

### III.

#### THE REHABILITATION.

Twenty-five years afterwards, later, the Process of Rehabilitation was instituted, there being, in consequence of, a growing doubt as to the validity of a sovereignty that had been rescued and set upon its feet by a person, one, who had been proven, declared, by the Church to be a witch and a familiar of evil spirits. Joan's, Jeanne's, old generals, her secretary, several aged relations and other villagers of Domremy, surviving judges and secretaries of the Rouen and Poitiers Processes—a cloud of witnesses, some of whom had been her enemies and persecutors, — came and made oath and testified, and what they said was written down. Their statements were taken down as evidence. In that sworn testimony the moving and beautiful history of Joan of, Jeanne d', Arc is laid bare, from her childhood to her martyrdom. From the verdict she rises stainlessly pure, in mind and heart, in speech, and deed and spirit, and will so endure to the end of time.

### IV.

#### THE RIDDLE OF ALL TIME. An Eternal Enigma.

1. She is the Wonder of the Ages. And when we consider her origin, her early circumstances, environment, her sex, and that she did all the things upon which her renown rests while she was still a young girl, we recognize that, while, so long as, our race continues she will be also the Riddle of the Ages. When we set about, endures, the circumstances of her career will remain an insoluble problem. When we try to, accounting for a Napoleon, or a Shakspeare or a Raphael, or a Wagner or an Edison or, for, other extraordinary persons, we understand that the measure of his, individual, talent will not explain the whole result, nor even the largest, greater, part of it, no, it is. The explanation must be sought in, the atmosphere in, amid, which the talent was cradled, that explains, it is. When we know, the training which it received while it grew, young, the nurture it got, derived, from reading, study, and, example, the encouragement it gathered from self-recognition and recognition from the outside, approval from its environment, at each stage of its development: when we know all these details, then we know why the man was ready when his opportunity came. details, we can understand how the genius was, created and, evolved and thus was ready to seize his by steady and congenial growth. We should expect Edison's surroundings, environment, and atmosphere to have the largest share in discovering him to himself and to the world; and we should expect him to live and die undiscovered in a land where an inventor could find no comradeship, no sympathy, no ambition-rousing atmosphere of recognition and, or, applause, — Dahomey, for instance. Dahomey, for instance, could not find, produce, an Edison, out, in Dahomey an Edison could not find himself out. Broadly speaking, g Genius is not born with, out, sight, but blind; and it is not itself that opens its eyes, but the subtle. Its eyes are opened by the subtle, influences of a myriad of stimulating exterior circumstances.

2. We all know this to be not a guess, but a mere commonplace fact, a truism. Lorraine was Joan of, Jeanne d', Arc's Dahomey. And there, Here, the Riddle, problem, confronts us. We

"Riddle"—  
Anglice?

From Jean's letter I take this sentence, which needs no comment:

"About one in the afternoon Susy spoke for the last time."

It was only one word that she said when she spoke that last time, and it told of her longing. She groped with her hands and found Katy, and caressed her face and said "mamma."

How gracious it was that in that forlorn hour of wreck and ruin, with the night of death closing around her, she should have been granted that beautiful illusion—that the latest vision which rested upon the clouded mirror of her mind should have been the vision of her mother, and the latest emotion she should know in life the joy and peace of that dear imagined presence.

About two o'clock she composed herself as if for sleep, and never moved again. She fell into unconsciousness and so remained two days and five hours, until Tuesday evening at seven minutes past seven, when the release came. She was twenty-four years and five months old.

On the 23d her mother and her sisters saw her laid to rest—she that had been our wonder and our worship.

In one of her own books I find some verses which I will copy here. Apparently she always put borrowed matter in quotation marks. These verses lack those marks, and therefore I take them to be her own.

Love came at dawn, when all the world was fair,  
When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife;  
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,  
And murmured "I am life."

Love came at even, when the day was done,  
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;  
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,  
And whispered "I am rest."

The summer seasons of Susy's childhood were spent at Quarry Farm on the hills east of Elmira, New York, the other seasons of the year at the home in Hartford. Like other children, she was blithe and happy, fond of play; *unlike* the average of children she was at times much given to retiring within herself and trying to search out the hidden meanings of the deep things that make the puzzle and pathos of human existence, and in all the ages have baffled the inquirer and mocked him. As a little child aged seven, she was oppressed and perplexed by the maddening repetition of the stock incidents of our race's fleeting sojourn here, just as the same thing has oppressed and perplexed maturer minds from the beginning of time. A myriad of men are born; they labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them, and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery, grows heavier year by year; at length ambition is dead; pride is dead; vanity is dead; longing for release is in their place. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them—and they vanish from a world where they were of no consequence; where they achieved nothing; where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; where they have

*From Susy's Biography.*

Papa uses very strong language, but I have an idea not nearly so strong as when he first married mamma. A lady acquaintance of his is rather apt to interrupt what one is saying, and papa told mamma that he thought he should say to the lady's husband "I am glad Susy Warner wasn't present when the Deity said 'Let there be light.'"

It is as I have said before. This is a frank historian. She doesn't cover up one's deficiencies, but gives them an equal showing with one's handsomer qualities. Of course I made the remark which she has quoted—and even at this distant day I am still as much as half persuaded that if Susy Warner had been present when the Creator said "Let there be light" she would have interrupted Him and we shouldn't ever have got it.

*From Susy's Biography.*

Papa said the other day, "I am a mugwump and a mugwump is pure from the marrow out." (Papa knows that I am writing this biography of him, and he said this for it.) He doesn't like to go to church at all, why I never understood, until just now, he told us the other day that he couldn't bear to hear any one talk but himself, but that he could listen to himself talk for hours without getting tired, of course he said this in joke, but I've no doubt it was founded on truth.

**Friday, February 9, 1906**

**The "strong language" episode in the bath-room—Susy's reference to "The Prince and the Pauper"—The mother and the children help edit the books—Reference to ancestors.**

Susy's remark about my strong language troubles me, and I must go back to it. All through the first ten years of my married life I kept a constant and discreet watch upon my tongue while in the house, and went outside and to a distance when circumstances were too much for me and I was obliged to seek relief. I prized my wife's respect and approval above all the rest of the human race's respect and approval. I dreaded the day when she should discover that I was but a whited sepulcher partly freighted with suppressed language. I was so careful, during ten years, that I had not a doubt that my suppressions had been successful. Therefore I was quite as happy in my guilt as I could have been if I had been innocent.

But at last an accident exposed me. I went into the bath-room one morning to make my toilet, and carelessly left the door two or three inches ajar. It was the first time that I had ever failed to take the precaution of closing it tightly. I knew the necessity of being particular about this, because shaving was always a trying ordeal for me, and I could seldom carry it through to a finish without verbal helps. Now this time I was unprotected, but did not suspect it. I had no extraordinary trouble with my razor on this occasion, and was able to worry through with mere mutterings and growlings of an improper sort, but with nothing noisy or emphatic about them—no snapping and barking. Then I put on a shirt. My shirts are an invention of my own.

the late hours of the night and the morning. Then he was told to stay in Oakland, write his editorials there and send them over, and the large salary was continued. By and by he was brought to New York to serve on Mr. Hearst's New York paper, and when he finally resigned from that employment he had been in Mr. Hearst's employ sixteen years without a break. Then he became an editorial writer on the New York *World* with the privilege of living out of town and sending his matter in. His wage was eight thousand dollars a year. A couple of years ago *Collier's Weekly* offered him an easy berth and one which was particularly desirable in his case, since it would deal mainly with historical matters, past and present—and that was an industry which he liked. The salary was to be ten thousand dollars. He came to me for advice, and I told him to accept, which he did. When Mr. Pulitzer found that he was gone from the *World* he was not pleased with his managing editor for letting him go, but his managing editor was not to blame. He didn't know that Moffett was going until he received his resignation. Pulitzer offered Moffett a billet for twenty years, this term to be secured in such a way that it could not be endangered by Pulitzer's death, and to this offer was added the extraordinary proposition that Moffett could name his own salary. But of course Moffett remains with *Collier*, his agreement with *Collier's* having been already arrived at satisfactorily to both parties.

### Wednesday, March 28, 1906

**Orion Clemens's personality—His adventure at the house of  
Dr. Meredith—His three o'clock a.m. call on young lady—Death of  
Mr. Clemens's father, just after having been made County Judge—  
Mr. Clemens's small income after having become bankrupt through  
maladministration of Charles L. Webster.**

My brother's experience was another conspicuous example of my scheme's efficiency. I will talk about that by and by. But for the moment my interest suddenly centres itself upon his personality, moved thereto by this passing mention of him—and so I will drop other matters and sketch that personality. It is a very curious one. In all my seventy years I have not met the twin of it.

Orion Clemens was born in Jamestown, Fentress County, Tennessee, in 1825. He was the family's first-born, and antedated me ten years. Between him and me came a sister, Margaret, who died, aged ten, in 1837 in that village of Florida, Missouri, where I was born; and Pamela, mother of Samuel E. Moffett, who was an invalid all her life and died in the neighborhood of New York a year ago, aged about seventy-five, after experimenting with every malady known to the human race and with every medicine and method of healing known to that race, and enjoying each malady in its turn and each medicine and each healing method, with an enthusiasm known only to persons with a passion for novelties. Her character was without blemish, and she was of a most kindly and gentle disposition. Also there was a brother, Benjamin, who died in 1843 aged ten or twelve.

Orion's boyhood was spent in that wee little log hamlet of Jamestown up there among the "knobs"—so called—of east Tennessee, among a very sparse population of primitives who