

MARK TWAIN IN QUARANTINE.

We were informed by the cable, some weeks since, that the *Quaker City*, on board of which is "Mark Twain," our chronicler of the Holy Land Excursion, had been quarantined at Naples. We have received a copy of the *Naples Observer*, of August 3d, in which appears the following characteristic protest:

HARBOR OF NAPLES, August 2d, 1867.

Mr. Editor: I must mildly, but firmly, protest against the quarantining of our excursion vessel, the *Quaker City*, in the harbor of Naples. You need not be afraid of catching the cholera from us. We have been fumigated—not once only, but several times—at the Lake of Como, at Lecco, and most infernally at Venice. We have been fumigated until we smell of all the vile stenches that can be compounded or imagined. Each and every passenger has acquired a distinct and individual odor, and made it his own, and you can recognize any one of them by it in the dark as far as you can smell him. Now there is no possible danger in us. We do not smell like anything on earth, or like anything in any other place, except it be perdition itself. Therefore why not let us go at large? Your people can easily tell when any of us are around, if we get to windward of them, and save themselves by flight. You need not be afraid they will take other smells for ours. They may imagine they smell us sometimes, when they do not, but whenever they do smell us in reality they will not be in doubt any more. Now, do not leave us here to "waste our sweetness on the desert air," but set us at large in your magnificent city, and let us give a pleasing variety to the fragrance that dwells in its atmosphere. Do it. We can make you sing "Hark from the Tombs." You would think we were right from there.

But seriously now, it is a great hardship to be cooped up here day after day, when we have done no harm. Honestly, we have not brought any cholera with us from Leghorn. They would not have let us take it out of the country without paying duty on it. You know that yourself. If we had had any cholera with us we would have given it to the people at Civita Vecchia. We wanted to give them something for inflicting such hot weather on us, but we had not any cholera or anything they would be likely to care about, and so they had to go without, which was shameful.

They never interfered with us at Fayal (Azore Islands) nor at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Genoa or Leghorn—except at the latter place they mistook us for a piratical revolutionary expedition of some sort or other, with designs against the Government, and therefore sent a gun-boat to watch us day and night—but here you have gone and done a thing which will give us a reputation for peddling cholera around the world, and we may never get rid of it. We want to go to Athens, Constantinople, Thebes, the Pyramids and the Holy Land, and we want to go with a good name. How can we go even at all, if the people in these countries gather the impression that we are a gigantic exterminating expedition, whose mission it is to kill all we can with cholera, and finish the rest with a stench so atrocious that only such as are educated to it can hope to smell and survive?

Come let us out of this, and behold we will bless you.

I am yours obediently,

MARK TWAIN.

P. S. If you cannot let us out I wish you would at least suspend the rule that forbids profanity here. Let us have some little comfort anyhow.