tasted, a man will yearn to taste again. The nomadic instinct cannot be educated out of an Indian at all.

The Jordan journey being approved, our dragoman was notified. At nine in the morning, the caravan was before the hotel door, and we were at breakfast. There was a commotion about the place. Rumors of war and bloodshed were flying everywhere. The lawless Bedouins in the valley of the Jordan and the deserts down by the Dead Sea were up in arms and were going to destroy all comers. [...] It was reported that the consul had requested that no more of our pilgrims should go to the Jordan while this state of things lasted; and further, that he was unwilling that any more should go, at least without an unusually strong military guard. Here was trouble. But with the horses at the door and everybody aware of what they were there for, what would *you* have done? Acknowledged that you were afraid and backed shamefully out? Hardly. It would not be human nature, where there were so many women. You would have done as we did: said you were not afraid of a million Bedouins—and made your will and proposed quietly to yourself to take up an unostentatious position in the rear of the procession. [...]

We had had a glimpse, from a mountaintop, of the Dead Sea, lying like a blue shield in the plain of the Jordan, and now we were marching down a close, flaming, rugged, desolate defile, where no living creature could enjoy life except, perhaps, a salamander. [...] Our guards—two gorgeous young Arab sheiks, with cargoes of swords, guns, pistols, and daggers on board—were loafing ahead.

“Bedouins!”

Every man shrunk up and disappeared in his clothes like a mud turtle. My first impulse was to dash forward and destroy the Bedouins. My second was to dash to the rear to see if there were any coming in that direction. I acted on the latter impulse. So did all the others. If any Bedouins had approached us then from that point of the compass, they would have paid dearly for their rashness. We all remarked that, afterwards. There would have been scenes of riot and bloodshed there that no pen could describe. I know that, because each man told what he would have done, individually; and such a medley of strange and unheard-of inventions of cruelty you could not conceive of. One man said he had calmly made up his mind to perish where he stood, if need be, but never yield an inch; he was going to wait, with deadly patience, till he could count the stripes upon the first Bedouin’s jacket, and then count them and let him have it. Another was going to sit still till the first lance reached within an inch of his breast, and then dodge it and seize it. I forbear to tell what he was going to do to that Bedouin that owned it. It makes my blood run cold to think of it. Another was going to scalp such Bedouins as fell to his share and take his bald-headed sons of the desert home with him alive for trophies. [...]

I was glad in my heart that I had been spared these scenes of malignant carnage. No Bedouins attacked our terrible rear. And none attacked the front. The newcomers were only a

reinforcement of cadaverous Arabs, in shirts and bare legs, sent far ahead of us to brandish rusty guns, and shout and brag, and carry on like lunatics, and thus scare away all bands of marauding Bedouins that might lurk about our path. What a shame it is that armed white Christians must travel under guard of vermin like this as a protection against the prowling vagabonds of the desert—those sanguinary outlaws who are always going to do something desperate but never do it. I may as well mention here that on our whole trip we saw no Bedouins and had no more use for an Arab guard than we could have had for patent leather boots and white kid gloves. [...]

At two in the morning, they routed us out of bed—another piece of unwarranted cruelty—another stupid effort of our dragoman to get ahead of a rival. It was not two hours to the Jordan. However, we were dressed and underway before anyone thought of looking to see what time it was, and so we drowsed on through the chill night air and dreamed of campfires, warm beds, and other comfortable things. [...] We reached the famous river before four o'clock, and the night was so black that we could have ridden into it without seeing it. Some of us were in an unhappy frame of mind. We waited and waited for daylight [...] With the first suspicion of dawn, every pilgrim took off his clothes and waded into the dark torrent, singing:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
and cast a wistful eye
to Canaan's fair and happy land,
where my possessions lie.

But they did not sing long. The water was so fearfully cold that they were obliged to stop singing and scamper out again. Then they stood on the bank shivering, and so chagrined and so grieved that they merited honest compassion. Because another dream, another cherished hope, had failed. They had promised themselves all along that they would cross the Jordan where the Israelites crossed it when they entered Canaan from their long pilgrimage in the desert. They would cross where the twelve stones were placed in memory of that great event. While they did it, they would picture to themselves that vast army of pilgrims marching through the cloven waters, bearing the hallowed ark of the covenant, and shouting hosannahs and singing songs of thanksgiving and praise. Each had promised himself that he would be the first to cross. They were at the goal of their hopes at last, but the current was too swift, the water was too cold!

It was then that Jack did them a service. With that engaging recklessness of consequences which is natural to youth, and so proper and so seemly as well, he went and led the way across the Jordan, and all was happiness again. Every individual waded over then and stood upon the further bank. The water was not quite breast deep anywhere. [...] The main object compassed, the drooping, miserable party sat down to wait for the sun again, for all wanted to see the water as well as feel it. But it was too cold a pastime. Some cans were filled from the holy river, some canes were cut from its banks, and then we mounted and rode reluctantly away to keep from freezing to death. So we saw the Jordan very dimly [...] and we could not judge of the width of the stream by the eye. We knew by our wading experience, however, that many streets in America are double as wide as the Jordan. [...]

I cannot describe the hideous afternoon's ride from the Dead Sea to Mar Saba. It oppresses me yet to think of it. The sun so pelted us that the tears ran down our cheeks once or twice. The

ghastly, treeless, grassless, breathless canyons smothered us as if we had been in an oven. [...] What a very heaven the massy towers and ramparts of vast Mar Saba looked to us when we caught a first glimpse of them! We stayed at this great convent all night, guests of the hospitable priests.

Mar Saba, perched upon a crag, a human nest stuck high up against a perpendicular mountain wall, is a world of grand masonry that rises, terrace upon terrace, away above your head [...] No other human dwelling is near. [...] The present occupants of Mar Saba, about seventy in number, are all hermits. They wear a coarse robe; an ugly, brimless stovepipe of a hat; and go without shoes. They eat nothing whatever but bread and salt; they drink nothing but water. As long as they live, they can never go outside the walls or look upon a woman—for no woman is permitted to enter Mar Saba upon any pretext whatsoever. Some of those men have been shut up there for thirty years. In all that dreary time, they have not heard the laughter of a child or the blessed voice of a woman; they have seen no human tears, no human smiles; they have known no human joys, no wholesome human sorrows. [...] They have banished the tender grace of life and left only the sapped and skinny mockery. Their lips are lips that never kiss and never sing; their hearts are hearts that never hate and never love; their breasts are breasts that never swell with the sentiment, “I have a country and a flag.” They are dead men who walk. [...]

These hermits *are* dead men, in several respects, but not in all; and it is not proper that thinking ill of them at first, I should go on doing so [...] No, they treated us too kindly for that. There is something human about them somewhere. They knew we were foreigners and Protestants and not likely to feel admiration or much friendliness toward them. But their large charity was above considering such things. They simply saw in us men who were hungry and thirsty and tired, and that was sufficient. They opened their doors and gave us welcome. They asked no questions, and they made no self-righteous display of their hospitality. They fished for no compliments. They moved quietly about, setting the table for us, making the beds, and bringing water to wash in, and paid no heed when we said it was wrong for them to do that when we had men whose business it was to perform such offices. We fared most comfortably and sat late at dinner. [...] It was a royal rest we had. When we got up to breakfast in the morning, we were new men. For all this hospitality, no strict charge was made. We could give something if we chose; we need give nothing if we were poor or if we were stingy. The pauper and the miser are as free as any in the Catholic convents of Palestine.

I have been educated to enmity toward everything that is Catholic, and sometimes, in consequence of this, I find it much easier to discover Catholic faults than Catholic merits. But there is one thing I feel no disposition to overlook and no disposition to forget, and that is the honest gratitude I and all pilgrims owe to the convent fathers in Palestine. [...] A pilgrim without money, whether he be a Protestant or a Catholic, can travel the length and breadth of Palestine and, in the midst of her desert wastes, find wholesome food and a clean bed every night in these buildings. [...] Our party, pilgrims and all, will be always ready and always willing to touch glasses and drink health, prosperity, and long life to the convent fathers of Palestine.

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