REPETITIONS IN THE MOST POPULAR WORKS
OF MARK TWAIN

THESIS

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By

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PREFACE

This thesis is an outgrowth of a study begun under the direction of Dr. D. M. McKeithan, who was visiting Professor of English at North Texas State College in the summer session of 1948.

The author has chosen repetitions which are most nearly alike and most representative of Mark Twain. The study was limited to repetitions of his own experiences repeated in his works, to repetitions of descriptions of the beautiful and the horrible, and to repetitions which are a result of his humor and a desire to save man from himself.

There are few references to secondary sources. Conclusions are based on a wide reading of Mark Twain's published writings, many of which are not cited. Additional examples of repetitions could have been presented but were not deemed necessary.
CHAPTER I

INCIDENTS AND INFLUENCES IN THE LIFE OF MARK TWAIN REPEATED IN HIS WORKS

This paper is a study of the repetitions in the works of Mark Twain. These repetitions are not altogether identical. Many times the repetitions involve similar objects, themes, atmosphere, and words, or similar personal experiences. Most of Twain's writing comes from his own experiences. A knowledge of Twain's life in relation to his writing increases the student's pleasure and profit in the reading of each book. Twain is "so persistently an autobiographer that the same lens repeatedly refracts something deeply American, and works of casual contents suddenly rise to the level of his better books."\(^1\)

In his preface to *Tom Sawyer*, Twain says that most of the adventures really occurred. Millions of readers have recognized themselves and their inheritance in this epic of boyhood, an epic woven of murder and starvation, grave-robbing and revenge, terror and panic, some of the darkest

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emotions of men, some of the most terrible fears of children, and the ghosts and demons and death portents of the slaves. This panorama had crossed the stage of life in Twain's early environment, and Twain recorded each phase as only Twain could in *Tom Sawyer*.

"It [*Huckleberry Finn*] is a much deeper book than *Tom Sawyer* -- deeper as of Mark Twain, of America, and of humanity." It is not only a denunciation of the human race but it is incomparably rich with the swarming life that so absorbed Mark Twain. It is a book essentially of Mark Twain, essentially American. Other books are also autobiographical. *The Gilded Age* has Colonel Sellers in it and so is immortal. Mark Twain was a veritable Colonel Sellers. *Life on the Mississippi* dramatizes Mark Twain himself with the Mississippi as background. *Roughing It* is also a narrative of the adventures of Mark Twain himself.

From Twain's notebook, Paine finds that *Innocents Abroad* fairly glows with the inspiration of Twain, who was

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6 Fred Lewis Pattee, *Mark Twain: Representative Selections*, pp. xvi, xxxii.
reveling in every scene and experience, every new phase and prospect; whose soul was alive to every humor that a gay party of young sight-seers find along the way. A *Tramp Abroad* reveals Mark Twain at the later stage when his dualism is more evident, when he is less a humorist and more a moralist burning with satire and denunciation.  

"*The Mysterious Stranger* is almost a perfect book in imaginative projection of Mark Twain in tone and tune, in final judgment on the nature of man and the experience of Mark Twain." *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg* and *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven* are part of the Mark Twain canon and contain essential portions of his quarrel with mankind. Twain's works, all true to his own personality, point to the fact that the West produced the humorist, but the East produced the maker of literary classics.

Reviewing the above facts showing that Twain was ever an autobiographer, the writer presents this first chapter as a study of the repetitions of life incidents and life

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11 Ibid., p. 31.

influences in Mark Twain's works.

Twain's narrative gift is essentially the narrative gift of the Paladin in *Joan of Arc*.

Most people who have the narrative gift -- that great and rare endowment -- have with it the defect of telling their choice things over the same way every time, and this injures them and causes them to sound stale and wearisome after several repetitions; but it was not so with the Paladin, whose art was of a finer sort; it was more stirring and interesting to hear him tell about a battle the tenth time than it was the first time, because he did not tell it twice the same way, but always made a new battle of it and a better one, with more casualties on the enemy's side each time, and more general wreck and disaster all around, and more widows and orphans and suffering in the neighborhood where it happened. . . . To him, his initial statements were facts, and whenever he enlarged a statement, the enlargement became a fact too. He put his heart into his extravagant narrative, just as a poet puts his heart into a heroic fiction, and his earnestness disarmed criticism -- disarmed it as far as he himself was concerned. Nobody believed his narrative, but all believed that he believed it. 13

This Paladin quality is easily discerned upon reading the steamboat disaster in *Life on the Mississippi* 14 and comparing it with the steamboat disaster more fully described in *The Gilded Age*. The same may be said of the feud in


Life on the Mississippi and the feud in Huckleberry Finn.
There are many instances in this paper to prove the extent to which Mark Twain repeated and yet held his readers and his audiences.

On and on flowed 'the inexhaustible, the fairy, the Arabian Nights story,' wrote Howells, 'which I could never tire of even when it began to be told over again.'

Like the Paladin, Twain confused the real with the unreal, but he never let the facts stand in the way of the story. His biographer quotes him as saying: "When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it happened or not, but I am getting old, and soon I shall remember only the latter." To heighten interest and stimulate excitement, Twain added numbers, details, and episodes.

Primarily was he a showman -- all his life long. Nature had equipped him for the public rendition of humor as completely as it had equipped Daniel Webster for oratorical effort. Before an audience he was irresistible. His peculiar drawl in the old river days had won over even the hard-boiled Bixby, and in later years it never lost its peculiar effectiveness. His mannerisms were as striking as those of Artemus Ward. His hair, auburn at first, and at last a great sheaf of white; his manner of telling a story; his unique vocabulary with its sulphuric river flavors; his endless store of whimsical anecdotes and travelogue

16 Mark Twain, Life on the Mississippi, Vol. XII, pp. 219-221.
18 Pattee, op. cit., p. xxiii.
description—all made him a remarkably good 'show.' He looked his part and he acted his part, unconsciously it may have been, but nevertheless most effectively.

Twain was a natural raconteur, who was successful even in Britain. He drawled his adventures with incongruous gravity to produce entertainment unique.

Pattee, DeVoto, and Paine list the times, his heredity, and his environment as responsible for our Mark Twain.

The evolution of the frontier-born Samuel Clemens into the rural printer's apprentice, the tramp typesetter, the reporter; into 'Mark Twain' the newspaper humorist, the river pilot, the Gold Coast adventurer, the newspaper man; into Mark Twain the lecturer, the Atlantic Monthly contributor, the adopted New Englander, the recipient of the Oxford University degree; into Mark Twain the world literateur and universal classic—all this is a phenomenon peculiarly American. To trace the thread of it, to list its contributing elements, would be to create our unique American romance in its most dramatic chapter. Only in America and in the generation born in the eighteen-thirties and ending its career in the 'gilded age' following the Civil War could there have been evolved a Mark Twain.

One begins perforce with ancestry. First, the Clemens family, Virginians from the days of the early settlement, English with traces of gentle blood. The father of the future humorist, John Marshall Clemens, young in the headlong adolescence of the new nation, in 'the era of good feeling' following the war of 1812, had broken from the ancestral environment and had started for the West, his head full of dreams. In the Kentucky hinterland an arrow had halted him, not Indian, and he had wooed and won Jane Lampton, of noble English stock, descendant of pioneers who had gone West

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21 Ibid., p. xxiii.
with Boone. Her grandmother, Jane Montgomery, had worn moccasins, and at sixteen, during a massacre, had saved her life by outrunning an Indian brave. Pioneer stock. All the Lamptons and Montogomerys and allied Caseys could work all day and then dance all night without thought of fatigue. Optimism sat upon their world like a sunrise. The mating was a perfect one. Fabulously rich they were -- in hope. All the Clemenses and all the Lamptons were dreamers, gamblers with the horizon, never blessed but always to be blessed. The entire clan, in both its branches, Mark Twain has concentrated into a single individual, Colonel Sellers -- 'there's millions in it.'

Jane Clemens's venturesome spirit we find in her own son, Sam. Just as the mother's indomitable will and fortitude kept her spirit ever young, her humor ever present, and her feet still able to dance perfectly at the age of eighty, so to the very last Mark Twain's mind was active. His own fortitude and courage enabled him to pay off nearly $100,000 in his later years. From his mother, Twain inherited his sense of humor, his prompt, quaintly spoken philosophy, his drawling speech, his delicate complexion, his wealth of hair, and his small shapely hands and feet.

Twain's chief characteristic was his attitude of humility and ready acknowledgement of his shortcomings, which made him lovable in his personality and in his work. Mother influence can be seen throughout his works. Mrs. Clemens was a devout Presbyterian, steeped in the narrow religious

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22 Pattee, op. cit., pp. xi-xii.
beliefs and superstitions of that day. The influence of this narrow training made Mark feel guilty often. He often blamed himself for things over which he had no control. When his brother Henry died, when Mark’s frail son died, and when Susy died, Mark Twain felt guilty of causing their deaths. His conscience was always an irritant. Sunday school and prayers, camp meetings, a burning hell, and a feeling that all sins would be punished kept Sam determining to live a better life. These influences are repeated throughout his works. His mother’s having Sam swear on the Bible that he would be upright and never break his mother’s heart was always a beacon. Certainly her influence was a steadying one.

Sam inherited his father’s unerring faculty for making business mistakes, his father’s absolute confidence in the prosperity that lay just ahead which had led him from one unfortunate locality or enterprise to another, and his father’s courage. Sam sank a fortune on the Paige typesetting machine and was always in need of money. Sam, too, was on the move. He moved more times than his father did. Twenty times at least he crossed the Atlantic.24

As Tom Sawyer did things the melodramatic way, so did Sam Clemens. In all the Clemenses there was a touch of the

melodramatic. In the Colonel Sellers way they ruled the world, dramatized themselves, and courted the picturesque even to the bounds of vanity.  

Witness the white costume of Mark Twain's later years, the Buffalo Bill air, the native drawl, carefully cultivated, the western manner of recounting jokes with funereal gravity, the promenades on Broadway Sundays when the street was full of people returning from church, the dramatic entrance late at banquets, the love of the Oxford robe which he desired to wear every day.  

Orion was born in Gainsborough, Tennessee, in 1825. He and Mark Twain were close. He furnished some notes for Roughing It, and he and his mother aided Mark to write about actual incidents in The Gilded Age. He was not a bad sort even though he inherited all the Clemens's weaknesses and instability. While John Clemens lived in Tennessee, he bought seventy-five thousand acres of land for around five hundred dollars. This land was near Jamestown, Tennessee. John Clemens always had faith in that land. He said: "Whatever befalls me now, my heirs are secure. I may not live to see these acres turn into silver and gold, but my children will." His dream of wealth in this land faded with

26  Fred Lewis Pattee, Mark Twain, p. xvi.
28  Ibid., p. 5.
the years, but he died exhorting his family to hang on to the Tennessee land. Twain later wrote *The Gilded Age*, a story of phantom riches, revolving around the Tennessee land. The Tennessee land is also mentioned in *A Tramp Abroad*.

Pamela was born in September, 1827. She was always a dear sister to Sam. Her husband lent Sam the money to become a pilot. Being the oldest sister, she took Sam in hand. Margaret was born in May, 1830. In 1831, the family moved to Three Forks of Wolf. In 1832, they moved again to Pall Mall. In June, 1832, Benjamin was born. In *The Gilded Age* Mark wrote of east Tennessee conditions during these years, picturing John Clemens as Squire Hawkins in Obedstown, Tennessee.

Patsey Lampton, Jane Clemens's sister, married John Quarles and settled in Florida, Monroe County, Missouri. From the Quarleses came a letter inviting the desperate Clemenses to come to Florida, a town with a promising future. The effect of this letter is pictured for us accurately in *The Gilded Age*, when Colonel Sellers invites the Hawkins family to come to Missouri.  

When the family arrived, John Quarles, jovial, hospitable, and full of plans, met them. Florida was not quite

\[30\] Ibid., p. 9.
all in appearance John Clemens had dreamed. It was a handful of log cabins only two hundred miles east of the Indian country and in the earliest stage of frontier economy. The Mississippi was less than fifty miles away. Florida would be the head of navigation as soon as Salt River had a system of locks and dams. This was a Sellers fancy. James Lampton, a cousin, quite as lovable as John Quarles, and a builder of even more insubstantial dreams, became the Colonel Sellers in The Gilded Age. Dreams of Florida becoming the future metropolis of the Southwest were heightened at this time because of a bill before Congress for dredging Salt River and making it navigable far into the interior. Mark uses this fact in his The Gilded Age.

On a bleak day, November 30, 1835, five months after the family moved to Florida, Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born in one of the twenty-one houses in Florida. John Clemens named the boy Samuel, after his father, and Langhorne, after a dear Virginia friend. Sam's advent may be likened to the brilliant Halley's comet which was in the sky at that time. His flash across the stage of life was as brilliant and exciting as the flash of that heavenly body.

31 Ibid., p. 23.  
33 Ibid., p. 12.
From the Florida home, Sam received his first schooling in American legends and folk proverbs. Here he was intimately acquainted with nature, the forest, and the ease of escape into solitude and an all-encompassing freedom. This type of freedom he loved and championed all his life.

A growing family and ever pressing financial difficulties made John Clemens a sober man. He laughed very little; yet he was a tender father. Jane was busy, too. The children were often left to themselves and their own diversions.

Since Henry had not been born yet, Sam's companions were his brothers and sisters, all older than he. Orion was ten years his senior, followed by Pamela, who was eight, Margaret, who was five, and Benjamin, who was three. Benjamin was a kindly little lad who spent his life looking after little Sam. The daily companionship with the slaves was even more potent than the association with his brothers and sisters. Jennie, the house-girl, and Uncle Ned, a man of all work, were in real charge of the children, and supplied them with wonderful entertainment of visions and dreams, small gossip and superstitions. While the children sat around the great open fireplace, Jennie and Uncle Ned told tales and hair-lifting legends; and the children clung to each other,

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shivering with horror and delight of its curdling thrill. Later Mark Twain repeated more elaborately one of the stories, "The Golden Arm" to wider audiences in many lands. Little Sam's imagination had a tropic development in this atmosphere, where games and daily talk concerned fanciful semi-African conditions and strange primal possibilities. All the children of that day believed in spells and charms and bad-luck signs because their negro guardians did. The folk-lore in Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn was a result of this environment. In these books hairballs, dead cats, snake skins, and omens live again in all their thrill and horror.

The greatest real dread the children knew was a runaway slave, regarded as worse than a wild beast, and treated worse than one when caught. Once the children saw six men take one to an empty cabin in Florida. The children could hear the negro groan loud and frequently from where he lay bound on the floor in the empty cabin. This impression lasted a lifetime. Mr. Clemens whipped Jennie across the shoulders with a cowhide, after she resisted Mrs. Clemens's attempt to chastise her for being saucy and obstreperous.

From these early experiences, Sam conceived a sympathy for the colored race that he never outgrew. Huck's feelings for negro Jim may well be called Sam's own convictions. Paine says that Sam felt a need to make up to the colored race for the mistreatment of that race by the whites. 39

No less in importance was the influence of the home of his Uncle John Quarles. Freedom Sam loved so well he found nowhere to equal that at the Quarles's farm.

While in Florida, Missouri, the family struggled along to exist, believing the Tennessee land an anodyne for every ill. The story of the Hawkins family as told in The Gilded Age reflects clearly the struggle of those days. Sam grew to detest the words "Tennessee land," for they came to mean mockery. Margaret died in August, 1839, when she was nine years old. This was Sam's first knowledge of death. He never forgot that the shoemaker who lived next door told him that he had a vision of the death and funeral of Margaret just as it happened. Coffins and funerals play a very important part in Twain's works.

Dreams of the greatness of the future Florida soon waned; and John Clemens moved his family to Hannibal, Missouri, on November 30, 1839. This Hannibal move,

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40 Ibid., p. 18. 41 Ibid., p. 23. 42 Ibid., p. 23.
according to DeVoto, is the most important fact in the life of Samuel Clemens the person and Mark Twain the writer. The town was enveloped by forest and fostered the romantic mystery, the subliminal dread, and the intimacy with nature that Sam had experienced the first four years of his life at Florida.

Hannibal was located on the Mississippi River, which held a fascination unequalled in Sam's life. Even learning twelve hundred miles of this ever-changing river did not dull its fascination for him. He spent the happiest days of his life in its carefree environment. Here travelers and commerce passed bringing cosmopolitanism to provincialism. Pageantries representing many types of life in the nineteenth century moved majestically down this great river, stirring Sam's ambitions and kindling his imagination.

As the St. Petersburg of Tom Sawyer, Hannibal is one of the superb idyls of American literature, perhaps the supreme one. A town of sun, forest shade, drowsy peace, limpid emotions, simple humanity—and eternity going by on the majestic river. Even here, however, a mood of melancholy is seldom far away: a melancholy of the river itself, of our westering people who had always known solitude and of a child's feeling, which was to grow through the years, that he was a stranger and a mysterious one under the stars. And below the melancholy there is a deeper stratum, a terror or disgust that may break through in a graveyard at midnight or at the sound of unidentified voices whispering above the water. This is in part fantasy, but in part also it is the weary knowledge of evil that paints Hannibal in far different colors in Pudd'nhead Wilson or Huckleberry Finn.

\[^{43}\text{DeVoto, op. cit., p. 6.}\] \[^{44}\text{Ibid., pp.8-9.}\]
Little Sam was the least promising of the flock. He developed little beyond a tendency toward pranks. He was a queer, fanciful, uncommunicative child, who often ran away in the direction of the river. Many times in the middle of the night the family would find Sam fretting with cold in some dark corner. The doctor was summoned for him oftener than was good for the family purse or for him. Much heavy dosing was done in those stern allopathic days. This same type of dosing is found in *Tom Sawyer*. Sam's desire to get the measles led him to slip into bed with one of the Bowen boys. Sam was gratified with a bad case of the measles, and the little family group gathered to see him die. This episode is recounted in *Tom Sawyer*. 45

Visits to Quarles's farm were always exciting adventures. Usually the children spent the summer in this delightful place. Here Sam romped and played and grew. The negro quarters were especially attractive. In one cabin lived a bed-ridden, white-headed old woman who said she was a thousand years old and was reputed to have talked with Moses. She lost her health coming out of Egypt, and the bald spot on her head was caused by fright when she saw Pharaoh drowned. She knew how to avert spells and ward off witches. Uncle Dan'l was a favorite, and he had occasional lockjaw. He later became

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45 Paine, Mark Twain; A Biography, pp. 28-29.
Nigger Jim in the *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* tales. Mark Twain never forgot the Quarles's house itself. With a dip of his pen he transported it to many geographical locations.

One is tempted to dwell on this period, to quote prodigally from these vivid memories—the thousand minute impressions which the child's sensitive mind acquired in that long-ago time and would reveal everywhere in his work in the years to come. For him it was education of a more valuable and lasting sort than any he would ever acquire from books.

Jane Clemens, the original of *Tom Sawyer's* Aunt Polly, was a kind-hearted, fearless woman, loved and respected by her neighbors. She joined the Presbyterian Church soon after moving to Hannibal. She refused to kill flies, and punished the cat for catching mice. According to Paine, she always warmed the water before drowning kittens. Jane Clemens's religion was clean-cut and strenuous. She carefully trained the children in the narrow way. Baby Henry was lisping prayers at two years, but Sam said his only when encouraged by his sister Pamela. At this early age, Sam preferred to sit up in bed and tell astonishing tales of the day's adventure. Sam's brothers and Pamela wondered why he was not struck down by lightning for indulging in this wickedness. Saying prayers and going to Sunday school were always an ordeal to Sam. Sam had

\[47\] *Ibid.*, p. 34.
another horror of this period -- that of drowning. He narrowly escaped drowning several times, and several companions and a run-away slave were drowned. 48

Sam's schooling as a formal exercise was short and very obnoxious. The old master type could not understand Sam in his efforts to explore his environment, and Sam felt that school was very unnecessary and demanding. This distaste for school is poignantly pictured in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. Miss E. Horr held a little school that went through the third grade. Mr. Cross taught a post-graduate course. Schools of that day were offering courses similar to those offered today. Sam seemed always to be in trouble. When he was sent to get a switch one day, he picked up a shaving which had blown from a cooper-shop. He entered the house and meekly handed it to Miss Horr. She was horrified, and immediately sent Jimmy Dunlap to get a suitable switch for Sammy. This switch was of the sort which gave the small boy an immediate and permanent distaste for school. He respected Miss Horr as an example of orthodox faith, and she assured the children that whoever prayed for a thing earnestly, his prayer would be answered. Sam's first disappointment in prayer came at this time. The baker's daughter sat just in front of Sam, and she often brought gingerbread

to school. He decided to pray for a piece of that gingerbread, for he wanted it more than he wanted anything else in the world. The first day he prayed, a little morsel fell on his desk. When he had prayed unsuccessfully for three or four days, he decided he did not believe in praying any more. Praying had always been very important in Sam's life, and this episode was a very disappointing experience.

At this period in Sam's life, he received another lasting revelation. A small negro chore boy had been bought on the east shore of Maryland. Far away from his mother and his home, the small black boy often sang, to the annoyance of Sam. Mrs. Clemens explained to Sam that the poor child was singing to try not to remember his mother, his family, and the dear old things back home. When the little boy was silent, she knew that he was remembering. Thus Sam learned that the black race had feelings the same as the white race had. Jim, the real hero in Huckleberry Finn, reveals Twain's understanding of the negro. His attitude towards negroes may be traced to the sympathies Jane Clemens voiced for this unfortunate people.

Little Benjamin, who was ten years old at the time, died May 12, 1842. Death was always a thing of horror to Sam in his early years. The environment of Hannibal shocked and

terrified him many times. Once he saw an old man shot
down on the main street at noonday. He saw men carry him
home, lay him on the bed, and spread on his breast an open
Bible which looked as heavy as an anvil. The poor old dying
man breathed so heavily Sam wished he could remove that
heavy Bible. This same incident is repeated in Huckleberry
Finn. Sam saw a young emigrant stabbed with a bowie-knife
by a drunken comrade, and noted the spurt of life-blood
that followed; he saw two young men try to kill their uncle,
one holding him while the other snapped repeatedly a revol-
ver which failed to go off. A drunken rowdy proposed to
raid the "Welshman's" house one dark threatening night. A
widow and her daughter lived there, and the foolish man
cursed so loudly and used such obscenities that he woke up
the whole neighborhood. Sam and John Briggs went to see and
hear what was going on. The man was at the gate, and the
women were invisible in the shadow of the porch. The older
woman warned him that she had a loaded gun and she would
kill him if he stayed where he was. He replied with a ri-
bald tirade, and she told him to be gone by the time she
counted ten. He laughed at her up to the count of six; then
he grew silent, but he did not go. She counted on to ten,
and shot the man. He fell with his breast riddled. At the

50 Mark Twain, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,
Vol. XIII, p. 199.
same instant the thunderstorm that had been gathering broke loose. The boys ran for their lives because they believed Satan had come for the lost soul.

From these experiences, Sam Clemens gathered a store of human knowledge which he used in his writings. Most of these experiences were wild and disturbing, often getting into his dreams. He thought of them as warnings, or punishments, designed to give him a taste for a better life. He felt that it was his own conscience that made these things torture him. That was his mother's idea, and he had high respect for her moral opinions and courage. He had seen his mother defy a Corsican, a common terror of the town, and open her door wide to the fleeing daughter, barring his entrance with her arms. When the man cursed and threatened her with the rope, she did not show any trace of fear. Sam thought she had a perfect conscience. Sam often prayed in the darkness, and especially when a thunderstorm was on, vowing to live a better life in the morning. He detested Sunday school, but when the thundering got louder he decided he loved Sunday school and would go the next Sunday without being invited. 51

Fortunately there were pleasanter things than these.

There were picnics and ferryboat excursions and July fourth celebrations.

The hills and woods around Hannibal where, with his playmates, he roamed almost at will were never disappointing. There was the cave with its marvels; there was Bear Creek, where after repeated accidents, he had learned to swim. It had cost him heavily to learn to swim. He had seen two playmates drown; also, time and again he had, himself, been dragged ashore more dead than alive, once by a slave-girl, another time by a slave-man, Neal Champ, of the Pavey Hotel. In the end he had conquered; he could swim better than any boy in town of his age.

It was the river that meant more to him than all the rest. Its charm was permanent. It was the path of adventure, the gateway to the world. The river with its islands, its great slow-moving rafts, its marvelous steamboats that were like fairyland, its stately current swinging to the sea. He would sit by it for hours and dream. He would venture out on it in a surreptitiously borrowed boat when he was barely strong enough to lift an oar out of the water. He learned to know all its moods and phases. He felt its kinship. In some occult way he may have known it as his prototype—that resistless tide of life with its ever-changing sweep, its shifting shores, its depths, its shadows, its gorgeous sunset hues, its solemn and tranquil entrance to the sea.

His hunger for the life aboard the steamers became a passion. To be even the humblest employee of one of those floating enchantments would be enough; to be an officer would be to enter heaven; to be a pilot was to be a god.

Sam had an overwhelming desire to take a trip on one of those boats. When he was nine years old, he crept under one of the boats on the upper deck of a big packet when it stopped at Hannibal. Just after the boat had left the shore and was under way in midstream, Sam crept out to watch the scenery. It began to rain, a terrific downpour. He got back under the boat, but his legs stuck out and he was discovered. The captain

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Ibid., p. 47.
put him ashore at the next stop, which was Louisiana, where Lampton relatives lived. They took him home, and John Clemens "took him in hand." This probably impressed the adventure on him more than ever. These things were educational; then the Quarles's farm added much to enrich and broaden his experiences. Here he learned to hunt and to engage in more manly employment. His self-dependence grew, with a wide knowledge of men and things and a variety of accomplishments. He had learned to smoke a little, and had tried, without luck, to chew. He had acquired the use of certain strong, expressive words, and used them when he knew his mother was at a safe distance. He just knew she would "skin him alive" if she heard him swear.

Henry, born in July, 1838, became the Sid of Tom Sawyer. Henry was a much finer character than Sid, and Sam dearly loved him. He fought more for him than he did with him. Paine, Pattee, DeVoto, and others, have written that after Henry's death as a result of the steamboat explosion, Sam's face in repose took on a sad expression that never left it. He looked much older after this sad experience. Sam would have been on the same boat with Henry if he had not fought Brown, the pilot, over Henry on their way down.

Sam's home incidents are recorded in Tom Sawyer. He did throw clods at Henry for getting him into trouble about the colored thread with which he sewed his shirt when he came

Ibid., p. 53.
home from swimming; he inveigled some boys into whitewashing a fence for him; he gave Painkiller to Peter, the cat. Painkiller was considered a preventive for cholera, and there was a cholera scare that year. It was a daily matter for Sam to escape punishment for misdeeds in the manner described in Tom Sawyer. Twain confessed to the general truth of the history, and to the reality of its characters. Tom Sawyer was drawn from Sam, himself, chiefly, but also in part from John Briggs and Will Bowen.

The original for Huckle Finn was Tom Blankenship, the son of the town drunkard. Sam adopted the Blankenships outright. There was an air of freedom in the general family relationship in this poverty-stricken, rundown shack that was an answer to Sam's own craving for freedom. Sam was likely to be at this shack at any hour of the day, and he and Tom had catcall signals at night which would bring Sam out on the back single-story roof, and down a little arbor and flight of steps to join his companions, who, besides, Tom, included John Briggs, the Bowen boys, Will Pitts, and one or two other congenial spirits. The gang companionship and adventures of these playmates glow in the experiences of the characters in the two books, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. These boys were together most of the time, experiencing to the full all that

54 Ibid., p. 53.
this exciting environment held for them. Sometimes at evening they swam across to Glasscock's Island -- the rendezvous of Tom Sawyer's "Black Avengers" and the hiding-place of Huck and Nigger Jim -- and then when they had frolicked for an hour or more on the sand-bar at the head of the island, they would swim a half mile back in the dusk, breasting the strong current of the Mississippi without exhaustion or fear. One of their Sunday pastimes was to climb Holiday's Hill and roll down big stones. Sam, who loved the glory of leadership as much as Tom Sawyer did, was the chief and leader in the play he and his comrades indulged in. As Tom loved to show off, so did Sam love to show off. He gave up smoking (which he did rather gingerly) and swearing (which he did only under heavy excitement), and liquor (which he had never tasted yet) in order to wear the regalia of the Christian Sons of Temperance. This regalia consisted of a red sash that carried with it rank and the privilege of inventing pass-words. By the time the month of splendid leadership and servitude was ended, not even the red sash could hold him; and he looked up Tom Blankenship to ask him to smoke, relinquishing his claim to the precious uniform. The love of this uniform reminds one of his desire to wear to his daughter's wedding the robe Oxford gave him. In his later years he dressed in white, probably satisfying his love of melodrama. This love
of show and finery we find also in Colonel Sellers in The Gilded Age.

Limelight and the center of the stage was a passion of Sam Clemens's boyhood, a love of the spectacular that never wholly died. It seems almost a pity that in those far-off barefoot old days he could not have looked down the years to a time when, with the world at his feet, venerable Oxford should clothe him in a scarlet gown.

His dream was to be a pirate, or a pilot, or a bandit, or a trapper-scout; something gorgeous and active, where his word or nod was the law. The river always kept the pilot ambition fresh, and the cave supplied the background for the other ambitions. Once in a while on Friday, he read a burlesque on certain older boys at school. This type of writing, developed to a greater extent, he carried on when he contributed to the Enterprise of Virginia City, Nevada. At this time in Sam's life, Indian Joe, a character he used in Tom Sawyer, died. Indian Joe was a dissolute reprobate, and the night he died there was a terrific thunderstorm, and Sam at home in bed was certain Satan had come in person for the half-breed's wicked soul. Sam covered his head and prayed industriously, fearing that Satan might save another trip by taking him along, too. Storms, praying, and superstitions of this sort we find often repeated.

The treasure digging in Tom Sawyer had a foundation in fact. There was a tradition that some French trappers

\[55\] Ibid., pp.60-61.  \[56\] Ibid., p. 60.  \[57\] Ibid., pp.60-61.
established a trading-post two miles from Hannibal. While one of these trappers was out hunting, the Indians massacred the others but did not find the treasure which was buried in a chest. The trapper left the treasure there, planning to come back to get it when he returned from St. Louis with help; but before he could return, he died. Later some men from St. Louis came to dig for the chest of gold without success. Many tried to find the gold after this. Tom Blankenship, Sam Clemens, and John Briggs dug for it because of a dream Tom had. The boys believed in dreams. Dreams are often repeated in Twain's writings. 58

Huck Finn's hiding the run-away negro Jim was taken from Ben Blankenship's hiding of the run-away negro from Monroe County, Missouri. Instead of giving the negro up and receiving the fifty-dollar reward, a fortune to ragged outcast Ben Blankenship, Ben carried scraps of food to the swamps on the Illinois side all the summer. Finally news of these proceedings leaked out, and some woodchoppers went to hunt him. The negro was drowned trying to cross a drift in Bird Slough. There Sam Clemens, John Briggs, and the Bowen boys, moving the drift, saw the negro, straight and terrible, rise about half his length out of the water. The boys thought he was after them and flew in wild terror. The negro had gone down feet foremost, 

58 Ibid., p. 61.
and the loosened drift had released him.59

Many gruesome experiences happened in those early days. After Sam and John Briggs had run away from school and had been skylarking all day, Sam, fearing to face his mother, went to his father's office to spend the night. While he lay on the lounge, he saw in the moonlight, the bulk on the floor gradually take shape, revealing the dead face and the ghastly stabbed breast of McFarlane, who had been stabbed that day in the Hudson-McFarlane feud and carried to the office to die. He told of this incident in *Innocents Abroad*.60

In *Life on the Mississippi*, he tells of the case of the drunken tramp, whom the boys befriended. Sam had taken some of the precious money and bought a box of lucifer matches, a brand new invention then, scarce and high, and had given them to the tramp. The tramp had burned the calaboose and himself. For weeks Sam was tortured by the thought that he was the cause of the old man's death. As has been said before, remorse was Sam's surest punishment.

He was always a tender-hearted lad. He would never abuse an animal, unless as in the pain-killer incident, his tendency to pranking ran away with him. He had indeed a genuine passion for cats; summers when he went to the farm he never failed to take his cat in a basket. When he ate, it sat in a chair beside him at the table. His sympathy included inanimate things as well. He loved flowers -- not as the embryo botanist or gardener, but as a personal friend. He pitied the dead leaf and the

murmuring dried weed of November because their brief lives were ended, and they would never know the summer again, or grow glad with another spring. His heart went out to them; to the river and the sky, the sunlit meadow and the drifted hill. That his observation of all nature was minute and accurate is shown everywhere in his writing; but it was never the observation of a young naturalist: it was the subconscious observation of sympathetic love. 61

While John Clemens was campaigning for the clerkship of the Surrogate Court, he exposed himself, became ill, and died March 24, 1847, at the age of forty-nine. Sam was apprenticed to Joseph P. Ament, where he learned the printing trade. He worked for Ament on the Courier until Orion bought the Hannibal Journal. 62

Sam enjoyed popularity with the young people at this time; especially did he enjoy the company of Laura Hawkins, the Becky Thatcher of Tom Sawyer and the Laura of The Gilded Age. 63

While he was returning home from work on the Courier, a stray leaf from the life of Joan of Arc blew into his hands. This began an interest that grew steadily for more than half a lifetime, culminating in the Recollections of Joan of Arc, a book he felt worthy to be dedicated to his wife. This stray leaf awakened his interest in all history, crystallizing in sympathy with the oppressed, rebellion against tyranny and treachery, and scorn for the divine right of kings. Thus he became a champion of freedom for the oppressed. 64

61 Ibid., p. 68. 62 Ibid., p. 73. 63 Ibid., p. 79. 64 Ibid., p. 81.
In June, 1853, Sam left Hannibal for St. Louis, where he found employment. He had a strong desire to see the world, and he soon found himself in New York, where the world fair was in progress. From 1853 to 1857 he worked on papers in New York, Philadelphia, Muscatine, and Keokuk. In 1857, Sam Clemens became a job printer in Cincinnati, where he met in a boarding house a Scotchman, MacFarlane, who influenced his philosophy. MacFarlane advanced a philosophy similar to that of Darwin and Wallace. The Scotchman believed that the Creator on an ascending scale had finally created man, who proved to be retrograded, with the only bad heart in the animal kingdom: the only animal that could endure personal uncleanliness. Man's intellect, MacFarlane said, placed him below other beasts but enabled him to keep them in servitude and captivity, along with many members of his own race. This philosophy became Mark Twain's own philosophy; he felt pity and disgust for the "damned human race." Paine says that Twain's earlier works show a sympathy for erring humanity; in his later works, he denounces humanity for its frailties.

About this time a fifty dollar bill blew in front of Sam. He took it and decided to see for himself the Amazon and Orinoco of Herndon's volume of travels in South America.

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65 Ibid., p. 115.  
66 Ibid., p. 116.
After he boarded the boat at New Orleans in 1857, he changed his mind and persuaded Bixby, for five hundred dollars, which he borrowed from his sister's husband, to take him on as a cub pilot.

He spent four years on the Mississippi, 1857-1861; years of ecstasy they were despite the drudgery of learning twelve hundred miles of its ever-changing stream. From the river he studied life's broader philosophies and humors. To earn money during his days as a cub pilot, he often watched freight at night, on the New Orleans levee. There he imagined all sorts of situations and possibilities which got into his books later on. On September 9, 1858, at the age of twenty-three, Mark became a pilot. The river -- its teachings, its memories, remained a definite factor in Twain's personality.

His piloting ended with the advent of the Civil War, 1861. The "Private History of a Campaign That Failed" gives a graphic description of his period of soldiery which lasted two weeks. It seemed that Sam asked a man to hold his gun while he went to get a drink, thus ending his soldier activities.

In 1861 Sam furnished the funds and went along as a private secretary to Orion, who had been made Territorial Secretary of Nevada. It took nineteen days to reach Carson City.

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67 Paine, Mark Twain's Notebook, p. 110.
across the plains. This environment was an answer to his need of freedom. He met all types of people here. *Roughing It* is based on these experiences. He told of the desperadoes and their trifling regard for human life, and preserved other elemental characters, pictures of raw environment. The funeral of Buck Fenshaw exists as a complete epitome of the social frontier.

During all these years his own personality was developing. The printing office, the river, and the mines had developed Twain's profanity to a rare perfection. Every characterization seemed the most perfect fit possible and was seldom an offense.\(^69\)

Sam Clemens wrote for Joe Goodman of the *Enterprise* in Virginia City in 1862. In 1863, he used his pen name, Mark Twain, for the first time when he signed his reports of the Carson City parliamentary meetings. Captain Sellers, who furnished news for the New Orleans *Picayune*, had used the name; but he had died earlier in 1863. Sam's personality flourished in this environment. Here Sam met Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne), who stimulated Sam's ambition for fame. From Ward he learned the humor of understatement. These two spent many delightful hours together.\(^70\)

Because of Twain's too free use of personalities, he had a duel scheduled with a Mr. Laird of the *Chronicle*. They fired

their guns into the air. Later Twain at the insistence of his friends challenged Cutler to a duel. A new law had been enacted against dueling, and Joe, Steve Gillis, and Sam went to San Francisco. The duel in Pudd'nhead Wilson reminds one of these days. When Sam wrote back to the Enterprise attacks of corruption in San Francisco, Martin G. Burke, then chief of police in San Francisco, entered suit against the Enterprise. Sam went to visit Jim Gillis at Jack Ass Hill to let things cool off. Here Sam did some pocket mining and collected material for his jaybird yarn. At Angel's Camp near Jack Ass Hill, Ben Coon told Sam about a frog that belonged to Coleman. Sam wrote the facts in his notebook and from these he wrote "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" to please Ward. Its success was instantaneous. Because Sam refused to bring a bucket of water, Sam and Jim lost to two Austrians a pocket mine worth ten to twenty thousand dollars; the frog story was really worth more than the pocket mine would have been if they had washed the last shovel of the digging. 71

In San Francisco Sam met Bret Harte. This association with Bret Harte greatly improved Sam's style. 72

A little later in this same period, in March, 1866, Sam visited the Hawaiian Islands. He returned and was a

71 Ibid., p. 264. 72 Ibid., p. 258.
huge success as a lecturer. These incidents occur chronologically.

On June 8, 1867, Sam set sail on the "Quaker City." From this experience he wrote *Innocents Abroad*. On the "Quaker City" Sam met Captain Ned Wakeman, the Captain Ned Blakely in *Roughing It* and the Captain Stormfield in "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," the latter a story based on a dream Captain Wakeman had. Captain Wakeman had never been to school a day in his life; yet, he knew the Bible by heart. A passenger on the ship, Mrs. Fairbanks, a writer for her husband's paper, the Cleveland *Herald*, improved Sam's style greatly. Sam wrote for *Alta California* of San Francisco at twenty dollars each letter, expenses paid. During those weeks in Palestine, Sam improved his style by studying the King James version of the Bible. On the "Quaker City" Sam had seen the picture of Olivia Langdon in her brother Charles Langdon's room, and he had fallen in love with her. The Innocents returned November 19, 1867. In the meantime his letters had been all that could be asked.

They preached a new gospel in travel-literature: the gospel of seeing with an overflowing honesty; a gospel of sincerity in according praises to what ever seemed genuine, and ridicule to the things considered sham. It was the gospel that Mark Twain would continue to preach during his whole career. It became his chief literary message to the world -- a world waiting for that message.

Moreover, the letters were literature. He had received, from whatever source, a large and very positive literary impulse, a loftier conception and expression.74

He published *Innocents Abroad* in 1869. Afterward, he lectured throughout the East and Middle West, making Hartford and Elmira headquarters. He selected Elmira to be near Olivia Langdon, whom he married in 1870, moving into the home Mr. Langdon gave as a wedding present. The home was in Buffalo, New York, where Sam became an editor of the Buffalo *Express*. Mrs. Clemens became his editor, often striking out strong language in his writings. On the *Express*, Twain was the zealous champion of justice and liberty. 75

At Hartford, Sam met the Reverend Joseph Twichell, one of his closest friends throughout the rest of his life. Twichell went with Sam on his tramp abroad in 1878-1879. Sam leaned toward ministers because he could meet them on the common ground of sympathy with mankind. His creed could be put into three words, "liberty, justice, and humanity."

Despite Sam's success as an author and as a lecturer, by 1894 he owed almost one hundred thousand dollars. He had invested heavily in the Paige typesetting machine, and the Webster Company had failed. Through the business management of H. H. Rogers, Clemens paid every cent he owed. These conditions

and death and sickness in his family greatly affected Sam's writing. Susy's death in 1896 was a terrible blow to him. In search of health for Mrs. Clemens, the family sailed for Florence, where she died and was brought back to America to be buried in 1904. From 1906 to 1908, Mark Twain dictated his autobiography. In 1907, Oxford conferred a degree on him. Jean died in 1909. Sam went to Bermuda, but returned and died a week later, April 21, 1910, as Halley's comet made its way across the heavens. Thus the curtain falls on Samuel Clemens, a man of few restraints and no affectations, a man who spoke what was in his mind untrammeled by literary conventions, a man who championed the cause of the oppressed and the under dog.76

76 Ibid., p. 1085.
CHAPTER II

REPETITIONS OF DESCRIPTIONS, ANIMALS,
SUPERSTITIONS, AND INSECTS

Almost as soon as Twain begins to write, he is a citizen of the world; but he is a citizen of Hannibal, Missouri, too. Boyhood environment is made immortal in his works. The cave a mile or two below Hannibal never lost its fascination for him. The river meant more to him than all the rest, and he loved it in every mood. Gorgeous sunsets, dawns, moons, and storms he observed with an artist's eye and reproduced as only Twain could. Steamboat explosions and all types of life and situations pertaining to life he painted in words, glowing and accurate in every detail. This chapter deals with repetitions of these influences and themes, arranged alphabetically, in Mark Twain's more important works.

The cave was a pleasure and a source of stimulating experiences to Sam Clemens and his companions, keeping alive burning ambitions to become pirates or bandits with headquarters in this alluring cavern with its stalagmites and

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its stalactites, its passages and its rooms. Jim and Huck hid in this cave in *Huckleberry Finn*. In *Tom Sawyer* Tom and Becky were lost in it, Indian Joe died in it, and Tom found the treasure where Indian Joe had hidden it. In *Life on the Mississippi*, Twain says that he would like to revisit the interesting cave. In his time the owner had turned the cave into a mausoleum for his daughter, aged fourteen. The description of the cave is given more in detail in *Tom Sawyer* than in the other books.

Twain's accurate descriptions of dawn come from his observations of dawn on the river as a boy, supplemented by later observations of the "Quaker City" excursion, and as a traveler in many lands.

The following quotations are similar in their descriptions of colors, solemnity, silence, and the songs of birds. The last two quotations are, in addition, similar in expressions pertaining to the forest, the mist of the river, the paling of the colors, and the rising of the sun.

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... but as the gray east began to redden and the mysterious solemnity and silence of the dawn to give place to the joy-songs of the birds... .

Not a sound anywhere -- perfectly still -- just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-cluttering, maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line -- that was the woods on t'other side; you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness spreading around; then the river softened up away off, and wasn't black any more, but gray... and you see the mist curl up off the water, and the east reddens up... and next you've got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the song-birds just going it.

First, there is the eloquence of silence; for a deep hush broods everywhere. Next, there is the haunting sense of loneliness, isolation, remoteness from the worry and bustle of the world. The dawn creeps in stealthily; the solid walls of black forest soften to gray, and vast stretches of the river open up and reveal themselves; the water is glass-smooth, gives spectral little wreaths of white mist, there is not the faintest breath of wind, nor stir of leaf; the tranquility is profound and infinitely satisfying. Then a bird pipes up, another follows, and soon the pipings develop into a jubilant riot of music. When the light has become a little stronger, you have the intense green of the massed and crowded foliage nearby; you see it paling shade by shade in front of you... Well, that is all beautiful; soft and rich and beautiful; and when the sun gets well up, and distributes a pink flush here and a powder of gold yonder and a purpole haze where it will yield the best effect, you grant you have seen something that is worth remembering.

As has been observed, Sam concluded that man was about the


10 Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn, Vol. XIII, pp. 163-164.

11 Mark Twain, Life on the Mississippi, Vol. XII, pp. 258-259.
only animal that could endure personal uncleanliness. Often
he saw dirty, indolent, unambitious people. In *Innocents
Abroad*, indolent people lived in alleys carpeted with de-
ceased cats, decayed rags, decomposed vegetable tops, and
remnants of old boots, soaked with dish-water. The people
caught flies, nursed "one ash-cat at a time," and scratched
their backs against the door-post. 12 In *Huckleberry Finn*, in
a little town in a bend of the Mississippi River in the state
of Arkansas, people lived in similar conditions; and at least
one loafer leaned up against every awning-post; and kept his
hands in his trousers pockets except when he lent a chew of
13 tobacco or scratched. In *A Connecticut Yankee*, Hank Morgan
commanded his missionaries to overcome knights errant, wash
them, and make them swear to use soap and be civilized the
rest of their days. 14

Holiday's Hill, already mentioned as a part of Clemens's
environment as a boy, he used in *Tom Sawyer* as Cardiff Hill.
The boys often played on this hill. One of their Sunday pas-
times was to climb Holiday's Hill and roll down big stones.

14 Mark Twain, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's
15 VIII, p. 73.
One Sunday afternoon, the boys worked hard to dislodge a large rock that bounded down the hillside, frightening a colored man driving a cart, and finally demolishing part of a cooper shop. The incident is almost exactly the same in Paine's *Biography* and in *Innocents Abroad*.

While traveling in Egypt, as a member of the "Quaker City" excursion, Sam became acquainted with Joseph's granaries. In *Innocents Abroad*, he mentions seeing these granaries; and in *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, Tom, Huck, and Jim had a hard time finding the granaries, which were in such bad repair they were not really worth the effort spent to find them.

The moon is mentioned so many times in Twain's writings that they cannot all be listed in this paper. A few interesting examples have been selected. In *A Tramp Abroad*, the moon, a spectacle to take one's breath, for the wonder of it and the sublimity, with such marvelous coloring, rose to the left of the crest of Mont Blanc. The moon rose in a glory of colors, revealing superb Stromboli in *Innocents Abroad*. Twain and

18 II, p. 385.
21 II, p. 44.
his companions viewed Athens by moonlight. In *Roughing It*, Twain describes the mellow radiance of the moon as it flooded the mountain and valley of Honolulu. In *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, Huck is happy because the moon went behind a cloud, and this kept the Professor from killing Tom. Washington and Clay Hawkins went upon the deck, in *The Gilded Age*, to revel in the moon's enchantment. From *Life on the Mississippi*, we get the spirit of the South when a Southerner says, "Ah, bless yo' heart, honey, you ought to seen dat moon befo' de waw!" From *Tom Sawyer*, at the graveyard where Potter, Injun Joe, and Dr. Robinson were digging up the body of Ross Williams, the moon drifted from behind the clouds and exposed the pallid face of the corpse. Huck could have counted the driftwood in the bright moonlight as he lay in the canoe.

The best dwelling in *Life on the Mississippi* and the Grangerford house in *Huckleberry Finn* are similar in the style of description and in some of the furnishings. Each

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24 *XIX*, p. 20.
26 *XII*, p. 365.
27 VIII, p. 85.
28 XIII, p. 37.
29 *XII*, pp. 317-321.
30 XIII, pp. 138-145.
house was painted white; each had a brass door-knob; each had a parlor, containing a big brick fireplace (the fireplace in the house in Life on the Mississippi had been boarded up and a new air-tight stove installed); both had mantels with figures in plaster or chalk on each end; the parlors had a table piled with books, among which were Friendship’s Offerings and other books of poetry; each had paintings of Washington and some pictures by a member of the family; each had a piano strewn with sheets of music, among which were "The Last Link Is Broken" and "The Battle of Prague;" each had family portraits; each had split-bottom chairs; and each had bedrooms similarly furnished. Emmeline’s paintings in Huckleberry Finn are of the same spirit as the poetry of the "Thou-hast-wounded-the-spirit-that-loved-thee breed" in Life on the Mississippi. 

Mark Twain saw with an artist’s eye many beautiful sunsets. The quoted descriptions of sunsets contain similar situations, colors, and reflections of the scenes in the water.

When the sun went down it turned all the broad river to a national banner laid in gleaming bars of gold and purple and crimson; and in time these glories faded out in the twilight and left the fairy archipelagoes reflecting their fringing foliage in the steely mirror of the stream.

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31 Ibid., pp. 140-142.  
32 XII, pp. 317-321.  
33 Mark Twain, The Gilded Age, Vol. V, p. 27.
They used the broad, smooth river as a canvas, and painted on it every imaginable dream of color, from the mottled daintiness and delicacies of the opal, all the way up, through cumulative intensities, to blinding purple and crimson conflagrations, which were enchanting to the eye, but sharply tried it at the same time.34

In these two quotations, the river that is turned to a banner and the river that is turned into a canvas are painted in similar colors. In the following quotations, the water becomes a red in different aspects.

We had one fine sunset -- a rich carmine flush that suffused the western sky and cast a ruddy glow far over the sea. Fine sunsets seem to be rare in this part of the world -- or at least, striking ones. They are soft, sensuous, lovely -- they are exquisite, refined, effeminate, but we have seen no sunsets here yet like the gorgeous conflagrations that flame in the track of the sinking sun in our high northern latitudes. 35

A broad expanse of the river was turned to blood; in the middle distance the red hue brightened into gold, through which a solitary log came floating, black and conspicuous; in one place a long, slanting mark lay sparkling upon the water; in another the surface was broken by boiling, tumbling rings, that were as many-tinted as an opal; where the ruddy flush was faintest, was a smooth spot that was covered with graceful circles and radiating lines, ever so delicately traced; the shore on our left was densely wooded, and the somber shadow that fell from this forest was broken in one place by a long, ruffled trail that shone like silver; and high above the forest wall a clean-stemmed dead tree waved a single leafy bough that glowed like a flame in the unobstructed splendor that was flowing from the sun. There were graceful curves, reflected images, woody heights, soft distances; and over the whole scene, far

34 Mark Twain, Life on the Mississippi, Vol. XII, p. 468.

35 Mark Twain, Innocents Abroad, Vol. II, p. 46.
and near, the dissolving lights drifted steadily, enriching it every passing moment with new marvels of coloring.\footnote{Mark Twain, \textit{Life on the Mississippi}, Vol. XII, pp. 78-79.}

One cannot but notice the Paladin quality in the above descriptions because they are basically the same; yet they are fascinating even though repetitious.

In glowing words Mark Twain gives a picture of that wonder, the sphinx. Each description tells that the sphinx seems sentient; it is sad, noble, kind, and magnificent -- memory in tangible form.

After years of waiting, it was before me at last. The great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a benignity such as never anything human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient. If ever image of stone thought, it was thinking. It was looking toward the verge of the landscape, yet looking at nothing -- nothing but distance and vacancy. It was looking over and beyond everything of the present, and far into the past. It was gazing out over the ocean of Time -- over lines of century-waves which, further and further receding, closed nearer and nearer together, and blended at last into one unbroken tide, away toward the horizon of remote antiquity. It was thinking of the wars of departed ages; of the empires it had seen created and destroyed; of the nations whose birth it had witnessed, whose progress it had watched, whose annihilation it had noted; of the joy and sorrow, the life and death, the grandeur and decay, of five thousand slow revolving years. It was the type of an attribute of man -- of a faculty of his heart and brain. It was Memory -- Retrospection -- wrought into visible, tangible form. All who know what pathos there is in memories of days that are accomplished and faces that have vanished -- albeit only a trifling score of years gone by -- will have some appreciation of the pathos that dwells in these eyes that look so steadfastly back upon the things they knew before History was born -- before Tradition had being -- things that were, and forms that moved, in a vague era which even
Poetry and Romance scarce know of -- and passed one by one away and left the stony dreamer solitary in the midst of a strange new age, and uncomprehended scenes.

The sphinx is grand in its loneliness; it is impossible in its magnitude; it is impressive in the mystery that hangs over its story. And there is that in the overshadowing majesty of this eternal figure of stone, with its accusing memory of the deeds of all ages, which reveals to one something of what he shall feel when he shall stand at last in the awful presence of God. 37

'He ain't alive, you fools; it's the sphinx.' I never see Tom look so little and like a fly; but that was because the giant's head was so big and awful. Awful, yes, so it was, but not dreadful any more, because you could see it was a noble face, and kind of sad, and not thinking about you, but about other things and larger. It was stone, reddish stone, and its nose and ears battered, and that give it an abused look, and you felt sorrier for it for that. 38

As has been mentioned before, the steamboat explosion in *Life on the Mississippi* is the same as that which is described in detail in *The Gilded Age*. The foolhardiness of the captains in steamboat races, the laxity of the law dealing with causes of the explosions, and the heroism and suffering of the victims of these explosions, Twain mentions in *Life on the Mississippi* and explains more fully in *The Gilded Age*. 39

The passages quoted deal only with the suffering of the victims, but other similarities in these explosions are developed in like manner -- the Paladin manner.

By this time the fire was beginning to threaten. Shrieks and groans filled the air. A great many persons had been scalded, a great many crippled; the explosion had driven an iron crowbar through one man's body -- I think they said he was a priest. He did not die at once, and his sufferings were dreadful. . . By this time the fire was making fierce headway, and several persons who were imprisoned under the ruins were begging piteously for help. All efforts to conquer the fire proved fruitless, so the buckets were presently thrown aside and the officers fell to with axes and tried to cut the prisoners out. A striker was one of the captives; he said he was not injured, but could not free himself, and when he saw that the fire was likely to drive away the workers he begged that some one would shoot him, and thus save him from the more dreadful death. The fire did drive the axmen away, and they had to listen, helpless, to this poor fellow's supplications till the flames ended his miseries. 41

As soon as possible the 'Boreas' dropped down to the floating wreck and took off the dead, the wounded and the unhurt -- at least all that could be got at, for the whole forward half of the boat was a shapeless ruin, with the great chimneys lying crossed on top of it, and underneath were a dozen victims imprisoned alive and wailing for help. While men with axes worked with might and main to free those poor fellows, the 'Boreas's' boats went about, picking up stragglers from the river.

And now a new horror presented itself. The wreck took fire from the dismantled furnaces! Never did men work with a heartier will than did those stalwart braves with the axes. But it was of no use. The fire ate its way steadily, despising the bucket brigade that fought it. It scorched the clothes, it singed the hair of the axmen -- it drove them back, foot by foot -- inch by inch -- they wavered, struck a final blow in the teeth of the enemy, and surrendered.

'Don't leave us! Don't desert us! Don't, don't do it!'

And one poor fellow said:
'I am Henry Worley, striker of the "Amaranth!" My mother lives in St. Louis. Tell her a lie for a poor devil's sake, please. Say I was killed in an instant and never knew what hurt me -- though God knows I've neither scratch nor bruise this moment! It's hard to

41
Mark Twain, Life on the Mississippi, Vol. XII, pp. 180-181.
burn up in a coop like this with the whole wide world so near. Good-bye, boys, -- we've all got to come to it at last, anyway.' 42

Related to these explosions is the incident in *A Connecticut Yankee*, where Hank Morgan saves his and the king's life by throwing some dynamite at the knights. He said it resembled a steamboat explosion on the Mississippi; for fifteen minutes he and the king stood in a shower of microscopic fragments of knights, hardware, and horseflesh.

As discussed in the first chapter of this paper, storms played a fascinating role in Mark Twain's life. His descriptions of storms have the Paladin magic, also. The storms described below are similar in their approach, in their accompaniment of darkness, lightning, thunder, and rain, and in the way the wind affected leaves, trees, and water.

The wind bent the young trees down, exposing the pale underside of the leaves; and gust after gust followed, in quick succession, thrashing the branches violently up and down, and to this side and that, and creating swift waves of alternating green and white, according to the side of the leaf that was exposed, and these waves raced after each other as do their kind over a wind-tossed field of oats. No color that was visible anywhere was quite natural -- all tints were charged with a leaden tinge from the solid cloud-bank overhead. The river was leaden, all distances the same; and even the far-reaching ranks of combing white-caps were dully shaded by the dark, rich atmosphere.


43 xIV, pp. 272-273.
through which their swarming legions marched. The thunder-peals were constant and deafening; explosion followed explosion with but inconsequential intervals between, and the reports grew steadily, sharper and higher-keyed, and more trying to the ear; the lightning was as diligent as the thunder, and produced effects which enchanted the eye and set electric ecstasies of mixed delight and apprehension shivering along every nerve in the body in unintermittent procession. The rain poured down in amazing volume; the ear-splitting thunder-peals broke nearer and nearer; the wind increased in fury and began to wrench off boughs and tree-tops and send them sailing away through space; the pilot-house fell to rocking and straining and cracking and surging, and I went down in the hold to see what time it was. 44

Pretty soon it darkened up, and begun to thunder and lighten; so the birds was right about it. Directly it begun to rain, and it rained like all fury, too, and I never see the wind blow so. It was one of these regular summer storms. It would get so dark that it looked all blue-black outside, and lovely; and the rain would thrash along by so thick that the trees off a little ways looked dim and spider-webby, and here would come a blast of wind that would bend the trees down and turn up the pale underside of the leaves; and then a perfect ripper of a gust would follow along and set the branches to tossing their arms as if they was just wild; and next, when it was just about the bluest and blackest -- 'fst', it was as bright as glory, and you'd have a little glimpse of treetops a-plunging about away off yonder in the storm hundreds of yards further than you could see before; dark as sin again in a second, and now you'd hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling, down the sky towards the under side of the world, like rolling empty barrels down-stairs -- where it's long stairs and they bounce a good deal, you know. 45

It was my watch below till twelve, but I wouldn't 'a' turned in anyway if I'd had a bed, because a body don't see such a storm as that every day in the week, not by a long sight. My souls, how the wind did scream along!


And every second or two there'd come a glare that lit up the white-caps for half a mile around, and you'd see the islands looking dusty through the rain, and the trees thrashing around in the wind; then comes a 'h-whack!' -- bum! bum! bumble-umble-um-bum-bum-bum -- and the thunder would go rumbling and grumbling away, and quit -- and then 'rip' comes another flash and another sock-dolager. The waves most washed me off the raft sometimes, but I hadn't any clothes on, and didn't mind. We didn't have no trouble about snags; the lightning was glaring and flitting around so constant that we could see them plenty soon enough to throw the head this way or that and miss them.

Beyond the light of the fire everything was swallowed up in the blackness of darkness. Presently there came a quivering glow that vaguely revealed the foliage for a moment and then vanished. By and by another came, a little stronger. Then another. Then a faint moan came sighing through the branches of the forest and the boys felt a fleeting breath upon their cheeks, and shuddered with the fancy that the Spirit of the Night had gone by. There was a pause. Now a weird flash turned night into day and showed every little grass blade, separate and distinct, that grew about their feet. And it showed three white, startled faces, too. A deep peal of thunder went rolling and tumbling down the heavens and lost itself in sullen rumblings in the distance. A sweep of flaky ashes broadcast about the fire. Another fierce glare lit up the forest, and an instant crash followed that seemed to rend the treetops right over the boys' heads. They clung together in terror, in the thick gloom that followed. A few big raindrops fell pattering upon the leaves.

'Quick, boys! go for the tent!' exclaimed Tom.

They sprang away, stumbling over roots and among vines in the dark, no two plunging in the same direction. A furious blast roared through the trees, making everything sing as it went. One blinding flash after another came, and peal on peal of deafening thunder. And now a drenching rain poured down and the rising hurricane drove it in sheets along the ground. The boys cried out to each other, but the roaring wind and the booming thunderblasts drowned their voices utterly. However, one by one they straggled in at last and took shelter under the tent,

Ibid., pp. 177-178.
cold, scared, and streaming with water; but to have company in misery seemed something to be grateful for. . . . The tempest rose higher and higher, and presently the sail tore loose from its fastenings and went winging away on the blast. The boys seized each other's hands and fled, with many tumblings and bruises, to the shelter of a great oak that stood upon the riverbank. Now the battle was at its highest. Under the skies everything below stood out in clean-cut and shadowless distinctness: the bending trees, the billowy river, white with foam, the driving spray of spume-flakes, the dim outlines of the high bluffs on the other side, glimpsed through the drifting cloud-rack and the slanting veil of rain. Every little while some giant tree yielded the fight and fell crashing through the younger growth; and the unflagging thunder-peals came now in ear-splitting explosive bursts, keen and sharp, and unspeakably appalling. The storm culminated in one matchless effort that seemed likely to tear the island to pieces, burn it up, drown it to the treetops, blow it away, and deafen every creature in it, all at one and the same moment. . . .

But at last the battle was done, and the forces retired with weaker and weaker threatenings and grumblings, and peace resumed her sway. 47

Tom thought the terrific storm, with driving rain, awful claps of thunder and blinding sheets of lightning, was on his account. He believed he had taxed the forbearance of the powers above to the extremity of endurance, and that this storm was sent to knock the turf from under an insect like himself. 48 In Tom Sawyer Abroad, a storm let go with all its might; the thunder boomed and tore, the lightning glared out, the wind sang and screamed in the rigging, and the rain came down. One minute it was as black as could be and the next minute Tom could count the threads in his coat-sleeve, and

47 Mark Twain, Tom Sawyer, Vol. VIII, pp. 143-145.
48 VIII, p. 188.
see the whole desert of waves pitching and tossing through a veil of rain. The storm raged in Joan of Arc. In The Prince and the Pauper a child and her mother were accused of raising a storm to lay waste the region round about. In The Mysterious Stranger, a small storm cloud was raised with thunder, lightning, wind, and rain. When the people flocked to the castle, the miniature lightning set the castle on fire. When the people rushed out, the earthquake rent the ground wide and swallowed the castle and five hundred little people.

Flitting across the stage of Twain's writings are villages, the lazy and run-down-at-the-heel type. In the descriptions quoted, the loafers whittled, spat, borrowed, enjoyed dog fights, sicked dogs on the sow and her litter, and dozed. Twain thought a man who enjoyed a dog fight was as low as he could get. Only the similar parts are quoted.

All the stores was along one street. They had white domestic awnings in front, and the country people hitched their horses to the awning-posts. There was empty dry-goods boxes under the awnings, and loafers roosting on them all day long, whittling them with their Barlow knives; and chawing tobacco, and gaping and yawning and

49 XIX, p. 36.
50 Mark Twain, Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, Vol. XVII, p. 35.
stretching -- a mighty ornery lot. They generly had on yellow straw hats most as wide as an umbrella, but didn't wear no coats nor waistcoats; . . . There was as many as one loafer leaning up against every awning-post, and he most always had his hands in his britches, except when he fetched them out to lend a chaw of tobacco or scratch. . . .

All the streets and lanes was just mud; they warn't nothing else but mud -- mud as black as tar and nigh about a foot deep in some places, and two or three inches deep in all the places. The hogs loafed and grunted around everywheres. You'd see a muddy sow and a litter of pigs come lazing along the street and whollop herself right down in the way, where folks had to walk around her, and she'd stretch out and shut her eyes and wave her ears whilst the pigs was milking her, and look as happy as if she was on salary. And pretty soon you'd hear a loafer sing out, 'Hi! so boy! sick him, Tige!' and away the sow would go, squealing most horrible, with a dog or two swinging to each ear, and three or four dozen more a-coming; and then you would see all the loafers get up and watch the thing out of sight, and laugh at the fun and look grateful for the noise. Then they'd settle back again till there was a dog-fight -- unless it might be putting turpentine on a stray dog and setting fire to him, tying a tin pan to his tail and see him run himself to death. 53

Two or three coatless young men sat in front of the store on a dry-goods box, whittled it with their knives, kicked it with their vast boots, and shot tobacco-juice at various marks. Several ragged negroes leaned comfortably against the posts of the awning and contemplated the arrival of the wayfarers with lazy curiosity. All these people presently managed to drag themselves to the vicinity of the Hawkins wagon, and there they took up permanent positions, hands in pockets and resting on one leg; and thus anchored they proceeded to look and enjoy. Vagrant dogs came wagging around and making inquiries of Hawkins's dog, which were not satisfactory and they made war on him in concert. This would have interested the citizens but it was too many on one to amount to anything as a fight, and so they commanded the peace and the foreign dog furled his tail and took sanctuary under the wagon. 54

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The alleys carpeted with deceased cats, decayed rags, decomposed vegetable tops, and remnants of old boots, all soaked with dish-water, in *Innocents Abroad*,55 remind one of the gardens, filled with Jimson weeds, sunflowers, ashpiles, and old curled-up boots and shoes, pieces of bottles, rags, and played-out tinware, in the village in *Huckleberry Finn*.56

After all these years I can picture that old time to myself now, just as it was then: the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning; the streets empty, or pretty nearly so; one or two clerks sitting in front of the water street stores with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the walls, chins on breasts, hats slouched over their faces, asleep -- with shingle-shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along the sidewalk, doing a good business in watermelon rinds and seeds; . . . 57

Since Mark Twain was a lover of nature and enjoyed animal life, animals are mentioned many times in his works. The camel appears in *Innocents Abroad*, *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, and *Huckleberry Finn*. The cat, which he loved, he mentions often. In *The Mysterious Stranger* he says that a man may mistreat a dog and the dog will still love him, but a cat will not tolerate such treatment; therefore, he had more respect for the cat.58 He says that a cat ordinarily uses good grammar; but when he gets

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55 I, pp. 270-271. 
56 XIII, p. 192. 
58 XXVII, p. 57.
to pulling fur with another cat, his grammar is the type to give one the lockjaw. In *A Tramp Abroad*, Twain mentions that the cats flee the narrow streets to make way for reckless drivers. Joan of Arc kept many outcast cats. In *Joan of Arc*, the big dwarf had a kitten asleep, curled on his shoulder. In *Life on the Mississippi*, Stephen kept a fiddle and a cat. In *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*, Jack Halliday noticed placid ecstasy on Mrs. Wilcox's face, and he thought her cat probably had kittens. In *The Mysterious Stranger*, Satan eased the financial strain in Father Peter's household by giving Ursula, a servant, the Lucky Cat, which brought to Ursula four silver groschen, which she found in her pocket every morning. In *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, Twain says that a home without a well-fed, well-petted and properly revered cat cannot prove its title to being a perfect home because a perfect home has a cat stretched at full length, asleep and blissful, with her furry belly to the sun and a paw curved over her nose, on

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59 IX, p. 16.
65 XXVII, p. 44.
on the ledge among the pots and boxes. Twain saw many kinds
of cats in Roughing It. In Roughing It, in Hawaii the neigh-
bors had trouble about poisoning a cat. In A Tramp Abroad,
Twain says it was enough to raise your hair to hear that
variegated and enormous unanimous caterwaul burst out at
night. Caterwauling is repeated in Tom Sawyer and Huckle-
berry Finn.

Dead cats appear in various forms in his writings. "Then
they throw dead cats at him, don't they?" Hank Morgan asks in
A Connecticut Yankee.

A late comer who was not posted as to the present
circumstances, and who delivered a sneer at the 'im-
poster' and was in the act of following it with a dead
cat, was promptly knocked down and kicked out, without
any words, and then the deep quiet resumed swash once
more.

Huck told Tom to get rid of warts a person could take a
dead cat to a graveyard about midnight when somebody that
was wicked had been buried; when a devil, or maybe two or three
devils, come at midnight to take the corpse away, just heave

66 Mark Twain, Pudd' nhead Wilson, Vol. XVI, pp. 1-2.
67 Mark Twain, Roughing It, Vol. IV, p. 177.
68 Ibid., p. 179.
69 Mark Twain, A Tramp Abroad, Vol. IX, p. 204.
70 VIII, p. 81. 71 XIII, p. 5. 72 XIV, p. 334.
the cat after them and say, "Devil follow corpse, cat follow devil, warts follow cat, I'm done with ye! That'll fetch any wart." Tom heard Huck's cat call, and Huckleberry Finn was there with his dead cat. In the same book, Tom Sawyer, Tom's fear of Indian Joe was kept fresh by his schoolmates's holding inquests on dead cats. At Muff Potter's trial, in the same book, the lawyer produced the skeleton of the cat Huck and Tom had taken to the graveyard the night Indian Joe killed Dr. Robinson.

Mark Twain became attached to a dog at the farm, but ordinarily he was not over-fond of dogs. In his notebook, he observes "a woman who keeps a dog won't do, a general thing." Again in his notebook, he says, "All the dogs here wear muzzles. Of course, they prefer it. Doubtless some ducal dog wore one, one day, merely because he had the toothache, or for fun and then the others adopted it." In The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg, Twain says, "... and a sleeping dog jumped up, scared out of its wits, and barked itself crazy at the turmoil." Hank Morgan thought it was pitiful to see people so humble and loyal to their king, church, and

74 VIII, p. 58. 75 Ibid., p. 81. 76 Ibid., p. 102.
77 Ibid., p. 196.
78 A. B. Paine, Mark Twain's Notebook, p. 23.
79 Ibid., p. 304. 80 XXIII, p. 44.
nobility; it reminded him of a dog that loves and honors the stranger that kicks him, and it had about as much sense to it. In the same book the dogs went to sleep, with the rest of the company, when the old man began to tell his story. In the same reference every man and woman of the multitude laughed till the tears flowed, and some fell out of their chairs and wallowed on the floor in ecstasy as the frantic dog with the metal mugs attached to his tail tore around and around the place in a frenzy of fright with all the dogs bellowing after him and crashing against everything and making a most deafening din and turmoil. This is similar to a passage in *Huckleberry Finn* where the loafers tied pans to the dogs's tails to the gratification of the base human beings. In *A Tramp Abroad* it seemed right and proper for students to indulge in dogs; but old men, young men, old women, and young women had them. Because the symbol of blighted love was a dog towed by a string, there was no sadder sight than an elegantly dressed young lady, towing a dog. In *The Gilded Age* the dog bayed, the owl hooted, and a bank caved into the Mississippi, as the moon sailed through a maze of

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81 XIV, p. 62.  
84 XIII, p. 195.  
85 IX, p. 28.
shredded cloud-wreaths. Clay's dog is mentioned in *The Gilded Age* to show the cold nature of Laura, despite her beauty. As pointed out above, in *Huckleberry Finn*, the dogs chase a sow and her pigs as they wallow in the streets. Huck was afraid to move when he got to the Grangerford's house because a lot of dogs came out barking and howling at him. In the Grangerford house, the dogs were as still as the human beings. Huck rescued the king and the duke from the dogs. In *Innocents Abroad* Twain and his companions at Athens, had from one to twelve dogs barking at their heels; and the people on the ship could tell by the barking of the dogs Twain's and his companions's progress as they saw Athens by moonlight. As Twain and his traveling comrades arrived at the seashore, fifteen hundred Piraean dogs howled at their heels. The illustrious dogs of Constantinople barked their under-jaws off, but they died because they could not go through such a run of business as Twain and his group gave them. In *Life on the Mississippi*
Twain observes that sometimes a child is forgotten and left on a bank; but never a dog. The family could never go without their dogs. They had six or eight base-born and spiritless yellow curs, which they slid on the ship, the tugger marching determinedly forward, with the rope over his shoulder for better purchase.

When David Wilson arrived at Dawson Landing, in February, a dog started yelping, snarling, and howling. David said he wished he owned half of that dog because he would kill it. Whereupon, the citizens reasoned that the man had very little sense; didn't he know that if he killed his half of the dog, the other half would die, too? So he was called Pudd'nhead Wilson.

In *Roughing It*, the dog chases the coyote, never catching up with it and never understanding why. The pup, in *Roughing It*, accompanied Sam and his friends on their prospecting trip in Nevada. In the night the pup would get stretchy and brace his feet against the old man's back and shove, grunting complacently the while; sometimes because he was snug, grateful, and happy, the pup would paw the old man's back; at times he would dream of the chase and tug at the old man's hair and bark in his ear. The old gentleman

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95 XII, p. 253.  
96 XVI, pp. 607.  
97 III, p. 33.
complained, and the dog was turned out. 98 When Twain went to Honolulu, on the deck, he could see natives of both sexes, with their customary dogs, mats, blankets, pipes, calabashes of poi, fleas, and other luxuries and baggage of minor importance.

In The Mysterious Stranger the dog went to the village often, begging people to go with him to where his master lay dying on a cliff. The people drove him away. He wanted help for the man who had misused him. He had had no food, and he wanted none. He had sat by his master two nights. Satan asks, "What do you think of your race? Is heaven reserved for it, and this dog ruled out, as your teachers tell you? Can your race add anything to this dog's stock of morals and magnanimities?" Satan spoke to the dog, who jumped up, eager and ready for orders. Satan told Seppi Wohlmeyer and Nikolaus Bauman to take the dog, some men, and a priest to Hans, who needed a priest "to arrange insurance," for death was near. In The Prince and the Pauper the prince was buffeted by plebian hands and set upon and torn by dogs. 101 The dog howled and interrupted Peter Wilks's funeral in Huckleberry Finn.

98 Ibid., p. 192.
100 CXVII, pp. 54-56.
101 XI, p. 21.
102 XIII, p. 251.
In addition to the hogs already mentioned in connection with the description of the villages where the sow and her litter wallowed in the streets or ate watermelon in the streets, Twain mentions hogs many times. Pap Finn complained about having to live in an old trap cabin like a hog, even if he was worth six thousand dollars. Huck killed a wild pig and planted evidence of blood to lead Pap and people to believe Huck had been murdered. Then he dumped the hog into the river. A prime sow had taken up residence in the courthouse in *The Gilded Age*. In *A Tramp Abroad* Twain met a wild hog in a mountain path in Switzerland. In *A Connecticut Yankee* Hank is ashamed of Sandy and the whole human race when she flings herself upon those hogs, with tears of joy running down her face, and strains them to her heart, calling them by grand and princely names. In *A Tramp Abroad* in one of the streets, Twain saw three fat hogs lying asleep.

Mules and donkeys are often mentioned in Twain's writing.

104 XII, p. 32.
105 XIII, p. 37.
107 V, p. 4.
108 X, p. 201.
109 XIV, pp. 174-175.
110 X, p. 209.
In *Huckleberry Finn* Huck Finn planned to lie in ambush for the whole parcel of Spanish merchants and Arabs, killing the lot, and taking the mules and other animals. In *Joan of Arc* the Paladin tells DeConte not to criticize people's prudence because DeConte falls out of the saddle when the donkey brays. In *Innocents Abroad*, Twain gives a humorous description of the donkeys they rode in their travels about the Holy Land. Twain really enjoyed the mule races in *Life on the Mississippi*. In *A Tramp Abroad* the mule preferred the outside of the mountain path. Mules played an important role in the life on the frontier in *Roughing It*. Miles Hendon, who befriended the real prince in *The Prince and the Pauper*, planned so that he might purchase two donkeys and have enough money to get them to Hendon Hall.

Twain often mentions rats. In *Roughing It*, as Twain lay in his hammock, rats galloped over him. In *The Prince and the Pauper* rats peered out at the old hermit, absorbed in his work. Talking of the corruptness in France, Twain said the rats were devouring the house, but the people were

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111 XIII, p. 17.  
112 XVII, p. 231.  
113 II, p. 370.  
114 XII, p. 371.  
115 X, p. 70.  
116 IV, p. 12.  
117 XI, p. 93.  
118 IV, p. 228.  
119 XI, p. 170.
only concerned with whether the cat was a holy cat -- not whether he was capable of catching the rats in Joan of Arc. In "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed" there was a grievous deal of blood shed in the corn-crib when the soldier boys threw corn at the rats that crawled over their bodies and faces and bit their toes. In Huckleberry Finn the woman told Huck the rats pestered them to death.

Since Mark Twain recorded many superstitions and omens closely interwoven with nature, animals, and insects, the writer has placed representative superstitions to close the repetitions of animals and to introduce repetitions of insects. The superstitions are not identical. In A Connecticut Yankee, Merlin, the magician, was thought to be able to call up storms, to control lightning and thunder and devils. In The Prince and the Pauper, the little pauper, while he was acting the prince, saved the life of two women by showing a crowd that they could not call up a storm. Hank saved his life, in A Connecticut Yankee, by pretending that he caused the sun to be darkened when he was at the

120 XVII, p. 185.
122 XIII, pp. 81-82.
123 XIV, p. 25.
124 XI, p. 125.
stake. He had remembered the total eclipse on June 21, 528 A.D. The people were so superstitious in a Connecticut Yankee that Hank could make them believe anything. The children believed all the superstitious things the negro slaves told them in The Gilded Age. In Joan of Arc, one reads, "Next, a prophecy of Merlin's more than eight hundred years old, was called to mind, which said that in a far future time France would be lost by a woman and restored by a woman." Huckleberry Finn and Tom knew that Indian Joe had sold himself to Satan or he would have been struck down by lightning when he was lying about the murder of the doctor. This reminds one of Sam's brother's and sisters's wondering why Sam was not struck down by lightning because he preferred to tell stories of the day's happenings to praying. Huck tells Tom that a stray dog came howling around Johnny Miller's house; and a whippoorwill came in and lit on the bannisters and sang, and nobody was dead yet. Again, the boys thought the moaning of the wind through the trees was probably the spirits

125 XIV, pp. 46-47. 126 Ibid., pp. 19, 58, 59, 62, 262.
129 VIII, p. 338.
131 VIII, p. 335.
of the dead complaining about being disturbed. The young birds foretold the approach of the storm, and Jim told Huck it was sure death to catch one of the birds while they flew on the ground that way. A person should never count the things he was to have for dinner, nor shake the tablecloth after sundown, because these things would bring bad luck. If a man owned a beehive and died, the bees must be told about it before sun-up next morning or the bees would quit work and die. If a man had hairy arms and breast, he would be rich. These superstitions occur in Huckleberry Finn. Jim warns Huck that "awful bad luck comes to them that handle a snake-skin." Huck tried to grab some salt to throw over his shoulder to keep bad luck off, but Miss Watson beat him to the overturned salt cellar. Negro Jim had a hairball with which he told Huck's fortune. The word magician, with its mysterious unlimited powers, is repeated again when Twain says of Colonel Sellers that "the Colonel's tongue was a magician's wand that turned dried apples into figs and water into wine as easily as it could change a hovel into a palace and present poverty into imminent future riches." The Mysterious Stranger is based on a belief in

137 V, p. 75.
the supernatural. Satan appears and controls human situations in a supernatural fashion. In *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*, the stranger proved that the self-righteous villagers could be corrupted because of false beliefs and practices bordering on pure superstition... "La Salle set up a cross with the arms of France on it, and took possession of the whole country for the king -- the cool fashion of the time -- while the priest piously consecrated the robbery with a hymn." Then the priests explained the mysteries of the faith for saving the savages; thus compensating them with possible possessions in heaven for certain ones on earth they had just been robbed of. This type of superstitious submission to church and nobility Twain satirized often. Most of his writing is an appeal to mankind to save itself from its own gullible weaknesses founded mostly in superstitution.

Insects have their part to play in Twain's writing. Ants were fascinating to Mark Twain. He jotted in his notebook that all the legs of the ant are not needed for general business -- some are to get home with when the others have been chewed off; ants are always chewing each other's legs off in arranging details connected with politics and

138 XII, p. 12.

139 Fred Lewis Pattee, *Mark Twain*, p. xxxix.
theology. In *A Tramp Abroad*, he gives a good explanation of the ant. In *A Connecticut Yankee*, ants crawl inside Hank's armor to get warm during a storm. In *Roughing It*, Twain imagines the ants, countermarching about the base of a sage-bush, to be Lilliputian flocks. A procession of ants appeared from nowhere and went about their labors in *Tom Sawyer*. People were as busy as ants preparing for the royal coronation in *The Prince and the Pauper*. Joan and her warriors swarmed over the ramparts like ants.

Flies are repeated. Nicodemus Dodge, in *A Tramp Abroad*, 
"... then leaned his hip against the editor's table, crossed his mighty brogans, aimed at a distant fly from a crevice in his upper teeth, laid him low, and said with composure:

"Whar's the boss?"

Dan'l Webster, the celebrated jumping frog of Calaveras County, could jump to the top of the counter, or as far as he could see a fly, and "nail" him every time. In *Innocents*.

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141 IX, pp. 194-199.  
142 XIV, p. 100.  
143 III, p. 15.  
144 VIII, p. 122.  
145 XI, p. 258.  
146 XVII, p. 308.  
147 IX, p. 205.  
Abroad Twain saw hundreds of flies roost upon babies's eyes unmolested. In the same book, the flies looked like goggles; but when the men got near, they could see a camp-meeting of flies assembled around the child's eyes and nose. Around Lake Tahoe, in Roughing It, flies, somewhat like our housefly, settle one inch deep and six feet wide a hundred miles around the lake to eat the worms that wash ashore. In Joan of Arc, epidemics swept away the people like flies.

In his notebook, Twain says that Charley Richards kept a tremendous spider and two lizards. In Tom Sawyer Abroad Tom thought he saw spiders as big as cows. The crazy monk, in The Prince and the Pauper, as he whetted his knife and bent his eyes on the slumbering boy-king, was likened to a grizzly, monstrous spider, gloating over some hapless insect that lay helpless in his webb. Huck was feeling low when a spider went crawling up his shoulder; and before he thought, he flipped it into the candle, where it was shriveled instantly. He knew that was awful bad luck; so he turned in

152 XVII, p. 4.
153 A. B. Paine, Mark Twain's Notebook, p. 15.
154 XIX, p. 49. 155 XI, p. 173.
his tracks three times, crossing his breast every time; and then he tied up a little lock of his hair with a thread to keep witches away; that procedure would ward off witches when one had lost a horseshoe, but Huck wondered whether it would keep off bad luck when he had killed the spider.156

Thus one sees Twain, a lover of nature, from its highest to its lowest forms, recording again and again accurate descriptions, old superstitions, and the lowly insects in their relation to man in his struggles.

156 XIII, p. 4.
CHAPTER III

MISCELLANEOUS REPETITIONS IN MARK TWAIN’S WORKS

Since the incidents in the life of Mark Twain that are repeated in his works were discussed in the first chapter, and repetitions of descriptions, animals, superstitions, and insects were discussed in the second chapter, the third chapter will be concerned with the most important miscellaneous repetitions in Mark Twain’s works. These repetitions, which are not identical, will be arranged alphabetically.

"Buffalo Gals" is repeated. In Life on the Mississippi the man sat whistling "Buffalo Gals" as calmly as if they were attending a funeral and were not related to the corpse. In Tom Sawyer Jim came skipping out, singing "Buffalo Gals."

Coffins occur often in Twain’s writings. In Life on the Mississippi, Twain says that he bought a plain, stained, wood coffin, which cost twenty-six dollars; if it had been built to put something useful into, he says it would have probably cost less than four. Twain gives in humorous detail, an account of an undertaker’s reasons for being in

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1 XII, p. 24.  
2 VIII, p. 12.  
3 XII, p. 348.

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that business, and a sale he made of a coffin to Mrs. O'Flaherty by telling her about the funeral and coffin Mrs. O'Shaughnessy bought. The king hunched the duke when they saw Peter Wilks's coffin in the corner on two chairs; when they reached the coffin, they burst out crying so loud Huck said people could have heard them in New Orleans. In the same book, Huckleberry Finn, in a storm, the people dug up the body of Peter Wilks to find inside the coffin the gold where Huck had hidden it. Indian Joe put the knife in Potter's hand and sat on the dismantled coffin Tom Sawyer. In Roughing It Twain says of his first lecture that he was grieved that he could not bring a coffin on the stage and turn his talk into a funeral.

Twain had a horror of death with its coffins and corpses. He says of the "Quaker City" excursion, "It was not lively enough for a pleasure trip; but if we had only had a corpse it would have made a noble funeral excursion." In Innocents Abroad, when the party were in Egypt looking at the mummies, the doctor asked the French guide to bring out a nice fresh corpse. In The Mysterious Stranger the men

7 VIII, p. 86. 8 IV, p. 293.
9 Fred Lewis Pattee, Mark Twain: Representative Selections, p. 91.
10 I, p. 307.
buried Hans without a coffin, for he had no money and had no friend but the dog. In *Huckleberry Finn* Huck was so close that he would have been shot if the searching party had fired real bullets over the river when they tried to get Huck's body to come to the top of the water. In *Joan of Arc* the madman lay hacked and stabbed to death in his iron cage in the corner of the square. In the same book Joan sat among the corpses, crying for the mothers of those dead friends and enemies. In *Life on the Mississippi* a captain, who was warned not to take a gray mare and a preacher on board, took them anyway, got drunk, fell down the hatchway, and was taken home a corpse. In the same reference Karl Ritter's story told of his wandering among those rigid corpses, and peering in their austere faces, while he was a watchman at the death house.

In *The Prince and the Pauper* Miles Hendon asked the constable to let the prince escape, and the constable told him that the judge had no more sympathy with a jest than he had with a corpse. In "The Invalid's Story" the

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11 XXVII, p. 56.  
12 XIII, p. 53.  
13 XVII, p. 53.  
14 Ibid., p. 239.  
15 XII, p. 212.  
16 Ibid., p. 274.  
17 XI, p. 194.
Invalid wondered how the corpse could stand the smells and burning feathers. Nobody cared about the dead man, in *The Mysterious Stranger*, but the dog; he grieved and licked the dead man's face, and could not be comforted.

Twain did not think much of detectives. In *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, Pudd'nhead advised Blake to get an old veteran detective from St. Louis to help find out what the clues about the woman thief meant. Twain never failed to satirize detectives in general. In *Tom Sawyer* Tom felt just as insecure as he had felt before one of those omniscient and awe-inspiring marvels, a detective, came up from St. Louis, and found a clue; but Tom said you could not hang a clue.

Disguise interested Twain. He traveled under an assumed name to Bermuda, and on his trip down the Mississippi in his later years. In *A Connecticut Yankee*, Hank and the king traveled about the country in disguise as petty freemen to familiarize themselves with the humbler life of the people. In *Huckleberry Finn* Huck disguised

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19 XXVII, p. 56.  20 XVI, p. 133.  21 VIII, p. 199.
himself as a girl in the old clothes he and Jim had taken from the floating house. Huck pretended to be Tom at the Phelps house, and Tom pretended to be Sid. In Huckleberry Finn, to get Peter Wilks's gold, the king disguised himself as Harvey Wilks, and the duke disguised himself as William Wilks. In the same book, Jim was left on the boat disguised as King Lear and as an Arab. The king, in Joan of Arc, disguised himself; nevertheless, Joan knew him and ran and threw herself at his feet. In the same book, Talbot regretted that he had not disguised himself. In Life on the Mississippi, Karl Ritter disguised himself as a fortune teller. In the same book, Mr. John Backus, a character in the professor's yarn, posed as a cattleman; but he was a professional gambler. Indian Joe was disguised as the deaf and dumb Spaniard in Tom Sawyer. In Pudd'nhead Wilson, Roxana put her son, Chambers, in Tom Driscoll's place when the children were between seven and eight months old. Tom Driscoll disguised himself as

25 XIII, p. 75.
26 Ibid., p. 318.
27 Ibid., p. 223.
28 Ibid., p. 283.
29 XVII, pp. 140-141.
30 Ibid., p. 81.
31 XII, p. 269.
32 Ibid., p. 311.
33 VIII, p. 377.
34 XVI, p. 21.
a young woman to steal from the neighbors. 35 Roxana disguised herself as a man to escape her owner after Tom, her son, sold her down the river. 36 Tom went again disguised as a woman when he killed Judge Driscoll. 37 The Prince and the Pauper is a novel dealing with the experiences of the prince while he is disguised as the pauper, Tom Canty, and the experiences of Tom Canty disguised as the prince. In The Mysterious Stranger, Satan was disguised as Philip Traum. 38

Mark Twain believed to some extent in dreams. His dream of Henry's death was so real that he could hardly believe the casket was not in the room. As has been said before, this dream came true. 39 Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven is based on Ned Wakeman's dream. 40 In A Tramp Abroad Twain says that "under its restful influence all the troubles and vexations and sorrows that harass the mind vanish away, and existence becomes a dream, a charm, a deep and tranquil ecstasy." 41 Joan of Arc tells that

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35 Ibid., pp.73,81,179. 36 Ibid., pp.150-151.
37 Ibid., p. 167. 38 XXVII, p. 45.
40 Ibid., p. 305. 41 IX, p. 107.
the Paladin looked almost cheerful because he was a believer in dreams, and anything and everything of a superstitious sort. Joan tells the man the dream he had was really no dream, but the shadow of the archangel, Michael. Twain said of Joan, "Yes, she was a poem, she was a dream, she was a spirit when she was clothed in that." In *Life on the Mississippi*, Twain says that at the end of the first seance, he went home with six of the carpenter's fearful secrets, which got into his dreams. In *The Mysterious Stranger* Twain uses "dream" in a different setting, letting Satan speak Twain's own philosophy of life. He says nothing exists; all is a dream. A person exists only as a dream-creature of one's imagination. All things exist in a dream, and each individual is the maker of it. In *The Prince and the Pauper* Tom Canty grew to lament his shabby clothing and his dirt, and to wish to be clean because his dream-people were so fine. As a result of his dream, Tom Cantysplashed in the Thames because of the washings and cleansings it afforded. As usual, Tom dreamed he was a prince-king. When the prince made Miles

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42 XVII, p. 175.  
43 Ibid., p. 71.  
44 Ibid., p. 138.  
45 XII, p. 447.  
46 XXVII, pp. 139-140.  
47 XI, pp. 6, 8.
Hendon Sir Knight, Miles said, "And so I am become a knight of the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows." The prince dreamed of rewarding Miles handsomely. In *Tom Sawyer* Huck had a rotten bad dream about rats. The adventures of the day mightily tormented Tom's dreams at night. Tom dreamed he had that rich treasure time and time again, but he woke to find it only a dream.

Twain's own narrow escape from drowning probably caused him to think and write of drowning often. In *A Tramp Abroad*, he tells that Pontius Pilate drowned himself because peace and rest were denied him. In *Huckleberry Finn* Huck Finn thought that if his pap had got drowned, he would never get out of the cabin Pap had locked him in. Huck stayed at the river so long Pap yelled to ask if he was asleep or drowned. Huck heard the firing of the cannon to bring his body to the top of the water, and he was so hungry he watched to pick up the bread with quick silver in it that was supposed to float to

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49 VIII, p. 209.


52 X, p. 15.

53 XIII, p. 34.

the drowned carcass. Notice the similarity to the following quotation from Tom Sawyer:

'That's it!' said Huck; 'they done that last summer when Bill Turner got drowned; they shoot a cannon over the water, and that makes him come up to the top. Yes, and they take loaves of bread and put quicksilver in 'em and set 'em afloat, and wherever there's anybody drowned, they'll float right there and stop.'

In Tom Sawyer the people thought the boys had been drowned while taking a swim. The bridge gave way and a number of brave men clad in heavy armor were drowned in the river when Joan took the castle in Joan of Arc. Cauchon cursed and threatened to drown the clerks because they revolted at the unjust and rotten procedure of the court which tried Joan. In Life on the Mississippi, Twain tells about two drownings and storms that accompanied each drowning to warn Twain and the boys to lead a better life. One is reminded of Twain's mother drowning the kittens when the good wife in The Prince and the Pauper gave the prince a basket of kittens to drown.

Twain always resented the established church because he felt that it stifled man's freedom. "Always from youth

55 Ibid., pp. 51-52. 56 VIII, p. 126.
57 Ibid., p. 220. 58 XVII, p. 268.
59 XVIII, p. 133. 60 XII, pp. 434-441.
61 XI, p. 163.
to age he strove against oppression, superstition, sham, hypocrisy, evil in every form."62 From the same source, his notebook, Twain says that he felt that any established church was an obstructor of all progress.63 He thought all missionarying had been accomplished under force.64 In A Connecticut Yankee, Hank said that before the day of the Church's supremacy in the world, men held their heads up with pride, spirit, and independence; a person's greatness and position came by achievement, not by birth. "But then the Church came to the front, with an ax to grind; and she was wise, subtle, and knew more than one way to skin a cat -- or a nation..."65 Hank, the Connecticut Yankee and the mouth-piece for Mark Twain, says that he is convinced that the church is an established slave-pen; and he had no scruples about assailing it with any weapon.66 In Joan of Arc Joan's trial by a small secret court of holy assassins fills one with repulsion and horror.67 As has already been mentioned in Life on the Mississippi, La Salle

62 A. B. Paine, Mark Twain's Notebook, p. 400.
63 Ibid., p. 313.
64 Ibid., p. 199.
65 XIV, p. 65.
66 Ibid., p. 128.
67 XVIII, pp. 188-189.
robbed the Indians while the priests consecrated the robbery with a hymn. A startling picture is given in *Innocents Abroad* of the wealth and riches of the churches in Italy compared with the poverty and starvation of the people who supported these establishments and their retinue. Not only was this sapping of the people's frugal existence gall- ing to Twain, but the sermons, always stereotyped, he felt were inadequate to meet human needs. In *Tom Sawyer* Tom did not have to listen to the prayer or the sermon because he knew just what was going to be said, having heard them many times before.

At church the morning sermon was of the usual pattern; it was the same old things said in the same old way; they had heard them a thousand times and had found them innocuous, next to meaningless, and easy to sleep under; but now it was different; the sermon seemed to bristle and specially at people who were concealing deadly sins.

Feuds are mentioned several times in Twain's writings, but this paper will be concerned only with the Grangerford-Shepherdson feud and the Darnell-Watson feud. "The terse, unadorned Grangerford-Shepherdson episode -- built out of

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69 I, pp. 265-268.
70 VIII, pp. 43-49.
71 Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*, p. 64.
the Darnell-Watson feuds -- is simply classic in its vivid casualness...." The feuds are similar in the uncertain reason for their existence, in the killings, and in the crippling.

There's been more than one feud around here, in old times, but I reckon the first one was between the Darnells and the Watsons. Nobody don't know now what the first quarrel was about, it's so long ago; the Darnells and the Watsons don't know, if there's any of them living, which I don't there there is. Some says it was about a horse or a cow -- anyway, it was a little matter; the money in it wasn't of no consequences-- none in the world -- both families was rich. The thing could have been fixed up, easy enough; but no, that wouldn't do. Rough words had been passed; and so, nothing but blood could fix it up after that. That horse or cow, whichever it was, cost sixty years of killing or crippling! Every year or so somebody was shot, on one side or the other; and as fast as one generation was laid out, their sons took up the feud and kept it a-going. And its just as I say; they went on shooting each other, year in and year out -- making a kind of a religion of it, you see -- till they'd done forgot, long ago, what it was all about.

'Why, where was you raised? Don't you know what a feud is?'

'Never heard of it before -- tell me about it.'

'Well,' says Buck, 'a feud is this way: A man has a quarrel with another man, and kills him; then that other man's brother kills him; then the other brothers, on both sides, goes for one another; then the cousins chip in -- and by and by everbody's killed off, and there ain't no more feud. But it's kind of slow, and takes a long time.'

72 A. B. Paine, Mark Twain: A Biography, p. 798.

73 Mark Twain, Life on the Mississippi, p. 798.
'What was the trouble about, Buck? -- land?'
'I reckon maybe -- I don't know.'
'Well, who done the shooting? Was it a Grangerford or a Shepherdson?'
'Laws, how do I know? It was so long ago.'
'Don't anybody know?'
'Oh, yes pa knows, I reckon, and some of the other old people; but they don't know now what the row was about in the first place.'
'Has there been many killed, Buck?'
'Yes; right smart chance funerals. But they don't always kill. Pa's got a few buckshot in him; but he don't mind it 'cuz he don't weigh much, anyway. Bob's been carved up some with a bowie, and Tom's been hurt once or twice.'

The manner of killing is similar in each of the following quotations, and in each a man shoots a young boy.

Whenever a Darnell caught a Watson, or a Watson caught a Darnell, one of 'em was going to get hurt -- only question was, which of them got the drop on the other. They'd shoot one another down, right in the presence of the family. They didn't hunt for each other, but when they happened to meet, they pulled and begun. Men would shoot boys, boys would shoot men. A man shot a boy twelve years old -- happened on him in the woods and didn't give him no chance. If he had a given him a chance, the boy'd 'a' shot him.

'Has anybody been killed this year, Buck?'
'Yes; we got one and they got one. 'Bout three months ago my cousin Bud, fourteen year old, was rid-ing through the woods on t'other side of the river, and didn't have no weapon with him, which was blame foolishness, and in a lonesome place he hears a horse a-coming behind him, and sees old Baldy Shepherdson a-linkin' after him with his gun in his hand and his white hair a-flying in the wind; and

74 Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn, V. XIII, pp. 150-151.
75 Mark Twain, Life on the Mississippi, V. XII, p. 320.
'stead of jumping off and taking to the brush; Bud 'lowed he could outrun him; so they had it, nip and tuck, for five miles or more, the old man a-gaining all the time; so at last Bud seen it warn't any use, so he stopped and faced around so as to have the bullet-holes in front, you know, and the old man he rode up and shot him down. But he didn't git much chance to enjoy his luck, for inside of a week our folks laid him out.'

'I reckon that old man was a coward, Buck.'

'I reckon he warn't a coward. Not by a blame' sight. There ain't a coward amongst them Shepherd- sons -- not a one. And there ain't no cowards amongst the Grangerfords either. Why, that old man kep' up his end in a fight one day for half an hour against three Grangerfords, and come out winner. They was all a-horseback; he lit off of his horse and got behind a little wood-pile, and kep' his horse before him to stop the bullets; but the Grangerfords stayed on their horses and capered around the old man, and peppered away at him, and he peppered away at them. Him and his horse went home pretty leaky and crippled, but the Grangerfords had to be fetched home -- and one of 'em was dead, and another died the next day. No, sir, if a body's out hunting for cowards he don't want to fool any time amongst them Shepherdsons, becuz they don't breed any of that kind.'

The feuds were similar in that both feuding families belonged to the same church; some leaned their guns against the wall, and all joined in the worship.

Both families belonged to the same church (everybody around here is religious); through all this fifty or sixty years' fuss, both tribes was there every Sunday, to worship. . . . Sundays you'd see the families drive up, all in Sunday clothes -- men, women, children -- and file up the aisle, and set down, quiet and orderly, one lot on the Tennessee-side of the church and the other on the Kentucky-side; and the men and boys would lean their guns up against the wall, handy, and then all hands would join with the prayer and praise;

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Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*, pp. 151-152.
though they say the man next the aisle didn't kneel down, along with the rest of the family; kind of stood guard. 77

Next Sunday we all went to church, about three mile, everybody a-horseback. The men took their guns along, so did Buck, and kept them between their knees or stood them handy against the wall. The Shepherdsons done the same. It was pretty ornery preaching -- all about brotherly love, and such-like tiresomeness; but everybody said it was a good sermon, and they all talked it over going home, and had such a powerful lot to say about faith and good works and free grace that it did seem to me to be one of the roughest Sundays I had run across yet. 78

The following quotations are similar as to the manner of fighting behind woodpiles, as to the killing in the river, and as to the annihilation of the families.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago one of the feud families caught a young man of nineteen out and killed him. Don't remember whether it was the Darnells or the Watsons, or one of the other feuds; but anyway, this young man rode up --steamboat laying there at the time -- and the first thing he saw was a whole gang of the enemy. He jumped down behind a woodpile, but they rode around and begun on him, he firing back, and galloping and cavorting and yelling and banging away with all their might. Think he wounded a couple of them; but they closed in on him and chased him into the river, and as he swum along down-stream, they followed along the bank and kept on shooting at him, and when he struck shore, he was dead. Windy Marshall told me about it. . . .

Years ago, the Darnells was so thinned out that the old man and his two sons concluded they'd leave the country. They started to take steamboat just above No. 10; but the Watsons got wind of it; and

77 Mark Twain, Life on the Mississippi, p. 220.

78 Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn, p. 152.
then arrived just as the two young Darnells was walking up the companionway with their wives on their arms. The fight begun then, and they never got no further -- both of them killed. After that, old Darnell got into trouble with the man that run the ferry, and the ferryman got the worst of it -- and died. But his friends shot old Darnell through and through -- filled him full of bullets, and ended him. 79

By and by men stopped cavorting around and yelling. They started riding towards the store; then up gets one of the boys, draws a steady bead over the wood-rank, and drops one of them out of his saddle. All the men jumped off of their horses and grabbed the hurt one and started to carry him to the store; and that minute the two boys started on the run. They got half-way to the tree I was in before the men noticed. Then the men see them, and jumped on their horses and took out after them. They gained on the boys, but it didn't do no good, the boys had too good a start; they got to the woodpile that was in-front of my tree, and slipped in behind it, and so they had the bulge on the men again. One of the boys was Buck, and the other was a slim young chap about nineteen years old.

The men ripped around awhile, and then rode away. As soon as they was out of sight I sung out to Buck and told him... He told me to watch out sharp and let him know when the men come in sight again; said they was up to some devilment or other -- wouldn't be gone long. I wished I was out of that tree, but I dosn't come down. Buck begun to cry and rip, and lowed that him and his cousin Joe (that was the other young chap) would make up for this day yet. He said his father and two brothers was killed, and two or three of the enemy. Said the Shepherdsons laid for them in ambush. Buck said his father and brothers ought to waited for their relations -- the Shepherdsons was too strong for them. I asked him what was become of young Harney and Miss Sophia (Harney Shepherdson and Sophia Grangerford were eloping). He said they'd got across the river and was safe. I was glad of that; but the way Buck did take on because he didn't manage to kill

79 Mark Twain, *Life on the Mississippi*, p. 221.
Harney that day he shot at him -- I hain't ever heard anything like it.

All of a sudden, bang! bang! bang! goes three or four guns -- the men had slipped around through the woods and come in from behind without their horses! The boys jumped for the river -- both of them hurt -- and as they swam down the current the men run along the bank shooting at them and singing out, 'Kill them, kill them.'

The two dead boys drifted to the shore and Huck tugged them out of the water and covered their faces. The two Darnells were killed as they and their wives walked up the companionway, but Harney Shepherdson and his future wife, Sophia Grangerford, got away safely.

Twain felt pity at first and disgust later for man's fickleness and vacillation. In his letters he says that villagers watch each other and so make cowards of each other. He believed that a man is afraid to champion his own convictions because he wants the applause of the crowd.

In The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg, a prominent, self-righteous citizen says, "I could have saved him, and -- and -- well, you know how the town was wrought up -- I hadn't the pluck to do it. It would have turned everybody against me." In Joan of Arc, after the victory, and the

80 Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn, pp. 158-160.
81 A. B. Paine, Mark Twain's Letters, p. 326.
82 XXIII, pp. 8-9.
praise from so high a source. (the king), the fickle village turned again and gave Joan countenance, compliment, and peace. Her mother took her back, and even her father relented and said he was proud of her. In *Pudd'nhead Wilson* Roxana longed to take the two dollars she found lying on the desk; she wished the revival had been put off until to-morrow. In *The Prince and the Pauper* Twain observes that man's work is evanescent and unstable in this world. The king had been dead three weeks and three days and already his noble bridge was falling. Somebody, in *Huckleberry Finn*, said Sherburn ought to be lynched. In a minute everybody was saying it; away they went, mad and yelling and snatching down every clothesline to do the hanging with. Sherburn stood on his porch and ran that mad mob away with his tongue.

Twain championed freedom in everything he wrote. "*A Connecticut Yankee* is nothing less than a brief for human rights and human privileges." In *Life on the Mississippi*
Twain says the French Revolution broke the chains forged by the ancient regime and the chains forged by the church and made a nation of abject slaves a nation of freemen; and Napoleon instituted the setting of merit above birth, and the divine rights of kings was no longer in existence. As Sam Clemens was jealous of Tom Blankenship's freedom, Tom Sawyer was also jealous of Huck Finn's freedom.

A funeral was an outstanding event in Hannibal in Twain's youth; funerals are outstanding events in his writings, too. In *Huckleberry Finn* said Peter Wilks's funeral sermon was very good but "pison long and tiresome; and then the king got off some of his rubbage, and the undertaker begun to sneak up on the coffin with his screw-driver." In *Tom Sawyer*, after the people of St. Petersburg had decided the boys were dead and were having the funeral, the boys slipped into the church and listened to their own funeral sermon. In the same book, Indian Joe was buried near the mouth of the cave, and all the people felt pity for him. In *Roughing It* all the people attended the funeral of the man Slade killed. In the same book Twain says that if a person wishes to get rid of a troublesome native, he has

88 XII, p. 374. 89 VIII, p. 54. 90 XIII, p. 252.
only to name the hour of death, and the native will be on hand to the minute -- if he is promised a large funeral. In *Pudd'nhead Wilson* there were two grand funerals in Dawson's Landing the fall of 1845, that of Colonel Cecil Burleigh Essex and that of Percy Driscoll.

People are very gullible and will accept almost any type of abuse in the proper setting. In *Huckleberry Finn* the king charged upon the stage, pretending that he was once a pirate in the Indian Ocean, but he now had religion and was going back to convert the pirates. There was not a dry eye in the house, and the people insisted that he must pass the hat to take a collection to pay his way to convert those pirates. The pretty girls kissed him and cried. He was invited to visit in all the homes. He told them he was in a hurry to get to the Indian Ocean to begin the pirates's conversion. On his way back to the raft, he took a three-gallon jug of whisky from under a wagon. He said there was nothing like pirates for working a campmeeting. He had collected eighty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. In the same book, the new judge said he was going to make a new man of Pap. He took Pap into his home, clothed, fed and

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94 IV, p. 208.
95 XVI, p. 34.
96 XIII, pp. 183-184.
convinced him he must turn over a new leaf, and become a worthwhile person. The judge, the judge's wife, and Pap cried, shook hands, and decided Pap had always been misunderstood. Pap went to bed in a beautiful room. That night Pap got thirsty, crawled out the window, and pawned the new coat for a jug of forty-rod. He climbed back into the room and had a good time wrecking it. Toward daylight, he crawled out again, as drunk as could be, rolled off the porch and broke his left arm in two places, and almost froze to death. In *The Gilded Age* Colonel Sellers beguiled the men, who demanded their pay, with fine speeches; but after he was gone, the men agreed to hang him another time before he could talk. The people, in *A Connecticut Yankee*, had accepted the rule of the gilded minority so long that they believed it to be the true and wise rule for man. In *Innocents Abroad* the guides played on the gullibility of the people. In *Life on the Mississippi* Twain says, "Unfortunate tourists! People humbugged them with stupid and silly lies, and then laughed at them for believing and printing the same."

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97 XIII, pp. 30-31.

98 V, pp. 251-252.

99 XIV, p. 103.

100 I, pp. 302-303.

101 XII, p. 337.
Hanging is often repeated in Twain's works. In *A Tramp Abroad* Stammato was hanged between two great columns in the piazza with a gilded rope, out of compliment to his love of gold. The Connecticut Yankee and the king barely escaped hanging when the guards arrived on bicycles. In the same book, the slave was hanged.

Twain was ambitious to be the center of attraction, and he never outgrew the desire. He understood this desire in all humanity. Tom and his associates felt like heroes because the whole town mourned and they were missed in *Tom Sawyer*. In *Life on the Mississippi* the cabin boy came home the next week alive, renowned, and appeared in church all battered and bandaged, a shining hero, and Sam and the boys were filled with envy. There was a carpenter who was Sam's chief hero. In *Joan of Arc* Joan changed the brag-gart, Paladin, into a hero. Joan was happy to see La Hire, the hero of her childhood. In *The Prince and the Pauper* Tom became a hero to all who knew him except his own family.

102 X, p. 234.  
104 Ibid., p. 381.  
106 XII, p. 36.  
108 XVII, p. 178.  
110 XI, p. 7.  
103 XIV, p. 381.  
105 VIII, p. 127.  
107 Ibid., p. 446.  
109 Ibid., p. 186.
"Idiot" is often repeated. In *Innocents Abroad* the doctor asked the questions because he could keep his countenance and look more like an inspired idiot than any other man that lived. Miles Hendon called the servant an idiot in *The Prince and the Pauper*. Twain went to Hinchborn in *A Tramp Abroad*, to a part of "stocked with deformed, leering, unkept and uncombed idiots." In Paris the people just opened their eyes and stared when the Innocents spoke French to them. Twain said the Innocents never did succeed in making those idiots understand their own language. In *A Connecticut Yankee* a new magician was performing, and everybody was full of awe and interest again right away, which showed the people to be incorrigible idiots.

Twain never thought much of Indians. The character, Indian Joe, the half breed in *Tom Sawyer*, is taken from a real half-breed Indian. In *Innocents Abroad*, Twain says that he has to look to Fenimore Cooper to find beauty in the Indian. In Paine's *Biography* he said he had never

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111 I, p. 303.  
112 XI, p. 96.  
113 IX, p. 143.  
114 I, p. 106.  
115 XIV, p. 230.  
117 II, p. 267.
found poetry in Indians except the Fenimore Cooper Indians. In Tom Sawyer Tom carried on like an Indian to attract Becky Thatcher. In Roughing It Twain and Orion crossed the sand hills near the Indian mail robbery and massacre of 1856. In heaven Captain Stormfield met a Piute Indian he knew back in Tulare County.

Illicit love affairs occur rarely in Twain's works. In Innocents Abroad Petrarch lavished upon Laura a love which was a clear waste of raw material. Hank, in A Connecticut Yankee thought it was touching to see the queen blush and smile, and look embarrassed, and happy, and fling furtive glances at Sir Launcelot that would have got him shot in Arkansas. In A Tramp Abroad Twain says that Arkansas would have hanged a man named Baker for insulting an unprotected girl. Colonel Selby, in The Gilded Age, told his wife Laura was a lobbyist he had to tolerate, but the truth was he was playing around with Laura.

Twain mentions lies often in his works. In his letters he invited Howells to stay all night at the Parker House to

118 Ibid., p. 267. 119 VIII, p. 109. 120 III, p. 56.
125 VI, pp. 129-130.
tell lies and have an improving time. In *Joan of Arc* Joan and her soldiers knew the Paladin lied when he told them he had begged the governor to let him join Joan's forces. In *Huckleberry Finn* in the lazy village, perhaps Bill gives the sponger a chew of tobacco; perhaps he lies and says he does not have any tobacco. Huck, in *Huckleberry Finn*, got an old tin lamp and an iron ring, and went out in the woods and rubbed and rubbed, thinking he would get a palace to sell; but he got nothing; so he decided the lamp tale was just another one of Tom Sawyer's lies. In *Life on the Mississippi* Twain says, "He couldn't ever seem to tell the truth, in any kind of weather. . . . He was a most scandalous liar." In the same book Twain says if you took the lies out of the man, he would shrink to the size of your hat. The pilot told Twain to take the boat and lie awhile, that Twain was handier at it than he was. In *A Connecticut Yankee* Hank told the people the tramp magician was a fraud and liar. Hank was told that Merlin was a mighty liar and magician.

130  XII, p. 205.  131  Ibid., p. 206.  132  Ibid., p. 207.
133  XIV, p. 228.  134  Ibid., p. 25.
The king in *The Prince and the Pauper* said he would surely remember and reward the children because they believed him while the older people mocked him and held him to be a liar. In *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg* the lie dropped into the background and left comfort behind it.

Twain uses "lunatic" several times. In *Joan of Arc*, the lunatic glided stealthily toward Joan with his ax lifted. In *Innocents Abroad* the French guard thought the innocents were lunatics. In *Life on the Mississippi* Twain said that he did not think it was safe to go to sleep while that lunatic (the sleep-walking pilot) was on watch. In the same book Twain was caught in the fields one Sunday by a lunatic who took a butcher-knife out of his boot, and whetted it on his boot while he waited for Twain to tell him that he was the only son of the Devil. In *The Prince and the Pauper*, Miles Hendon says of the king, "This my lunatic!"

The Mississippi River was always fascinating to Twain. The party, in *The Gilded Age*, after nearly a week of travel,
went into camp near a shabby village which was caving, house by house, into the hungry Mississippi. In Life on the Mississippi Twain says the Mississippi straightens and shortens itself by cutting through narrow necks of land.

The widow Cooper, in Pudd'enhead Wilson, sat gazing out on the mighty Mississippi. In Roughing It Twain says that people accustomed to the Mississippi associate "river" with a high degree of watery grandeur. Tom, Huck, and Jim were thirsty in Tom Sawyer Abroad because the water had a queer taste; and they decided to stir up the mud in the Mississippi River water, the best in the world, but the water still did not taste any better.

Mummies often appear in Twain's works. In The Innocents Abroad, the doctor asked if the royal Egyptian mummy was dead. In the same book the fuel was composed of mummies three thousand years old. In Roughing It Twain says that three months on Lake Tahoe would restore an Egyptian mummy to his pristine vigor. Colonel Sellers, in The Gilded Age, observes that a man cannot start a case

142 V, p. 19.  
143 XII, p. 3.  

144 XVI, p. 41.  
145 III, p. 194.  

146 XIX, p. 64.  
147 I, p. 307.  

148 Ibid., p. 307.  
149 III, p. 138.
of rheumatism in that house any more than he can shake an opinion out of a mummy.  

Murrel, the desperado, is mentioned twice. In Life on the Mississippi, even though Murrel projected negro insurrections and the capture of New Orleans, he could go into a pulpit and edify the congregation.  

In Tom Sawyer a stranger with Indian Joe observed that Murrel's gang was around St. Petersburg one summer.  

Twain held the nobility in the same contempt that he held all organizations of oppression and sham. The king in Huckleberry Finn was created out of refuse from the whole human race.  

Huck said, "What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? It wouldn't 'a' done no good; and, besides, it was just as I said: you couldn't tell them from the real kind."  

Twain says in Life on the Mississippi that kings are hampered servants of parliament and the people.  

Twain asks in the same book if the pauper's thirst would be quenched if the king drank for the pauper.  

The people of Dawson's Landing in Pudd'nhead Wilson met royalty, the twin counts.  

Hank says, in A

\[150\] V, p. 72  
\[151\] XII, p. 243.  
\[152\] VIII, p. 216.  
\[154\] XIII, p. 215.  
\[155\] XII, p. 118.  
\[156\] Ibid., p. 268.  
\[157\] XVI, p. 47.
Connecticut Yankee, the free population was about all that was useful or worth saving; . . . and leave behind some dregs, some refuse, in the shape of a king, nobility and gentry, idle unproductive, acquired mainly with the arts of wasting and destroying, and of no sort of use or value in any rationally constructed world."

Twain seldom was without his pipe. Pipes are found many times in different writings. In Life on the Mississippi Twain says, "... the pipe of peace did the same for La Salle." In Huckleberry Finn Huck lit a pipe and had a good long smoke, and went on watching. The king took off his boots, rolled up his "britches", lit his pipe, dangled his feet in the water, and learned "Romeo and Juliet" in the same reference. In Roughing It Twain and his companions lit their pipes and swapped yarns as they camped on their journey to Nevada. In A Connecticut Yankee Hank made a pipe and smoked the inside bark of willow. In Tom Sawyer Abroad Tom sent Jim and Huck back home to get his corn-cob pipe from the rafter right over the kitchen stove.

158 XIV, p. 102.
159 XII, p. 14.
160 XIII, p. 53.
161 Ibid., p. 188.
162 III, p. 60.
163 XIV, p. 97.
164 XIX, p. 124.
Pirates are mentioned many times. Twain said, in Innocents Abroad, that they, Dr. Jackson, Col. W. R. Denny, Dr. G. B. Birch, and Clemens, turned and sure enough there were three fantastic pirates armed with guns. Another pirate was imposed on them at Nazareth. In The Gilded Age people learned that the pirate is only a seedy, un-fantastic "rough," when he is out of the pictures. In Life on the Mississippi Twain satirized the pirate who became a politician by saying that the people set up a monument over him out of respect for the pirate, not the alder-man. In Life on the Mississippi Twain hoped that God would permit him and his playmates to be pirates. In Tom Sawyer Tom thought he was not dressed fit to be a pirate. In the same book Joe wanted to be a hermit, but Tom soon convinced him that a pirate's life of crime was much more interesting. None of the pirates on this ex-cursion smoked or chewed but Tom.

Twain had been reared to pray; so praying is often re-peated. The patients, in A Connecticut Yankee, gathered in

165 II, p. 59. 166 Ibid., p. 60.
167 VI, p. 65. 168 XII, p. 356.
171 Ibid., p. 118.
a room and the experts prayed over them, and the patients went away cured. In The Gilded Age, Uncle Daniel, the old darky, prayed when he saw a lighted steamboat coming down the river. In Tom Sawyer Tom was in tears before Aunt Polly stopped praying, because she prayed so touchingly. The boys said their prayers inwardly, while on their pirate excursion in the same book, because there was not anyone to make them kneel, and they had a mind not to say them at all, but they were afraid of a thunderbolt from heaven. In Huckleberry Finn Miss Watson and Widow Douglas called the negroes in and had prayer and everybody went to bed. In the same book when the bread floated to him, Huck "reckoned" the widow or the parson prayed for the bread to find him. In Life on the Mississippi the professor prayed to save Backus from the gamblers, and helped the ship along with his prayers. In Joan of Arc Joan finally got La Hire to pray. All the men were praying for Joan to recognize the king in his disguise.

172 XIV, p. 254.
174 VIII, p. 133.
176 XIII, p. 4.
178 XII, p. 310.
180 Ibid., p. 131.
173 V, p. 21.
175 Ibid., p. 119.
177 Ibid., p. 52.
179 XVII, p. 191.
Profanity was always fascinating. It could be an art. In *Life on the Mississippi* Twain says, "When he gave even the simplest order, he discharged it like a blast of lightning, and sent a long, reverberating peal of profanity thundering after it... I wished I could talk like that." In *Joan of Arc* one reads, "Of course, I would rather hear him swear than another man pray." In the same book La Hire was a Vesuvius of profanity forever in eruption.

Twain always detested rotten politics and politicians. His experience with Congressmen was far from a pleasant one. In *A Tramp Abroad* Twain says, "A jay hasn't got any more principle than a congressman." In *The Gilded Age* Washington wrote home that mere merit, fitness, and capability are useless without "Influence." In *Huckleberry Finn* Sherburn, who shot Boggs down unmercifully, told the mob that their juries were afraid to hang murderers because the murderer's friends would shoot the jurors. In *Tom Sawyer* the villagers would have liked to tar and feather Indian Joe, but they were afraid of him. Murders were done in open day, in

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181 XII, p. 8.
182 XVII, p. 181.
183 Ibid., p. 181.
184 IX, p. 17.
185 V, p. 239.
187 VIII, p. 269.
Roughing It, in Nevada, and nothing was done about it. In the same book Slade bragged that he was a Vigilante and knew all they knew.

Showing off was one of Mark Twain's characteristics. He understood perfectly the feeling back of the desire. He says, in A Tramp Abroad, "... they are conscious of their talent, and they enjoy 'showing off'." In Innocents Abroad Joseph could not resist the chance to show off before his brothers. In Life on the Mississippi Twain wanted to be a cabin boy so that he could be in a conspicuous position when he came in sight of his old companions. In the same book Twain dreamed of being a pilot because a pilot had unlimited power and escape from familiarity of any type.

In Tom Sawyer, Mr. Walters, the teachers, the little boys, the little girls, and everybody fell to showing off at Sunday school because of the entrance of Judge Thatcher and his companions. In "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" Twain says that the wings were for show, and not for use.

188 III, pp. 69-70.
189 Ibid., p. 74.
190 IX, p. 16.
191 II, p. 223.
192 XII, p. 35.
193 Ibid., p. 37.
194 VIII, pp. 37-38.
Tom Sawyer was always showing off to attract some one's attention. 196

The Tennessee land mentioned in Roughing It is the promise of high fortune in The Gilded Age.

Karl Ritter's taking finger prints by painting the ball of the client's thumb and pressing the thumb on white paper in Life on the Mississippi is repeated when Pudd'head, in Pudd'nhead Wilson, makes a hobby of having people run their hands through their hair and press their thumbs on strips of glass, which Pudd'hhead carefully labeled and put in his files.

Trials are fascinatingly portrayed. In Life on the Mississippi, Williams was convicted for a term of nine years. 199 The trials in Tom Sawyer and Pudd'nhead Wilson are very similar. Tom Driscoll left a dagger near his uncle when he stabbed him. Indian Hoe planted a knife in Potter's hand. Each knife was used as evidence against the murderer. In Pudd'nhead Wilson the finger prints were a surprise in the Pudd'nhead Wilson case; Tom, in Tom Sawyer, with the

196 VIII, pp. 37, 23, 135, 159, 162, 179, 185.
197 XII, p. 270.
199 XII, p. 415.
200 VIII, pp. 193-197.
201 XVI, pp. 176-180, 188-200.
202 XVI, p. 200.
skeleton of the cat, was the surprise in the Muff Potter case. 203 The twin and Muff Potter were convicted in the minds of the audience until the surprise. Each accused person was acquitted. In Father Peter's trial in The Mysterious Stranger, there was a surprise which amounted to the same as a surprise witness. Wilhelm proved by the date of the coin that the coin belonged to Father Peter, and the case was dismissed; but Father Peter was insane. 205

In Joan of Arc Joan was greatest in the Rouen trials.

Treasure has always been interesting. As has been mentioned before, Sam, Tom, and another companion dug for the treasure supposed to have been left in Hannibal by the French traders. In Life on the Mississippi Karl Ritter asked Twain to find the buried money at Napoleon, Arkansas, and to send the money to Adam Kruger. Indian Joe, in Tom Sawyer, took the pick and unearthed the box, and the men contemplated the treasure in blissful silence. In Tom Sawyer the boys were treasure-hunting under the happiest

203 VIII, p. 196.


205 XVIII, p. 230.

206 XII, p. 280.

207 VIII, p. 216.
auspices. The dwarf told Tom Canty, in *The Prince and the Pauper*, to dig on every seventh day and he would find the same treasure.

**Conclusion**

Mark Twain has repeated many more times than those listed in this paper. The writer has selected those repetitions most nearly alike and most representative of Mark Twain.

These repetitions do not detract from his subject matter and style. As a raconteur and successful lecturer, Mark Twain selected carefully ideas he found satisfying and uplifting. So skilfully did he weave these into the situation that the reader is not aware of the repetition except as a pleasing, forceful part of the whole. His works are patchwork creations, but they are judiciously chosen selections.

Since he was a champion of the oppressed, he often repeated himself in satirizing and criticizing the established church, the nobility, the rotten laws and politics, and the practices in shallow social circles. His burning desire to save man from himself led him to repeat often words of ridicule and criticism of the gullibility of man and of the vanities of the human race. These antipathies are skilfully integrated with the material at hand. All his writing is poignantly humorous; even his keenest satire is written in a humorous vein.

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208 VIII, p. 211.  
209 XI, p. 98.
From early experiences, Twain acquired a lasting love of nature and freedom, a tender sympathy for the colored race, and an intimate knowledge of folk proverbs and legends. Superstitions, closely associated with childhood interpretation of phenomenal nature, he repeated in Paladin fashion in many writings. In Hannibal, Missouri, he revelled in the pageantries representing many types of life in the nineteenth century as they moved majestically down the great Mississippi River. As an artist, Twain pictured in glowing words the beautiful, the horrible, and the ridiculous. Evil often dominated horrible experiences in this small river town. These horrible experiences Twain reproduced again in his works. Here, too, he revelled in beautiful sunsets, moons, dawns, and awful storms. These he repeated in many works as only Twain could. With a dip of the pen, he transported Hannibal, Missouri, and Quarles's farm to many locations. The same type of dirty people populate these run-down-at-the-heel villages.

He had no formal plot for his classics, Life on the Mississippi and Huckleberry Finn. Pattee says that the whole of Huckleberry Finn could be added to Life on the Mississippi without violating the laws of unity. His medium of unity for the two is the Mississippi River, the most fascinating influence in his life. His plot-structure is weak in all his prose selections. The travel element is the
medium of unity, either directly or indirectly, in all his longer prose selections. His characters move down a river, through the air in a balloon, through a country on foot or otherwise, or through life chronologically; and the experiences on the journey Twain recounts as only a raconteur artist can.

Twain liked best to write stories set in the teeming life along the Mississippi because this life especially appealed to him. He preferred young boy characters, Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. His best works are written in the first person. His first travel book, *Innocents Abroad*, ushered in a new era in travelogue literature because Twain, untrammeled by literary conventions, wrote enthusiastically what he saw. He was a master of dialect. His characters are true to life. Many say his style is tedious because of his lack of unity. Many say this lack of unity is Twain's salvation. Mark Twain's work is essentially Mark Twain, and he is essentially America.

Thus the curtain falls on one of our greatest American writers whose advent may be likened to Halley's comet as he passed in fiery glory, repeating in glowing radiance truths which grow more and more popular throughout the world as the years pass on.
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