|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well, then, the old thing commenced again. The widow rung a bell for supper, and you had to come to time. When you got to the table you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warn't really anything the matter with them, -- that is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better.     After supper she got out her book and learned me about [Moses and the Bulrushers,](http://etext.virginia.edu/images/modeng/public/Twa2Huc/twahuc3.jpg) and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by and by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no stock in dead people.     Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But she wouldn't. She said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must try to not do it any more. That is just the way with some people. They get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. Here she was a-bothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody, being gone, you see, yet finding a power of fault with me for doing a thing that had some good in it. And she took snuff, too; of course that was all right, because she done it herself. **(from Chapter One)** | So [Pap] locked me in and took the skiff, and started off towing the raft about half-past three. I judged he wouldn't come back that night. I waited till I reckoned he had got a good start; then I out with my saw, and went to work on that log again. Before he was t'other side of the river I was out of the hole; him and his raft was just a speck on the water away off yonder.     I took the sack of corn meal and took it to where the canoe was hid, and shoved the vines and branches apart and put it in; then I done the same with the side of bacon; then the whisky-jug. I took all the coffee and sugar there was, and all the ammunition; I took the wadding; I took the bucket and gourd; I took a dipper and a tin cup, and my old saw and two blankets, and the skillet and the coffee-pot. I took fish-lines and matches and other things -- everything that was worth a cent. I cleaned out the place. I wanted an axe, but there wasn't any, only the one out at the woodpile, and I knowed why I was going to leave that. I fetched out the gun, and now I was done.     I had wore the ground a good deal crawling out of the hole and dragging out so many things. So I fixed that as good as I could from the outside by scattering dust on the place, which covered up the smoothness and the sawdust. Then I fixed the piece of log back into its place, and put two rocks under it and one against it to hold it there, for it was bent up at that place and didn't quite touch ground. If you stood four or five foot away and didn't know it was sawed, you wouldn't never notice it; and besides, this was the back of the cabin, and it warn't likely anybody would go fooling around there.     It was all grass clear to the canoe, so I hadn't left a track. I followed around to see. I stood on the bank and looked out over the river. All safe. So I took the gun and went up a piece into the woods, and was hunting around for some birds when I see a wild pig; hogs soon went wild in them bottoms after they had got away from the prairie farms. I [shot this fellow](http://etext.virginia.edu/images/modeng/public/Twa2Huc/twahu51.jpg) and took him into camp.     I took the axe and smashed in the door. I beat it and hacked it considerable a-doing it. I fetched the pig in, and took him back nearly to the table and hacked into his throat with the axe, and laid him down on the ground to bleed; I say ground because it was ground -- hard packed, and no boards. Well, next I took an old sack and put a lot of big rocks in it -- all I could drag -- and I started it from the pig, and dragged it to the door and through the woods down to the river and dumped it in, and down it sunk, out of sight. You could easy see that something had been dragged over the ground. I did wish Tom Sawyer was there; I knowed he would take an interest in this kind of business, and throw in the fancy touches. Nobody could spread himself like Tom Sawyer in such a thing as that.     Well, last I pulled out some of my hair, and blooded the axe good, and stuck it on the back side, and slung the axe in the corner. Then I took up the pig and held him to my breast with my jacket (so he couldn't drip) till I got a good piece below the house and then dumped him into the river. Now I thought of something else. So I went and got the bag of meal and my old saw out of the canoe, and fetched them to the house. I took the bag to where it used to stand, and ripped a hole in the bottom of it with the saw, for there warn't no knives and forks on the place -- pap done everything with his clasp-knife about the cooking. Then I carried the sack about a hundred yards across the grass and through the willows east of the house, to a shallow lake that was five mile wide and full of rushes -- and ducks too, you might say, in the season. There was a slough or a creek leading out of it on the other side that went miles away, I don't know where, but it didn't go to the river. The meal sifted out and made a little track all the way to the lake. I dropped pap's whetstone there too, so as to look like it had been done by accident. Then I tied up the rip in the meal sack with a string, so it wouldn't leak no more, and took it and my saw to the canoe again.     It was about dark now; so I dropped the canoe down the river under some willows that hung over the bank, and waited for the moon to rise. I made fast to a willow; then I took a bite to eat, and by and by laid down in the canoe to smoke a pipe and lay out a plan. I says to myself, they'll follow the track of that sackful of rocks to the shore and then drag the river for me. And they'll follow that meal track to the lake and go browsing down the creek that leads out of it to find the robbers that killed me and took the things. They won't ever hunt the river for anything but my dead carcass. They'll soon get tired of that, and won't bother no more about me. All right; I can stop anywhere I want to. Jackson's Island is good enough for me; I know that island pretty well, and nobody ever comes there. And then I can paddle over to town nights, and slink around and pick up things I want. Jackson's Island's the place. **(from Chapter Seven)** |
| As soon as Tom was back we cut along the path, around the garden fence, and by and by fetched up on the steep top of the hill the other side of the house. Tom said he slipped Jim's hat off of his head and hung it on a limb right over him, and Jim stirred a little, but he didn't wake. Afterwards Jim said the witches bewitched him and put him in a trance, and rode him all over the State, and then set him under the trees again, and hung his hat on a limb to show who done it. And next time Jim told it he said they rode him down to New Orleans; and, after that, every time he told it he spread it more and more, till by and by he said they rode him all over the world, and tired him most to death, and his back was all over saddle-boils. Jim was monstrous proud about it, and he got so he wouldn't hardly notice the other slaves. Slaves would come miles to hear Jim tell about it, and he was more looked up to than any slave in that country. Strange slaves would stand with their mouths open and look him all over, same as if he was a wonder. Slaves is always talking about witches in the dark by the kitchen fire; but whenever one was talking and letting on to know all about such things, Jim would happen in and say, "Hm! What you know 'bout witches?" and that slave was corked up and had to take a back seat. Jim always kept that five-center piece round his neck with a string, and said it was a charm the devil give to him with his own hands, and told him he could cure anybody with it and fetch witches whenever he wanted to just by saying something to it; but he never told what it was he said to it. Slaves would come from all around there and give Jim anything they had, just for a sight of that five-center piece; but they wouldn't touch it, because the devil had had his hands on it. [Jim](http://etext.virginia.edu/images/modeng/public/Twa2Huc/twahuc11.jpg) was most ruined for a servant, because he got stuck up on account of having seen the devil and been rode by witches. **(From Chapter Two)** |
| [Pap] was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl -- a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes -- just rags, that was all. He had one ankle resting on t'other knee; the boot on that foot was busted, and two of his toes stuck through, and he worked them now and then. His hat was laying on the floor -- an old black slouch with the top caved in, like a lid.     I stood a-looking at him; he set there a-looking at me, with his chair tilted back a little. I set the candle down. I noticed the window was up; so he had clumb in by the shed. He kept a-looking me all over. By and by he says:     "Starchy clothes -- very. You think you're a good deal of a big-bug, *don't* you?"     "Maybe I am, maybe I ain't," I says.     "Don't you give me none o' your lip," says he. "You've put on considerable many frills since I been away. I'll take you down a peg before I get done with you. You're educated, too, they say -- can read and write. You think you're better'n your father, now, don't you, because he can't? *I'll* take it out of you. Who told you you might meddle with such hifalut'n foolishness, hey? -- who told you you could?"**(from Chapter Five)** |
| We spread the blankets inside for a carpet, and eat our dinner in there. We put all the other things handy at the back of the cavern.  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 tree-tops 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. **(Chapter Nine)**  "Well, this is too many for me, Jim.  I hain't seen no fog, nor no islands, nor no troubles, nor nothing.  I been setting here talking with you all night till you went to sleep about ten minutes ago, and I reckon I done the same.  You couldn't a got drunk in that time, so of course you've been dreaming."  "Dad fetch it, how is I gwyne to dream all dat in ten minutes?"  "Well, hang it all, you did dream it, because there didn't any of it happen."  "But, Huck, it's all jis' as plain to me as—"  "It don't make no difference how plain it is; there ain't nothing in it. I know, because I've been here all the time."  Jim didn't say nothing for about five minutes, but set there studying over it.  Then he says:  "Well, den, I reck'n I did dream it, Huck; but dog my cats ef it ain't de powerfullest dream I ever see.  En I hain't ever had no dream b'fo' dat's tired me like dis one."  "Oh, well, that's all right, because a dream does tire a body like everything sometimes.  But this one was a staving dream; tell me all about it, Jim."  So Jim went to work and told me the whole thing right through, just as it happened, only he painted it up considerable.  Then he said he must start in and "'terpret" it, because it was sent for a warning.  He said the first towhead stood for a man that would try to do us some good, but the current was another man that would get us away from him.  The whoops was warnings that would come to us every now and then, and if we didn't try hard to make out to understand them they'd just take us into bad luck, 'stead of keeping us out of it.  The lot of towheads was troubles we was going to get into with quarrelsome people and all kinds of mean folks, but if we minded our business and didn't talk back and aggravate them, we would pull through and get out of the fog and into the big clear river, which was the free States, and wouldn't have no more trouble.  It had clouded up pretty dark just after I got on to the raft, but it was clearing up again now.  "Oh, well, that's all interpreted well enough as far as it goes, Jim," I says; "but what does THESE things stand for?"  It was the leaves and rubbish on the raft and the smashed oar.  You could see them first-rate now.  Jim looked at the trash, and then looked at me, and back at the trash again.  He had got the dream fixed so strong in his head that he couldn't seem to shake it loose and get the facts back into its place again right away.  But when he did get the thing straightened around he looked at me steady without ever smiling, and says:  "What do dey stan' for?  I'se gwyne to tell you.  When I got all wore out wid work, en wid de callin' for you, en went to sleep, my heart wuz mos' broke bekase you wuz los', en I didn' k'yer no' mo' what become er me en de raf'.  En when I wake up en fine you back agin, all safe en soun', de tears come, en I could a got down on my knees en kiss yo' foot, I's so thankful. En all you wuz thinkin' 'bout wuz how you could make a fool uv ole Jim wid a lie.  Dat truck dah is TRASH; en trash is what people is dat puts dirt on de head er dey fren's en makes 'em ashamed."  Then he got up slow and walked to the wigwam, and went in there without saying anything but that.  But that was enough.  It made me feel so mean I could almost kissed HIS foot to get him to take it back.  It was fifteen minutes before I could work myself up to go and humble myself to a slave; but I done it, and I warn't ever sorry for it afterwards, neither.  I didn't do him no more mean tricks, and I wouldn't done that one if I'd a knowed it would make him feel that way. **(Chapter Fifteen)** | I read considerable to Jim about kings and dukes and earls and such, and how gaudy they dressed, and how much style they put on, and called each other your majesty, and your grace, and your lordship, and so on, 'stead of mister; and Jim's eyes bugged out, and he was interested.  He says:  "I didn' know dey was so many un um.  I hain't hearn 'bout none un um, skasely, but ole King Sollermun, onless you counts dem kings dat's in a pack er k'yards.  How much do a king git?"  "Get?"  I says; "why, they get a thousand dollars a month if they want it; they can have just as much as they want; everything belongs to them."  "AIN' dat gay?  En what dey got to do, Huck?"  "THEY don't do nothing!  Why, how you talk! They just set around."  "No; is dat so?"  "Of course it is.  They just set around—except, maybe, when there's a war; then they go to the war.  But other times they just lazy around; or go hawking—just hawking and sp—Sh!—d' you hear a noise?"  We skipped out and looked; but it warn't nothing but the flutter of a steamboat's wheel away down, coming around the point; so we come back.  "Yes," says I, "and other times, when things is dull, they fuss with the parlyment; and if everybody don't go just so he whacks their heads off. But mostly they hang round the harem."  "Roun' de which?"  "Harem."  "What's de harem?"  "The place where he keeps his wives.  Don't you know about the harem? Solomon had one; he had about a million wives."  "Why, yes, dat's so; I—I'd done forgot it.  A harem's a bo'd'n-house, I reck'n.  Mos' likely dey has rackety times in de nussery.  En I reck'n de wives quarrels considable; en dat 'crease de racket.  Yit dey say Sollermun de wises' man dat ever live'.  I doan' take no stock in dat. Bekase why: would a wise man want to live in de mids' er sich a blim-blammin' all de time?  No—'deed he wouldn't.  A wise man 'ud take en buil' a biler-factry; en den he could shet DOWN de biler-factry when he want to res'."  "Well, but he WAS the wisest man, anyway; because the widow she told me so, her own self."  "I doan k'yer what de widder say, he WARN'T no wise man nuther.  He had some er de dad-fetchedes' ways I ever see.  Does you know 'bout dat chile dat he 'uz gwyne to chop in two?"  "Yes, the widow told me all about it."  "WELL, den!  Warn' dat de beatenes' notion in de worl'?  You jes' take en look at it a minute.  Dah's de stump, dah—dat's one er de women; heah's you—dat's de yuther one; I's Sollermun; en dish yer dollar bill's de chile.  Bofe un you claims it.  What does I do?  Does I shin aroun' mongs' de neighbors en fine out which un you de bill DO b'long to, en han' it over to de right one, all safe en soun', de way dat anybody dat had any gumption would?  No; I take en whack de bill in TWO, en give half un it to you, en de yuther half to de yuther woman.  Dat's de way Sollermun was gwyne to do wid de chile.  Now I want to ast you:  what's de use er dat half a bill?—can't buy noth'n wid it.  En what use is a half a chile?  I wouldn' give a dern for a million un um."  "But hang it, Jim, you've clean missed the point—blame it, you've missed it a thousand mile."  "Who?  Me?  Go 'long.  Doan' talk to me 'bout yo' pints.  I reck'n I knows sense when I sees it; en dey ain' no sense in sich doin's as dat. De 'spute warn't 'bout a half a chile, de 'spute was 'bout a whole chile; en de man dat think he kin settle a 'spute 'bout a whole chile wid a half a chile doan' know enough to come in out'n de rain.  Doan' talk to me 'bout Sollermun, Huck, I knows him by de back." **(Chapter Fourteen)** |
| It was a mighty nice family, and a mighty nice house, too.  I hadn't seen no house out in the country before that was so nice and had so much style.  It didn't have an iron latch on the front door, nor a wooden one with a buckskin string, but a brass knob to turn, the same as houses in town. There warn't no bed in the parlor, nor a sign of a bed; but heaps of parlors in towns has beds in them.  There was a big fireplace that was bricked on the bottom, and the bricks was kept clean and red by pouring water on them and scrubbing them with another brick; sometimes they wash them over with red water-paint that they call Spanish-brown, same as they do in town.  They had big brass dog-irons that could hold up a saw-log. There was a clock on the middle of the mantelpiece, with a picture of a town painted on the bottom half of the glass front, and a round place in the middle of it for the sun, and you could see the pendulum swinging behind it.  It was beautiful to hear that clock tick; and sometimes when one of these peddlers had been along and scoured her up and got her in good shape, she would start in and strike a hundred and fifty before she got tuckered out.  They wouldn't took any money for her.  Well, there was a big outlandish parrot on each side of the clock, made out of something like chalk, and painted up gaudy.  By one of the parrots was a cat made of crockery, and a crockery dog by the other; and when you pressed down on them they squeaked, but didn't open their mouths nor look different nor interested.  They squeaked through underneath.  There was a couple of big wild-turkey-wing fans spread out behind those things.  On the table in the middle of the room was a kind of a lovely crockery basket that had apples and oranges and peaches and grapes piled up in it, which was much redder and yellower and prettier than real ones is, but they warn't real because you could see where pieces had got chipped off and showed the white chalk, or whatever it was, underneath.  This table had a cover made out of beautiful oilcloth, with a red and blue spread-eagle painted on it, and a painted border all around.  It come all the way from Philadelphia, they said.  There was some books, too, piled up perfectly exact, on each corner of the table.  One was a big family Bible full of pictures.  One was Pilgrim's Progress, about a man that left his family, it didn't say why.  I read considerable in it now and then.  The statements was interesting, but tough.  Another was Friendship's Offering, full of beautiful stuff and poetry; but I didn't read the poetry.  Another was Henry Clay's Speeches, and another was Dr. Gunn's Family Medicine, which told you all about what to do if a body was sick or dead.  There was a hymn book, and a lot of other books.  And there was nice split-bottom chairs, and perfectly sound, too—not bagged down in the middle and busted, like an old basket.  They had pictures hung on the walls—mainly Washingtons and Lafayettes, and battles, and Highland Marys, and one called "Signing the Declaration." There was some that they called crayons, which one of the daughters which was dead made her own self when she was only fifteen years old.  They was different from any pictures I ever see before—blacker, mostly, than is common.  One was a woman in a slim black dress, belted small under the armpits, with bulges like a cabbage in the middle of the sleeves, and a large black scoop-shovel bonnet with a black veil, and white slim ankles crossed about with black tape, and very wee black slippers, like a chisel, and she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow, under a weeping willow, and her other hand hanging down her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule, and underneath the picture it said "Shall I Never See Thee More Alas."  Another one was a young lady with her hair all combed up straight to the top of her head, and knotted there in front of a comb like a chair-back, and she was crying into a handkerchief and had a dead bird laying on its back in her other hand with its heels up, and underneath the picture it said "I Shall Never Hear Thy Sweet Chirrup More Alas."  There was one where a young lady was at a window looking up at the moon, and tears running down her cheeks; and she had an open letter in one hand with black sealing wax showing on one edge of it, and she was mashing a locket with a chain to it against her mouth, and underneath the picture it said "And Art Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas."  These was all nice pictures, I reckon, but I didn't somehow seem to take to them, because if ever I was down a little they always give me the fan-tods.  Everybody was sorry she died, because she had laid out a lot more of these pictures to do, and a body could see by what she had done what they had lost.  But I reckoned that with her disposition she was having a better time in the graveyard. **(Chapter Seventeen)** | THEY swarmed up towards Sherburn's house, a-whooping and raging like Injuns, and everything had to clear the way or get run over and tromped to mush, and it was awful to see.  Children was heeling it ahead of the mob, screaming and trying to get out of the way; and every window along the road was full of women's heads, and there was slave boys in every tree, and bucks and wenches looking over every fence; and as soon as the mob would get nearly to them they would break and skaddle back out of reach.  Lots of the women and girls was crying and taking on, scared most to death.  They swarmed up in front of Sherburn's palings as thick as they could jam together, and you couldn't hear yourself think for the noise.  It was a little twenty-foot yard.  Some sung out "Tear down the fence! tear down the fence!"  Then there was a racket of ripping and tearing and smashing, and down she goes, and the front wall of the crowd begins to roll in like a wave.  Just then Sherburn steps out on to the roof of his little front porch, with a double-barrel gun in his hand, and takes his stand, perfectly ca'm and deliberate, not saying a word.  The racket stopped, and the wave sucked back.  Sherburn never said a word—just stood there, looking down.  The stillness was awful creepy and uncomfortable.  Sherburn run his eye slow along the crowd; and wherever it struck the people tried a little to out-gaze him, but they couldn't; they dropped their eyes and looked sneaky. Then pretty soon Sherburn sort of laughed; not the pleasant kind, but the kind that makes you feel like when you are eating bread that's got sand in it.  Then he says, slow and scornful:  "The idea of YOU lynching anybody!  It's amusing.  The idea of you thinking you had pluck enough to lynch a MAN!  Because you're brave enough to tar and feather poor friendless cast-out women that come along here, did that make you think you had grit enough to lay your hands on a MAN?  Why, a MAN'S safe in the hands of ten thousand of your kind—as long as it's daytime and you're not behind him.  "Do I know you?  I know you clear through was born and raised in the South, and I've lived in the North; so I know the average all around. The average man's a coward.  In the North he lets anybody walk over him that wants to, and goes home and prays for a humble spirit to bear it. In the South one man all by himself, has stopped a stage full of men in the daytime, and robbed the lot.  Your newspapers call you a brave people so much that you think you are braver than any other people—whereas you're just AS brave, and no braver.  Why don't your juries hang murderers?  Because they're afraid the man's friends will shoot them in the back, in the dark—and it's just what they WOULD do.  "So they always acquit; and then a MAN goes in the night, with a hundred masked cowards at his back and lynches the rascal.  Your mistake is, that you didn't bring a man with you; that's one mistake, and the other is that you didn't come in the dark and fetch your masks.  You brought PART of a man—Buck Harkness, there—and if you hadn't had him to start you, you'd a taken it out in blowing.  "You didn't want to come.  The average man don't like trouble and danger. YOU don't like trouble and danger.  But if only HALF a man—like Buck Harkness, there—shouts 'Lynch him! lynch him!' you're afraid to back down—afraid you'll be found out to be what you are—COWARDS—and so you raise a yell, and hang yourselves on to that half-a-man's coat-tail, and come raging up here, swearing what big things you're going to do. The pitifulest thing out is a mob; that's what an army is—a mob; they don't fight with courage that's born in them, but with courage that's borrowed from their mass, and from their officers.  But a mob without any MAN at the head of it is BENEATH pitifulness.  Now the thing for YOU to do is to droop your tails and go home and crawl in a hole.  If any real lynching's going to be done it will be done in the dark, Southern fashion; and when they come they'll bring their masks, and fetch a MAN along.  Now LEAVE—and take your half-a-man with you"—tossing his gun up across his left arm and cocking it when he says this.  The crowd washed back sudden, and then broke all apart, and went tearing off every which way, and Buck Harkness he heeled it after them, looking tolerable cheap.  I could a stayed if I wanted to, but I didn't want to. **(Chapter Twenty-Two)** |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Them rapscallions took in four hundred and sixty-five dollars in that three nights.  I never see money hauled in by the wagon-load like that before.  By and by, when they was asleep and snoring, Jim says:  "Don't it s'prise you de way dem kings carries on, Huck?"  "No," I says, "it don't."  "Why don't it, Huck?"  "Well, it don't, because it's in the breed.  I reckon they're all alike,"  "But, Huck, dese kings o' ourn is reglar rapscallions; dat's jist what dey is; dey's reglar rapscallions."  "Well, that's what I'm a-saying; all kings is mostly rapscallions, as fur as I can make out."  "Is dat so?"  "You read about them once—you'll see.  Look at Henry the Eight; this 'n 's a Sunday-school Superintendent to HIM.  And look at Charles Second, and Louis Fourteen, and Louis Fifteen, and James Second, and Edward Second, and Richard Third, and forty more; besides all them Saxon heptarchies that used to rip around so in old times and raise Cain.  My, you ought to seen old Henry the Eight when he was in bloom.  He WAS a blossom.  He used to marry a new wife every day, and chop off her head next morning.  And he would do it just as indifferent as if he was ordering up eggs.  'Fetch up Nell Gwynn,' he says.  They fetch her up. Next morning, 'Chop off her head!'  And they chop it off.  'Fetch up Jane Shore,' he says; and up she comes, Next morning, 'Chop off her head'—and they chop it off.  'Ring up Fair Rosamun.'  Fair Rosamun answers the bell.  Next morning, 'Chop off her head.'  And he made every one of them tell him a tale every night; and he kept that up till he had hogged a thousand and one tales that way, and then he put them all in a book, and called it Domesday Book—which was a good name and stated the case.  You don't know kings, Jim, but I know them; and this old rip of ourn is one of the cleanest I've struck in history.  Well, Henry he takes a notion he wants to get up some trouble with this country. How does he go at it—give notice?—give the country a show?  No.  All of a sudden he heaves all the tea in Boston Harbor overboard, and whacks out a declaration of independence, and dares them to come on.  That was HIS style—he never give anybody a chance.  He had suspicions of his father, the Duke of Wellington.  Well, what did he do?  Ask him to show up?  No—drownded him in a butt of mamsey, like a cat.  S'pose people left money laying around where he was—what did he do?  He collared it.  S'pose he contracted to do a thing, and you paid him, and didn't set down there and see that he done it—what did he do?  He always done the other thing. S'pose he opened his mouth—what then?  If he didn't shut it up powerful quick he'd lose a lie every time.  That's the kind of a bug Henry was; and if we'd a had him along 'stead of our kings he'd a fooled that town a heap worse than ourn done.  I don't say that ourn is lambs, because they ain't, when you come right down to the cold facts; but they ain't nothing to THAT old ram, anyway.  All I say is, kings is kings, and you got to make allowances.  Take them all around, they're a mighty ornery lot. It's the way they're raised."  …  "What makes me feel so bad dis time 'uz bekase I hear sumpn over yonder on de bank like a whack, er a slam, while ago, en it mine me er de time I treat my little 'Lizabeth so ornery.  She warn't on'y 'bout fo' year ole, en she tuck de sk'yarlet fever, en had a powful rough spell; but she got well, en one day she was a-stannin' aroun', en I says to her, I says:  "'Shet de do'.'  "She never done it; jis' stood dah, kiner smilin' up at me.  It make me mad; en I says agin, mighty loud, I says:  "'Doan' you hear me?  Shet de do'!'  "She jis stood de same way, kiner smilin' up.  I was a-bilin'!  I says:  "'I lay I MAKE you mine!'  "En wid dat I fetch' her a slap side de head dat sont her a-sprawlin'. Den I went into de yuther room, en 'uz gone 'bout ten minutes; en when I come back dah was dat do' a-stannin' open YIT, en dat chile stannin' mos' right in it, a-lookin' down and mournin', en de tears runnin' down.  My, but I WUZ mad!  I was a-gwyne for de chile, but jis' den—it was a do' dat open innerds—jis' den, 'long come de wind en slam it to, behine de chile, ker-BLAM!—en my lan', de chile never move'!  My breff mos' hop outer me; en I feel so—so—I doan' know HOW I feel.  I crope out, all a-tremblin', en crope aroun' en open de do' easy en slow, en poke my head in behine de chile, sof' en still, en all uv a sudden I says POW! jis' as loud as I could yell.  SHE NEVER BUDGE!  Oh, Huck, I bust out a-cryin' en grab her up in my arms, en say, 'Oh, de po' little thing!  De Lord God Amighty fogive po' ole Jim, kaze he never gwyne to fogive hisself as long's he live!'  Oh, she was plumb deef en dumb, Huck, plumb deef en dumb—en I'd ben a-treat'n her so!" **(Chapter Twenty-Three)** | "You DEAR good souls!—how LOVELY!—how COULD you!"  Well, then, pretty soon all hands got to talking about the diseased again, and how good he was, and what a loss he was, and all that; and before long a big iron-jawed man worked himself in there from outside, and stood a-listening and looking, and not saying anything; and nobody saying anything to him either, because the king was talking and they was all busy listening.  The king was saying—in the middle of something he'd started in on—  "—they bein' partickler friends o' the diseased.  That's why they're invited here this evenin'; but tomorrow we want ALL to come—everybody; for he respected everybody, he liked everybody, and so it's fitten that his funeral orgies sh'd be public."  And so he went a-mooning on and on, liking to hear himself talk, and every little while he fetched in his funeral orgies again, till the duke he couldn't stand it no more; so he writes on a little scrap of paper, "OBSEQUIES, you old fool," and folds it up, and goes to goo-gooing and reaching it over people's heads to him.  The king he reads it and puts it in his pocket, and says:  "Poor William, afflicted as he is, his HEART'S aluz right.  Asks me to invite everybody to come to the funeral—wants me to make 'em all welcome.  But he needn't a worried—it was jest what I was at."  Then he weaves along again, perfectly ca'm, and goes to dropping in his funeral orgies again every now and then, just like he done before.  And when he done it the third time he says:  "I say orgies, not because it's the common term, because it ain't—obsequies bein' the common term—but because orgies is the right term. Obsequies ain't used in England no more now—it's gone out.  We say orgies now in England.  Orgies is better, because it means the thing you're after more exact.  It's a word that's made up out'n the Greek ORGO, outside, open, abroad; and the Hebrew JEESUM, to plant, cover up; hence inTER.  So, you see, funeral orgies is an open er public funeral."  He was the WORST I ever struck.  Well, the iron-jawed man he laughed right in his face.  Everybody was shocked.  Everybody says, "Why, DOCTOR!" and Abner Shackleford says:  "Why, Robinson, hain't you heard the news?  This is Harvey Wilks."  The king he smiled eager, and shoved out his flapper, and says:  "Is it my poor brother's dear good friend and physician?  I—"  "Keep your hands off of me!" says the doctor.  "YOU talk like an Englishman, DON'T you?  It's the worst imitation I ever heard.  YOU Peter Wilks's brother!  You're a fraud, that's what you are!" **(Chapter Twenty-Five)**  "Was you in there yisterday er last night?"  "No, your majesty."  "Honor bright, now—no lies."  "Honor bright, your majesty, I'm telling you the truth.  I hain't been a-near your room since Miss Mary Jane took you and the duke and showed it to you."  The duke says:  "Have you seen anybody else go in there?"  "No, your grace, not as I remember, I believe."  "Stop and think."  I studied awhile and see my chance; then I says:  "Well, I see the slaves go in there several times."  Both of them gave a little jump, and looked like they hadn't ever expected it, and then like they HAD.  Then the duke says:  "What, all of them?"  "No—leastways, not all at once—that is, I don't think I ever see them all come OUT at once but just one time."  "Hello!  When was that?"  "It was the day we had the funeral.  In the morning.  It warn't early, because I overslept.  I was just starting down the ladder, and I see them."  "Well, go on, GO on!  What did they do?  How'd they act?"  "They didn't do nothing.  And they didn't act anyway much, as fur as I see. They tiptoed away; so I seen, easy enough, that they'd shoved in there to do up your majesty's room, or something, s'posing you was up; and found you WARN'T up, and so they was hoping to slide out of the way of trouble without waking you up, if they hadn't already waked you up."  "Great guns, THIS is a go!" says the king; and both of them looked pretty sick and tolerable silly. **(Chapter Twenty-Seven)** |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| I went to the raft, and set down in the wigwam to think.  But I couldn't come to nothing.  I thought till I wore my head sore, but I couldn't see no way out of the trouble.  After all this long journey, and after all we'd done for them scoundrels, here it was all come to nothing, everything all busted up and ruined, because they could have the heart to serve Jim such a trick as that, and make him a slave again all his life, and amongst strangers, too, for forty dirty dollars.  Once I said to myself it would be a thousand times better for Jim to be a slave at home where his family was, as long as he'd GOT to be a slave, and so I'd better write a letter to Tom Sawyer and tell him to tell Miss Watson where he was.  But I soon give up that notion for two things: she'd be mad and disgusted at his rascality and ungratefulness for leaving her, and so she'd sell him straight down the river again; and if she didn't, everybody naturally despises an ungrateful slave, and they'd make Jim feel it all the time, and so he'd feel ornery and disgraced. And then think of ME!  It would get all around that Huck Finn helped a slave to get his freedom; and if I was ever to see anybody from that town again I'd be ready to get down and lick his boots for shame.  That's just the way:  a person does a low-down thing, and then he don't want to take no consequences of it. Thinks as long as he can hide it, it ain't no disgrace.  That was my fix exactly. The more I studied about this the more my conscience went to grinding me, and the more wicked and low-down and ornery I got to feeling. And at last, when it hit me all of a sudden that here was the plain hand of Providence slapping me in the face and letting me know my wickedness was being watched all the time from up there in heaven, whilst I was stealing a poor old woman's slave that hadn't ever done me no harm, and now was showing me there's One that's always on the lookout, and ain't a-going to allow no such miserable doings to go only just so fur and no further, I most dropped in my tracks I was so scared.  Well, I tried the best I could to kinder soften it up somehow for myself by saying I was brung up wicked, and so I warn't so much to blame; but something inside of me kept saying, "There was the Sunday-school, you could a gone to it; and if you'd a done it they'd a learnt you there that people that acts as I'd been acting about that slave goes to everlasting fire."  It made me shiver.  And I about made up my mind to pray, and see if I couldn't try to quit being the kind of a boy I was and be better.  So I kneeled down.  But the words wouldn't come.  Why wouldn't they?  It warn't no use to try and hide it from Him.  Nor from ME, neither.  I knowed very well why they wouldn't come.  It was because my heart warn't right; it was because I warn't square; it was because I was playing double.  I was letting ON to give up sin, but away inside of me I was holding on to the biggest one of all.  I was trying to make my mouth SAY I would do the right thing and the clean thing, and go and write to that slave's owner and tell where he was; but deep down in me I knowed it was a lie, and He knowed it.  You can't pray a lie—I found that out.  So I was full of trouble, full as I could be; and didn't know what to do. At last I had an idea; and I says, I'll go and write the letter—and then see if I can pray.  Why, it was astonishing, the way I felt as light as a feather right straight off, and my troubles all gone.  So I got a piece of paper and a pencil, all glad and excited, and set down and wrote:  Miss Watson, your runaway slave Jim is down here two mile below Pikesville, and Mr. Phelps has got him and he will give him up for the reward if you send.  HUCK FINN.  I felt good and all washed clean of sin for the first time I had ever felt so in my life, and I knowed I could pray now.  But I didn't do it straight off, but laid the paper down and set there thinking—thinking how good it was all this happened so, and how near I come to being lost and going to hell.  And went on thinking.  And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me all the time:  in the day and in the night-time, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a-floating along, talking and singing and laughing.  But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind.  I'd see him standing my watch on top of his'n, 'stead of calling me, so I could go on sleeping; and see him how glad he was when I come back out of the fog; and when I come to him again in the swamp, up there where the feud was; and such-like times; and would always call me honey, and pet me and do everything he could think of for me, and how good he always was; and at last I struck the time I saved him by telling the men we had small-pox aboard, and he was so grateful, and said I was the best friend old Jim ever had in the world, and the ONLY one he's got now; and then I happened to look around and see that paper.  It was a close place.  I took it up, and held it in my hand.  I was a-trembling, because I'd got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it.  I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:  "All right, then, I'll GO to hell"—and tore it up. **(Chapter Thirty-One)** | And here comes the white woman running from the house, about forty-five or fifty year old, bareheaded, and her spinning-stick in her hand; and behind her comes her little white children, acting the same way the little slaves was doing.  She was smiling all over so she could hardly stand—and says:  "It's YOU, at last!—AIN'T it?"  I out with a "Yes'm" before I thought.  She grabbed me and hugged me tight; and then gripped me by both hands and shook and shook; and the tears come in her eyes, and run down over; and she couldn't seem to hug and shake enough, and kept saying, "You don't look as much like your mother as I reckoned you would; but law sakes, I don't care for that, I'm so glad to see you!  Dear, dear, it does seem like I could eat you up!  Children, it's your cousin Tom!—tell him howdy."  But they ducked their heads, and put their fingers in their mouths, and hid behind her.  So she run on:  "Lize, hurry up and get him a hot breakfast right away—or did you get your breakfast on the boat?"  I said I had got it on the boat.  So then she started for the house, leading me by the hand, and the children tagging after.  When we got there she set me down in a split-bottomed chair, and set herself down on a little low stool in front of me, holding both of my hands, and says:  "Now I can have a GOOD look at you; and, laws-a-me, I've been hungry for it a many and a many a time, all these long years, and it's come at last! We been expecting you a couple of days and more.  What kep' you?—boat get aground?"  "Yes'm—she—"  "Don't say yes'm—say Aunt Sally.  Where'd she get aground?"  I didn't rightly know what to say, because I didn't know whether the boat would be coming up the river or down.  But I go a good deal on instinct; and my instinct said she would be coming up—from down towards Orleans. That didn't help me much, though; for I didn't know the names of bars down that way.  I see I'd got to invent a bar, or forget the name of the one we got aground on—or—Now I struck an idea, and fetched it out:  "It warn't the grounding—that didn't keep us back but a little.  We blowed out a cylinder-head."  "Good gracious! anybody hurt?"  "No'm.  Killed a slave." **(Chapter Thirty-Two)**  On the road Tom he told me all about how it was reckoned I was murdered, and how pap disappeared pretty soon, and didn't come back no more, and what a stir there was when Jim run away; and I told Tom all about our Royal Nonesuch rapscallions, and as much of the raft voyage as I had time to; and as we struck into the town and up through the the middle of it--it was as much as half-after eight, then—here comes a raging rush of people with torches, and an awful whooping and yelling, and banging tin pans and blowing horns; and we jumped to one side to let them go by; and as they went by I see they had the king and the duke astraddle of a rail—that is, I knowed it WAS the king and the duke, though they was all over tar and feathers, and didn't look like nothing in the world that was human—just looked like a couple of monstrous big soldier-plumes.  Well, it made me sick to see it; and I was sorry for them poor pitiful rascals, it seemed like I couldn't ever feel any hardness against them any more in the world.  It was a dreadful thing to see.  Human beings CAN be awful cruel to one another. **(Chapter Thirty-Three)**  http://208.131.154.32/~douglas2/wp-content/uploads/2011/02/jim-coat-arms1.jpg |
| MAKING them pens was a distressid tough job, and so was the saw; and Jim allowed the inscription was going to be the toughest of all.  That's the one which the prisoner has to scrabble on the wall.  But he had to have it; Tom said he'd GOT to; there warn't no case of a state prisoner not scrabbling his inscription to leave behind, and his coat of arms.  "Look at Lady Jane Grey," he says; "look at Gilford Dudley; look at old Northumberland!  Why, Huck, s'pose it IS considerble trouble?—what you going to do?—how you going to get around it?  Jim's GOT to do his inscription and coat of arms.  They all do."  Jim says:  "Why, Mars Tom, I hain't got no coat o' arm; I hain't got nuffn but dish yer ole shirt, en you knows I got to keep de journal on dat."  "Oh, you don't understand, Jim; a coat of arms is very different."  "Well," I says, "Jim's right, anyway, when he says he ain't got no coat of arms, because he hain't."  "I reckon I knowed that," Tom says, "but you bet he'll have one before he goes out of this—because he's going out RIGHT, and there ain't going to be no flaws in his record."  So whilst me and Jim filed away at the pens on a brickbat apiece, Jim a- making his'n out of the brass and I making mine out of the spoon, Tom set to work to think out the coat of arms.  By and by he said he'd struck so many good ones he didn't hardly know which to take, but there was one which he reckoned he'd decide on.  He says:  "On the scutcheon we'll have a bend OR in the dexter base, a saltire MURREY in the fess, with a dog, couchant, for common charge, and under his foot a chain embattled, for slavery, with a chevron VERT in a chief engrailed, and three invected lines on a field AZURE, with the nombril points rampant on a dancette indented; crest, a runaway slave, SABLE, with his bundle over his shoulder on a bar sinister; and a couple of gules for supporters, which is you and me; motto, MAGGIORE FRETTA, MINORE OTTO.  Got it out of a book—means the more haste the less speed."  "Geewhillikins," I says, "but what does the rest of it mean?"  "We ain't got no time to bother over that," he says; "we got to dig in like all git-out."  "Well, anyway," I says, "what's SOME of it?  What's a fess?"  "A fess—a fess is—YOU don't need to know what a fess is.  I'll show him how to make it when he gets to it."  "Shucks, Tom," I says, "I think you might tell a person.  What's a bar sinister?"  "Oh, I don't know.  But he's got to have it.  All the nobility does."  That was just his way.  If it didn't suit him to explain a thing to you, he wouldn't do it.  You might pump at him a week, it wouldn't make no difference.  He'd got all that coat of arms business fixed, so now he started in to finish up the rest of that part of the work, which was to plan out a mournful inscription—said Jim got to have one, like they all done.  He made up a lot, and wrote them out on a paper, and read them off, so:  1.  Here a captive heart busted. 2.  Here a poor prisoner, forsook by the world and friends, fretted his sorrowful life. 3.  Here a lonely heart broke, and a worn spirit went to its rest, after thirty-seven years of solitary captivity. 4.  Here, homeless and friendless, after thirty-seven years of bitter captivity, perished a noble stranger, natural son of Louis XIV.  Tom's voice trembled whilst he was reading them, and he most broke down. When he got done he couldn't no way make up his mind which one for Jim to scrabble on to the wall, they was all so good; but at last he allowed he would let him scrabble them all on.  Jim said it would take him a year to scrabble such a lot of truck on to the logs with a nail, and he didn't know how to make letters, besides; but Tom said he would block them out for him, and then he wouldn't have nothing to do but just follow the lines. **(Chapter Thirty-Eight)** | So here they come, full tilt.  We could hear them because they wore boots and yelled, but we didn't wear no boots and didn't yell.  We was in the path to the mill; and when they got pretty close on to us we dodged into the bush and let them go by, and then dropped in behind them.  They'd had all the dogs shut up, so they wouldn't scare off the robbers; but by this time somebody had let them loose, and here they come, making powwow enough for a million; but they was our dogs; so we stopped in our tracks till they catched up; and when they see it warn't nobody but us, and no excitement to offer them, they only just said howdy, and tore right ahead towards the shouting and clattering; and then we up-steam again, and whizzed along after them till we was nearly to the mill, and then struck up through the bush to where my canoe was tied, and hopped in and pulled for dear life towards the middle of the river, but didn't make no more noise than we was obleeged to. Then we struck out, easy and comfortable, for the island where my raft was; and we could hear them yelling and barking at each other all up and down the bank, till we was so far away the sounds got dim and died out.  And when we stepped on to the raft I says:  "NOW, old Jim, you're a free man again, and I bet you won't ever be a slave no more."  "En a mighty good job it wuz, too, Huck.  It 'uz planned beautiful, en it 'uz done beautiful; en dey ain't NOBODY kin git up a plan dat's mo' mixed-up en splendid den what dat one wuz."  We was all glad as we could be, but Tom was the gladdest of all because he had a bullet in the calf of his leg.  When me and Jim heard that we didn't feel so brash as what we did before. It was hurting him considerable, and bleeding; so we laid him in the wigwam and tore up one of the duke's shirts for to bandage him, but he says:  "Gimme the rags; I can do it myself.  Don't stop now; don't fool around here, and the evasion booming along so handsome; man the sweeps, and set her loose!  Boys, we done it elegant!—'deed we did.  I wish WE'D a had the handling of Louis XVI., there wouldn't a been no 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!' wrote down in HIS biography; no, sir, we'd a whooped him over the BORDER—that's what we'd a done with HIM—and done it just as slick as nothing at all, too.  Man the sweeps—man the sweeps!"  But me and Jim was consulting—and thinking.  And after we'd thought a minute, I says:  "Say it, Jim."  So he says:  "Well, den, dis is de way it look to me, Huck.  Ef it wuz HIM dat 'uz bein' sot free, en one er de boys wuz to git shot, would he say, 'Go on en save me, nemmine 'bout a doctor f'r to save dis one?'  Is dat like Mars Tom Sawyer?  Would he say dat?  You BET he wouldn't!  WELL, den, is JIM gywne to say it?  No, sah—I doan' budge a step out'n dis place 'dout a DOCTOR, not if it's forty year!"  I knowed he was white inside, and I reckoned he'd say what he did say—so it was all right now, and I told Tom I was a-going for a doctor.  He raised considerable row about it, but me and Jim stuck to it and wouldn't budge; so he was for crawling out and setting the raft loose himself; but we wouldn't let him.  Then he give us a piece of his mind, but it didn't do no good. **(Chapter Forty)**  "No, he hain't," Tom says; "it's all there yet—six thousand dollars and more; and your pap hain't ever been back since.  Hadn't when I come away, anyhow."  Jim says, kind of solemn:  "He ain't a-comin' back no mo', Huck."  I says:  "Why, Jim?"  "Nemmine why, Huck—but he ain't comin' back no mo."  But I kept at him; so at last he says:  "Doan' you 'member de house dat was float'n down de river, en dey wuz a man in dah, kivered up, en I went in en unkivered him and didn' let you come in?  Well, den, you kin git yo' money when you wants it, kase dat wuz him."  Tom's most well now, and got his bullet around his neck on a watch-guard for a watch, and is always seeing what time it is, and so there ain't nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't a tackled it, and ain't a-going to no more.  But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can't stand it.  I been there before.  THE END. YOURS TRULY, HUCK FINN. **(Chapter “The Last”)** |

**Socratic irony** is the feigning of ignorance in order to gain advantage from it (for example, playing the fool). The terms itself comes from the philosopher Socrates (thus "Socratic" Irony) who would pose questions and conundrums from an apparent position of innocence and ignorance in order to provoke his audience. It is very much a type of disguise put on by someone who will pretend not to know the subject at hand. Socractic Irony was employed not specifically to amuse, but certainly those around who are aware that the ignorance is false, would certainly find it humorous to see others engaging in lost causes. Socrates himself used this form of irony to peaceably discuss matters, often philosophical, not to embarrass his opponents but to promote a deeper and unbiased level of understanding. He saw himself as a midwife for the ideas of young men, and like a midwife to the pregnant woman, the pain and discomfort of learning something new can only be felt by the learner, not by the teacher who merely guides the learner.

A recent use of Socratic Irony can be seen in the work of actors like Sacha Baron Cohen or Stephen Colbert.

Above definition borrowed from <http://www.isitironic.com/definition-literary-irony.htm>

**Satire**--Literary art of diminishing a subject by making it ridiculous and evoking toward it attitudes of amusement, contempt, scorn or indignation.  Takes its form from the genre it spoofs.

**Horatian satire**--After the Roman satirist Horace:  Satire in which the voice is indulgent, tolerant, amused, and witty.  The speaker holds up to gentle ridicule the absurdities and follies of human beings, aiming at producing in the reader not the anger of a Juvenal, but a wry smile.

**Juvenalian satire**--After the Roman satirist Juvenal:  Formal satire in which the speaker attacks vice and error with contempt and indignation. Juvenalian satire in its realism and its harshness is in strong contrast to Horatian satire.

Above definitions borrowed from <http://www.nku.edu/~rkdrury/422/satire_terms.html>

**The “N” Word**

Also spelled “niggar,” it is a word that is an alteration of the earlier neger, the word derives from the French negre, from the Spanish and Portuguese for negro, from the Latin niger (black). First recorded in 1587 (as negar), the word probably originated with the dialectal pronunciation of negro in northern England and Ireland.  
--*Anti-Bias Study Guide,* Anti-Defamation League, 1998

In the United States, the “n” word was first regarded as pejorative (negative) in the early nineteenth century. In the era of enslavement, the “n” word or "black" were inserted in front of a common American first name (e.g., John), given to a slave to distinguish the slave from any local white person with the same name. While usage of the word in African American culture is complex in that it can be used affectionately, politically, or pejoratively, the epithet is considered an abusive slur when used by white people. **Langston Hughes** in *The Big Sea* (New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 1940) offered an eloquent commentary:

*Used rightly or wrongly, ironically or seriously, of necessity for the sake of realism, or impishly for the sake of comedy, it doesn't matter. Negroes do not like it in any book or play whatsoever, be the book or play ever so sympathetic in its treatment of the basic problems of the race. Even though the book or play is written by a Negro, they still do not like it. The word nigger, you see, sums up for us who are colored all the bitter years of insult and struggle in America. The word has gained more acceptance in recent years in youth culture through song lyrics and stand-up comedy. Some claim that the word can be defused through reclaiming it. However, most adults continue to view the word as offensive and harmful.*

Above passages borrowed & modified from <http://www.pbs.org>

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| *Caricatures, Vaudeville, and the Minstrel Show Traditions*  Caricature: An exaggeration by means of often ludicrous distortion of parts or characteristics.  Vaudeville: a light often comic theatrical piece frequently combining pantomime, dialogue, dancing, and song. A type of variety show that increased in popularity following the Civil War and remained popular through the first half of the last century. Acts in the variety show often depicted African Americans in stereotypical, caricatured ways to entertain white audiences. Frequently, the actors performing the roles of African Americans were whites in black face. | [http://t1.gstatic.com/images?q=tbn:ANd9GcSfXNbhygfcy8RKJigK-U2_XXilUxPnV3-39PGr3qTMFMzhk5-f](http://www.google.com/imgres?q=huckleberry+finn+jim+book&num=10&hl=en&tbo=d&biw=1440&bih=719&tbm=isch&tbnid=8q7NlPx1SgyIQM:&imgrefurl=http://simplybecauseitis.blogspot.com/2011/01/huck-finnrevised.html&docid=P-cSGKkjgnIHrM&imgurl=http://2.bp.blogspot.com/_5wkMFMMQMAc/TSSUB6EIoJI/AAAAAAAADVk/5__YARSsNLo/s1600/jim.jpg&w=303&h=557&ei=HhC2UKrFJoji8gTYt4HoCA&zoom=1&iact=hc&vpx=204&vpy=109&dur=203&hovh=305&hovw=165&tx=99&ty=152&sig=114549044430036365628&page=1&tbnh=168&tbnw=93&start=0&ndsp=23&ved=1t:429,r:1,s:0,i:92) | http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/0/0e/Jim_and_ghost_huck_finn.jpg |
| [http://t2.gstatic.com/images?q=tbn:ANd9GcTM8Q9OnBI1TYdtPWvp3C5K8k9_VHqgGL7zLYnUwfZ_kJAWe0r1Wg](http://www.google.com/imgres?q=huckleberry+finn+jim+holding+hat&start=92&hl=en&tbo=d&biw=1440&bih=719&tbm=isch&tbnid=lskqIsPgYg4cBM:&imgrefurl=http://www.booki.cc/adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/huckleberry-finn/&docid=or1WUoerLa1f6M&itg=1&imgurl=http://www.booki.cc/adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/huckleberry-finn/static/@public@vhost@g@gutenberg@html@files@76@76-h@images@c12-101.jpg&w=448&h=349&ei=uhC2UJy2C4f29gSj8IGACQ&zoom=1&iact=hc&vpx=2&vpy=403&dur=797&hovh=198&hovw=254&tx=123&ty=126&sig=114549044430036365628&page=4&tbnh=161&tbnw=213&ndsp=32&ved=1t:429,r:8,s:92,i:31) | | The Story Behind the Illustrations  Mark Twain chose E.W. Kemble, an inexperienced young illustrator, to visualize *Huckleberry Finn.* Twain had been searching the comics for an illustrator before coming upon a comic Kemble illustration in *Life*, the "style and spirit" of which amused him, recounted Albert B. Paine in his Twain biography. (*Mark Twain: A Biography,* NY: Harpers 1912).  Twain paid Kemble $1,200 and pushed him hard; he disliked the first batch of drawings, complaining to publisher Charles L. Webster that Huck was "a trifle more Irishy than necessary" and that the style was sloppy. (These letters were published in *Mark Twain, Business Man,* Samuel Charles Webster, ed., Boston: Little Brown 1946).  "The pictures will *do*--they will just barely do--& that is the best I can say for them," Twain wrote. He urged Webster to "punch him up to improve more." Soon Twain was happier: Of a later batch, he wrote Webster, "I *knew* Kemble had it *in* him, if he would only modify his violences & come down to careful, pains-taking work. This batch of pictures is most rattling good. They please me exceedingly." He continued to ask for revisions, however, and told Webster to kill one of the drawings: "the lecherous old rascal kissing the girl at the campmeeting. It is powerful good, but it mustn't go in."  Twain got irritated when Kemble misunderstood the text. The illustrator assumed that the wrecked steamboat in Chapter 13 was named "Texas," a word used in the text to describe a portion of the boat. Webster's New World Dictionary defines "texas" as the "name given to officers' quarters on Mississippi steamboats because they were the largest cabins."  From <http://etext.virginia.edu/twain/twaillus1.html> |

**The Minstrel Show** presents us with a strange, fascinating and awful phenomenon. Minstrel shows emerged from preindustrial European traditions of masking and carnival. But in the US they began in the 1830s, with working class white men dressing up as plantation slaves. These men imitated black musical and dance forms, combining savage parody of black Americans with genuine fondness for African American cultural forms. By the Civil War the minstrel show had become world famous and respectable.

From <http://chnm.gmu.edu/courses/jackson/minstrel/minstrel.html>

**THE GALAXY, May 1870**

**MEMORANDA.**

**BY MARK TWAIN.**

**DISGRACEFUL PERSECUTION OF A BOY.**

In San Francisco, the other day, "a well-dressed boy, on his way to Sunday school, was arrested and thrown into the city prison for stoning Chinamen." What a commentary is this upon human justice! What sad prominence it gives to our human disposition to tyrannize over the weak! San Francisco has little right to take credit to herself for her treatment of this poor boy. What had the child's education been? How should he suppose it was wrong to stone a Chinaman? Before we side against him, along with outraged San Francisco, let us give him a chance -- let us hear the testimony for the defence. He was a "well-dressed" boy, and a Sunday-school scholar, and, therefore, the chances are that his parents were intelligent, well-to-do people, with just enough natural villany in their compositions to make them yearn after the daily papers, and enjoy them; and so this boy had opportunities to learn all through the week how to do right, as well as on Sunday. It was in this way that he found out that the great commonwealth of California imposes an unlawful mining tax upon John the foreigner, and allows Patrick the foreigner to dig gold for nothing -- probably because the degraded Mongol is at no expense for whiskey, and the refined Celt cannot exist without it. It was in this way that he found out that a respectable number of the tax-gatherers -- it would be unkind to say all of them -- collect the tax twice, instead of once; and that, inasmuch as they do it solely to discourage Chinese immigration into the mines, it is a thing that is much applauded, and likewise regarded as being singularly facetious. It was in this way that he found out that when a white man robs a sluice-box (by the term white man is meant Spaniards, Mexicans, Portuguese, Irish, Hondurans, Peruvians, Chileans, etc., etc.), they make him leave the camp; and when a Chinaman does that thing, they hang him. It was in this way that he found out that in many districts of the vast Pacific coast, so strong is the wild, free love of justice in the hearts of the people, that whenever any secret and mysterious crime is committed, they say, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," and go straightway and swing a Chinaman. It was in this way that he found out that by studying one half of each day's "local items" it would appear that the police of San Francisco were either asleep or dead, and by studying the other half it would seem that the reporters were gone mad with admiration of the energy, the virtue, the high effectiveness, and the dare-devil intrepidity of that very police making exultant mention of how "the Argus-eyed officer So and-so" captured a wretched knave of a Chinaman who was stealing chickens, and brought him gloriously to the city prison; and how "the gallant officer Such-and-such-a-one" quietly kept an eye on the movements of an "unsuspecting almond-eyed son of Confucius" (your reporter is nothing if not facetious), following him around with that far-off look of vacancy and unconsciousness always so finely affected by that inscrutable being, the forty-dollar policeman, during a waking interval, and captured him at last in the very act of placing his hands in a suspicious manner upon a paper of tacks left by the owner in an exposed situation; and how one officer performed this prodigious thing, and another officer that, and another the other -- and pretty much every one of these performances having for a dazzling central incident a Chinaman guilty of a shilling's worth of crime, an unfortunate whose misdemeanor must be hurrahed into something enormous in order to keep the public from noticing how many really important rascals went uncaptured in the mean time, and how overrated those glorified policemen actually are. It was in this way that the boy found out that the Legislature, being aware that the Constitution has made America an asylum for the poor and the oppressed of all nations, and that therefore the poor and oppressed who fly to our shelter must not be charged a disabling admission fee, made a law that every Chinaman, upon landing, must be vaccinated upon the wharf, and pay to the State's appointed officer ten dollars for the service, when there are plenty of doctors in San Francisco who would be glad enough to do it for him for fifty cents. It was in this way that the boy found out that a Chinaman had no rights that any man was bound to respect; that he had no sorrows that any man was bound to pity; that neither his life nor his liberty was worth the purchase of a penny when a white man needed a scapegoat; that nobody loved Chinamen, nobody befriended them, nobody spared them suffering when it was convenient to inflict it; everybody, individuals, communities, the majesty of the State itself, joined in hating, abusing, and persecuting these humble strangers. And, therefore, what could have been more natural than for this sunny-hearted boy, tripping along to Sunday school, with his mind teeming with freshly-learned incentives to high and virtuous action, to say to himself:

"Ah, there goes a Chinaman! God will not love me if I do not stone him."

And for this he was arrested and put in the city jail. Everything conspired to teach him that it was a high and holy thing to stone a Chinaman, and yet he no sooner attempts to do his duty than he is punished for it -- he, poor chap, who has been aware all his life that one of the principal recreations of the police, out toward the Gold Refinery, was to look on with tranquil enjoyment while the butchers of Brannan street set their dogs on unoffending Chinamen, and make them flee for their lives.\*

Keeping in mind the tuition in the humanities which the entire "Pacific coast" gives its youth, there is a very sublimity of grotesqueness in the virtuous flourish with which the good city fathers of San Francisco proclaim (as they have lately done) that "The police are positively ordered to arrest all boys, of every description and wherever found, who engage in assaulting Chinamen."

Still, let us be truly glad they have made the order, notwithstanding its prominent inconsistency; and let us rest perfectly confident the police are glad, too. Because there is no personal peril in arresting boys, provided they be of the small kind, and the reporters will have to laud their performances just as loyally as ever, or go without items. The new form for local items in San Francisco will now be: "The ever vigilant and efficient officer So-and-So succeeded, yesterday afternoon, in arresting Master Tommy Jones, after a determined resistance," etc., etc., followed by the customary statistics and final hurrah, with its unconscious sarcasm: "We are happy in being able to state that this is the forty-seventh boy arrested by this gallant officer since the new ordinance went into effect. The most extraordinary activity prevails in the police department. Nothing like it has been seen since we can remember."

\*I have many such memories in my mind, but am thinking just at present of one particular one, where the Brannan street butchers set their dogs on a Chinaman who was quietly passing with a basket of clothes on his head; and while the dogs mutilated his flesh, a butcher increased the hilarity of the occasion by knocking some of the Chinaman's teeth down his throat with half a brick. This incident sticks in my memory with a more malevolent tenacity, perhaps, on account of the fact that I was in the employ of a San Francisco journal at the time, and was not allowed to publish it because it might offend some of the peculiar element that subscribed for the paper. -- EDITOR MEMORANDA.

## “How to Tell a Story”

*The Humorous Story an American Development.--Its Difference   
  
from Comic and Witty Stories*   
  
I do not claim that I can tell a story as it ought to be told. I only claim to know how a story ought to be told, for I have been almost daily in the company of the most expert story-tellers for many years.   
  
There are several kinds of stories, but only one difficult kind--the humorous. I will talk mainly about that one. The humorous story is American, the comic story is English, the witty story is French. The humorous story depends for its effect upon the MANNER of the telling; the comic story and the witty story upon the MATTER.   
  
The humorous story may be spun out to great length, and may wander around as much as it pleases, and arrive nowhere in particular; but the comic and witty stories must be brief and end with a point. The humorous story bubbles gently along, the others burst.   
  
The humorous story is strictly a work of art--high and delicate art--and only an artist can tell it; but no art is necessary in telling the comic and the witty story; anybody can do it. The art of telling a humorous story--understand, I mean by word of mouth, not print--was created in America, and has remained at home.   
  
The humorous story is told gravely; the teller does his best to conceal the fact that he even dimly suspects that there is anything funny about it; but the teller of the comic story tells you beforehand that it is one of the funniest things he has ever heard, then tells it with eager delight, and is the first person to laugh when he gets through. And sometimes, if he has had good success, he is so glad and happy that he will repeat the "nub" of it and glance around from face to face, collecting applause, and then repeat it again. It is a pathetic thing to see.   
  
Very often, of course, the rambling and disjointed humorous story finishes with a nub, point, snapper, or whatever you like to call it. Then the listener must be alert, for in many cases the teller will divert attention from that nub by dropping it in a carefully casual and indifferent way, with the pretense that he does not know it is a nub.   
  
Artemus Ward used that trick a good deal; then when the belated audience presently caught the joke he would look up with innocent surprise, as if wondering what they had found to laugh at. Dan Setchell   
used it before him, Nye and Riley and others use it today.   
  
But the teller of the comic story does not slur the nub; he shouts it at you--every time. And when he prints it, in England, France, Germany, and Italy, he italicizes it, puts some whopping exclamation-points after it, and sometimes explains it in a parenthesis. All of which is very depressing, and makes one want to renounce joking and lead a better life.   
  
Let me set down an instance of the comic method, using an anecdote which has been popular all over the world for twelve or fifteen hundred years. The teller tells it in this way:   
  
**THE WOUNDED SOLDIER   
  
In the course of a certain battle a soldier whose leg had been shot off appealed to another soldier who was hurrying by to carry him to the rear, informing him at the same time of the loss which he had sustained;   
whereupon the generous son of Mars, shouldering the unfortunate, proceeded to carry out his desire. The bullets and cannon-balls were flying in all directions, and presently one of the latter took the wounded man's head off--without, however, his deliverer being aware of it. In no long time he was hailed by an officer, who said:   
  
"Where are you going with that carcass?"   
  
"To the rear, sir--he's lost his leg!"   
  
"His leg, forsooth?" responded the astonished officer; "you mean his head, you booby."   
  
Whereupon the soldier dispossessed himself of his burden, and stood looking down upon it in great perplexity. At length he said:   
  
"It is true, sir, just as you have said." Then after a pause he added,   
"BUT HE TOLD ME IT WAS HIS LEG!!!!!"**Here the narrator bursts into explosion after explosion of thunderous horse-laughter, repeating that nub from time to time through his gasping and shriekings and suffocatings.   
  
It takes only a minute and a half to tell that in its comic-story form; and isn't worth the telling, after all. Put into the humorous-story form it takes ten minutes, and is about the funniest thing I have ever listened to--as James Whitcomb Riley tells it.   
  
He tells it in the character of a dull-witted old farmer who has just heard it for the first time, thinks it is unspeakably funny, and is trying to repeat it to a neighbor. But he can't remember it; so he gets all mixed up and wanders helplessly round and round, putting in tedious details that don't belong in the tale and only retard it; taking them out conscientiously and putting in others that are just as useless; making minor mistakes now and then and stopping to correct them and explain how he came to make them;   
remembering things which he forgot to put in in their proper place and going back to put them in there; stopping his narrative a good while in order to try to recall the name of the soldier that was hurt,   
and finally remembering that the soldier's name was not mentioned, and remarking placidly that the name is of no real importance, anyway--better, of course, if one knew it, but not essential, after all--   
and so on, and so on, and so on.   
  
The teller is innocent and happy and pleased with himself, and has to stop every little while to hold himself in and keep from laughing outright; and does hold in, but his body quakes in a jelly-like way with interior chuckles; and at the end of the ten minutes the audience have laughed until they are exhausted,   
and the tears are running down their faces.   
  
The simplicity and innocence and sincerity and unconsciousness of the old farmer are perfectly simulated, and the result is a performance which is thoroughly charming and delicious. This is art--and fine and beautiful, and only a master can compass it; but a machine could tell the other story.   
  
To string incongruities and absurdities together in a wandering and sometimes purposeless way, and seem innocently unaware that they are absurdities, is the basis of the American art, if my position is correct. Another feature is the slurring of the point. A third is the dropping of a studied remark apparently without knowing it, as if one where thinking aloud. The fourth and last is the pause.   
  
Artemus Ward dealt in numbers three and four a good deal. He would begin to tell with great animation something which he seemed to think was wonderful; then lose confidence, and after an apparently   
absent-minded pause add an incongruous remark in a soliloquizing way; and that was the remark intended to explode the mine--and it did.   
  
For instance, he would say eagerly, excitedly, "I once knew a man in New Zealand who hadn't a tooth in his head"--here his animation would die out; a silent, reflective pause would follow, then he would say dreamily, and as if to himself, "and yet that man could beat a drum better than any man I ever saw."   
  
The pause is an exceedingly important feature in any kind of story, and a frequently recurring feature, too. It is a dainty thing, and delicate, and also uncertain and treacherous; for it must be exactly the right length--no more and no less--or it fails of its purpose and makes trouble. If the pause is too short the   
impressive point is passed, and the audience have had time to divine that a surprise is intended--and then you can't surprise them, of course.   
  
On the platform I used to tell a negro ghost story that had a pause in front of the snapper on the end, and that pause was the most important thing in the whole story. If I got it the right length precisely, I could spring the finishing ejaculation with effect enough to make some impressible girl deliver a startled little yelp and jump out of her seat--and that was what I was after. This story was called "The Golden Arm," and was told in this fashion. You can practice with it yourself--and mind you look out for the pause and get it right.   
  
**THE GOLDEN ARM   
  
Once 'pon a time dey wuz a momsus mean man, en he live 'way out in de prairie all 'lone by hisself, 'cep'n he had a wife. En bimeby she died, en he tuck en toted her way out dah in de prairie en buried her.   
Well, she had a golden arm--all solid gold, fum de shoulder down. He wuz pow'ful mean--pow'ful; en dat night he couldn't sleep, caze he want dat golden arm so bad.   
  
When it come midnight he couldn't stan' it no mo'; so he git up, he did, en tuck his lantern en shoved out thoo de storm en dug her up en got de golden arm; en he bent his head down 'gin de 'win, en plowed en plowed en plowed thoo de snow. Den all on a sudden he stop (make a considerable pause here, and look startled, and take a listening attitude) en say: "My LAN', what's dat?"   
  
En he listen--en listen--en de win' say (set your teeth together and imitate the wailing and wheezing singsong of the wind), "Bzzz-z-zzz"--en den, way back yonder whah de grave is, he hear a VOICE!--he hear a voice all mix' up in de win'--can't hardly tell 'em 'part--"Bzzz--zzz--W-h-o--g-o-t--m-y--g-o-l-d-e-n ARM?"   
(You must begin to shiver violently now.)   
  
En he begin to shiver en shake, en say, "Oh, my! OH, my lan'!" en de win' blow de lantern out, en de snow en sleet blow in his face en mos' choke him, en he start a-plowin' knee-deep toward home mos' dead, he so sk'yerd--en pooty soon he hear de voice agin, en (pause) it 'us comin AFTER him! "Bzzz--zzz--zzz W-h-o--g-o-t--m-y--g-o-l-d-e-n--ARM?"   
  
When he git to de pasture he hear it agin--closter now, en A-COMIN'!--a-comin' back dah in de dark en de storm--(repeat the wind and the voice). When he git to de house he rush upstairs en jump in de bed en kiver up, head and years, en lay da shiverin' en shakin'--en den way out dah he hear it AGIN!--en a-COMIN'! En bimeby he hear (pause--awed, listening attitude)--pat--pat--pat HIT'S A-COMIN' UPSTAIRS! Den he hear de latch, en he KNOW it's in de room!   
  
Den pooty soon he know it's a-STANNIN' BY DE BED! (Pause.) Den--he know it's a-BENDIN' DOWN OVER HIM--en he cain't skasely git his breath! Den--den--he seem to feel someth'n' C-O-L-D, right down 'most agin his head! (Pause.)   
  
Den de voice say, RIGHT AT HIS YEAR--"W-h-o--g-o-t--m-y g-o-l-d-e-n ARM?" (You must wail it out very plaintively and accusingly; then you stare steadily and impressively into the face of the farthest-gone auditor--a girl, preferably--and let that awe-inspiring pause begin to build itself in the deep hush. When it has reached exactly the right length, jump suddenly at that girl and yell, "YOU'VE got it!")**  
If you've got the PAUSE right, she'll fetch a dear little yelp and spring right out of her shoes. But you MUST get the pause right; and you will find it the most troublesome and aggravating and uncertain thing you ever undertook.